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# Index

## The Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

VOLUME LXXXII

January to December inclusive  
1924

### ARTICLES

ADVENTURE HIKES.....	E. S. Martin.....	354
AGRICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.....	James F. Chamberlain.....	261
BECKMAN, MRS. WILLIAM.....	Frana E. W. Calburn.....	51
BEGINNING OF ETCHING IN CALIFORNIA.....	Harry Naves Pratt.....	114
BONDED OR BOOTLEG?.....	B. Virginia Lee.....	484
BRET HARTE'S DAUGHTER.....	Mary Weymouth Fassett.....	247
BROWN, BENJAMIN, OF PASADENA.....	Edna Gearhart.....	314
BY THE WALL.....	Alec Greer.....	360
CALIFORNIA POETESS, A.....	Frana E. W. Calburn.....	205
CALIFORNIA SPRING FESTIVAL, A.....	Henry Meade Bland.....	248
CALIFORNIA'S THREATENED HEGIRA OF JAPANESE.....	V. S. McClatchy.....	99
CAPTAIN MATLACK'S RIDE.....	Richard Ransom.....	243
CLIMATE & MAN IN CALIFORNIA.....	James F. Chamberlain.....	207
CHINESE RICE PAPER PICTURE.....	Margaret H. Wentworth.....	313
COMMUTERS' COMEDY.....	W. H. Vailes.....	15
DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERY, A.....	Mary Weymouth Fassett.....	25
EARLY LUMBERING IN CALIFORNIA.....	B. G. Rousseau.....	451
ECHOES FROM LOST MINES.....	Jim Dan Hill.....	58
ENDOWMENT FUND FOR SULGRAVE MANOR.....	Mrs. J. R. Lamar.....	115
ETCHING IN CALIFORNIA.....	Harry Naves Pratt.....	
Beginning of Etching in California.....		114
Hansen, Herman Wendelborg.....		220
Partridge, Roi.....		266
Winkler, John W.....		172
FISHERMAN'S WAGE, A.....	Anna Danda.....	271
FORGOTTEN CITY, A.....	Harry Naves Pratt.....	358
FRUIT INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA.....	James F. Chamberlain.....	304
GIFT OF SONG, A.....	Brenda Lane Gray.....	548
HAT ISLAND.....	Charles Griffin Plummer.....	3
"HER PEN IS STILLED".....	Ella Sterling Mighels.....	206
HILL, WILLIAM LAIR.....	Laura Bell Everett.....	257
HORSESHOES FOR LUCK.....	Cristel Hastings.....	147
HOUSE WITH A VIEW.....	Eric Haward.....	391
HOW ABOUT CHAUTAUQUA.....	J. William Terry.....	310
INJURY TO ALL, AN.....	Miriam Allen deFard.....	536
JUANITA.....	B. G. Rousseau.....	249

LITTLE BREATH OF HEAVEN, A.....	<i>Frona E. W. Colburn</i> .....	491
LITTLE STUDIES IN ILL TEMPER.....	<i>Ido Clair</i> .....	171
LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT.....	<i>S. W. Straus</i> .....	134
LITTLE THEATER IMPRESSIONS.....	<i>Grace Borrowghs</i> .....	126
LONG DISTANCE INTERVIEWS.....	<i>Torrey Connor</i> .....	73, 121, 270, 323
LOS PENITENTES.....	<i>S. Omar Barker</i> .....	151
LOTT, BERNICE FREELAND.....	<i>Frona E. W. Colburn</i> .....	264
LUMBER INDUSTRY OF CALIFORNIA.....	<i>James F. Chamberlain</i> .....	63
MAKER OF WOODBLOCK PRINTS, A.....	<i>Harry Naves Pratt</i> .....	494
MAN WHO LOVES CHILDREN.....	<i>Mary Miles West</i> .....	226
MOUNTAIN UNIVERSITY, A.....	<i>Leslie Higginbotham</i> .....	387
MUSIC & MUSICIANS.....	<i>Eleanor Everest Freer, M. M.</i> 265, 322, 352, 400, 458, 542	
NAVAL INVENTIONS.....	<i>Han. Curtis D. Wilbur</i> .....	443
NAWADAH, SCHEILA.....	<i>Ethel Catton</i> .....	295
NEW-OLD HOUSES OF SANTA FE.....	<i>S. Omar Barker</i> .....	403
NEW YORK PLAYS & PLAYERS.....	<i>Peggy Goddis</i> .....	267, 312, 362
NIGHT LIFE IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON.....	<i>J. W. Tadd</i> .....	293
OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY, THE.....	<i>Wm. S. Brawn</i> .....	156
OLD PLAYERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.....	<i>Eugene T. Sowyer</i> .....	59
PAINTER OF "THE TRAIL TO PARADISE".....	<i>L. B. Everett</i> .....	546
PLANTING LUMBER.....	<i>Charles Coldwell Dobie</i> .....	195
POET IN THE MAKING, A.....	<i>Torrey Connor</i> .....	405
POETIC EXPERIMENT, A.....	<i>Horry Naves Pratt</i> .....	549
ROMANCE OF THE ADOBE, THE.....	<i>Tarrey Connor</i> .....	349
SAVING AMERICA'S PRIMEVAL REDWOOD FORESTS.....	<i>J. D. Grant</i> .....	435
SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA.....	<i>Jim Don Hill</i> .....	531
SEQUOYAH.....	<i>Cristel Hastings</i> .....	447
SHEPHERD BASQUES OF CALIFORNIA.....	<i>Peter Van Valkenburgh</i> .....	343
SINGER BY THE WINDOW, THE.....	<i>Marguerite Norris Davis</i> .....	353
SINGLE PENS & LITERARY PARTNERSHIPS.....	<i>Laura Bell Everett</i> .....	327
SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE.....	<i>Maurice H. Sumner</i> .....	24
SPRAY OF WESTERN PINE, A.....	<i>Isabel Bellman</i> .....	361
SPRECKELS, ALMA DE BRETTVILLE.....	<i>Frona E. W. Colburn</i> .....	101
TRADE UNION OR OPEN SHOP.....	<i>Anna Dondo</i> .....	113, 170, 219
TRAVELLER, THE.....	<i>J. William Terry</i> .....	163
VANCOUVER'S PINNACLES.....	<i>Darathy Shepard</i> .....	53
WAGNER, MADGE MORRIS.....	<i>Henry Meade Bland</i> .....	204
WATER RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, THE.....	<i>James F. Chamberlain</i> .....	9
WHEN THE SMELT ARE RUNNIN' SANDY.....	<i>Marguerite Norris Davis</i> .....	483
WHERE FRUIT BOXES COME FROM.....	<i>Philip R. Calkins</i> .....	426
WILSON, MARGARET.....	<i>Katherine Scobey Putnam</i> .....	399
WOMAN PIONEER ON LASSEN'S PEAK, A.....	<i>Harry Naves Pratt</i> .....	488
WOMEN IN BUSINESS.....	<i>Mary Miles West</i> .....	178
WORKER IN AQUATINT, A.....	<i>Harry Naves Pratt</i> .....	541
YANKEE CAPTAIN & SOUTHERN PILOT.....	<i>Harold Waldo</i> .....	199

## BIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES OF A FRONTIER CHILDHOOD.....	<i>Emma Nanth Messer</i> .....	339, 395, 437
WELCH, THAD.....	<i>Helen Vernon Reid</i> .....	104, 160, 209, 253, 300



## FICTION

AN OFFERING ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.....	<i>Ben Field</i> .....	410
ART IN THE ULTRA-MODERN.....	<i>Linda Lee</i> .....	218
AVENGING JOSS, THE.....	<i>James Frederick Kronenberg</i> .....	393
AT TONTINO'S.....	<i>Adele Higgins</i> .....	19
BARRISTER.....	<i>H. Royer Morse</i> .....	252
BURNING BRAKES (Part One).....	<i>Horace Edw. Buker</i> .....	561
CHRYSALIS.....	<i>Rachel Thayer Dunlop</i> .....	489
CORBIESTANES.....	<i>Nora Archibald Smith</i> .....	341
CROSS CURRENTS.....	<i>Ethel Cotton</i> .....	485
DARK LAID PLOT, A.....	<i>Caroline K. Franklin</i> .....	263
DIOGENES McSTUNTS.....	<i>Henry Walker Noyes</i> .....	154
DRAWN LINE, THE.....	<i>Agnes M. Cleaveland</i> .....	398
DREAM HOUSE, THE.....	<i>Dorris Marcia Hume</i> .....	345
DRUMS, THE.....	<i>Grace Jones Morgan</i> .....	197
FINAL TRUCE, THE.....	<i>Jos. Lawrence Byrd</i> .....	543
FORGOTTEN GOLD.....	<i>Una H. Bunker</i> .....	117
FRIENDLY HOUSE, THE.....	<i>Torrey Connor</i> .....	493
GIRL AT THE TANK HOUSE.....	<i>Frona E. W. Colburn</i> .....	5
GLACIERS & GOLF.....	<i>Charles Layng</i> .....	56
HAPPY'S SLUGS.....	<i>C. I. Ravn</i> .....	449
"HIGH-GRADERS," THE.....	<i>Charles H. Snow</i> .....109, 166, 213, 258, 306, 355 406, 453, 498, 550	
INNOCENCE OF INOCENTA, THE.....	<i>Oma Almona Davies</i> .....	534
INTEREST.....	<i>P. Taron</i> .....	417
IN THE SHADOW OF FUJIYAMA.....	<i>James Hanson</i> .....	401
MAN WHO WENT BACK, THE.....	<i>Paul Adams</i> .....	538
MEASURE OF A MAN, THE.....	<i>Mildred Hudson Ammons</i> .....	511
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.....	<i>Caroline K. Franklin</i> .....	68
NINE POINTS IN THE LAW.....	<i>Belle Willey Gue</i> .....	464
NORTHERN DAWN.....	<i>Kate Bigelow Montague</i> .....	245
NOT SO BANKRUPT.....	<i>Richard N. Donelson</i> .....	291
PARTNERS BY INHERITANCE.....	<i>Jean Ross</i> .....	66
REAL HERO, THE.....	<i>Gertrude Bryant</i> .....	20
REVENGE.....	<i>Miriam Allen deFord</i> .....	446
REVENGE OF CHING CHOW, THE.....	<i>L. Warren Wigmore</i> .....	60
SCRAPS OF YELLOW PAPER.....	<i>Charles H. Snow</i> .....	12
STURGEON'S FRY, THE.....	<i>Jay G. Sigmund</i> .....	441
TREASURE OF JOAQUIN MURIETTA, THE.....	<i>B. G. Rousseau</i> .....	21
TRUTH ABOUT DAN KIRTLEY, THE.....	<i>Ralph W. Andrews</i> .....	297
WAILING LADY, THE.....	<i>B. G. Rousseau</i> .....	61, 133
WITH RELUCTANT FEET.....	<i>Torrey Connor</i> .....	202
WRAPPED DEATH.....	<i>James Frederick Kronenberg</i> .....	54

## POETS AND POETRY

ALLEN, ELEANOR.....	215	BLANDEN, CHARLES GRANGER 14, 106, 269, 554
AMMONS, MILDRED HUDSON.....	213	BORLAND, ETHELYN BOURNE.....26, 80, 269
ATKINS, LOIS.....	26	BORST, RICHARD WARNER.....
BAILEY, JAMES CLYDE.....	79	BRAYTON, JOHN.....
BARKER, S. OMAR.....	271, 281	BRIGHT, VERNE.....
BARTON, CLARA VIRGINIA.....	221	BUCKLEY, NANCY.....
BATES, KATHERINE LEE.....	312	75, 446, 507
BEGHTOL, CHARLES.....	123	BUNCH, AUDRED.....
BLACKBURN, IRMA GRACE.....	542	202
BLAND, HENRY MEADE.....	317	BURGESS, BANGS.....
		308
		CALLAND, ANNICE.....
		75, 123, 355, 555
		CARTWRIGHT, DOROTHY HAWLEY.....
		343, 507

## POETS AND POETRY (Continued)

CLARK, FANNIE HUNTER.....	418	JOHNSON, WILLARD.....	297
COLBY, M. E.....	173	KANTOR, MacKINLAY.....	411
COLEMAN, ETHEL M.....	507	KELLY, MARY AGNES.....	459
COLWELL, ALBERTA WING.....	75, 157, 245	LANDELS, THOS. D.....	59, 350
CONNOR, TORREY.....	67, 269, 405, 439	LEE, LINDA.....	61, 98, 146, 290, 386, 482
CORNELL, AGNES.....	341	LEHMER, EUNICE MITCHELL.....	75, 305, 545
CORNING, HOWARD McKINLEY.....	221, 451	LENCH, W. H.....	459
DARLING, ESTHER BIRDSALL.....	137	LUKE, HAZEL KNAPP.....	548
DAVIDSON, WINIFRED.....	310, 363	LYMAN, FLORENCE VAN FLEET.....	415
DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN.....	212, 221	MacGOWAN, WINNIFRED.....	363
DeFORD, MIRIAM ALLEN.....	119, 318, 555	McCAFFREY, NORA MOSS.....	363
DeSPAIN, JAY RODERICK.....	217	MAY, BEULAH.....	137, 166
DONDO, MATHURIN.....	317	MAY, NINA.....	411
DORAN, LOUISE A.....	317	MILLER, EMMA BENNETT.....	228
DRENNAN, MARIE.....	363, 465, 530	MOQUIN, ELIZABETH SPENCER.....	299
DRESBACH, GLENN WARD.....	26, 123	MOYLE, GILBERT.....	154, 268
DUNLOP, RACHEL THAYER.....	459	MULLINS, HELENE.....	507
ELLIOTT, ELLEN COIT.....	173	MYERS, ALFRED STUART.....	555
ELMENDORFF, MARY J.....	507	NORCROSS, ELLINOR L.....	221, 317, 391
ERWIN, MARGARET.....	317, 413	O'HARA, JOY.....	165, 307, 555
EVERETT, LAURA BELL.....	16	ODHNER, MADEFREY.....	75
EYRE, MARY B.....	269	PATTERSON, VERNON.....	173, 363
FARGO, RUTH.....	221, 229	PEET, JEANIA.....	173
FARRAN, DON WILSON.....	75, 449	PENNY, HENRIETTA CROSBY.....	42
FASSETT, SAIMI.....	8, 438	PILLSBURY, ELINOR M.....	443
FAUST, HENRI.....	367	POWERS, LILLIAN AMY.....	277
FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER.....	18, 123, 303, 411, 507	PRATT, HARRY NOYES.....	34, 123, 194, 242, 316, 338
FOWLER, FENTON.....	26	PURNELL, IDELLA.....	398
FRANKLIN, VIOLA PRICE.....	203	REIGELMAN, PERCY PRESCOTT.....	221
FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG.....	435	RITTER, MARGARET TOD.....	393, 489
GAER, YOSSEFF.....	163, 400	SANDERS, KATHERINE C.....	26
GERBAULET, JOY and CLAIRE.....	506	SARGENT, SAMUEL M., JR.....	363
GETTELL, NELENE GROFF.....	459	SCOLLARD, CLINTON.....	109, 319
GRANT, JOHN T.....	251	SHARP, GAZELLE STEVENS.....	441
GRAY, PHILIP.....	507	SHIPP, E. RICHARD.....	117, 555
GRISSOM, IRENE WELCH.....	403	SIGMUND, JAY G.....	26, 283, 411
HALL, GRACE E.....	198, 259, 459	SKAVLAN, MARGARET.....	399, 406, 459, 535
HAMILTON, NAN ROADS.....	348	SMITH, NORA ARCHIBOLD.....	317
HAMLIN, AMY WHITTLESEY.....	254	SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE.....	411
HARRIMAN, ALICE.....	26, 50	SPERO, ANNA KALFUS.....	317
HART, PEARL BARKER.....	269	TIETJENS, EUNICE.....	459, 547
HARWOOD, RUTH.....	555	TURNBULL, BELLE.....	159, 507
HASTINGS, CRISTEL.....	75, 447	TUOMEY, HONORIA.....	55
HEDGES, ADA M.....	221	UPPER, JOSEPH.....	69, 75, 95
HODGSON, CECIL E. C.....	363	WAGNER, MADGE MORRIS.....	204, 206
HOLLIS, BARBARA.....	158	WIDDEMER, MARGARET.....	293, 411, 485
I'ANSON, ALICE.....	57	WIERMAN, FRANCES.....	345, 453
INMATE NO. 12148.....	411, 499, 539	WILSON, ETHEL BRODT.....	173, 269, 401, 404, 555
JOHNSON, SAIMI (See Saimi Fassett).....		WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD.....	291

## ESSAYS

MANSIONS AND STAIRWAYS.....	Charles H. Shinn.....	568
ROCKY HILL.....	Elizabeth LaDow.....	452
THIS INTERESTING WORLD.....	Ida Claire.....	33, 78, 275, 313

## DEPARTMENTS

CALIFORNIA WRITERS.....	Laura Belle Everett.....	139, 175, 234
BOOKS AND WRITERS.....	36, 84, 124, 174, 222, 272, 318, 371, 418, 466, 514, 562	
OREGON WRITERS.....	Viola Price Franklin.....	91, 237
OUR CONTRIBUTORS.....	1, 49, 97, 145, 193, 241, 289, 337, 385, 433, 481, 529	
PLAYS AND PLAYERS.....		232
POETS AND THINGS.....	41, 89, 137, 183, 238, 281, 333, 381, 429, 468, 516	
EDITOR'S BRIEF CASE.....	94, 130, 187, 235, 283, 326, 520	
ODDS AND ENDS.....	Ada Kyle Lynch.....	467, 520



# OVERLAND

## MONTHLY

AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

*In This Issue:*

Charles Griffin Plummer

B. G. Rousseau

James Franklin Chamberlain

Charles H. Snow

Frona Eunice Wait Colburn

Mildred Fowler Field

Maurice H. Sumner

W. H. Voiles

Adele Higgins

Gertrude Bryant

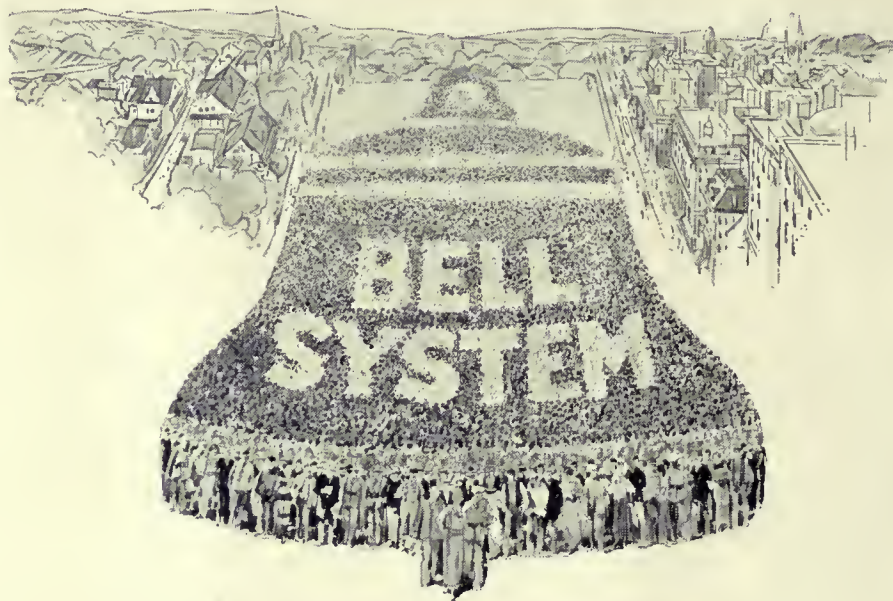
Mary Weymouth Fassett

and others.



FOUNDED BY **BRET HARTE** IN 1868  
AND THE  
**OUT WEST MAGAZINE**

PRICE 25 CENTS



## Giving the Telephone Life

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## OUR JANUARY POETS

**ALICE HARRIMAN** is a national figure in the literary world, and a Californian by adoption if not by birth. She heads her own publishing house—her books are *not* "privately printed" however!—and finds her greatest interest at the present time in seeking out the hiding places and the history of the old bells of California. Her greatest thrill, perhaps, was when she found the oldest of the mission bells hanging in an orchard near San Fernando. If you can tell Mrs. Harriman something new about California's old bells you'll find your way straight to her heart.

**MILDRED FOWLER FIELD** has had previous introduction to Overland readers in a dainty lyric which appeared in a recent number. Poems bearing her signature have since appeared in other periodicals, but nothing we believe which in any way approaches in dignity and beauty and genuine poetic feeling the group of sonnets which we give you in this issue. Miss Field is—temporarily, at least—a "shut-in," and if you think as highly of these sonnets as does Overland we know you will wish to tell her so. A letter to 1719-A, Avenue E, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will reach her.

**ETHELYN BOURNE BORLAND** is a name which the older readers will remember as having at one time appeared frequently in Overland. Her first published work, indeed, appeared with us; and later came short stories, articles and verse. Mrs. Borland is a native of Nevada, but has been for long a resident of California. She lives now in Alameda, where "—a quaint old garden gay with dahlias, somber with cypress, slopes down to the water that with each receding tide strews the sandy beach with the 'stuff that dreams are made of'—fuel for driftwood fires, before which she puts her visions into tangible form.

**GLENN WARD DRESBACH** is another name which you have have seen here very recently, and which we hope will be before you often. He has "made" all the important periodicals in America and not a few in England. Author of four volumes, a fifth—"The Enchanted Mesa"—appears shortly from the press of Henry Holt & Co.

(Continued on page 48)

### EDITORIAL STAFF

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# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

JANUARY, 1924

NUMBER 1

## Contents

Our January Poets.....	1
Frontispiece—A California Big Tree Grove.....	2
Hat Island—Home of Birds (Illus.).....	3
Charles Griffin Plummer	
The Girl at the Tank House.....	5
Frona Eunice Wait Colburn	
Sisters—Verse.....	8
Saimi Johnston	
The Water Resources of California (Illus.).....	9
James F. Chamberlain	
Scraps of Yellow Paper.....	12
Charles H. Snow	
The Urns of Hope—Verse.....	14
Charles Granger Blanden	
Commuters' Comedy.....	15
W. H. Voiles	
A Year of Time—Verse.....	16
Laura Bell Everett	
A Group of Sonnets—Rosemary, Destiny, Afterglow, Nirvana.....	18
Mildred Fowler Field	
At Tontino's.....	19
Adele Higgins	
The Real Hero.....	20
Gertrude Bryant	
The Treasure of Joaquin Murieta.....	21
B. G. Rousseau	
South of the Rio Grande.....	24
Maurice H. Sumner	
A Delightful Discovery.....	25
Mary Weymouth Fassett	
A Page of Verse.....	26
Remembrance.....	Ethelyn Bourne Borland
A Monterey Idyl.....	Katherine C. Sanders
Street Corner Philosophy.....	Fenton Fowler
The Cliff Swallow.....	Glenn Ward Dresbach
The Cormorant.....	Jay G. Sigmund
Pollen Kiss.....	Lois Atkins
Resurrection.....	Ethelyn Bourne Borland
In El Monjerie.....	Alice Harriman
This Interesting World.....	33
Ida Claire	
Carmelita of Old San Juan—Verse.....	34
Harry Noyes Pratt	
Books and Writers.....	36
Charles T. Shinn	
Poets and Things.....	41
Harry Noyes Pratt	
The Madrone—Verse.....	42
Henrietta Crosby Penny	

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR 25 CENTS PER COPY  
(Contents of this magazine copyrighted)





A California big tree grove



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

JANUARY, 1924

No. 1

## Hat Island—Home of Birds

NEARLY in the center of the Great Salt Lake, America's Dead Sea, nestles a tiny desert isle, a dainty graygreen bit of mosaic sculptured out of the rimpled floor of the ancient Great Basin by Nature's master sculptors—Sunshine and Rain and Wind and Fire and Frost.

This is Hat Island—the most unique wild-life rookery on earth!

It is hovered by a desert sky of incomparable blue. Cradled by briny waters of strangely exquisite opalescence and fanned by a mirage-painting atmosphere of fantastic changeability, it modestly raises its soft green crest skyward, everywhere dotted with the gray and black and white of tens of thousands of wild birds.

Frequently during July and August this idyllic spot is beset by tempestuous storms of hurricane velocity. Deluged by the down-pour of rain co-existent with such typhoon-like displays, the birds flatten themselves upon the ground, behind rocks and underneath the greasewood and add a weird accompaniment of strident calls and screams to the thundering boom of the elements.

On other days the softly lapping brine croons lullabies of unimagined softness and sweetness to the baby birds. Swept by undulating waves of heat they doze contentedly in the shade of greasewood and shad-scale and dream of winged-argosies of plenty that are hurrying toward them from the distant fresh and alkali waters of this wonder region.

The people of Utah call this rookery "Bird Island," but geographers have formally named it Hat Island because of its close resemblance in shape to the hat of the western plains cowboy.

Three species of birds, the American white pelican, the great blue heron, and the California seagull, in all about 100,000 birds, breed here. No one knows how long they have occupied this spot, but probably ever since its first appearance above the waters.

The floor of the lake here is composed of a hard blue-gray lime-stone and the island is but a wrinkled and warped up-thrust of this stratum—low, rugged and

By CHARLES GRIFFIN PLUMMER,

much broken, measuring about 22 acres in extent. Its highest point is scarcely 75 feet above the level of the water.

Unnumbered pages of the earth's history were laid down before the waters of the ancient Great Basin and the later Lake Bonneville subsided sufficiently to project this rock hummock out of the bed of what is now known as the Great Salt Lake, the geologic successor of all preceding bodies of water in this region. This present-day inland sea varies from 75 to 90 miles in length and is about 50 miles across at its greatest width.

Jim Bridger is said to have visited its shores in 1823. Colonel John C. Free-



Mother gull and four chicks on their lookout rock

mont stood spellbound beside its waters in 1843 while making explorations for the United States government. Freemont and his men killed and ate many seagulls while he was in the vicinity of the lake.

Occasionally this vast body of brine is swept by furious wind and dust storms. Such rioting gales cause much shifting of sands and alkali dust both on the islands and along the shores of the mainland. This sand is an odd mixture of silicious particles with great quantities of spherical granules of lime called "oolitic sand."

Many centuries passed into the abyss of incalculable time before there was sufficient soil for even desert vegetation to make its first stand on Hat Island. When the birds came to nest amid its

rocks, their guano added rich fertility to the barren soil and plant-life delighted itself in fullest desert perfection.

Greasewood, *Sarcobatus vermicularis*; wild sage, *Artemisia tridentata*; shad-scale, *Atriplex confertifolia*; rabbit-brush, *Chrysothamnus graveolens*; salt-grass, *Distichlis spicata*; samphire, *Salicornia mucronata* and a few species of more common plants may be found in season upon this island, all affording more or less comfort and protection to the young bird life. The herons construct their broad platform-like nests out of the dead greasewood twigs and branches right in the tops of the tallest plants, while the gulls and pelicans content themselves with homes upon the ground.

How did the seeds of these plants ever get a location on this barren isle? I pondered for years upon this subject until one day I was swimming in the lake off the mainland and observed the interminably lengthened rows and areas of soapy foam that a strong wind had whipped into form and position on the surface of the water. This bubbly material I ascertained was occasioned by great quantities of sodium sulphate to be found in the brine. I examined this closely and found floating in it large numbers of the brine shrimp, *Artemia fertilis* (Talmadge), salt water flies, *Ephydriidae*, and the tiny seeds of various kinds of plants. The gulls in making long flights to and from the rookery for food often stopped to feed upon these shrimps and flies and undoubtedly ate of the plant seeds. In due time these tiny creations came to earth, made ready a home for themselves and soon grew into full expression. Seeds are also carried in the sand and alkali dust storms, as well as in the foam which sweeps the shores of the island from all directions according to the wind's course.

Owing to the water's extreme salinity, varying from 14 per cent to 28 per cent crude salt, no plant life is able long to survive submersion of its root system in it. All vegetation on the island has behind it possible centuries of struggle in developing an adaptability to this saline soil, but when high water is main-



tained for a few years these supposedly immunized plants finally cease to struggle to maintain growth. Samphire stands the variable brine treatment of its growth better than any other plant I have observed. On the higher levels of the island, above possible brine encroachment, greasewood, shadscale and rabbitbush make big, sturdy growths, some plants attaining a height of more than eight feet.

ANYONE who has ever approached an island rookery, either upon the ocean or upon inland seas and lakes, observes the great wariness of the birds. As soon as man or any other unusual object comes in view they go into the air and give the intruder the "once over," Long continued and unceasing slaughter of these creatures has taught them to look upon man with suspicion.

Wherever one travels one will observe the flying wild folk taking to the air upon the first warning of danger. The creatures that creep and crawl upon the ground and amidst the plants hide themselves or remain frozen into immovability in an exceedingly crafty manner. Both small and large mammals secrete themselves or break into the gait which soon carries them beyond possible harm—just as quickly as they become aware of man's presence!

The wild folk on Hat Island are no exceptions to this rule. If a craft of any kind appear upon the water in range of their vision, near or far from their island home, at once the air will be filled with hundreds, oftentimes thousands of gulls that fly out to inspect the newcomer. They pursue the same tactics at this rookery that they do at sea, circling above the boat or riding the waves at a distance. Scavenging is their continual occupation and always they maintain a sharp lookout for food of any kind which may be thrown to them. The ships' garbage is their special delight! Frequently they give voice to the weird, mewling cry so often heard

at sea while they haunt the vicinity of the vessel.

The seagulls, more or less tamed by continuous contact with man here at their summer cottage in the mountains and at their winter bungalow by the sea, are not so greatly disturbed by island visitors. Of course they make a great fuss, scream, laugh and cry out their displeasure continuously while anyone walks about the rookery, and oftentimes they make a savage, darting attack at the head of the intruder.

The adult pelicans always leave the rookery when anyone lands upon the island, and alight in the water a half mile or more off shore. They remain on the water until all excursionists have left in their boat and until all excitement has abated. Mother and father heron are most disturbed by visitors because they are compelled to fly from six to 20 miles to the nearest landing place, either on another island or on the mainland. Herons are not water birds, so their plumage is not water-tight like that of the gull and pelican.

During the 40 days of my residence on the island with the birds, most of the time alone, they became quite accustomed to my presence; yet I was unable to get close enough to an adult heron or pelican to get a good picture unless I stayed in my blinds. I could sit within three feet of adult gulls so long as I sat as immovable as the surrounding rocks. But my slightest movement sent them into flight scolding me in all kinds of tongues. Always on such occasions their wild alarm cry of "Help, help, help!" disturbed the entire rookery and in all directions I could see the heads of adults and chicks bob into view—all carefully scanning their horizon for danger.

The water is very shallow around the island. Only at the northwest corner may a boat drawing about three feet of water make a landing. All other landing places are made beside lightly built piers. On the south and south-

east shores are flat, sandy reaches upon which birds of all ages, except the herons, play and sun themselves throughout the long summer days. As soon as the pelican "herd" of chicks is old enough to make the trip to the water, off they tramp in dignified silence, single file, and remain disporting themselves in the warm brine until near meal time. Then these tiny toddlers stand around their home-sites and await the arrival of the good ships bearing toward them so rapidly, big, juicy loads of fish—always fish, every meal!

Gull chicks hatched far up amid the higher places in the rookery never get an all-over bath—unless a good rain storm drenches them—until they are about ten weeks old, when they reach the water's edge in short, easy flights undertaken while their parents are absent from the rookery. Their first attempt on the water is as easily accomplished as it would be had they been paddling about delightedly since the hour of their birth.

Pelicans eat nothing but fish. They catch great numbers of many different species, usually the inedible kinds, so far as man is concerned, and most frequently the little fellows. These big birds are the natural enemies of the carp in our inland waters. They *never* carry anything in their big yellow pouches—all food is swallowed at once into their stomachs.

Everything from soup to nuts is included in the daily fare of the California gulls. They are audacious scavengers, even entering back yards of the city in quest of garbage for themselves and their chicks.

Hérons eat any of the smaller species of fish, small rodents, lizards, frogs, toads, snakes, crayfish and large and small insects of many kinds. All such food is largely composed of water so there is no need of these birds or their chicks drinking fresh water.

All three of the species at this rookery feed their young by regurgitation and sufficient gastric secretions accompanies the food to aid in allaying thirst. I never saw a pelican, heron or gull chick whose daily meal ever appeared to satisfy him. I have seen them so full they could scarcely stand erect—yet all the time they squawked for more, more! The distensibility of the gull's stomach often reminded me of the normal small boy's capacity. While this bird weighs only about one pound it can hold and carry a big quantity of food!

I have seen adult pelicans return to the rookery from an all-day tour of the swamps, filled to the brim with fish for the little ones, and when they landed



Adult Pelicans feeding chicks

(Continued on Page 44)



# The Girl at the Tank House

(Continued from December)

Crestfallen and tearful the offenders added their supplications. In relenting the constable warned:

"You boys will be held strictly responsible for any damage I find here. Let this be a lesson to you to mind your own business. Let Reggy Hitchcock fight his own battles. Now beat it, and don't ever let me catch you here again."

The youthful pair sneaked back up town—silent instead of boastful. Neither of them ever referred to the matter afterward.

One rainy night not long after this episode Annette received an unexpected visit from another of the Hitchcock faction. He was middle-aged, married, and a pillar of the church.

"I thought you'd be lonesome, so I came over to keep you company," he said by way of explanation. His look and manner betrayed his real intention.

Concealing her surprise and annoyance Annette offered him a seat in the dining room. Then she went to the telephone, and called for his home number.

"Hey! what are you doing there?" demanded her visitor, concern dominating his voice.

"I am calling up your wife," answered Annette, sweetly. "Oh! is that you Mrs. Gray? Your husband is here, and I want you to come over and spend the evening. No; he has just come in. If you'll come, I'll ask him to stay."

The wife did not come; and the husband did not stay. Annette told of the visit, but pledged the hearer to profound secrecy. It was not long before everybody in town was laughing at an exaggerated version of the affair. Such stories never lose anything in the telling.

Annette was quite right in believing that this phase of masculine vanity and curiosity would soon subside. In reality it did her no harm.

The old Irish gardener who still lived in the rooms over the garage did his share of the gossiping.

"When any o' them old codgers come nose'n around to see what they can find out, the lass at the tank house hists the winder blinds clear up to the top. None o' them ever gets upstairs. From my place I can see everything goin' on, and I tell you it is all straight."

Spring brought a decided change in the entire situation. People remembered that Annette's school was a model of its kind; that she, herself was modest and unassuming. It was said on all sides

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

that she was a kind and considerate neighbor. She loaned freely of her house stores, but never borrowed. She was a faithful attendant at church; she sewed for and did many other favors for the Minister's family.

Annette won the friendship of older women by following their advice in cooking. She tried every recipe given her, sharing the good results with her intimates. She took the keenest interest in solving all kinds of housekeeping problems, and listened gratefully to any helpful suggestion. She in turn trimmed many a hat, designed many a dress or put on the finishing touches.

Annette's actual leadership began with the making of a Hope Chest. All the girls she knew begged to be allowed to see it, and to be told how to start one for themselves. It was a happy inspiration to invite them all up on the tank house balcony one sunny afternoon for full explanations.

"Now, girls," said Annette, unconsciously assuming the role of teacher, "Let's have an honest to goodness talk about our own futures." The girl in the hammock sat bolt upright; the others adjusted their cushions; all looked expectant.

"I've never before told anybody why I built this tank house. It is because I believe that the homemaker of the highest class has an unassailable position. She does not have to get into society. She *is* society. It is she who lives in the elegant mansion, and has yachts, special trains, limousines, boxes at the opera, picture galleries, rare rugs, laces, diamonds, fur, and above all else, the *say* in all social matter. Every other grade and class of woman has to abide by her dictates. In fact, the whole world caters to her."

"That kind of woman lives an awful humdrum sort of life," ventured one of the girls.

"No, she don't," responded Annette, quickly.

"If you look over the lists of charitable institutions, or patronesses of all art and learning, you will find the names of the women I mean. They are in the know of everything worth while."

"Well, some of them are ugly and commonplace enough. Heaven knows," said another.

"But they all have character, and they have one trait in common. They all know how to make a home. To my way of

thinking, beauty is not the most valuable possession for a woman; neither is learning. I would rather be a first class housekeeper than anything else. That is why I built this tank house. I am going to prepare for my wedding by collecting a dower of needful things in a Hope Chest."

"Good for you, Annette. What are you going to put in first?" All the girls sat up expectantly.

"As I have quite a supply of linen already in use I'll make my wedding sheets first."

"Oh, Annette, do tell us. Is there somebody?"

"Yes; somewhere out yonder, but I haven't seen him yet. Do you know girls, we are all like Senta, spinning, and waiting for the Flying Dutchman—the archetype of restless man seeking his mate."

"To see her dance with the boys and jolly them along, you would never dream she could talk like that, would you, girls?"

"I am ambitious to have an appreciative knowledge of all the fine things made for or by women. The true test of living is not to acquire or to achieve, but to be. A gentlewoman never pretends; she simply is, and I want to be like her."

"You do beautiful needle work already, Annette."

"Mother began teaching me when I was ten years old. I groan in spirit as I remember pig-eye button holes I used to make. The first thing I ever dared get ready for my house, were bath towels and wash rags."

"We can begin our Hope Chests the same way!" exclaimed the girls in chorus. "Oh; Annette, this is such a relief. When one sees the exquisite embroideries of the professional workers or of the convent communities, or the wonderful pillow laces and peasant handicraft, to say nothing of Oriental skill one almost has heart failure."

"It is some task to be a skilled needlewoman and that is only an ornamental phase of home making. The real work is done in the kitchen. There you must have science as well as art. When vacation comes I am going to Santa Barbara for a scientific course in the State College Cooking Department. Then I shall calmly await the great event."

It was inevitable that each girl should be asked if she was "Hope Chesting," and that Annette should come in for



some good natured quizzing. Finally the news reached Uncle Henry.

"Sis," he demanded, "What's this tomfoolery about a Hope Chest that Annette has started. What is a Hope Chest, anyhow?"

"It is another name for the old fashioned dower chest."

"You mean a cedar box with all sorts of things in it like grandmother had. Can I add something to the collection?"

"Yes; if you care to."

"Well, I'll send Annette something that will surprise her."

His gift was a silver mounted teething ring and a rattle!

Jerry, the gardener, gave Annette the kind of service which cannot be measured in terms of money. In return he had practically the freedom of the place. For his own use he had planted the back lot to a vegetable garden. When the berries and fruit came to bearing he was allowed to dispose of these along with the other products. It was his pride and joy to keep the bay tree in perfect condition, and he spent much time trimming the weeping willow tree top block fashion into three distinct lengths. The garage and light tower were half hidden by Boston ivy, while the rose arbor on the front lawn near the bay tree was utilized by the bungalow tenant for a summer tea house.

The rustic placard "Bay Towers" swung in the pergola entrance where vines and blossoms ran in riotous profusion.

Annette refused to tolerate what she designated "the architecture of the false front." Houses of this type have a more or less ornate front of stucco imitation of stone with unblushing weather-board sides and rear finish. Annette's theory was that the backyard should be equally attractive and Jerry was delighted to humor her. The result was a series of brick-bordered pebble walks through the garden—with a patch of old fashioned flowers growing in profusion near the kitchen window of the tank house. A huge Indian wickiup of wire was completely overrun with morning glories of all colors and sizes. These caught the first rays of the rising sun and formed a glorified outer entrance to Annette's new home. A flowering rock pile near the windmill base gave a touch of color while a bed of lavender under the laundry window wafted a delicious perfume over the whole house.

The close of the fourth school year found Annette's building plans fully accomplished. She was not only free of debt, but had been given a substantial raise in salary.

It was midsummer at Santa Barbara, and the lunch hour had brought fami-

lies and groups of guests together on the verandah of the old Hotel Potter. Many were still in the dining room; some strolled about the sloping green sward; others looked well out over the ocean, and listened to the swish of the waves beyond the farther edge of the closely cropped lawn.

"Mother, do you see that girl with the pink parasol standing down there on the walk?"

"Yes; what about her?"

"Don't you think she is pretty?"

"No; not exactly, but she has good style. I heard some one say that she makes all of her hats and dresses. Maybe she does but they don't look 'Home Sweet Home.' That combination of white voile with green taffeta is really smart. The corsage of pink sweet peas matches the parasol, the white hat with its pale coral buckle set with rhinestones, the smaller duplicate buckles on the white ties, and the long white silk gloves are quite correct."

"I'm glad you think she is a good looker. She is likely to be the future Mrs. Wallace Rathburn. At least, I've got my own consent."

"What kind of nonsense is this you are talking? You don't even know the girl's name."

"Yes, I do! I saw her register as Annette H. Weatherby. More than that I know that she is a student at the State College. I followed here there this morning. I saw her in class with a white cap and apron on, and she had a big cooking spoon in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. I stuck around and then trailed her back to the hotel."

"Wallace Rathburn have you forgotten all of your bringing up?"

"No; mother, but I've seen a girl that interests me, and I didn't have any other way to find out about her. That lady sitting over there in the rocker is her mother. I want you to get acquainted with her, and then introduce me."

"Are you really serious?"

"Never more so in my life."

It was like Wallace Rathburn to come to a decision quickly. Taking a short cut, and going straight to the heart of things had made him a successful business man in the early thirties. Since leaving school he had wasted little time on social matters, and had never tried to be popular with the girls. He and his elder brother had greatly enlarged the business left by their father's death. From a selling agency of canned and dried fruits the brothers now had a branch house in London, and a large packing plant in the southern part of the state. It was becoming necessary to add another plant to meet the ever increasing demands. This accounted for the presence of Wal-

lace Rathburn at the Hotel Potter. He was spending the week ends with his mother, while looking about for a suitable location for a warehouse.

But how describe the dawn of love in a woman's heart! The delicacy and mystery of the awakening beggars language.

Annette could not have told just how the miracle was wrought. It was not in anything said or done. These were commonplace enough, but each knew that every word, every act, every glance even, was a part of the age old game of pursuit and retreat. The diffidence of the boy; the shyness of the girl made mountains of imaginary difficulties, and robbed both of sleep and appetite. They were too much in love to be really happy.

The young man lost no time in visiting Annette's home town. It was legitimately on his route of inspection, but he cut all intervening stops, and was soon in possession of the neighborhood gossip, kindly and otherwise.

"Mother," he said, appearing one Sunday night. "I don't think I've got a ghost of a chance. I've been to Miss Weatherby's home. It's the show place of the town. Everybody knows her, and they say she turned down a young chap because he had too much money. Some say she has been disappointed in love. Everybody told me she has terribly high ideals. I think the best thing I can do is to pack up and get out."

"No, son; I don't think that would be quite right. Poor boy! You don't know much about girls, do you?" The mother smiled indulgently and knowingly. The young man scanned her face eagerly.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing; only I don't see things as you do."

"You've always been such a good pal, mother."

Sometimes on the heights of bliss, again in the depths of despair, the next six weeks slipped along the rosary of time.

Annette talked freely of her school and of her experiments in cooking, but her admirer was singularly reticent about his own affairs. He spoke vaguely of buying fruit, and of trips made to various orchard districts. He gave no hint of his intention of locating in Annette's own town.

Upon leaving Santa Barbara Annette invited Mrs. Rathburn and her son to visit her and was not surprised when the mother named an early date, and said she would spend some time in that vicinity.

On the second Sunday after Mrs. Rathburn's arrival Annette asked mother and son to dine at the tank house. It



was their first visit and Annette took pride in showing them the house and grounds. The elder woman was quick to see that the appointments of the dinner, though inexpensive, were in perfect taste. She admired the triple gold lines which enmeshed the tiny pink roses decorating the china, and she saw that a uniform key pattern adorned the quaintly shaped glass ware. The bowl of roses in the center gave the table the right touch of color.

With fine tact the elder woman made conversation easy. She adroitly brought out the fact that Annette had made the elaborate combination of lace and embroidery which covered the table and that the doilies and napkins had been designed and worked by the same deft fingers.

Self-consciousness and over-anxiety made Annette indifferent to the food while the young man alternately flushed and paled in his effort to appear at ease.

Dinner over, Annette declared that she would wash the dishes before going to church. Her admirer immediately offered to assist, and much to his mother's amusement Annette tied one of her aprons around his waist, and handed him a tea towel. He looked so awkward, and was so helpless that his mother was convulsed.

"Mother!" he protested, "such hilarity is shocking! What will Miss Weatherby think of your angel child?"

What the mother saw in the face of the girl, made her steal out into the flower patch. The rays of the setting sun sent glints of gold among the old fashioned blossoms. The soft hum of insect life swelled into a vesper lullaby. Time passed unnoticed as the mother breathed a prayer for her beloved one. She was standing surrounded by tall stalks of hollyhocks heavy with bloom, but she turned an illumined face to her son as he ran toward her.

"Mother!" he cried, his voice shaken with emotion, "It's all right . . . Kiss me, and then come and kiss Annette."

The deep rich tones of the church bell found a devotional echo in each happy heart.

With a pretty show of authority, Annette directed her fiance to the wash-room while she and the mother went upstairs for hats and wraps. Wallace was careful to select the towel under the inscription "For My Guest," but studiously avoided wrinkling the embroidered monogram and edge. Curious as a boy he wandered out into the storeroom. Here he found row upon row of jams and jellies, neatly labelled and set on white oil cloth covered shelves. He had an almost ungovernable desire to put one of the jars into his pocket. It was a

momentary lapse to boyhood impulse. He smiled at his own absurdity, with every sense keenly alive to the immaculate cleanliness about him.

Presently he went upstairs. He heard the voices in the bed room, but refrained from a close scrutiny of the ivory toilet articles nestling among pink ribbons and lace. Instead he examined with approval the well framed prints and etchings on the wall and noted the harmonious colorings of green and gold in his surroundings. He busied himself with the books and magazines reposing in odd nooks and corners. He was standing near a low, flat brass bowl filled with trailing nasturtiums when the two women joined him.

Annette could scarcely wait to get home from church to call her own mother, and tell of her great joy. Both voices were tearful and there were many breaks in the long distance connection before the tale was finally told.

Still laboring under excitement, Annette's mother called up Uncle Henry's club.

"What's that you say, Sis, Annette's engaged?" he bawled over the phone. "Who is she going to marry? Do you know anything about him? Can he take care of her? Of course, you don't know. That's just like a lot of fool women! I'll take the first train down there tomorrow morning. I've helped raise that girl, and she shall not marry any Tom, Dick or Harry that comes along. If it ain't all right, I'll run him out of town."

True to promise Uncle Henry came storming up to the school.

"Where's this paragon; this halo-headed, winged creature that got you going?" he demanded of Annette. "You can't marry him until I find out about him; do you hear that, Missy?"

Annette didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She did know better than to try and reason with her visitor.

"Wallace does business with Mr. Burton. Go and see him, Uncle."

"I will, and you'll hear from me later."

"Burton, do you know anything about this Wallace Rathburn, who has just come to town?" Uncle Henry lost no time in getting the desired information.

"Yes, and no," replied Mr. Burton showing no surprise at Henry Hazleton's sudden appearance and abrupt question. "I knew the father, Josiah Rathburn very well. They don't make better men than he was. When he died a few years ago he left his two boys some money, but not much, I imagine. The family comes of old New England stock. The younger son, Wallace, seems to be a forthright, upstanding sort, with a good business head. Rathburn Bros.

deal extensively in fruits. I understand that this young fellow intends to put up one of their plants here. It all depends, I think, on what the new foothill orchards justify."

Mr. Burton was considerably puzzled by Henry Hazleton's odd, quizzical smile.

Shortly after reaching home Annette heard the front gate shut, and looking out of the window saw her uncle and fiance coming up the walk, chatting as amicably as old friends.

That evening, Wallace said to Annette:

"I am going to San Francisco tomorrow morning, with your Uncle, and I would like to order our engagement ring—if you will tell me what you want."

Annette slowly removed the diamond ring, and looking into the eyes of her lover said, "Please, dearest, match this stone, and let the two lock the ends of the wire setting."

"You have worn this ring a long time," murmured Wallace as he examined the thin band. He did not voice the thoughts surging through his mind. Annette was silent for a moment, then said with a sigh:

"That ring has been my honor guard. It was my mother's engagement ring, and when I left home she gave it to me. Now I shall have a double guard; father's memory and your love."

As Wallace folded her in his arms he was glad that he had not questioned her.

As soon as the ring was finished Annette gave a luncheon at the Tank House and announced her engagement to her girl friends. Later, Mrs. Burton gave a reception and tea, at which the prospective bridegroom was made to feel that he was a welcomed and honored guest.

Curiously enough it was becoming impossible to ignore the fact that the townspeople were jealous! They could not conceal their resentment toward the relatives of Annette. She had belonged to the community so long, that they were not willing to share interest with anybody else! This fact was very patent during the holiday season, especially after Annette resigned from school, and let it be known that the wedding would occur in the early spring.

In the days following Wallace spent many happy hours in the tank house.

"Annette, where do you want to spend our honeymoon?"

"Right where we are," she answered promptly.

"Good! I love this little nest."

"And I don't mind having these people peeping, and whispering about us. I've grown to be very fond of this little town."



"Then you would be content to live here? Shall we build in a new location?"

"No; Wallace, let us remodel the bungalow. We can make a beautiful home out of that."

"All right; would ten thousand dollars be enough to fix the house up to suit you?"

Noting Annette's wide-eyed amazement, her lover slipped an arm about her waist, as he nestled down beside her.

"I have a confession to make. The business I represent is my own. My brother owns the London house, Mother has the one near Santa Barbara, all the rest are mine. I was afraid you wouldn't have me around if you thought I had much money."

"Oh! you've been listening to village gossip."

"Yes; and was scared nearly to death by it."

Annette promptly boxes his ears.

"Listen to my plan, Annette. Let's stay in the tank house long enough to get the bungalow alterations started right, then let's take Mother over to visit brother Dan, while we slip off to the Continent to hunt furniture and stuff for our new home."

"We can leave Jerry in charge of everything."

"Yes; that old chap can stay with us the rest of his life if he wants to. Your touring car and electric coupe need not disturb him at the garage."

Again Annette stared at her lover in speechless surprise.

The twain were in the sitting room of the tank house, near enough to look out over the window box of pink and red ivy geraniums to the greensward below. Gusts of wind flung the raindrops against the panes of glass, but the warm glow of the fire gave an atmosphere of coziness and comfort.

Annette and her sweetheart had lapsed into a strange, sweet silence. Finally Wallace said:

"Annette, dear, would you mind showing me your Hope Chest? I've never seen one." The speaker was under a strong emotion as the lid was raised and his eyes rested upon dainty, frilly wedding garments. He mechanically held the lavender sticks placed in his hands, but was unmindful when they slipped to the floor. Annette carefully lifted out each article until she came to the teething ring and rattle. She looked dismayed for a moment, then picked it up bravely, saying:

"This is Uncle Henry's gift. I am keeping it for the use of my son, Richard."

"And for my daughter, Margaret, too, I hope."

"Yes; if it is God's will." Annette's face was uplifted and glorified.

Pale and agitated her lover carried her hand to his lips in silence.

Days of unalloyed happiness followed; days that were replete with plans and preparations; days when Annette missed the care of her pupils, especially the younger ones. During it all Wallace and Annette lived in an unreal, Utopian world created by their dreams and fancies.

One afternoon when Annette was busy with her wedding gown, Wallace pulled the work away from her, tossed

in their coming marriage. The townspeople would have felt distinctly hurt if they had not been consulted in the matter.

Upon the advice of Mrs. Burton, the first day of "Blossom Festival" week was selected, and then everybody began to prepare for the event.

Each year Santa Clara Valley holds a beautiful fete in honor of its chief product—prunes. The Valley from end to end is a mass of snow white blossoms, and many and devious are the ways in which this special gift of nature is made to serve Art and Beauty.

The quaint little church had been transformed into a bower of bloom. Uncle Henry drove everybody nearly frantic carrying out what he imagined were Annette's wishes. He was especially particular and hard to please about the details of the floral canopy under which the ceremony was performed. Finally when all was to his liking he was a flustered and moist-eyed member of the bridal party. He was gentleness and tenderness personified as he gave Annette into the keeping of her husband.

It was a radiantly happy bride who walked proudly down the flower decked aisle, smiling and bowing as she left the church.

Annette's heart was full when she saw that the yard in front of the tank house was filled with school children. She was quick to note that each year of her teaching was represented. It taxed her self-control to pass under the banner held by the oldest boys. The inscription said:

"You taught us to respect you; by ourselves we have learned to love you."

From all sides the children pelted them with blossoms, and they were obliged to walk over flowers shaken from the cornucopias held by the little ones preceding them.

A group of the smallest pupils dressed as fairies surrounded the entrance to the tank house. Their diminutive queen waved her wand and with a deep curtsy said to Wallace:

"Good sir, accept this tiny heart of gold as a lucky talisman. The fairies wish for you all possible happiness and joy."

Wallace was profoundly moved as he stooped and kissed the wee face upturned to his own. Then he took the little trinket and kissed that, too.

With streaming eyes Annette knelt at the flower strewn threshold, and opened her arms wide. The littlest ones clung to her affectionately. They covered her tear-stained face with sweet, innocent baby kisses.

Thus did the new household receive its benediction.

## SISTERS

Mist

Is the shy sweetheart  
Of the sun.  
Outside his portals,  
Yearning,  
She awaits him;  
But at his first sweet kiss—  
His ardent glance—  
She slips away,  
Ashamed,  
And weeps alone  
In the gloom of the canyon.

Rain

Is her sister—  
Radiant, gay.  
She, too, is enamored  
Of the sun.  
Savagely  
She folds him  
In her silver embrace,  
Until his infatuation  
Reveals itself  
In one long, mad kiss,  
And the heavens  
Reel with a rainbow.

—Saimi Johnson.

the things about, and made a mess generally.

"Sir; why this vandalism?" demanded Annette, with mock severity.

"I'm trying to get some attention. There may be no wedding. The groom seems likely to die of neglect."

"What sort of attention do you think you need?"

"Civilized man cannot live without cooks. I should say that a thick slice of bread, well buttered and covered with jam would fill a long felt want."

What feasts they had! impromptu and otherwise.

Great happiness makes for consideration of others, and the young people were not slow in sensing a community interest





## RESOURCES and INDUSTRIES



**P**ERHAPS it may seem like a far cry from the music of the streams far up the slopes of the Sierras to the music in a multitude of prosperous homes in the valleys below. Yet the two are intimately and vitally related. The marvelous growth of California in agriculture, mining, manufacturing, transportation, wealth and population looms large. One of the important causes of this is to be found in the development and utilization of the water resources of the state.

To those who have never visited our higher regions, California appears to be lacking in streams, falls and lakes. Those who are familiar with our mountains know that they give birth to many rivers which hurry noisily over stony reaches and flow gently through deep pools. They are familiar with falls upon whose mists are painted the rainbow and with beautiful lakes which gleam like jewels in the laps of the mountains, reflecting tree and peak and cloud.

Motoring, tramping or camping beside the rivers, one is far removed from the rush and noise of industry; yet were the songs of the mountain streams stilled, a hush would fall upon the busy marts of trade. Many of the wheels of industry and transportation would cease to turn. Darkness would at night envelop many a city street and rural home which are now ablaze with light. But for the application of hydroelectric energy, large areas of fertile land would today be dreary wastes instead of the homes of thriving people.

The water resource of California is very great, ranking second to that of New York state. It is widely distrib-

### *The Water Resources of California*

By JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN

uted, extending throughout the length of the state. Most of it is, of course, in the Sierras, but there are water powers in the Coast Mountains as well. Many years ago Clapp and Henshaw in discussing the Sacramento Basin in Surface Water Supply of the United States, Volume XI, p. 118, said: "Fully 50 per cent of all the available water power in the state exists in this basin, though its area is not more than 17 per cent. of that of the state. A number of the streams have a fall of 4,000 or 5,000 feet and an average minimum flow of several hundred second-feet. Without storage they are capable of developing a minimum of 2,000,000 horsepower, and with storage about 3,000,000 horsepower."

According to the above estimate the potential water power in California amounts to 6,000,000 horsepower. Recent estimates range from 5,000,000 to 9,000,000 horsepower. The present installation amounts to more than 1,000,000 horsepower. There is therefore a very large untouched resource upon which to draw for future developments. That all of this unused power will be needed, there can be no doubt.

Before long distance transmission without excessive leakage became a reality, the water power of California was scarcely touched. Falls in some of our states are so situated that centers of industry could and did develop in close proximity, but in California this is not the case.

California has pioneered in the development of hydroelectric energy and long distance transmission. In 1895 power was being transmitted from San Antonio to San Bernardino, a distance of 20 miles. In the same year a line was established between Folsom and Sacramento, practically the same distance. These achievements attracted the attention of the world.

When it was demonstrated that long distance transmission was entirely practical, capital became available and there are now within the borders of California a number of strong organizations for the development and distribution of hydroelectric energy. The following figures, from the Journal of Electricity and Western Industry for June 15, 1921, p. 598, give some idea of the magnitude of the work of these companies. Much development has taken place since the above date.

#### *Electric Public Service Industry of California*

Total investment .....	\$408,102,093
No. of employees.....	21,178
Annual payroll .....	28,293,964
Annual taxes .....	5,035,631
No. of consumers.....	780,691
Connected load, hp.....	2,603,682
Installed capacity, hp.	

((Water power plants) 1,206,410  
Miles of wire ..... 116,585

In 1895 there was organized the West Side Lighting Company. In 1902, as a result of reorganization, it became the Edison Electric Company. Seven



Big Creek No. 1 power house, showing pipe line conveying water from Huntington Lake above



years later it became the Southern California Edison Company. It serves an area equal to the combined areas of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and Delaware. More than 300,000 consumers are on its books.

From Big Creek, a tributary of the San Joaquin, power is transmitted 240 miles to Los Angeles. In addition, the Kern, Kaweah and Tule rivers in the north furnish energy, while in the south the Santa Ana, San Gabriel, and San Antonio rivers, and Mill creek and Lytle creek have been harnessed.

The installation as of December, 1923, is approximately 250,000 horsepower. A large amount of power is furnished the Pacific Electric and other transportation companies in the South. Stock in the company is owned by 64,500 persons, largely residents of California. In 1923 there was distributed to these stockholders dividends in the sum of \$4,400,000.

Electric lines in the Bay region furnish a large market for hydroelectric energy. The San Francisco-Sacramento line operates between San Francisco and the capital. The Northern Electric connects Sacramento with Marysville, Chico and Hamilton. Stockton and Modesto are connected with Sacramento by an electric line. Electric trains are operated between Vallejo, Napa and Calistoga and also between Petaluma and Santa Rosa.

From its plants on Rush Creek in Mono County, the Southern Sierras Power Company transmits power to Southern California and to Yuma, Arizona, a distance of 517 miles. The energy is used in the mines in Randsburg and elsewhere; in soda work in Inyo County; for irrigating and ginning cotton in Imperial County, and in many other areas and ways.

Forty miles northeast of Fresno the San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation constructed a diversion dam across the San Joaquin river. The dam is 125 feet high, and 570 feet long. A tunnel 17,300 feet long conveys the water to steel penstocks which deliver it to the turbines. The plant, which includes the Kerckhoff Power House and buildings for employees, cost \$5,750,000 and was put into operation on August 7, 1920. This plant generates 56,800 horse power.

The counties of Fresno, Mariposa, Merced, Madera, Tulare, Kings and Kern are served directly and through another company service is extended to Monterey, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties. It has eleven hydroelectric plants and 5,500 miles of transmission and distribution lines. To its

12,668 bond and stock holders dividends aggregating \$766,800.33 were paid in 1922. "Today's generating capacity of 183,533 horsepower supplies light and power to 134 towns and cities, giving service to more than 50,000 consumers, 8,000 of whom operate motors." (Year Book of the San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation, 1922, p. 5.)

On September 27, 1922, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company put into service the first unit of its \$100,000,000 power plant on Pitt River, from which energy is transmitted 200 miles to Vac-



Typical stream as a source of power

aville. The water of Fall River is diverted about one mile above its junction with the Pitt and carried through a tunnel two miles long to Pitt River Canyon, 454 feet above the stream. Some 140,000 horsepower is transmitted with a loss of only eight per cent.

On the Yuba River, the company has built Spaulding Dam, 275 feet high, which impounds 74,000 acre-feet of water. The company has a total of 263,495 horsepower installed and has a potential of 875,045 horsepower. In 1920 it distributed \$11,000,000 in wages and \$5,000,000 in dividends.

The Great Western Power Company draws upon the energy of the North Fork of the Feather River. At Big Meadows, a dam 55 feet high has created an artificial lake with a storage capacity of 300,000 acre-feet. The Caribou Power House, which was put in operation on May 7, 1921, added 59,000 horsepower to the previous output.

Municipal development and utilization of the water resource of California, has in two cases attracted national attention. In 1901 James D. Phelan, at

that time mayor of San Francisco, filed water locations on the Tuolumne River. It was not until seven years later that permission was obtained from the Federal Government to use storage reservoir sites in Yosemite National Park. On January 4, 1910, San Francisco voted bonds in the amount of \$45,000,000 for the development of the Hetch Hetchy Project.

The Hetch Hetchy is in the Tuolumne basin, eighteen miles northwest of Yosemite and one hundred sixty-eight miles from San Francisco. At its lower end the valley narrows to a gorge but sixty feet wide and here a dam has been constructed. The six hundred fifty-one square miles of watershed owned by the city varies in altitude from 3,500 to 13,000 feet. The precipitation is considerable and the opportunity to develop hydroelectric energy great. Reservoirs have been built on Eleanor and Cherry Creeks, both tributaries of the Tuolumne River.

From Hetch Hetchy Reservoir the water follows the bed at the Tuolumne for twelve miles to Early Intake. At this point a diversion dam turns the water into the aqueduct. At Irvington Gate House, near Niles, the aqueduct divides, the main line extending westward and crossing the Bay at Dumbarton. A second line will carry water to the East Bay cities and a third will supply San Jose. The main aqueduct follows the peninsula to San Francisco. There will be connection with the Crystal Springs Reservoir, the capacity of which will be doubled. This reservoir will be kept practically full at all times to insure a water supply in case of accident.

The Hetch Hetchy project is about three-fourths completed. The total cost will be \$77,000,000 and it will furnish 400,000,000 gallons of water daily or a supply sufficient for 4,000,000 people. Some 200,000 horsepower by hydroelectric energy can be developed. This will be of great importance in the industrial development of the Bay Section.

The rapid growth of Los Angeles made it necessary some years ago to secure a much larger water supply. After long and thorough investigation it was decided to bring water from Owens River about 220 miles distant. On June 12, 1907, the people of Los Angeles voted bonds to the extent of \$23,000,000 for carrying on the work. The primary object was to secure an adequate water supply but in 1910 bonds were voted for the purpose of developing and transmitting hydroelectric energy.

Much of the territory crossed by the aqueduct is a desert and this added to the difficulty and the cost. Miles of tunnels were run under mountains and a



railroad was built for the purpose of transporting materials.

Los Angeles now has five hydroelectric power plants on tributaries of the Owens River with a combined capacity of about 100,000 horsepower. The water supply, although large and meeting present needs, will have to be increased in the not distant future owing to the very rapid growth in population.

In 1900 California ranked twenty-first of all the states in population. In 1910 it had advanced to twelfth and in 1920 to eighth place. The gain per cent, between 1910 and 1920 was 43, as against 15 for the United States as a whole. If the growth of the state continues at the same rate we shall have in 1940 seven million people within our borders. In any event, preparation for a large gain must be made.

The Great Valley can support several millions of people. Large areas of unproductive land need but the magic touch of water to produce abundantly. Much of the water will be supplied by electrically operated pumps. Indeed, more than one-third of the irrigated land in the state is now so supplied. During the decade ending in 1920, the acreage of irrigated land in California increased 54 per cent.

Intensive agriculture on acreage now

unused, will yield large quantities of food. It will stimulate manufacturing, increase the number of wage earners, place an added demand upon transportation and communication and result in the erection of new buildings in city and country. This in turn means increased use of hydroelectric energy in the lumber, cement, paint and other industries.

In response to our rapidly growing population both building and manufacturing are increasing. According to the U. S. Department of Labor, Los Angeles, during 1922 and the first half of 1923, provided buildings for a larger number of families in proportion to its population than did any other city in the United States. The building program alone demands a large increase in hydroelectric energy.

Monthly Labor Review, October 1923.

The value of the output of our manufacturing plants has increased from \$201,000,000 in 1880 to \$1,900,000,000 in 1920. We have not the coal to supply the needed power and our petroleum, although vast in amount, is far from being inexhaustible. The only solution of the problem is the development and use of more hydroelectric energy.

A complete list of the industrial uses of this energy would require more space

than is at our command. It is employed on our farms, in our mines and in the lumber, brick, cement and paint industries. Wheat is ground, cotton ginned, paper made, salt piled up and fruit cans sealed by means of electrically driven machinery. Hydroelectric energy operates many of the great presses which turn out our daily papers and magazines. It operates butter making machines, provides us with refrigerated foods, pumps municipal water supplies illuminates our homes and places of business, provides cooling breezes in public places and warns us of the intrusion of burglars.

To move the products and the people of California from place to place requires a large amount of power. At present steam, generated through the use of crude oil, is largely employed. We have, however, an extensive mileage of urban and rural electric lines. The Pacific Electric Railway has more than 1,000 miles of track and operates several thousand trains daily. Fifty cities and towns are served and the investment of the company reaches \$75,000,000.

It is evident that the development and the use of hydro electric energy in California is a matter of common concern, because increase of power is essential to continued expansion. As has been shown, it is vitally connected with the home, forest, farm, mine, with manufacturing and transportation. In addition, there is offered to those of small as well as large means, a safe investment with satisfactory returns. In the unapplied energy in our mountain streams is the key to continued development.

Solar energy, acting upon the surface of the great Pacific, transforms water into vapor which is carried by the westward movement of the atmosphere to the land. The lower land temperatures of winter result in condensation which, upon the mountains, is heavy. The streams bear the blessing from the land to the sea and thus the circle is completed. This gift of Nature, unlike some others, is permanent. As long as the sea endures; as long as the sun continues to shine; as long as our mountains lift their heads into the blue, so long will the songs of our Sierra streams continue to mean progress in California.



A typical power dam





## Scraps of Yellow Paper

By CHARLES H. SNOW

WHEN Ben Gates was drafted, and departed with his contingent for the training camp, he knew as much about things outside the city as the average man knows about the fourth dimension. He was city-born, city-reared. His world was one of pavements, running water in pipes, a fair amount of work for a given wage, and as much pleasure as was possible, all within his sphere. He was not by nature narrow; his horizon was consistent with the walls wherein he worked and dwelt, and the streets which he trod, and even the limited scope of his playgrounds. He was but twenty-four then, and twenty-four, always pardonable, has its own to learn.

Like many of his companions, he looked upon his time of service not as a patriotic duty, but as a thing compulsory, which must be endured. It required less than a month to modify this opinion; he had half changed it in two; another month, and what he had looked upon with passive patience was an absolute pleasure. The cosmopolitan atmosphere of the training camp gripped him, gradually metamorphosed him. All about him were husky fellows from the big outdoors, hammer wielders and plow pushers, rather than pen pushers and adding machine thumpers, and he found himself experiencing a half conscious desire to be like them; he, Ben Gates, clerk in the railroad offices, desiring even half heartedly, to be like the hicks and rubes, he had, three months before, looked down upon from his pinnacle of metropolitan altitude with scorn and levity. Yet it was true.

When the "Big Affair" was over, Sergeant Gates came back to his home city. He had a small red scar upon his right breast, another just under his right shoulder blade. Between these scars lay the course of a Mauser bullet, which had passed clean through his lung, and gone its way, leaving no apparent bad effects beyond a two months' stay in a hospital and another month of convalescence. This was one of three vivid memories he had of life over there. The others were of a buddy he had left, and a girl he had looked down upon from the deck of his departing transport as she warped out of her berth at St. Nazaire.

The pairing off of urbane, loquacious Ben Gates and uncommunicative, mountain-bred Pat Gorman had merely been one of the inexplicable leveling incidents of the war. In but one character-

istic were the two alike; they were workers. Gorman's striking trait was his tactiturnity. He talked of the past not at all beyond admitting that he had been a "wiggie-tail miner in the mother-lode region." His definition of his occupation had been vague and was not fully comprehended by Gates. When Gorman talked at all it was more of the active present than of the future. Only once had Gates heard him say anything about the days ahead. This had been on the night before he stood in the way of an exploding shell.

"When this shindig is over, partner," he had volunteered to Gates, "and you and me get back, we're goin' up to my dad's place and rest up. It's up in the pine country, in God's country." Gates had agreed, but knowing his companion, had not pressed for details.

The third vivid memory was of the girl. Trivial as the incident had seemed, brief as was the time they had seen each other, she had indelibly stamped Gates' memory. It was when he, with his comrades, stood at the rail, watching the slipping of the moorings which would send them voyaging safely homeward. She had accompanied some wounded soldiers to the ship, and when they had been placed aboard had returned to the dock, where she stood watching the men above her.

She stood alone, as if waiting for some one. She did not speak to the men above, nor they to her, till, noting her homesick expression Gates called, "Come on sister, there's room aboard, and if they won't give you a ticket we'll stow you away."

She did not reply for a moment, but her expression changed. Her wide set, brown eyes narrowed, and at first appeared inscrutable, then changed to bantering brilliance, only to be momentarily clouded by that look of longing which had forced Gates to speak to her.

"I'd like to alright, partner," she had returned with a smile, "but it can't be done. I'll be over later. So long." She might have said more, but a blast from the steamer's siren drowned her voice and when the roar subsided a joyous pandemonium broke from the throats of the soldiers. They were going home!

Gates remembered her as a rather tall girl, whose form was given to angles rather than to curves. Subconsciously he compared her with Pat Gorman, but Pat's hair had been flaming, hers was a

sort of rusty red. Pat's face had been thoroughly freckled, hers bore but a few, and these upon her slightly uptilted nose. Her chin was square like Pat's, but where his forehead had been high and wide hers was low and broad. The great difference was in their eyes. Pat's had been deep blue, hers were brown, but it was their deep, indefinable expression which impressed him, their manner of responding to her changing moods that made her image reassert itself before his own eyes whenever he thought of women. He had seen her less than ten minutes, had spoken one sentence to her, had received only one reply; yet of his three memories, she was the most striking.

Gates came back from the war weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, thirty more than when he had gone. He was as brawny as a hod-carrier, tanned as a farm hand, and his eyes were as clear as the skies in summer. It was with a sense of depression that he approached before his old employer, the G. F. A. of the N. D. & W. Railroad. His place had been held open for him, and he resumed it the following day.

Keeping fit in the army was one thing, in town another. Gates found the task of getting his exercise at baths, gymnasiums, or on the streets to be irksome. He was galled at the uselessness, the futility of it all. It was a waste of what he had come to term productive energy. He began to neglect his exercise, but not his work. The result was a flabbiness and loss of weight. With cold weather came the first twinges of a pain in the pierced lung; before spring he had developed a cough. His work no longer interested him, though in former years it had been his one ambition. Gradually a feeling of helplessness overwhelmed him. He knew but two things, soldiering and clerking. He could not stick to the latter occupation, and he would not again attempt the former, except in the event of a national emergency.

One foggy April day as Gates stepped from the elevator on his way to lunch, he almost bumped against Captain Crane. Crane had been Gates' regimental surgeon, and was still at the post. Gripping Gates' hand the doctor eyed him with critical doubt before he spoke. "Young man, what is the matter with you? Last time I saw you I had ambitions of using you to strip Dempsey of his laurels. Now you look as if you held a furlough from the nearest undertaker. Stiffen up! What's wrong, man?"



Unconsciously Gates thrust back his shoulders and smiled. "It's too much indoors and lack of exercise," replied the former soldier. "Captain, I used to think this the finest little spot on the earth. Now I don't know what has happened, overtrained while in the service, perhaps. I am going back, and feel as if I couldn't stem the current, take the grade."

"Going back, take the grade!" snapped the captain. "At your age! Damn it man, men of my age don't go back unless they wish to. Come here, let's talk this over." He gripped Gates by the arm and drew him aside from the moving throng in the corridor. Still holding his arm, he scrutinized Gates professionally.

"Damn it," he exploded, "what you need is work; not humping yourself over a desk, trying to bayonet a line of figures with a pen, but man's work, outside work and sunshine. Push a wheelbarrow, pitch hay, dig ditches, do anything that will make muscle, and cause your body to run right. Get out of here." Then the memory that Gates had been wounded caused the surgeon to pause in his tirade. He questioned Gates about the wound.

"That accounts for most of it," he announced when Gates had narrated fully upon the subject. "You simply must get out."

"But what can I do outside?" Gates spread his hands in protest. "All I know is my work here. I'd starve at anything else. I—"

"Well, starve if it comes to that," interrupted the surgeon. "You'll die of T. B. if you remain here. Starvation, from my point of view, would be preferable. Let's see." The surgeon studied. "Would you take a job in the forest service?"

Gates replied that he would take anything that would offer a living and at the same time afford him the opportunity of remaining outside the city.

"I think it can be arranged," said Dr. Crane. "Glover, of the service is a friend of mine. I was just on my way to his office. Have a lunch appointment with him. Come along, and while we eat we can talk it over." Before Gates fully realized what was happening he was again in the elevator, ascending to the top floor, where the offices of the Forestry Service were located.

"Manna from heaven," exclaimed the forester, even before Crane had fully explained Gates' presence. "We've a place for you. We want men of your type, ex-service men, who know discipline, and how to use a gun if necessary. Cobb of the San Bruno Reserve phoned not an hour ago that Nelson, the patrol on the upper San Bruno, had quit

abruptly. His only explanation is that there are spirits in those mountains. Tush! Nelson was due for a drunk. He had to have an explanation for leaving so suddenly. May we depend on you, Mr. Gates?" The answer was a grateful affirmative, though Gates himself held some doubts as to the successful outcome of this new venture.

Gates resigned his place with the railroad that afternoon. The next day he received his appointment as ranger in the San Bruno Reserve. Two days later, from the jolting automobile, steadily climbing toward the east, he looked out upon a verdant, virgin timbered panorama of peak, and rugged ridge and deep canyon.

"Back in the pine country." Pat Gorman's words came to him. "I wonder if his pine country were anything like this?" Gates mused. "I wish he were along."

At Blue Slide he met Cobb, the chief ranger. Before leaving the city Gates had arranged to purchase Nelson's horses and outfit. They had been left in Cobb's charge, Nelson being in no mood to tarry for the sale of his equipment.

"Nelson was a weak sister," said Cobb in reply to a question from Gates as to the reason for his predecessor's sudden departure. "Said there were spirits in the mountains. Said they kept dogging him wherever he went. Said they wouldn't let him sleep at night, kept his horses scared. Like as not what he heard, for he says he saw nothing, was a bear or a mountain lion. There were plenty of those there. What Nelson meant was spiritus fomentus. He's likely full of them by now. We'll leave here in the morning if you'll be ready. It's the time of year when we have to be on the lookout for fires, and there's nobody on the Upper San Bruno till you get there."

Unaccustomed as he was to the saddle Gates found the twenty odd miles over the mountain trail tortuous. It was dark when he and Cobb reached the camp which Nelson had vacated. Stiff and saddle sore, Gates tumbled from his horse; assisted in the kindling of a fire, then flopping to earth he was asleep in less than half a minute. Next he had a hazy recollection of being roused by Cobb, of partaking of supper, and tumbling into his own bed, spread out for him by his chief.

Next morning, though the stiffness had not left him he felt a sense of exhilaration from the rare cool air. Hurriedly dressing he stepped from the log cabin to take his first look at the surroundings which were to be his home till the snows of next winter drove him to lower altitudes. The one room cabin stood at the edge of a pine circled

meadow which sloped to the bank of a brawling stream. All about him stretched a world primitive to Gates. High ridges, broken by granite crags, and timbered densely on their ever surfaces, rose on either side. Through a gap afforded by the lower canyon he saw what appeared to be an endless vista of pine clad ridges, softly billowing, and blue in the distance. Strolling to the other side of the cabin he looked up at a sheer cliff of gray granite, rising a hundred feet, its summit half hidden by a dense growth of brush, which extended up a gentle slope till another crag rose bare and gray.

At the foot of the lower cliff lay a small pond, and from it a tiny stream ran to meet the creek a hundred yards away. Here was a perpetual source of water, fed from subterranean currents beneath the cliff. Gates fell to his hands and knees and drank deeply. He resolved that here was the fountain of youth, and from it he would drink daily, at each dawn, or oftener, as occasion might demand. Then he bathed his face and hands in the clear, cold water. He was watching the horses picketed in the meadow, and feeling like old times when Cobb called him to breakfast. He ate ravenously.

Cobb spent the morning instructing Gates in his routine work; in the afternoon they rode over some of the nearer trails. When they returned to camp Cobb called his headquarters at Blue Slide on the telephone, and received the news of the day. With the telephone at easy reach Gates felt that he was not to be so badly isolated after all. After supper a fire was built before the cabin and the men sat beside it, swapping experiences till late. Just before they were talked out Gates suddenly leapt half erect. His hair seemed to stiffen and rise in fearful manifestation, the skin over his spine actually moved upward like that of a dog raising his hackles. The dark crags reverberated with a blood curling scream. The black, star-studded sky seemed to split with the sound. It was half human, half feline. Before Gates could reassert his self control it had been repeated.

"What is it?" he asked timorously.

"I reckon it's one of Nelson's spirits out for a night of it," said Cobb, smilingly puffing at his pipe and watching Gates. "To be plain with you it's nothing more than a panther serenading us. He's harmless if he's a he. The female of the species is no more dangerous unless she has kittens. Then leave her wide if you meet up with her."

"No wonder Nelson left!" exclaimed Gates. A moment later he added coolly, "I'll stay, though."

"Well, you won't exactly find life



lively here," announced Cobb. "Your nearest neighbor'll be the lookout on Jackson Peak, off to the north, ten miles. Then to the south there is a cattle outfit, man by the name of Mordecai Gorman. Runs under permit, gives no trouble, and takes his stock down to the foothills in winter. Ride over to see him when you get lonesome. He's a good sort as far as I know. I haven't seen much of him though."

"Gorman," repeated Gates. "Gorman. I had a buddy by that name. I heard him say once that his father had a place up in the pine country. Did this Gorman have a son?"

"Not that I know of," was Cobb's answer. "I never heard, but you know we up here can't find out everything. He may have a dozen for all I know. He isn't much of a talker."

"I'll ride over and find out for myself one of these days. Now me for the hay. Good night."

On the following day they rode to the lookout station on Jackson Peak, from where Cobb pointed out to Gates the lay of the land over which he was to patrol. It was late when they arrived at their own camp, and the next morning after giving Gates final instructions, Cobb left for his headquarters at Blue Slide. Though not in the least afraid, Gates felt like a lonely atom in the big primitive sweep of the world around him.

Gates' army experience alone prevented his being an absolute tenderfoot at his new work. He could cook his own food after a fashion, but he knew little of woodcraft, though he was willing and anxious to learn. Although his sole companions in this vast solitude were his two horses, he was not lonesome, nor did he hold any fears of seen or unseen; he was well armed and knew how to use his weapons. To the probable cause of Nelson's hurried departure he gave hardly a thought.

Gates spent the forenoon of Cobb's departure in familiarizing himself with the camp routine. In the afternoon he saddled and set out for a short ride over the nearest trail. Nig, the pack pony, followed like a dog. Often he would lead the way, though never going far in advance of Buck, his companion, ridden by Gates. Already Gates had seen many deer; bear signs abounded; and the mountain lion had screamed nightly. This afternoon Gates had his first momentary fright. Nig had been some distance ahead as they threaded the brushy trail. Suddenly, hearing a loud snort of fear from the pack pony, Gates beheld him dashing back along the trail, ears flat, nostrils wide. He swerved into the brush, passed Gates, and running some distance back on the trail, turned and

slowly came back to the protection of the rear position. Gates, by this time was having difficulty in forcing his mount ahead. Looking up, he saw a huge brown bear sitting erect in the narrow trail. Gates saw no more of the bear than the first glance. Buck snorted, reared upon his hind legs, almost unseating his rider, and dashed toward camp.

Though he had no fear of the beasts of the forest, Gates now realized that he had much to learn, not the least of which was to sit in his saddle in times of emergency. Several times he had nearly been unseated as Buck dashed madly down the trail for a hundred yards or more. Then he managed to draw the horse to a walk, and to think rationally.

The meadow about the cabin was not

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### THE URNS OF HOPE

O bird that sweetly singest here  
Upon the threshold of the year;  
You nothing know of all our ills,  
Nor how your merry music thrills  
The weary soul that listens long  
And feels itself grow young and strong.

And you, O little flower of May,  
That lookest up beside the way  
With eyes that prove your Soul divine—  
You cannot see the love in mine;  
You cannot know the joy you give,  
The joy that bids your lover live.

'Tis well that nature hides from flower  
And bird their beauty and their power,  
Or else, like men, they might become  
To all the higher instincts dumb;  
And bloom and sing for gold—and heal  
No wound, no urn of hope unseal.

—Charles Granger Blanden

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fenced, so it was necessary to picket the horses. After feeding them their grain that evening Gates saw that they were securely staked for the night. Before retiring he went to them, to reassure himself that they were safe. In the morning he went first thing for a look at the horses. They were picketed safely, but Gates scratched his head and swore incredulously. Nig was where Buck had been the night before, and Buck was fastened to Nig's picket pin. A thorough examination convinced him that the horses had been shifted during the night. This must have been accomplished through human agency. Gates searched for footprints, but the lush grass left no tell-tale marks. More mystified and a little fearful, he went back to prepare his breakfast. There might, after all, be some ground for Nelson's leaving. After he had eaten he decided to call Cobb and report the incident. He rang repeatedly, but received no answer. He

became convinced that the line had been put out of commission, probably by the same hand that had shifted the horses. Taking his rifle and revolver, he saddled and set out to locate the break. He found it less than a mile from camp. Where the wire hung low between two trees there it had been cut. Its ends had been bent back, and were tied together by a cord, to which was attached to a small scrap of yellow paper. Riding close, Gates pulled off the paper and read: "You had better beat it while the beating is good." There was no signature, and the message had been printed cleverly.

Now Gates was angry. Was this the work of some practical joker, or of a plain fool, or could it have been done by a man demented? He swung about for a quick survey of the vicinity. A hundred men might have lurked on the timbered slope or in the gulch below. Before he dismounted Gates spliced the broken ends, and put the note and card into his pocket.

Alighting, he tied Buck's reins to a sapling, and scrutinized the ground beneath the wire. Almost his first glance assured him that he had read no spirit writing in the warning note; footprints were plain upon the damp earth. However the sex of the person who had made the footprints was as doubtful as that of the writer of the note. The tracks might have been made by the heavy walking boots of a mountaineering woman, or by the shoes of a small man. Gates judged that they were about number sixes. A wave of angry resentment swept through him. He would not be driven from the upper San Bruno as Nelson had been, by some lunatic or prank-player. He would follow the track, and settle matters at once, if it took a week.

The trail was easy to follow. For some distance it led amidst the underbrush, straight up the slope, as if the culprit, after committing the mischief, had decided to get away by the nearest route. Soon the trail swung to the right, then still more to the right, till it was descending the brushy slope. Gates was impressed by the freshness of the up-turned soil, and the plain prints of the boots. Whoever had made these tracks, he mused, must indeed be a novice. The tracks descended the slope abruptly, crossed the pack trail, went beneath the wire less than a hundred yards from where it had been cut, and kept on down the mountain side. The going now became broken and rocky and Gates made slower progress, but he kept the trail and found it still bending to the right. It was some time before he realized that

(Continued on Page 30)



# Commuters' Comedy

By W. H. VOILES

THE San Francisco Ferry, where the constant hum of machinery ceaselessly vibrates in never ending inundating volume—where the tide of travel ebbs and flows each twenty minutes with clock-like regularity, pouring into and drawing from the Golden City with its human burden.

Huge ferries pour great rivers of human souls upon the waterfront where they seem to break up into little streams and hurry here and there down streets closely lined with office buildings and business houses where they are absorbed even as dry sands absorb the drops of rain; yet with the ebb, the departing boat has gathered its load, poured onto its decks as though a great funnel had been inverted and the city was endeavoring desperately to depopulate itself. This—the San Francisco Ferry.

At no other terminal in the world is this great volume of traffic equalled—over 46,000,000 people in the year—a stupendous figure, yet each one of this great number of individuals is a human soul, each has its own peculiar personality, each its own troubles, each one intent upon its own thoughts, each one its own joys and sorrows. Wealth rubs elbows with poverty here, Christian and Pagan sit side by side, death chats evenly with life, and capitalist borrows the latest news over the shoulder of labor. What atmosphere you choose to find in this great mill of humanity, that you may find; what kind of incident you choose to see, that you may witness.

In the handling of so vast a bulk of humanity, we may run the full scale of human emotions from comedy to tragedy, then reverse it and begin again. The many comic situations which have been repeated until shop worn are true enough here, such as that of the family who sat in the waiting room for an hour thinking they were aboard the ferry boat and only learned different when the head of the group asked if it were not "about time for the boat to land," or the little old lady and gentleman who crowded themselves and all their luggage into the telephone booth, believing that was the entrance to the boat. Or one equally true of the lady who telephoned from a nearby town to the Station Master, saying that she was leaving at a certain time and asking him to have ready for her a half dozen anti-colic nipples for baby's bottle.

What this great travelling public expects and how much it depends upon a Station Master's force, together with

the great opportunity the Station Master and his force may have for the good of the traveler, is a story as never ending as life itself. Innumerable things, small and unimportant, many things big and of inestimable value. Incidents of the most trifling nature occur, ranging from the loss of a lady's hair pin to the capture of a murderer, the entrance into the world of a tiny speck of life, or the mad ravings of a maniac firing a revolver wildly about the waiting room. Or even to that of a robust looking man who seats himself comfortably in one of the settees to read his evening paper while waiting for the boat, but whom death quietly claims without warning, and whose body is found after the crowd has gone.

It is always "open season" here for lost articles. They range from beauty pins to lost babes, including, of course, all kinds of transportation, umbrellas, purses, suitcases, wearing apparel, earrings, right hand gloves, and every description of merchandise. The big bulk of these articles is generally located at some other place than that where the owner claimed to have lost it. It is always "open season" in the hunt for lost persons and runaways—not always children in the latter case either, for I recall the case of a few days ago where the culprit was eighty years of age. Each incident has its own vital interest, some humorous, some tragic.

To illustrate a trifling incident—Watson the train agent for the transfer company—had worked train No. 109 and reported to me that he had not only marked the tag on the crate "special delivery" but that he had also seen Hogan, the dock foreman, personally and called his attention to the fact that the cat was to be delivered as soon after arrival as possible.

Hogan swore softly under his breath as he looked at the Daly City address. Number 109, due at 6:30 P. M. had been 20 minutes late and Daly City was a long drive. He disliked to keep the driver overtime but the public must be served. And as prompt and efficient service was the watch word of the company, as soon as the crated feline had been sent out from the baggage room, it was placed first out for the small machine, which would return in a few minutes to pick up and deliver.

Five minutes later as Hogan passed the crate he noticed that the screen was

loosened on one end and upon a hurried examination found the crate to be empty. Immediately excitement prevailed. Hurried questioning of the baggage room employees who had handled the crate developed the fact that a solid black cat was in the crate when it was received and was still in the crate when turned over to the transfer company employee.

Search for the cat among the trunks, valises, bundles, etc., was made without result. Gradually the range of the search grew until it reached the commissary dock. Here, Schultz, the apron tender, had seen a black cat just a few minutes before. Men from the baggage room and gangway augmented the searching force, until it grew to the proportion of a small army, two of the city police having in the meantime become interested.

Again it was Schultz who spied the cat hiding back among the piling. After considerable difficulty and at the risk of being catapulted into the cold water of the bay at one moment and being bumped into oblivion by the landing of the ferries at the next, he grasped puss firmly by the scruff of the neck and jammed her into her waiting crate.

Delivery was made much to the disgust of the driver who could not quite appreciate the importance of the cat sleeping at home. One night out would not hurt it he thought.

The driver claimed that he had left the cat at the house at eight P. M. He had handed over the crate to the lady who had answered the bell, and had hurried away.

It was not later than 8:15 P. M. when the office telephone rang and an irate voice fairly shouted, "what do you mean?"—then it seemed to choke and sob and splutter all at the same time, "My cat, I want my own cat—you have sent me the wrong one."

"Why, what is the trouble? What cat?" asked the bewildered baggage agent.

"I had my cat crated and sent by baggage from Fresno to San Francisco. It came on the same train that I did and was to be delivered to me tonight. They sent a cat in my cat's crate, but it is not my cat. Oh, I am sure that some one has stolen my cat. She was black and had a blue ribbon tied around her neck. She was a Susie cat and this cat is not—" here the voice seemed to trail off into a half sob.

The whole thing then dawned on the baggage agent.

"Hold the wire a moment madam,"



he said, and dashed madly out to Hogan who had just entered the transfer office. As he entered, Hogan was standing open mouthed, staring at a black cat lying on the desk and purring serenely. A blue ribbon ending in a straggly bow encircled its furry neck.

"Where in the—" began Hogan. "Is that cat twins? Where did this come from, or am I seeing double?"

The baggage agent explained hurriedly and returned to the office to assure the lady that her Susie would be delivered at once. In the meantime, she informed him that the cat which had been delivered in error had escaped.

Mr. Klink, superintendent of the steamer commissary, is mourning the loss of his black cat, Jimmy, which I sometimes feel was delivered to a certain lady in Daly City in error. For three mornings in succession I have heard him out on the commissary dock calling, "Kitty, kitty, kitty," but no welcoming meow answers his call and there is a certain feeling of guilty knowledge that creeps into my conscience, particularly when I see the smile that spreads over Schultz's features, and I hope that Klink will forget about his Jimmy soon.

One evening my telephone rang exasperatingly—I was ready to go home—one minute more and my ferry would be on its way.

Again it rang. Well, I would miss my boat, I thought, as I took down the receiver. It was the Pullman company inquiring if I had a small toilet suit case. My reply was in the negative. "Alright, thanks; I'll call and see you tomorrow."

The following morning at 9 A. M., he came accompanied by a woman—(I was busy and had been so busy since early morning that I had found no time to get into my uniform). She was a small woman, very excitable and nervous, and as I questioned her, tears came to her eyes, her lips trembled and her hands constantly opened and closed with nervous tension. It was almost incomprehensible that she could feel so deeply the loss of her toilet case. Finally I got the information that she had given her checks to a porter at Omaha to get her hand luggage from the parcel check stand in the station and place it on the San Francisco Overland Limited. When a short distance out of Omaha, she had occasion to open her toilet case, she found that it was not hers.

Messages were exchanged and she was assured that her toilet case would follow her on No. 19, the following train. Although she had arrived on Sunday and it was now Wednesday morning, her baggage had not yet arrived and she was sailing at 12, noon, Thursday for Honolulu. The Pullman com-

pany's search had been unsuccessful. I promised that I would do my best to locate the bag.

Immediate investigation of all the lost property departments of the railroad company, express companies and Ferry post office failed to yield results. Baggage rooms at Oakland, Oakland Pier and San Francisco Ferry were combed without success. The general baggage office was interrogated and I found that they had wired Omaha but that they had not been furnished with the important facts of the case. I supplemented their wire at 11 A. M., asking them to rush a reply, and waited. No. 9 came, followed by No. 1, then No. 5, the following day, but no trace of the missing toilet case. At 8 o'clock Thursday morning, Third Street Station Master communicated to me a message he had received at 7:30 A. M. reading: "Toilet case for Mrs. H— by express care Clift Hotel, Friday the 19th."

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### "A YEAR OF TIME"

I try to count them over—all  
The blessings that upon me fall,  
Then turn to one whose words express  
Deep joy at varied loveliness  
And quote his fitting phrase and rime,  
"Rich gift of God, a year of time."  
A year of time, the gift sun-kissed,  
Or wrapped in cloud or ocean mist,  
Its cloudier mornings, none the less,  
I number now with thankfulness.  
I would not pick out there and here;  
*Father, I thank Thee for the year.*

—Laura Bell Everett

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Our only hope was that the missing case would be on No. 21, due at 10:30 A. M. At my request, Oakland Pier had a man enter the express car upon the arrival of the train at that point, and the case was located at once. I phoned Mrs. H, to be at the Ferry at 11:10 and the express company to have an employee ready to make the collections. The express company's employee arrived first and was preparing the tags and charges when Mrs. H. arrived. At first, she did not see the case upon my desk, then as her eyes fell upon it, she clutched it into her arms, holding it closely to her breast, with tears of joy streaming down her face and crooning over it as though it had been a baby. The wonder of it all was beyond my power of imagination. Why such a demonstration for a toilet case? Then she set it down and opened it hurriedly, ran her fingers nervously through the contents, and then I knew as I heard her breathe a sigh of relief as she brought forth a tray, which when uncovered, displayed several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry.

One night I was kept late by unfinished monthly reports. Passing from my office through the waiting rooms, my attention was attracted by the figure of a girl. So pathetic she seemed that my gaze followed her as she slipped through the gate in a hesitating manner—rather as if she were not sure whether she wanted to go yet or not, moved over to the benches, choosing one in the rear of the room and sat down.

She was a slender thing with large timid eyes that looked out into the waiting room wonderingly—as if they were trying to fathom what the whole world about her meant, yet they were sad, hollow eyes that seemed to show an aching heart—vainly trying to see clearly.

When the door leading to the boat opened, she appeared to shrink a little as if suddenly filled with fear, drew her worn coat more closely about her, undecided about moving out with the crowd. Then she rose slowly and joined the throng—walking with head bowed—the picture of despair. I am sure that her eyes would have been filled with tears had there been heart left to weep.

The wharfinger afterwards told me that she did not go aboard the boat but suddenly shook off the faltering attitude, left the crowd at the slip and walked firmly down the passage way. Walking rapidly she passed the Alameda exit, Alameda slip—baggage room and slip No. 7, looking neither to the right nor left until she had passed the mail sheds where the lights were not so bright and there appeared less life. There he lost sight of her.

Boat slip No. 8 was quiet. The landing lights were out, to its front a view of the bay, where the lights of Angel Island, Berkeley and Oakland glittered coldly against the black background of the hills beyond. Two ferry boats were moving ponderously, the sound of their splashing wheels falling faintly on her unheeding ears.

For a moment only, she hesitated here, then turned sharply to the left and entered the covered slip. She could hear the men at work separating the mail, calling out the sacks. It all sounded so foolish and incoherent to her—these chanting voices calling, "Cal and Val—Santa Fe six—No. 10—Weed—fifty-four—twenty-eight—"

Her hand grasped the iron railing as she looked down into the cold black waters below. She shuddered involuntarily—then instinctively she thought of the rocks, the rough piling which might mangle her flesh if she jumped, broken bones perhaps or ragged cuts and bruises. She would slide down carefully—just sink quietly into the water—gently out of life into death, away from shame. Carefully she sat down and slid over the



edge of the apron, holding tight to the iron railing with one hand until her body was clear and her clothing disentangled. It was not so hard after all.

"Glass, get that truck of eastern from No. 8 bridge," said the foreman. Glass threw the sack which he was handling upon the truck and moved away. The darkness of No. 8 slip blinded him for a moment—then he looked out at the lights glittering above the waters of the bay. He thought he saw something move on the end of the apron, something sliding gently off. He hurried up to it—a white hand was still grasping the rail. He grabbed it quickly—just in time.

His lusty shouts soon brought help. They drew her up and landed her safely on the bridge, from where she was carried back to the Station Master's office and given over to the Traveler's Aid.

It was the old, old story that faltered finally from the lips of the child, for she was hardly more than that. A love, the misplaced love of an innocent girl, and promises unfulfilled, compulsory marriage—ties that were not ties—ties that would not bind. Desertion before the breath that breathed the answer had grown cold—and she the sacrifice. And so the Ferry found and rescued her, gave her back to a loving mother—at least she cared.

I was just returning from my lunch, one day, when opening the office door I got the surprise of my life. There stood the Passenger Director. He was not standing very much either, they were wobbling about considerably, the woman and he, clasped in each other's arms, so to speak. He was not much of a heavy-weight, but she was a whopper and after I had caught my breath a couple of times, I dropped down into the chair at my desk and stared blankly at them.

"Grab her, grab her," he gasped, out of breath and it was then that I noticed her eyes were half closed and a pallid look on her face and I hurriedly lent him a hand to get her away from the wall and into the big arm chair which sat in the corner near my desk.

"What's the matter with her, get some water and call a woman, quick!" I said all in one breath.

He did not stop to explain but did my bidding and by that time she was recovering consciousness. She looked about her foolishly for a moment, then apologized to me for fainting and went away with the Traveler's Aid that he had gotten, not even stopping to thank him, but I guess he did not care much by the way he acted.

"What's the meaning of all this noise?" I asked when the surprise party had busted up. "I come back from my lunch and find you embracing this Venus de Jumbo. My entire nervous sys-

tem is wrecked and I shall have indigestion for a week."

"T'ain't my fault," he commenced. "I did not know she had a weak heart and I was not hanging onto her because I wanted to either. She came to me and said she had lost her purse on No. 47 and I was telephoning everywhere trying to locate it. She said she had twenty dollars in it that she had been saving up for three years, ever since her husband had come back from France and not able to work. She told me that she lived at Chico and had not seen her mother in San Francisco for three years. She had been saving that twenty dollars all of that time to come back home. Shouldn't have come away and left her husband alone, but she wanted to see her mother so badly and now she tipped over the vase and spilled the whole bouquet. She sure was feeling bad and kept dabbing her handkerchief on her eyes, which had got all red. She had a little imitation-leather grip and I asked her to look in it for the purse, but she said that she had and while I was sitting and waiting for the telephone to ring from the passenger yards at Oakland Pier, where I had asked them to search the cars, I got another hunch about that grip. 'Look in the grip, Madame,' I said. 'I did,' she replied. 'Look again,' I repeated. 'No need,' said she. 'Then I'll look,' I said. 'No you won't, I'll look myself' said she, and down in the bottom of the grip, carefully packed away she found it—then staged a good sized faint. Can you beat that?"

It was about two o'clock. The boat had landed, discharged its passengers, hurried the east bound load aboard and departed. By the time the two had reached my office they were frantic.

It was fully three minutes before I could get either of them calm enough to talk lucidly and then only by telling them that I would not help if they continued with their disconnected story—both trying to talk at once, making accusations, denials, verbal thrusts and parries.

The mother was ready to collapse, the father beside himself with fear that the child had been kidnapped and the Travelers' Aid agent to whom they had first appealed seemed powerless to quiet them.

"Now," I said, turning to the man who had begun to realize that he must control himself if he was to work intelligently, "tell me just what has happened."

"Well," he replied, speaking rapidly, "we got off the Shattuck Ave. train at Oakland Mole and went aboard the boat. I was carrying the baby."

"How old was it?" I asked.

"Ten months," he replied.

"Alright, go on."

"I found a place near the front end of the boat," he continued, "and seated my wife, placing the baby, who was asleep, between us. My wife had a magazine which she had purchased in Berkeley and began reading a serial story. After the boat had been out for some time, I got up and went to the newsstand bought a cigar and feeling the need of a little fresh air, I stepped out to the front of the boat.

"She says that just a few minutes after I had left my seat some one sat down in it and she thought that it was me, but being deeply interested in her story did not look to see—and did not even look when the boat landed, she just got up from her seat and walked out with the crowd, still reading—expecting me to pick up the baby and follow. In the meantime I had been caught in the crowd in the front end of the boat and could not get back to my seat without a lot of trouble and so I thought that I would walk on out and meet her at the exit near the flower stand. When we did meet and found that neither of us had the baby, I hurried back to the boat, but by that time it was just leaving and I could not get on."

Before he had finished his story, I had Oakland Pier Station Master on the telephone and was asking him to get a man on the boat upon arrival and look for a ten months baby that had gone astray and to call me back as soon as possible.

The father and mother were grief-stricken and positive that whoever had sat down in the seat the father had vacated when he went to purchase the cigar, had stolen the child. How the minutes seemed to drag, 2—3—4—5 minutes and no answer. The mother was weeping silently, her whole frame rocked with suppressed emotion.

Then our already tense nerves were jerked to the snapping point by the jangle of the telephone bell.

"We've got the baby," a voice said, "and Gernant, here, wants to adopt it."

I looked at the mother nodding my head and smiling. "It's alright." The voice on the telephone continued, "The matron had the kid. Deck hand found it and thought someone had discarded it, so he took it up and brought it to her to turn in to the Lost Property office."

"Send it right back," I said, "the mother and father are waiting in my office for it—and say, Murphy, never mind putting a lost property tag on it." When the boat returned it was a happy mother recovered her baby from the matron.

Walking across the waiting room, I



noticed a woman and a little girl coming from my office door, accompanied by the Passenger Director, who was giving them some information. The woman was middle-aged, I noticed, and shabbily dressed. The girl appeared to be about eleven or twelve years old. They walked quickly toward the gate and out into the lobby where they were soon lost in the crowd.

Something in their appearance left an uneasy feeling in my mind and I moved over to the Passenger Director to ask what they had wanted.

"They were looking for a man on No. 21," he replied. "I told them to watch this boat. No. 21 came in on the last boat, but they said, 'he was not on it,' so I thought he might be on the next one."

I sauntered out to the front and soon found them peering eagerly into the stream of human faces that flowed by in hope of seeing the "someone" for whom they were so anxiously waiting. As the last of the boat load straggled by, acute disappointment registered on their faces.

It was then that I approached them.

"Your friend did not arrive, Madam?" I questioned.

"No, he did not come on that boat."

"Perhaps he is waiting for you at Oakland Pier—if you will come with me I will telephone and find out."

They came and I telephoned, but Mr. S. was not at the Oakland Mole. Then they showed me a letter from a small town in Ohio, saying that Mr. S. had been put aboard a train in Chicago that should arrive in San Francisco on No. 21 that day.

I explained to them that perhaps connection had been missed and that Mr. S. would arrive on a later train, no doubt, and after promising to notify Oakland Pier to watch for him and that we would do everything possible to locate him when he arrived, I advised them to go home and return the following day.

For six days they haunted the Ferry, I saw them early and late, and day by day the lines of anxiety and worry seemed to grow deeper and deeper. On the sixth day the girl came to my office alone, she was in tears and between sobs she told me the story.

Twelve years before in New York City, he was a prosperous jeweler, his two stores kept him busy. One day while carrying some of his stock of precious stones from one store to the other, he was beset by thugs, robbed and left to die.

They found him three weeks later in one of the city hospitals and after a few months he recovered physically but his mind was gone. He was placed in a sanitarium—then with the small sum left from the wreck of years of saving the mother and her baby came to California. Being untrained, she worked at what she could find—housecleaning, washing, ironing, scrubbing, year after year for five years, saving her nickels and dimes always with the hope that sometime her husband would be well enough to come to her.

Then the letter came, he would be able to travel. The money was sent for the ticket, word came that he had started—but he never arrived.

One year later, a letter addressed to her at General Delivery, San Francisco, arrived. With wondering, trembling  
(Continued on Page 44)

## A Group of Sonnets

By MILDRED FOWLER FIELD

### ROSEMARY

We called it friendship, friendship all those days  
Of peace and war and blessed peace again,  
But—poor blind fools!—we let it die, and then  
We buried it and went out separate ways.  
But if that were not living love's amaze  
Such resurrection is beyond my ken;  
Why should you seek me in the haunts of men  
And follow where I flee from curious gaze?

Why should a red leaf like an oriflamme,  
Or sob of waves against a windless shore—  
A fall-blown rose forlorn against the stem—  
The careless-whispered cadence of your name—  
Make my heart quiver, beat its wings and soar  
High heavenward, singing its own requiem.

### DESTINY

Just as one star shines brighter than the rest  
Your vivid face flamed through the crowd to me;  
And then I knew that on a mountain crest  
Of long ago, by some forgotten sea  
Your love was mine; in Tyre or Babylon  
I dwelt in luxury, and learned the guile  
That broke your warrior heart when wars were won  
Beside the languorous, slow-receding Nile.

What though I labor long in jungle shade,  
Through Arctic waste or dreary desert heat,  
By land or sea I shall not be dismayed  
For Fate has promised somewhere we shall meet.  
Your face could kindle centuries of gloom  
As yesterday it lit the crowded room.

### AFTERGLOW

If you should come again when I am old—  
When leaden-footed years have left a trace  
Of weariness and pain—a tale oft told,  
Upon my hair, my hands, my lifted face—  
I shall have learned to bind my heart in bands  
Of stillness, even as the wind is still  
When storms have had their way, and chastened lands  
Are steeped in afterglow no storm can kill.

For many days a sober gray-green vine  
Clung patiently to stony garden wall,  
Serenely faithful, waiting for a sign  
To blossom when her love came through the tall  
Black tops of trees . . .

white moon-flower 'neath old moon  
Were blessedder than flaming rose at noon.

### NIRVANA

When I am bidden come to that dim land  
That lies beyond the flaming sunset sky,  
I shall be glad to cast aside this dry  
Soul-fettering husk of clay . . . and understand.  
I shall be glad to break the fragile band  
That binds me to the earth, I shall not cry  
For dreams ephemeral, nor question why  
Gray pain and golden song walk hand in hand.

Free shall I be and fathomless my sleep,  
If nothing lies beyond me but the still  
Enfolding arms of earth; above my head  
The stars and silent snows will vigil keep  
Till I return in laughing daffodil,  
But Oh Beloved, you must not call me . . . dead!



## At Tontino's

By ADELE HIGGINS

FROM the low gallery running across one end of Tontino's the final notes of "O Sole Mio" sounded plaintively, lingered an instant on the air, and died away.

The girl at the piano turned the music on the rack before her listlessly. The cellist yawned. The violinist jerked loose the handkerchief he had tucked inside his collar, and with it wiped the perspiration from his young, dark face.

It was a warm night, for San Francisco.

Down in the restaurant, just so far beyond the gallery as to make it possible to look up and see the musicians, a stranger sat alone at one of the smaller tables. He had given his order and now in the interval of waiting, his heavy-lidded, expressionless eyes traveled slowly from table to table taking note of the people around him.

A half score of men and women, well groomed, their glances curious but intolerant of their more convivial neighbors, represented a strata of society seldom seen in this locality. Since the little restaurant was well away from its more fashionable brothers, dumped down between ramshackle buildings in the city's Latin quarter, perhaps they would have said they were "slumming."

The stranger's eyes passed on and rested for a moment upon a shop-girl and her sweetheart. They were in love, but they were also hungry. Across plates of steaming raviolis their glances met and lingered.

At another table, a long table, modern Bohemians, true to type, rusty of coat and down at heel, had gathered together to make merry over spaghetti and light red wine.

Further away, in a corner close to the wall, and partly shadowed by a screen that hid the way to the kitchen, a strange couple sat together—a withered Italian and a girl. They were alike in their silence, their pre-occupation, the air of tragedy heavy upon them. They were a contrast in their age and youth.

The old man, his white hair thick against the yellow parchment of his wrinkled forehead, stared with dull, half-frightened eyes out at his surroundings—the diners, the glittering lights, the hurrying waiters. Then his glance came back to rest upon his companion. She seemed to be the one reality in the mental chaos of a bewildered brain. He turned to her as if for strength and reassurance.

The girl leaned a little forward in her chair, her face uplifted. She was not beautiful, her features were too drawn, her expression too sad for that, but her eyes, like stars in the pallor of her face, made her something more.

The stranger followed her gaze. It rested upon the face of the violinist.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was growing late. Again the last strains of a melody floated out over the diners, and again the music ceased. Applause followed and in its wake the violinist descended the narrow stairway leading from the gallery, and for an encore drew his bow across the strings of his instrument and began one of the songs of the day.

As he played he wandered in and out among the tables, pausing now and then, his eyes lowered to the violin, then on, the music falling on the air like a breath of freshness blown in from out of doors.

Only twice did his eyes meet those of others. Once as he passed the girl and the old Italian his gaze fastened upon her face, and he smiled, but only with his lips. Again he stopped beside the table where the stranger sat alone, and something stronger than his will made him meet the expressionless glance fixed upon him. He remained there until he had finished playing, and even then he did not move away. He stood waiting for the other to speak, and under the noise of clapping hands the stranger said:

"You are Cosmos Camarillo?" It was hardly a question; it was more the statement of a known fact.

The musician bowed. The action might have been merely in acknowledgement of the applause.

"And the girl and the old fellow over there are—Rosa Pasquale and her father?"

Once more the violinist bent his head.

"Sit down," ordered the stranger, indicating a chair across from him. And when Camarillo, with a glance around at the rapidly thinning crowd, had complied he continued: "Perhaps you would like to know who I am? I am Brooks, Adam Brooks, from—"

"The police," finished his vis-a-vis, calmly. He laid his violin on the table before him. "I am glad you have come. I was tired of waiting." His face had relaxed a little; there was relief in his somber eyes.

Brooks fumbled in an inner pocket

and brought forth cigars. One he pushed across the cloth, the other he lit and there was silence for a moment. Thru the smoke haze he studied the young Italian.

"Just why did you do it?" he demanded finally.

"Because of Rosa," the latter returned quietly.

"You love the girl?"

"Love her? Oh, yes! But that was not why I—why I kill him. I kill him because—"

"Wait!" interrupted the inquisitor, raising his hand. "I suppose it is only fair to let you know that anything you tell me may be used against you."

"That's all right," agreed Camarillo. "When I say that I kill him I know what it mean." He drew his hand across his throat indicating an imaginary rope, then clutching his fist gave a jerky motion as though to draw it taut.

Brooks regarded him curiously. He recalled one of the newspaper headlines: "Violinist Murders Owner of Lodging House and Escapes With Woman Tenant." Also the column that followed filled with glaring details. In amongst the rest the unimportant fact that the woman's father had also disappeared was mentioned. With the next paragraph began one of the other lodger's, a Mrs. Flafferty, lurid account of what she knew of the affair.

He nodded his head: "Go on," he said, "you killed Ambetti because—"

The musician ran his long fingers thru his hair and took up his confession.

"I kill him—" he began. "But wait! I will tell you the whole story; all about Rosa and Papa Pasquale. I tell you everything." He threw out his hands in a wide gesture. "When I finish you maybe not think me so bad."

"Ambetti he own a lodging house in Philadelphia and when I first come to this country I go there to live. Ambetti he big man. He very stout. He wear black breeches, and a red sash about his waist and a pink shirt. And when he go out he wear a brown hat, what you call a derby, and his hair stick out all around in little tight black curls." He stopped abruptly. The picture thus conjured up seemed to fill him with a sudden fierce emotion. He clenched his hands and his eyes glittered.

"Suppose you leave out the description and get down to facts," suggested Brooks.

(Continued on Page 38)



# The Real Hero

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

I RODE homeward by way of the canyon trail. The beauty of the pastoral evening was like enchanted music to my poetic soul; the aromatic breezes red wine to my blood. It was good to be alive; good to be back again in the saddle herding white-faced cattle in mountain meadows lush with snow-crystal streams. So, contentedly, happy and at peace with the world, I sang loudly in a high falsetto voice as I rode out of the pine forest into the mesa trail.

Glancing westward, where the blueish range lifted its saw-toothed ridge against the orange-red sunset, I saw the girl of my heart and my dreams riding leisurely towards me.

I stood up in the stirrups and swung my sombrero around my head in a jubilant greeting. Then I put spurs to my sturdy mustang and raced madly across that glowering upland. But as I approached peil-mell, Betty Lawson threw up her hand in a teasing challenge, swung her pinto in a sweeping circle and was off like the wind. I accepted her defiance with a ringing shout and went tearing after her.

Betty was a tantalizing minx. Just when I thought that my grip on her heart was firmly attached, she mocked my assurance with a coquettish flirtation with one of her several male admirers, and straightway I had another rival to vanquish.

Before I went to France with the American Army, I worshiped this fair daughter of the Big Boss from afar, meaning the range and the corrals; being a shy, awkward youth, with a tongue that had a trick of tying into a knot whenever I ventured a conversation with the girl. But two years of soldiering proved a cure for bashfulness, and when I returned from over seas to the Circle Bar ranch, I threw my hat into the ring of gallant suitors for Betty Lawson's favors, her heart and her hand.

I called loudly upon Betty to halt. She flung gay laughter back at me, and urged her pony to greater effort. But my horse was swift of foot, and it was my laugh when I checked the pinto with a firm hand on the bridle rein.

"You're an imp of a lass with your everlasting teasing o' me." I chided with mock seriousness. "What do you mean by running away like that?"

Betty pretended anger. She tossed her head with mock indignation, but her bright blue eyes held a roguish gleam, and her cupid mouth twitched up at the

corners.

"Hands off, Bob Davis," she commanded. "Can't I go for a ride without you designating yourself my faithful escort?"

I laughed merrily. "Why did you take the ridge trail when you knew that I was returning at the sunset hour?" I taunted.

"You favor yourself too much," I prefer this mesa for an afternoon canter."

"That's the reason I ride home by the canyon. I'm thinking of you all day, and the sight of you coming to meet me sets my heart aflutter—"

She carelessly interrupted my ardency.

"Don't be silly, Bob."

"I love you Betty—"

"You've told me that a hundred times—"

"I'm going to keep right on telling you, until you promise to become Mrs. Robert Davis—" I boldly admitted. "So you might as well say 'yes,' and relieve the suspense."

"Goodness, Bob!" she shrugged the thought aside. "Do you think I'm going to settle down to sober married life on a cattle ranch? I'm young, and the world is mine—as the poet said. I want to live in a whirl of excitement. A big city—"

I promptly interrupted her flight of fancy.

"What's the matter with a cattle ranch, I'm asking you, Betty Lawson? You were born and reared in this upland valley—"

Betty cut in on my protestation.

"That's the reason I want to get away," she sighed wistfully. "I've looked at that mountain range every day for eighteen years. I crave a new vista—I'm expecting a handsome Prince Charming to come riding up on a white charger—"

"Piffle." I rebuked. "You're too romantic, Betty. Set your lovely eyes upon me. I'm your Prince Charming. And I ride a bald-faced mustang. If you didn't read so many novels, or view so many picture plays, you wouldn't be so fed up on the hero stuff. Now be a sensible girl and give me your promise—"

"I like you, Bob." She confessed as indifferently as if she had admitted a taste for sweets. "But I've made up my mind to marry a city man. A gentleman—"

Her disregard for my personal charms ruffled me a bit.

"Bosh!" I ejaculated. "You've got a fool notion that a man isn't a man unless he looks like one of those male creatures they paint in fashion plates to advertise men's clothing. You think a man's a gentleman if he sports cuffs on his trousers, and wears a striped silk shirt on his spineless back. But I tell ye, no he-man dresses like that—"

Betty twisted her piquant face into a smile.

"You're so homely, Bob, that a cowboy attire becomes you. If a tailor fitted you with a fashionable suit, you would look like the comic male in a slap-stick comedy. Stick to your flannel shirt, red kerchief tie, and corduroy trousers. They fit you like you fit that saddle."

My hopes went soaring like a feather in the wind. I was pleased that she liked my personal appearance. She might tantalize me with her merciess coquetry, but in her heart of hearts she knew that I was her man. I was a persistent suitor, for I was determined to win the girl for my wife. I had a strong arm and a ready fist. Woe to the man who cut in on my wooing.

For a space we rode on in silence. Betty had been raised in the saddle, and she sat her mount like a thoroughbred. Her natty riding habit brought out the pleasing contour of her youthful figure. Her pretty piquant features were olive-tinted with wind tan. No wonder that every unattached male within a radius of a hundred miles paid her ardent court. Too much masculine attention will turn the head of any woman. And Betty knew that she could take her choice of the eligible suitors. This knowledge flattered her girlish vanity, and led her to believe that her beauty would attract and fascinate some dudish city youth. And this notion she had of running off to the big town worried me. One should not put a meadow lark in a gilded cage. Betty was a girl of the plains, and she should mate with a man who loved the open places—meaning myself, of course.

I drew rein, and swept a panoramic gesture.

"Did you ever see such a glorious sunset, Betty darling? It's God's own country. I just can't understand why folks want to live in cluttered cities, hedged in with brick walls, like a prison. Give me the freedom of the plains, and honest men riding the trails."

(Continued on Page 27)



# The Treasure of Joaquin Murieta

By B. G. ROUSSEAU

THE following story of the haunted house at Tuolumne is of interest chiefly because the principal character is none other than the picturesque outlaw who terrorized the citizens of California in the early 50's, Joaquin Murieta.

Unlike the majority of men who start out on a life of crime, Joaquin did not choose his path in life with malice prepense, but rather had it thrust upon him through the machinations of an unkind fate.

He was born in the city of Sonora, Mexico of quite respectable parents, named Carillo. In his youth Joaquin is said to have been mild, peaceable and of generous impulses. He had the advantages of a common school education, and until his 17th year was much like other boys of his age and station. Then destiny stepped in and took a hand.

Next door to the rancho of Joaquin's father lived a widower called Feliz and his pretty daughter, Rosita. Feliz was a freighter and his business kept him from home the greater part of the time. It did not take the young people long to become acquainted. They had many tastes in common and unlimited opportunity for being in each other's company. Rosita's mother was said to have been of pure Castilian descent and she bequeathed to her daughter much of her grace and charm. Both boy and girl were of that hot southern temperament which knows no law save of its own desire and the inevitable happened.

When Feliz returned from one of his trips and found his daughter's honor had been compromised he drove her from his home. There was no one to whom she could turn save her lover, and to him she went. To Joaquin's credit, instead of trying to evade his responsibilities, he took her in and from that day to the day of his tragic death, five years later, was true to her; though he made it plain from the beginning that he would never marry her. But that has nothing to do with the story. Their mating was at least hallowed and sanctified by love, which is not always the case even when the preacher takes a hand.

Joaquin had a half brother in California who had emigrated some time previously. He wrote glowing letters of the land of promise and its unlimited opportunities. The young people decided to emigrate. They loaded their belongings on pack animals and started out on horseback. They arrived some

time later. Joaquin built a cabin, took up a placer claim and settled down to work.

At that time there were in California a certain class of men who styled themselves "Americans," the riff raff from all quarters of the world lured to the state by the magic spell of gold. These men openly expressed a contempt for all Mexicans, whom they spoke of contemptuously as "greasers".

Shortly after his arrival a number of these men went to Joaquin's cabin and ordered him to leave. He refused, saying he was doing no harm, and that all he wanted was a chance to make an honest living. A fight ensued in which Joaquin overpowered by numbers, was bound hand and foot, while Rosita was seized and assaulted before his eyes. The men then left after once more warning Joaquin to leave before the end of ten days.

Rosita had fainted during the rough usage, but soon came to, and set about unbinding Joaquin who was swearing great Spanish oaths of vengeance. She counseled calmness and patience and in the end her advice prevailed.

Realizing that it would now be impossible for them to stay longer on their placer claim they packed their belongings and started forth to begin life all over again.

They finally settled in Calaveras county where Joaquin engaged in farming. For a time all went well and they were prosperous and happy. Then one day another wandering band of Joaquin's ancient enemies found him out, swooped down on his little farm and ordered him off the place. Remembering Rosita's advice Joaquin pleaded to be allowed to stay, pointing out that through a treaty Mexico had under Guadalupe Hidalgo, with the United States, he was legally a citizen of this country, and as such was entitled to the land, but his arguments fell on deaf ears. He was threatened and cursed, and recalling the indignities Rosita had suffered he reluctantly consented to go.

Their destination this time was a small mining camp locally known as "Murphy's Diggings". Here Joaquin took up a placer claim, but the venture was not a success. He then turned his attention to "monte," a Mexican card game, very popular in those days. He soon became an expert player. He was very successful in this latest venture,

and won considerable notoriety among the sporting fraternity for being a "square shooter". Besides this his winning personality and unfailing good nature won him many friends.

Joaquin's half brother, Manuel, lived not far from "Murphy's Diggings," and the two exchanged frequent visits, as Manuel's rancho was within easy walking distance. One day on one of these visits it commenced to rain and the adobe roads made walking an impossibility. Joaquin borrowed his brother's horse promising to return the animal the next day. Arriving in camp he was met by a number of the rougher element who had watched his growing popularity with envious eyes. They surrounded horse and rider proclaiming that the former had been stolen. In those days horse stealing was an offense punishable by death. Joaquin denied the charge, stating that the horse belonged to his brother who had bought it from an American, adding that Manuel could show a clean bill of sale for the animal.

The crowd, however, paid no heed to his explanation. Joaquin was compelled to re-mount while the crowd accompanied him to his brother's house. The mob declared the bill of sale a forgery, and Joaquin was forced to witness his brother hanged to the nearest tree, and as a punishment for his share in the transaction he was publicly horse-whipped, and left more dead than alive under the tree from which suspended his brother's body.

Hours after he slowly and painfully picked himself up, and with the assistance of a few faithful friends, buried his brother's body in a hastily dug grave. When the last sod had fallen on the grave, Joaquin swore an oath that all who had had a hand in the day's doing should be brought to punishment. That oath he kept to the letter.

He returned to "Murphy's Diggings," but he was a changed man. He became moody and taciturn, even Rosita failed to arouse an echoing response. He avoided Americans and finally fled to the hills where he gathered a band of outlaws together, men as contemptuous of the law as himself. He became their leader and succeeded in terrorizing the whole of California. From a peaceful, law abiding citizen, he became a dynamic instrument of revenge.

One by one those who had persecuted him paid the penalty. Thus he became an outlaw with a price on his head.

When the last of his enemies had



fallen Joaquin found it impossible for him to go back to his old way of life. He had broken the law, and thereby became a pariah. His band consisted of almost fifty men. His chief lieutenant was Manuel Garcia, better known as "Three Fingered Jack" owing to the fact that one of his fingers had been shot off in the Mexican war. Four other important members of the gang were Reyes Feliz, a brother of Joaquin's sweetheart, Claudio, Joaquin Valenzuela and Pedro Gonzales Valenzuela, though much older than the others, was at Joaquin's request, often the leader of the band, and was many times mistaken for the chief. The outlaws ranged from Marysville to the Coast Range of mountains west of Mount Shasta. Here, when too closely pursued they could live for months in the dense forests assisted by the Indians.

It is said of Joaquin that after his enemies were wiped out he never again stained his hands with human blood. What his men did in acquiring the plunder was no concern of his, and he asked no questions, sharing their booty with no qualms of conscience.

Joaquin, who since taking up a life of outlawry had changed his name to Murieta, prided himself on being a good judge of horse flesh, for this reason he always rode the fleetest horse, and his would-be captors, and there were many, as a heavy price was on his head, were unable to come within a half mile of him.

Finally the United States government offered a reward of \$1,000 for his capture dead or alive; this sum was afterward increased to \$5,000. On the day these hand bills were printed and distributed Joaquin was in Stockton. Seeing one of the bills posted on the wall, in a spirit of bravado he wrote underneath:

"I will give \$10,000 myself, Joaquin."

Joaquin Murieta was finally hunted down and killed by Harry Love a sheriff of Los Angeles county. Love was an experienced horseman having acted as express messenger during the Mexican war.

The head of Joaquin Murieta, together with that of his lieutenant, "Three Fingered Jack," was sent to Stockton. It was afterward taken to San Francisco where it was on exhibition a long time in a saloon window. Later the grisly relic was bought by a dime museum manager. The head was finally destroyed by the fire of 1906.

After her lover's death Rosita spent the remainder of her life with his parents in Sonora.

Captain Love collected \$6,000 for ridding the country of Joaquin Murieta.

Cincinnati Heine Miller, the poet of the Sierras, better known as Joaquin Miller, took his sobriquet from a versified version of the outlaw's life.

The house at Tuolumne mentioned in the following story, is said to have been the bandit's headquarters when operating in that part of the country.

\* \* \* \*

Some years ago while traveling through California I met at the Palace hotel in San Francisco Cyril Babington Browne, an Englishman, who I learned was journeying through the state in the interest of the London Society of Psychical Research. Owing to the fact that I was enabled to do Mr. Browne a slight service we became friends. Browne was an enthusiast in his particular line, and when he found that I took a more or less desultory interest in the occult confided the fact that he was in California for the purpose of investigating the history of a number of alleged haunted houses which had been brought to the notice of the Society. His stay, he informed me would be indefinite, as he was then on the eve of looking into certain rumors regarding a haunted house, located near the town of Tuolumne. The house was said to be the rendezvous of that picturesque bandit and modern Robin Hood, Joaquin Murieta.

"What particularly intrigues my interest in this specific case," said Browne one evening as we sat together in the hotel lobby "is that there is rumored to be a treasure chest in one of the rooms. Its location is no secret, yet there it has remained intact for over fifty years because said to be guarded by the redoubtable spirit of the outlaw chief himself. This treasure is said to be a part of Joaquin's loot which he collected from his victims during the days of his outlawry. Joaquin," he continued, as he lit a cigar, "is said to have been a connoisseur on precious stones, and the contents of the treasure chest, always admitting that there is one, dame rumor estimates to be worth many thousands of dollars. I'm convinced that the place is worth looking into and am leaving for there tomorrow morning."

"Wish I could go with you," I said enviously, "but I'm afraid I'd be more of a hindrance than a help," and I pointed with my cane to my lame leg which had driven me from one part of the country to the other in the vain hope of effecting a cure. Browne shook the ashes from his cigar. "I appreciate that," he answered, "but I find the spooks materialize better when I am alone," and he smiled at me whimsically with twinkling eyes, "but as I only expect to be gone a few days, if you are interested enough to be here on my re-

turn I'll be glad to give you an account of my experiences."

I gave eager assurances that I would wait, and we parted some time later with a hearty handshake and mutual good wishes.

A week later Browne returned. I found him placidly smoking in his favorite corner of the lounge. He was evidently waiting for me as after the first hearty greetings were over he demanded: "Well, Olcott, all ready for the thrills?"

"Shoot!" I commanded, "Can't you see I'm fairly dying of curiosity?" For some reason he seemed loath to begin and when he did it was more as though he were speaking his thoughts aloud.

"Joaquin guards his treasure well," he began. "Yes, I saw it," in answer to my unspoken question, "not only saw it but held it in my hands."

"Joaquin was not the only one I saw, either," he went on as though enjoying my mystification, "there were people, numbers of them, both men and women; there was also light and music. How the people got there I don't know. I went all over the place on my arrival and it was empty enough. There were no neighbors. It took me the better part of three days to get there and I saw no one on the road." He paused and a puzzled frown wrinkled his brow. "This case has me going, Olcott," he confessed, "sometimes I think the whole thing was just a figment of my imagination, but I'm not so sure that it was," and he rubbed the side of his head thoughtfully, "but listen and judge for yourself," and he plunged into the following story which I give as nearly as possible in his own words:

"The house lies some miles off the railroad, and to get there one has to travel over steep and narrow roads little more than trails cut in the side of the mountain. I left my car at Tuolumne where I hired a burro and pack animal and started out.

Next morning after breakfast I repaired to the corral. The owner, a small, talkative man readily supplied me with bits of local gossip. His chief concern, however, seemed to be my destination, and he said to me earnestly as he busied himself with saddle and bridle: "Of course I ain't got no call to advise you, but if you'll take the opinion of one who knows, you'll keep away from that house."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Why?" he repeated, and in his eagerness nearly swallowed his quid of tobacco, but fortunately rescued it in time and spat with unerring aim at a near-by hitching post, "Well, all I know is from hearsay," he confessed, "I ain't aiming to get mixed up with no ghosts,



but from what I've heard this here Joaquin Murieta is a bad one to go up against, especially where his treasure is concerned. He guards it hisself," his voice sank to an awed whisper, "and there ain't no living man has been able to get it away, either. There's been aplenty as had their try," and he wagged his head knowingly, aiming at the hitching post again.

He had finished saddling the animals by this time and held the burro ready for me to mount. I jumped into the saddle and took the reins, but my loquacious friend was not ready to let me go yet. "Better let that there house alone," he warned, "you won't get nothin'. There's a presence what guards that treasure; it's been felt."

"Just what do you mean?" I demanded, suppressing a desire to laugh.

"Yes, sir, a presence, what's been seen and felt," he assured me. "Sometimes it ain't seen, but is felt. You can feel things, even if you can't see them, can't you?" he demanded.

I assured him that the point was well taken, and he went on to tell me of a vague, indefinable something in the house, which was as he expressed it 'felt'. This was a very terrifying experience, he assured me, those who had suffered it fleeing from the house in mortal terror.

His story was interesting, but not convincing, and as time was short, I cut him off somewhat abruptly.

"So long, Mister," he called as he stepped nimbly out of the way, "Don't forget the fools ain't all dead yet."

I laughed and waved my hand, as we trotted out into the crisp October air. The idea of nothing more material than a ghost, the perversion of a neurasthenic imagination, guarding anything material greatly amused me, but, at any rate, it was something new in the line of ghost lore, and I was determined to solve the mystery. It was yet early in the morning, as the dew was still glittering on the grass and low-lying shrubs dotting the hillside. The leaves on the trees were turning to bright red and vivid yellows, and there was a sharp tang in the air that sent the life blood pulsing joyously through my veins."

Browne paused and removed his cigar which he placed on a small table beside him.

"I forgot to tell you," he continued casually, "that among other things I had with me was my violin."

"Your violin—?" I don't understand. What's the idea? Do you charm the ghosts with it?"

Browne smiled as he answered quietly: "It's that very old fiddle of mine,

companion on many a similar expedition, that plays a rather prominent part in the story I have to tell. Listen, and judge for yourself:

"I jogged along easily all that morning, as the way was up hill, and I wanted to spare my animals as much as possible. I made a short stop at noon, and after an hour's rest resumed my journey. I had a rough map of the country with me, and knew I was headed in the right direction.

"That night I camped out in my blankets. From where I lay I watched the skies brighten. Presently the full orb of the moon crept from behind the hills, and rose majestically in the heavens. The firmament was bespangled with stars. Tiny will o'the wisps played hide and seek in the shrubs. On the distant mountain top I saw sharply silhouetted the gaunt form of a lone coyote. Presently he lifted his sharp muzzle skyward, and uttered a series of sharp staccato barks. From far across the mountain they were answered; then a full chorus of shrill yelps swelled on the quiet evening air, in which dogs in distant farm houses joined. The air thrilled and pulsed then grew suddenly still, and I fell asleep.

"I was awake at sunrise and after an impromptu breakfast was on my way again. The second day was much like the first. I did not meet any one, but the loneliness did not depress me. Toward noon the road began to descend and I knew that with good luck I would reach my destination by nightfall.

"As I came into the valley that evening a heavy curtain of fog suddenly descended, enveloping me like a blanket. It was so thick I could not see my hand before my face. I dismounted and with the aid of my flash led my tired little burros over the rough, uneven ground.

"Presently through the heavy curtain of fog I saw the sharp outlines of a house. A brooding heap which spread itself sullenly over the landscape. There was something repellent about it, and I felt a strange reluctance to approach it closer.

"I flashed the light over it and saw that it was built of rough unpainted boards to a height of two stories. Nearly all of the windows were broken and from the rickety porch reached by a flight of broken steps, the front door swung half open.

"I made my way around to the back of the house where I found a scrubby tree under which I tethered my animals then returned reluctantly to the house.

"As I pushed open the front door a chill odor greeted me. An un-natural silence hung over the place. As I ad-

vanced further into the room I thought I saw in the darkness which hung over the place like a pall, still darker shadows, like shapes of evil, which quickly retreated as I flashed my torch round.

"Suddenly the light was struck forcibly from my hand, and I found myself standing in the midst of Stygian darkness. I could feel the unseen shapes pressing close about me, their loathsome bodies crowding upon me. Something soft, yet nauseous brushed past my face. A feeling of suffocation came over me. The air was full of unknown whirrings. The dim grey light from one of the broken windows was obscured by dark moving shapes. I fell on my knees and began to grope blindly, frantically, for my torch. At last I found it, none the worse for its fall, and by its welcome light saw a myriad of bats whom my coming had disturbed, flying from one of the broken windows into the fog shrouded night. I saw I was in a square room whose walls had once received a coat of paint, but now only flakes remained here and there clinging tenaciously to the rough boards. A rusty iron stove stood opposite the door. Beneath one of the windows was an iron cot and a deal table under another. A broken backed chair converted into a stool completed the furnishings of the room. In one corner was a flight of stairs built into the wall leading to the upper story. Back of the room I was in, was another, much smaller and containing nothing whatever in the way of furniture. These two rooms comprised the entire lower floor.

"Returning to the front room I took from my pack a couple of candles which I lit and placed on the table; kindled a fire in the rusty stove and prepared my supper, and while waiting for it made up my bed on the iron cot.

"All the time I was thus engaged I was subconsciously aware that despite the rousing fire in the stove, that the atmosphere of the place was chill and damp; a depressing cold which seemed to stick and cling. The very air was deadly with the foul deeds that had been committed here.

"After a hasty supper I took one of the candles and crossed the room to the stairs bent on investigating the upper part of the house before I slept. I was arrested at the bottom step by a dark stain, close to the wood work on one of the dusty boards. I examined it closer, running my fingers over it tentatively, and with a shock realized that it was blood. On closer inspection I saw that nearly all the boards in that part of the room bore the same malignant stains. I hurried up the stairs and found

*(Continued on Page 39)*



# South of the Rio Grande

"If you expect to travel in Mexico be sure and carry a gun."

Such was typical of the advice of friends here in the States when they knew that we were leaving for that "Land of Revolutions and Bandits! With this advice in mind, was it any wonder that as we stepped off the train in Juarez just after crossing the border, we held our pocket books a little tighter and managed to keep our watches out of sight. Gradually we lost our timidity as we watched the smiling faces of the Mexican peons along the railroad. Was it any wonder that they smiled as this crowd of college students from California tried in their American way to talk with the Mexicans. Before the first day in this country had passed, we felt as much at home among a crowd of potential Mexican bandits as in any American group.

When the Mexican Federal Government invited the American college students and school teachers to visit their country and to attend the summer session of the National University in Mexico City, they had no idea how enthusiastically their invitation would be received. Three years ago, when the offer was first made by the Mexican Government, sixty-seven Americans responded. This year there were three hundred and thirty-one American students and school teachers who had this chance of seeing Mexico at first hand. Doors closed to the average traveler, were opened wide to our group and we could not ask for a better opportunity of seeing the real Mexico.

What do you think of Mexico? Almost everyone has asked that question. I might write a book and then not more than mention my impressions of this nation. This young student went to Mexico with a knowledge of Spanish and a background of Mexican History upon which to build his impressions. More than once was he glad that he had this knowledge for on every side we saw the eighteenth century mingling with the twentieth. We saw how intimately the Mexico of today is connected with the Mexico of yesterday.

The civilization of this country, nearly as old as that of Egypt itself, has been traced back by historians to some four thousand years before Christ. When the pyramids were being built in Egypt, similar structures were being constructed in Mexico and may still be seen by the traveler today. When New York was no more than an Indian vil-

By MAURICE H. SUMNER

lage, Mexico City with its population of 100,000 was the center of culture in the new world. The National University itself was founded one hundred and ten years before any college in the United States.

Everywhere we saw the old and the new standing side by side in striking contrast. Even in the century-old cathedrals the historic setting of the ages was



Consort of the ill-fated Maximilian

broken by the big electric switchboard that had been recently installed. This same contrast was evident in the old monastery of Churubusco which the Americans besieged and finally took in the war with Mexico in 1847. As we walked among the old walls falling into decay and down the halls where centuries ago the Spanish monks walked, we came face to face with a modern telephone. It was like meeting a herd of elephants on Broadway. Down another hall we peeked through an open door and saw an old stone bath cut out of solid rock and worn smooth by the countless numbers of bathers. Above the stone tub was a modern shower bath nozzle.

Everywhere the old and the new have joined hands and Mexico is waking up and a new modern spirit is living beside the civilization of the past.

Nothing in all Mexico surprised me so much as to see the very evident influence of our own country on the everyday life and habits of the Mexican people. Mexico is not the foreign country that I expected. True, the people dress a little differently and eat at different hours and use somewhat different food, but underneath this camouflaged exterior we see the influence of the United States in every phase of Mexican life. The native peon is intensely patriotic and hates to do anything the way the Gringo does it even though it may be the best way. His nationalism more than anything else prevents him from accepting new ideas or new customs that he knows originated in the United States. In the rural districts this feeling is probably more intense than in the city where the American traveler and business man is constantly mingling with the Mexican. The peon farmer still uses his crooked stick and oxen to do his plowing in almost all parts of rural Mexico. Only the owners of the great haciendas have come to see the advantage of using American made steel plows and tractors.

Because of the lack of capital there are some things that Mexico cannot produce herself and must look to the United States. The automobiles, for instance, are almost all of them American made. As we watched the scores of machines on the streets of Mexico City, it was hard to realize that we were not at home. Almost every machine that passed had been made in the States, now and then a car made in Italy or England would pass, but they were far in the minority.

One point about the machines in Mexico City clearly illustrates the rather great distinction between classes in this country. There are a large number of high priced cars such as one sees comparatively seldom in our own country and a larger number of cheap cars used primarily for commercial purposes. The great number of medium priced cars that we see in every American city seems to be lacking in Mexico. There are, of course, some medium priced cars, but these are not the bulk of the traffic as in our country. The Mexican of the richer class does not buy a car unless he can afford a high priced one with which to show off his family in high society on

(Continued on Page 35)



# A Delightful Discovery

By MARY WEYMOUTH FASSETT

AT THE present time, when rivalry and sham prevail in the struggle for existence, it is a rare treat to meet a person true to self and vocation. These virtues, however,—along with talent and application—belong to a California artist who has settled in a secluded spot to work at her art because she loves it.

While traveling through Sonoma and Mendocino counties I came across several small plaques and figurines of Indians of that section, in some of the homes I visited. I think the ruggedness, natural to the subject, made the first appeal and called for a closer inspection that revealed characteristic action and the habitually brilliant and picturesque garb of the "dying race"—but I looked in vain for the name of the artist. Upon inquiry I learned that she was Bertha Boye, and that she had a studio in Ukiah in Mendocino County—that she worked for the love of it and often forgot to put her name on the finished product—hence my futile search and additional interest.

I set forth to make her acquaintance, a bit frightened at my temerity since I was told she had little patience with calls that interfered with her work.

My entrance to Ukiah led me into a group of Indians seated on green benches in a small park in front of the Court House. Theirs was a formidable group although a picturesque one. Many hued voluminous skirts spread over the park benches—plaided shawls completing the costume, hot as the day was—and days can be very hot in Ukiah. Bare brown feet seemed glued to the scorching pavement. I was quite sure the gathering was occasioned by some religious ceremony to take place. Their silence suggested mysticism—and I felt myself an intruder. However, I soon noticed the townspeople passing across the court, pausing to chat with them, receiving a grunt in return for their pains. My admiration for the realistic art of the woman I had set forth to see, took second place with the great respect that was growing for her courage and patience.

To be repulsed in an attempt at friendliness is not a pleasing anticipation so I selected the least stoical woman of the group, thinking I recognized in her the subject of one of the figurines, to inquire the whereabouts of Miss Boye.

"Do you know Miss Boye?" I ad-

dressed her with the respect due a queen.

"Naw," she grunted without a glance in my direction.

"The lady who makes pictures," pleadingly this time.

"What you want?" This came with a furtive glance my way—raising my hopes.

"I want to know where she lives. I—"

"She home—up a road," with a slight gesture toward the west end of the town.

A kindly man coming from the Courthouse had evidently heard my request for he paused and gave me full directions to Miss Boye's studio. I went along the street toward the hill then through a meadow and numerous gates to the yard of the studio. Hearing voices, I hesitated, fearing to intrude, but my curiosity led me to the door at the right moment to hear a plaintive voice say, "Berta, you make my big old upper lip in that picher don't you?"

"Why Topsy," this voice was convincing, "your upper lip isn't big—you have a nice upper lip—besides see how well your eyes look and your dress is beautiful. Please sit down and work on the basket again."

"Berta I ain't got good teeth. I don't like picher thout good teeth."

"Oh Topsy," impatiently this time, "don't be so silly. You know I wouldn't paint an ugly person. You may come back for supper tonight. Come now, start working on your basket again so I can get something done before the children come for their lesson."

When Topsy stepped from in front of the object of discussion, I gave an exclamatory note of pleasure.

Miss Boye turned in surprise. She must have recognized in my exclamation, an appreciation of her work—so gracious was she in coming forward to meet me.

After informal introductions, including Topsy who had settled back into an attitude of stoicism, Miss Boye added a few strokes to her plaque and dismissed her model for the day.

One subject led to another, the most interesting, perhaps, her reasons for staying in so secluded a spot and the wonder at her work being so little known.

"I did some things several years ago," she replied to my eager inquiries, "a

memorial fountain for a man in Honolulu, some illustrating, and I exhibited a few things in San Francisco but after my return from Europe I came up here to rest and was charmed with the place and, while I intend doing some work for the public—for I feel the urge to go ahead—I enjoy the prolonged rest, my class of children, my Indian models, who are but grown up children and—maybe most of all—the privilege to keep my little family of animals that I love and enjoy so much in modeling."

Then she took me out to her menagerie to inspect the bantams, cats, canaries and dogs—duplicates to the point of personality—of those I saw on her studio walls. At my burst of enthusiasm she changed the subject by telling me many interesting things about the Indians and her trials in getting them to pose for her. When I marvelled at her success she laughed merrily and said, "Oh, I just feed them a lot—and sort of play with them."

She was kind enough, after much persuasion to allow me to photograph some of her work but when asked to be allowed to take a picture of herself she said, protestingly, "No, no, no! I am like the Indians—I hate to pose, I hate notoriety—and I'm not hungry."

Then we saw the children coming through the meadow and I felt that my moments were numbered but my kind hostess invited me to stay on to watch the class work—for—as she said they were doing real work. They came trooping in, eager to get at the modeling. Some were making plaques and book ends while others were sketching some object in the room or doing one of the members of the class. They were a merry little group—unrestricted—and each working with all of his or her might to get the best results because they loved it.

I asked one or two of them if they dreaded these afternoon classes, to which they shouted, "Oh, we love them." Several informed me they had given up a BIG party to work with Miss Boye—and here may be the secret—they are not in class—they are working with Miss Boye!

Many of these children, Miss Boye told me, had marked talent and were developing it by selecting their own subjects, poses and colorings. She explained—and by the way she was a pupil and is now an ardent admirer of Arthur Mathews—that the lack of atmosphere

(Continued on Page 35)



# A Page of Verse

## REMEMBRANCE

WHEN you remember me, my dear,  
Recall my portrait of the past.

Beauty was never mine, and yet,  
I had some grace of slenderness—  
A lithe and eager movement of arched  
foot,  
And ringless, creamy hand.  
A tawny coronet of satin braids;  
A never failing arabesque of song  
With which to 'broider drab, dull duty.  
Too, a knack of dramatizing Life—  
A trick of dressing for the part  
That did amuse you.  
A merry heart was mine; a gay adven-  
turing.

A meager list, indeed, to merit memory,  
And yet, your letter says I'm unfor-  
got.

So, in remembering, my dear, recall me  
as I was—

And not this later I that far too patient  
am—

And too resigned to Life—  
Contented grown to sit beside the fire  
In slippered sloth, and gypsy forth  
But in the pages of the book  
Within my withered, jeweled hand.

When you remember me, my dear,  
Recall my portrait of the past.  
—Ethelyn Bourne Borland.

## A MONTEREY IDYL

It's an old abandoned dory  
Out upon the marshland bare.  
Round it sea-weed lies entangled;  
Stagnant lies the drowsy air.  
And the water, still and oily,  
Holds it, brooding, in the moonlight;  
Holds the shadow in the moonlight  
Of the dory lying there.

In the bottom, long untrodden,  
Lies a worn and useless oar;  
And a broken net is trailing,  
Swollen once with silver store.  
Deep there lies the spell of silence  
Save for sea-gulls lonely mewing;  
Save for wandering winds a-brewing,  
Round the dory left ashore.  
—Katherine C. Sanders

## STREET CORNER PHILOSOPHY

I'll tell you, Brother—  
Year out, year in,  
One man with another,  
All's much alike—  
Under the skin.

—Fenton Fowler.

## THE CLIFF SWALLOW

You dart down  
A sunbeam's stairway,  
From a lofty nook  
Of your clay cliff-town  
To the clear spring-brook  
That makes a fair way  
For you to follow,  
Merry swallow.

Down a lane  
Of the water lily,  
You dip and dart,  
Then circle the plain  
Back to the start,  
Willy-nilly,  
Up a sunbeam's stairway  
To your house of clay.

Always from earth  
To the earth returning!—  
Merry swallow,  
What haunts your mirth  
Of motion? and follow  
What fears and what yearning?  
That in the cliff's breast  
You have hidden your nest.  
—Glenn Ward Dresbach

## THE CORMORANT

The bronze sheen of your quills  
The saffron of your orbs—  
Proclaim your kingly traits,  
Make plain your noble birth:  
The condor of the crags  
Has no more perfect poise  
And no more grace of wing,  
To circle far from earth.

And yet, no brotherhood  
You have with tern or gull—  
The pelican alone  
Can claim you for his kin:  
Your gluttony and sloth  
Have made of you a serf,  
Who dives for smelts to feed  
A yellow Mandarin!

—Jay G. Sigmund.

## POLLEN KISS

You are  
The spirit of golden happiness,  
Sparkling-eyed, sun-lashed acacia,  
With fragrance that wafts  
Through January's budding charm,  
And February's full blown spring.  
I kiss  
Your yellow pollened rays,  
Sun-mounted flower,  
And they leave  
Sunshine on my lips  
And in my heart!

—Lois Atkins

## RESURRECTION

She died so very long ago  
That grief had softened to a grey blur  
In the background of each sunlit day.  
A gentle, chastened sorrow that I gave  
The tribute of a sigh, or misted eyes  
When music laid a poignant hand upon  
my heart,  
Or rain dripped mournful from the  
cypress.  
I had learned to smile, to jest, to find  
Life  
Full and sweet: and wished it might  
be long.

And just today, a voice spoke in the  
train—  
A casual question as to time and place,  
And my book fell from my hand, my  
startled eyes  
Beheld a face as like as was the voice—  
The very inclination of the head.  
And all the flattered fabric of my days  
Is torn to shreds and my sweet sorrow  
Turned to ravening grief that beats its  
hands  
And tears my heart with longing and a  
sense of loss  
So wide and deep that life is torture  
And its only mitigation—death.

—Ethelyn Bourne Borland.

## IN EL MONJERIO\*

All the day and all the night—O, my  
heart is grieving!  
I can scarcely see my loom, watch out for  
my weaving  
As I hear a voice outside, and my fancy  
wanders  
Far beyond Maria there; old, she sits  
and ponders.

Why should I be forced to stay close  
within this cloister,  
While *vaqueros*, free as air, ride, and  
rove, and royster?  
Hot the sun and hot the hell that the  
padre preaches—  
Hot the kiss when, in the dark, o'er the  
wall Juan reaches.

Hot the sun and hot the room; and hot  
it is out yonder;  
Hot the hell the padre threatens if I  
chance to wander.  
What knows he, in cassock gray, of the  
joy he misses?  
I'd risk penance, heat, and hell, for  
Juan's fiery kisses!

—Alice Harriman.

\*Indian girls were kept, in California  
Mission days, in separate quarters.



## THE REAL HERO

(Continued from Page 20)

"It is beautiful." Betty admitted. "Look at the rosy lights skipping over the shepherd clouds."

"Just like lambs at play in a daisy field," said I poetically.

Betty sighed wistfully. "I long for the arc-lights of city streets."

I broke in hastily. "There you go. City nothing. In an hour or so, there'll be a million starlights smiling down at you. And the moon will float out of the eastern sky to flood the country with a silver radiance. And I will be telling you how much I love you—"

"I can't marry you, Bob. Be a sensible fellow, and stop making love to me."

With this she slapped her pony with the whip and went racing down the slope to the valley, where the rambling adobe ranch house and its outbuildings clustered. I followed more leisurely, planning a new siege on her heart. But alas, I had several persevering rivals who cut in on my love play like the dancers in a Paul Jones. I threatened to spoil their manly beauty they laughingly reminded me that I was a homely cowboy who could ride a horse, shoot a little, and rope a calf. This to humble my ardency, when they knew that I was an expert horseman, a true shot, and skillful with the lariat.

Strange how a girl will keep her wistful eyes on the distant horizon, when the man of her dreams stands beside her. Here was I on my charger, as gallant as any prince of fiction, but Betty looked away, unseeing.

THE next evening Betty did not ride the upland trail. I was disappointed. The song strayed from my lips, and I became indifferent to the glory of the sunset. Funny, how a man must put the face of the one girl into the picture before it is complete.

Jealousy tormented me. I nursed my misery. No doubt one of my rivals was entertaining Betty. I clenched my fist for a knock-out in a rough and ready combat, and raced across the mesa.

Tents and wagons and automobiles were scattered along the creek shore. Two days before I had come upon a motion-picture company working in the vicinity of the ranger's cabin. No doubt this same company had come to the ranch in the interest of picture making. There wasn't a prettier spot in the wide domain than Circle Bar Ranch for natural scenery. Not to mention the herds of cattle and picturesque *vaqueros*.

I frowned. I had planned to take Betty to a picture show at Sandstone. The Big Boss had offered me the loan of his flivver. It would be a night of full

moon. And the whole circus had come to us. Could you beat it—

As I entered the bunk house with my Mexican saddle on my arms, the boys greeted me joyously with:

"Say, Bob! There's a motion picture outfit camped in the arroyo. Goin' to take pictures of the ranch—"

"An' the hero, the leadin' lady and the villain are stoppin' at the ranch house—"

"What!" I exclaimed in sudden apprehension.

"Surest thing! Big Tom Lawson took 'em right into his family, like as if they be blood-kin. Tickled to death to see 'em, he was—"

"And the director's there. He's friend husband to the heroine—"

"An' the hero is sittin' on the veranda chinnin' Betty—"

"And she falling for him hard. He's cutting us all out—"

"He's a handsome male. Gol darn his puny hide—"

"You must lamp your eyes on him, Davis. He's a city dude— Alldolled up in white flannel breeches, and a lavender silk shirt—"

"And carries a lady's watch on his manly wrist—"

"An' he's got a flatterin' tongue—"

"And a way with women—"

"A reel hero—he is."

I stared at them, speechless. So that was the reason Betty did not ride to meet me. Well, I'd cut into that city man's game like a cyclone. Betty was my girl, I'd just like to see any sissy dude take her away from me. Would she accept the actor for that Prince Charming she was talking about? Just like a girl to fall for a handsome face, curly hair, and tailored clothes.

"If he deceives our Betty girl," drawled red-headed Jerry, "we'll just naturally have a neck-tie party, an' leave that actor-feller's carcass dangle from the looped end of a hemp rope."

"You're right handy with a punch, Bob," said Joe Winters, a husky cowman. "Betty'll be takin' that silky-tongued gent for that prince chap she's been lookin' for."

"Being a modern knight-errant, his charger is a bright red racing car, built for two," laughed another. "But then, our Betty is a modern girl."

"If ye needs any help, Bob, just call on your friends," said Jerry. "I'm just achin' to soil that hero's lily-white pants."

"Johnston, the director, was askin' if one of us would double for the hero in the rough ridin'." Joe told us. "He said he couldn't afford to risk hurtin' the high-salaried star. An accident to the picture gallant would delay production and cost a lot of money."

"Surely you didn't promise to do the hero's movie stuff," I began.

"We declined with thanks," assured Joe. "That lady killer can do his own fancy stunts. Lord, it would tickle me pink to see that actor feller take a head-on. A tumble in the dust. I'll bet he can't ride a hobby horse."

IT WAS an ideal lovers' night. I adorned my tall, lanky frame in my rodeo finery, bright plaid shirt, red kerchief tie, and fur chaps, and strolled nonchalantly over to the ranch house. The full moon cast a mystic spell of fairylike enchantment. Night birds called lovingly to their mates.

I was not surprised to find the actor gent sitting on the front porch talking to Betty. As I approached, I could see their white-clad figures side by side in the big canvas hammock. I paused and lighted a cigarette, to get firm control of my jealous anger. I wanted to rush at that hero and wipe up the earth with him. But reason told me that I must curb my fury, if I hoped to beat him to a finish in the love game.

So I said politely, as a gent to a lady:

"Good evening, Betty. It's a beautiful night. Will you come for a walk with me?"

Betty made an absent excuse and declined.

But I was not so easily dismissed. I dropped down on the stoop to stay awhile. Betty comprehended my motive, and politely presented me to Mr. Claude Duval, explaining his vocation.

The actor nodded indifferently. It was evident that he was displeased at my abrupt interruption of his pleasant tete-a-tete—as they say in France. But I calmly ignored all hostile signs, though I longed to grind my spurs into that hero's good-looking features. It was a crime to mold a living man in a sculptors' cast.

I could see at a glance that Betty was infatuated with the actor's suave manners and handsome face. Romantic, she readily believed that Duval was falling in love with her. Being used to ardent admiration and honest devotion, she was easily deceived. She wouldn't know that the amorous actor's lover-like attention was but a passing fancy; something to while away the hours of a lonely country evening. Love set lightly upon such men as Duval—he would play with Betty's heart, and ride away—alone.

I steered into the conversation, for I was determined to out-sit that city fellow. When Betty mentioned that I was a fearless rider, Duval manifested a slight interest in my humble self.

"Will you double for me in the perilous action?" he asked negligently. "I never take uncertain risks."



Indignation riled me. "It wouldn't matter if I were hurt," I scorned.

"A good horseman takes little chance of a tumble," he flattered. "I'm an equestrian, not a rough rider."

"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to do your own stunts," I told him. "I wouldn't double for the King of England."

"Please, Bob!" Betty implored. "You're the best rider on the range."

"Nothing doing," said I. "If I were a movie hero, I'd do my own acting. I wouldn't ask a rough-neck cowboy to do the tricks for me."

"Never mind, Mr. Duval," comforted my girl. "The boys are all good horsemen. One of them will ride for you."

"Throwing me completely out of the picture, Duval turned his flattering attention to Betty, entertaining her with narrations of his hero stuff, praising himself volubly. In his own estimation he was the greatest male star in the motion picture world. No other hero could hold a candle to his arc light. Famous scenario writers were incapable of writing stories big enough for his marvelous talent.

And Betty, the dear girl, drank it all in, like a parched desert laps up a summer rain. To her, he was a wonderful man.

"He's a conceited ass," I murmured under my breath. "I'd like to mar his beauty with a punch in the nose."

I was out of the party, so I lighted another cigarette and listened in. Duval certainly had a way with women. I envied him his charm. He had a flow of small talk running from subject to subject glibly, touching lightly, but leaving the impression of a versatile conversationalist. If I could talk like that, perhaps Betty wouldn't reject my honest love. But, alas, I had the crude mannerism of the plains. I had no special talent, unless riding and shooting and roping could be so classed. Compared with the debonair Duval, I was an ungainly fellow. But I loved Betty, and I wasn't going to let a stranger rob me of my hearts' desire. I clung stubbornly to my seat, and patiently waited for the actor to retire. An hour passed slowly. I felt like a silly fool, but I was determined to stick it out. I had something to say to Betty—alone.

Guitar music, and men's voices in song, loud and husky, came from the bunk house. The boys were awaiting my return.

Duval visualized the city and its amusements for the country girl. He elaborated on his social attainments, leading Betty to believe that he was much sought after by the social elite. She accepted his statements for the gospel truth. And I could not throw the

lie into his teeth, having no proof of his falsity.

Duval saw through my little game. He gave up, and stretched lazily to his feet, declaring that he must get his beauty sleep. He said goodnight, and retreated.

Betty sighed happily. "Isn't he wonderful!" she eulogized; "So handsome; so gentlemanly—"

I cut in on her rapture.

"Look here, Betty. That actor is a four-flusher. It takes a man to read a man. He's so used to making love to women in pictures and out of them, that he can't resist making love to you. You're Tom Lawson's only child, his motherless daughter, and no doubt this ranch and herds looks good to him."

"Doesn't it look good to you?" retorted Betty sarcastically.

I flamed red at the insult. "It does not, and you know it," I snapped. "I'd love you, girl, if you were the daughter of the poorest nester on the ridge slope. But don't put your trust in Claude Duval," I went on. "His gold is only polished brass. That actor knows his lines by heart. He makes the same pretty speeches to every young woman he meets—"

"Goodnight!" proffered Betty, and ran into the house.

I couldn't follow her, so I returned to the bunk house cursing myself for my lack of prudence and tact. I sure had made a mess of things. I would make another attempt to show up that actor hero. He wasn't going to break up my plans for domestic happiness. I'd break his neck first.

The boys greeted me with:

"Did you outsit that city gent?"

"I did that," I responded sourly. "Duval is expecting one of you men to double for him."

"He's got another think comin'!" laughed Jerry.

"You'd better stick around tomorrow, Bob," advised Joe Winters. "I'll ride the upland meadows. If that hero gets too fresh, just boot him off the ranch. Muss up his handsome face. No he-man has a right to be so good lookin'."

"He can talk like reading out of a book," I gloomed, "but his speech is all about himself. He's the greatest actor that ever lived."

"Wait 'till he takes a tumble and gets all bruised up," scorned Jerry. "He'll sing another song to a different tune."

JOHNSTON, the bustling director, big of frame and husky-voiced, came down to the corral in the early morning and looked us over critically.

"Which one of you boys is Bob Davis?" he asked jovially.

I leaped into the saddle and put my

horse through a trick.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Heard you were a good rider," said Johnston. "Lawson told me you could use the lariat. Will you double for Duval in the rough stuff?"

I laughed contemptuously.

"A hero should do his own brave deeds," I declined.

"But Duval can't ride," said Johnston. "I want a real cowboy to do the broncho-breaking stunts. I was told that one of you boys would be willing to do the work for me. I'll give you a hundred dollars, Davis."

"I could use the money, and I could do the tricks, but I refused to risk my neck for a make-believe hero."

"You're cheap!" I scorned his offer.

"I'll double it, Davis," pleaded Johnston. "Don't turn me down."

I sure was tempted. Two hundred dollars added to my nest egg would swell it a bit. But I flung it away contemptuously. Let Duval do his own riding, he would reap the credit.

The director's entreaty to the other *vaqueros* was likewise refused.

Johnston's cheerful face clouded.

"Are you boys conspiring against me?" he queried.

"Why should we risk life and limb for a half-baked actor?" sneered Jerry. "Let the gent do his own stunts."

Johnston told us that Tom Lawson had given him permission to use the cattle and the herders for some round up scenes. He wanted to know if we would ride for the long shots. To a man we were willing and eager to do that work for the camera. But to a man we refused to double for Duval.

PICTURE making was a novelty for us. We enjoyed it hugely. And we were pleased that our efforts would be thrown upon the silver sheet. We simply surpassed ourselves in riding and roping. Johnston barked instructions from a mammoth megaphone, and the cameras unwound yards of recording film. There were long shots, and semi-close-up; full scenes, and dare-devil action in close-ups. We sure put over the atmosphere for Duval's stunts. But he did not ride with us.

He appeared in cowboy attire, looking for all the world like a shoe-clerk decked out in herder's masquerade, and hung around out of range, watching us. Johnston took a few close-ups of Duval and the heroine with the herd and riders in the background. But it was apparent that the reel hero expected one of the boys to do his hard work.

With evening, Duval shed his rough raiment and dolled up in a Palm Beach suit, and set about his easy task of love making.



When I tried to cut in on his play he anticipated my move and baffled my interruption by taking Betty for a moonlight ride in his high-powered car. I perched myself on the corral fence and brooded gloomily. The boys respected my misery and left me alone with it. In my jealous fury, I expressed my contempt for that picture hero in unprintable language.

It was as plain as the nose on a face, that the actor was cutting me out. There was one consolation. The picture company would be leaving the ranch in a day or two, taking Duval with them. But would this brief interposition of my courting affect my chances to win? Betty was so romantic. She would see in the chivalrous actor, her dream ideal. His gallant attention blinded her to his selfish, shallow nature. He was a suave rascal.

THE next morning Johnson made another appeal for a rider to do the actor's rough work, raising the reward another hundred. The riding would be like play to us, keeping as we did in practice for the rodeo feats, but we resolutely refused to consider his generous offer.

The director threw up his hands in despair, and told Duval he would have to do his own stunts. They were wasting time at great expense, and he was anxious to get back to the studios.

When Duval added another hundred to Johnston's offer, we laughed him to scorn. We mocked his heroism, calling him a afraid-cat; a puny man; a make-believe hero; a coward.

In a spirit of fictitious bravado and wrath, Duval declared that he could and would do the daring feats. He would show the teasing herders that he was a hero.

He mounted his horse, and set the saddle with princely grace for a few close-ups.

Betty exclaimed her delight to my jealous disgust. He did look like a handsome hero, but beneath his flannel shirt his flesh was soft as putty, and to my trained eye, it was obvious that he was nervous and afraid. He reminded me of a tenderfoot on the Dude Ranch.

We laughed at him when he attempted to do the rough stuff, but it must be said to his credit that he made a brave effort to put it over. Fear of accident, however, checked the hazardous exploits. When his horse reared, he held on for dear life, his face as white as a bridal veil. We roared our mirth, which added to his discomfiture.

Betty admonished us. "For shame, boys! Why don't you encourage him? He's doing his best."

"His best is darned poor," I remarked laconically.

She flushed with indignation and promptly turned her back on me. But I could see with half an eye that she was apprehensive. If that hero got hurt, it would distress her greatly. It had reached that stage with her. I muttered darkly, and silently hoped that Duval would break his fool neck.

When the exasperated director commanded the actor to jump his horse in a race across a narrow ravine which looked exceedingly dangerous, but in reality was not much of a leap for an experienced horseman, Duval started bravely, but apparently lost his nerve. As he approached the ledge all ready for a spring he brought his mount to an abrupt halt on the very edge of the ravine.

We howled our derision; Johnston swore inelegantly.

"You spoiled that scene," the director stormed. "Go back and make another try. We're eating film."

"Go to it, hero!" tormented Jerry. "Rescue the maiden; be a manly man."

Stung by our merciless contempt, the actor decided to make that jump if it killed him. He rode back to the starting point, and braced himself for the hazardous feat.

"Ready!" yelled the director, come on—race—action—camera."

Duval urged his horse to greater speed and took the leap nicely; but in mid-air his courage failed him and he checked slightly on the rein. The horse landed on the very edge of the opposite ledge, and floundered frantically for a firm hold on the slipping sward. For a breathless space they swayed for a balance; then, in an avalanche of rocky debris swept downward from our sight.

Betty screamed as one in pain, "hurry boys! he's hurt!" she cried.

We rushed to the rescue of the reel hero and found him moaning and bleeding in the dry bed of the arroyo. It was a bad tumble, but he wasn't seriously hurt; mostly lacerations and bruises and shock. We made a stretcher of a saddle blanket and carried him to the house.

Betty raced home on her pinto and was prepared to receive the patient. By the time we arrived with the groaning actor, she had on a big white apron. At once she constituted herself a nurse, and tenderly ministered to Duval's comfort.

I sought a quiet corner of the corral and swore roundly. In my desire to humiliate the boasting actor, I had played directly into the hands of fate. If I had accepted Johnstone's handsome offer and doubled for the picture hero, there wouldn't have been any occasion for Betty's fond solicitude. Now the

actor would be laid up for several days. And when you throw a romantic girl and an injured hero together like that, cupid usually gets busy with his darts. I called myself a blankity-blank fool, not sparing the oaths.

Johnson interrupted my mad cavorting.

"Say, Davis," says he, "I'll double my offer to six hundred if you'll do that fool actor's stunts. Thank goodness," he added, "I took the close-ups first. I was afraid he would make a mess of the riding."

"He sure did," I agreed.

"Will you ride to my direction?" asked Johnston, "I want to finish these scenes."

"Shoot," I consented, I, too, was anxious to be rid of that cinema company.

I jumped my racing horse over the ravine, and did a number of daring and thrilling feats in the interest of art. Johnston was so highly satisfied, he offered me a stock position with the company, which I declined with thanks. No movie stuff for mine.

The picture company departed, but they left their star actor behind. I snorted my disapproval, but the deed was done. I couldn't throw an injured man into the brush.

When night mantled the earth in a violet dusk, I crept stealthily up to the sitting-room window and peered shamelessly into the lighted chamber. Betty sat beside Duval's couch, placing cold compresses on his bruised face. I gritted my teeth in jealous rage. I was mad enough to kill. I envied that reel hero the devoted attention he was receiving. If Betty would be so concerned for my comfort, I'd go right out and get myself all mussed up in a cattle stampede. But I was doubtful.

A week passed slowly and agonizingly for me. Although apparently Claud Duval was fully recovered, he did not hasten his departure. To my jealous disturbance, Betty was his constant companion during his convalescing. I had no chance whatever for a word alone with the girl. But I noticed with some relief, that Betty's father did not approve of the actor's devotion to his daughter. The Big Boss hung around the house a great deal, as if keeping a watchful eye upon the young man. Did he suspect Betty's romantic interest? Did he mistrust the gentleman with the polished manners and immaculate attire? I wondered.

Then, one bright May morning, Duval took Betty for a ride in his red racing car and they failed to return.

As luck would have it, I rode in from the range just as Tom Lawson dis-

(Continued on Page 43)



## SCRAPS OF YELLOW PAPER

*(Continued from Page 14)*

he was travelling in a circle. At length he found himself in a brushy gully directly below the point where he had left his horses, and not forty yards distant.

Now wholly resolved to see the matter through, he began breaking his way up the steep incline. He had barely started when from above came the report of a pistol, followed by the sound of galloping hoofs, growing fainter in the direction of his camp. Some one, probably the person who had cut the wire, had stolen his horses and ridden off. But why, he wondered, had the person chosen that direction? Red-faced with heat and anger, Gates reached the trail. He saw that Buck had been untied. The print of the small hob-nailed boot was evidence enough. He could see where the boot had torn up the soil as its owner sprang into the saddle. Without a moment's delay he struck off in the direction of his camp. At places the soil and rocks were torn up by the hoofs of running horses. He had not gone far, however, before he concluded that there was little to be gained by hasty action. Discretion might be the better course, be the culprit joker or fool, or both.

Gates became deliberate in thought as well as in action. Slipping cautiously forward he pondered over this strange affair. It might have any one of many endings. A shot from the forest might close the incident; he might ultimately be held up in the light of day; in the dead of night some madman might steal upon him, putting it his own way, he might "wake up dead." It was nearly an hour before he came to the spot from where he could see the cabin and meadow. All was as when he had departed less than two hours before, different only in that his horses were unsaddled and securely picketed. They were the only evidence of life about the place.

Throwing aside all discretion, Gates stepped from cover, and was soon striding across the meadow toward the cabin. No challenge halted him; Buck whinnied his welcome. As he approached the cabin the flutter of a scrap of yellow paper from the door lintel caught Gates' eye. He refrained from running forward to grasp it, for he was sure that somewhere in the underbrush a pair of mocking eyes watched him. He would not show that he was frightened or anxious, though to himself he acknowledged both. Taking down the paper he read: "Buddy, you sure better beat it."

"I'll be damned if I do," he blurted out before he could check the words. He looked furtively around for fear that he had been overheard, yet the next minute wished that he had been. The mes-

sage was printed as neatly as that hung upon the parted wires. He compared the pieces of paper. They were identical, both apparently having been torn from a cheap memorandum pad.

Gates' next move was a hurried search of the cabin. He found it as he had left it. For all that nothing serious had occurred, it was uncanny enough. It required all his courage to step outside the cabin once more, and go about his work as if nothing had happened. As he worked he kept a covert lookout, for sight of some moving thing nearby.

The next dawn had come before Gates slept, but his vigil had been fruitless. However, he had resolved to tell Cobb nothing of the previous happening. He would stay, and work out the problem for himself. Cobb would probably laugh at him, and call him a quitter. After two hours sleep he rose and dressed. The horses were as he had left them; in fact nothing had gone amiss during the night.

The day was spent in riding the trails. Gates came home tired, rather doubting the reality of what he had seen the day before. Fatigue precluded all thought of keeping watch that night. He rose with the sun, and found that nothing had been molested; no yellow notes had been left. That day he rode to Jackson Peak, but said nothing of his fears to Jillson, the lookout there. The night was peaceful.

The following day Gates started on the longest ride he had so far undertaken. It would require the entire day, and would lead him through Leaning Tree Pass on the return journey. The pass was but a narrow cleft in a granite ridge, and took its name from a leaning spruce which rooted near the base of one of the bordering cliffs, and grew at such an angle that it extended over the trail, and not twenty feet above it.

Before entering the defile Gates had noted that Nig was following some distance behind. Gates himself was tired and sore, and paid but little heed to the way, allowing his homeward bound mount to choose his footing over a path he knew better than did his rider. Now and then Gates swung his heavy brush knife to cut some obstructing branch from the bordering brush. He was within fifty feet of the tree when the sharp crack of a rifle from the top of the cliff to his left broke the stillness. Simultaneously there was a terrible feline screech from the very branches of the leaning tree, and as Gates gripped the pommel of his saddle to prevent his being unseated by his rearing horse, he saw a tawny thing catapult itself from the upper branches

of the tree and alight in the dense underbrush below the trail.

Buck bolted straight under the tree. Shaken in every nerve, and terrified, Gates allowed his horse to run till the roughness of the trail and the animal's own fatigue caused it to slacken to a walk. Nig was close beside his companion, and as tired as they were from the hard run, the horses continued to snort with fear, and to sidestep at every sound. Gates was limp and white as he dismounted before his cabin. Unsaddling apathetically, he picketed the horses and threw himself upon his bunk—to do he knew not what. He could even in his muddled mind, account for the panther lying in wait for its prey upon the projecting trunk of the tree, but the shot from above was too much.

Before morning Gates saw the incident in the pass in the light of humor more than anything else. He was humiliated by the thought of the sight he must have made, clinging to his saddle, as his horse raced madly out of danger. He was comforted by the fact that he could not have helped this, the horse had simply taken matters into his own hands. Though his nerves were still somewhat frazzled by the mystifying happenings of the last few days, Gates' resolve to remain at his post became firmer than ever. He decided to "see this through, or bust."

Try as he would he could but attribute the shooting of the panther to the person who had left the two warnings. His reason told him that this might easily have been someone else, some hunter opportunely arriving at the top of the cliff, and seeing the beast ready to spring upon the rider, might have shot it. Gates' rapid departure from the scene had left no time for investigation. The only course was to return to the pass and find out what he could.

Not caring to make another exhibition of his horsemanship, Gates this time left the animals in camp, and set out on foot. His close escape had left its impression upon him. No longer did he travel unmindful of things about him. His eyes swept every branch within sight of the trail. He passed no thicket without first peering into it. For all his precaution he reached the end of the defile without seeing anything out of the ordinary. Here a scream from high above startled him. Looking up, he saw an immense bald eagle sitting upon the top of a blasted tree jutting from one of the upper cliffs. Directly over the pass a line of buzzards wheeled in slow patrol, their ugly red necks craned downward. Keeping close watch about him on the crests of the cliffs above,



Gates resolutely went into the narrow defile.

No foe or friend challenged his right, and only the occasional angry cry of the eagle broke the mountain silence. Gates was stepping even jauntily, and smiling as he reached a spot almost beneath the tree, then—he leapt at least six feet backwards, and raised his rifle. From out of the underbrush not thirty feet below, came what was bedlam to Gates, snapping of twigs, the beating of great wings upon the air. A moment and he sank down dejected and disgusted as he saw at least half a score of large black buzzards whip their way out of the brush and flap hurriedly upward to join their soaring kin. His fright had been for nothing.

Crude as was Gates' woodcraft, he realized that the presence of the vultures was proof enough that there was no human about. Courage returned, and he began to survey his surroundings. Almost the first thing that caught his eye was a scrap of yellow paper attached to the trunk of the tree. In another moment he was reading:

"Partner, you almost got yours, but I saw the panther first. Anyway, you're a darned poor rider. You pulled leather. Remember from now on that all things don't live on the ground. There are eagles in the air and panthers in the trees. Watch them. So long. I will have to take the skin. Maybe you'd better not beat it. I may get to like you."

The paper was the same as the other two pieces. The note was neatly printed, properly spelled and punctuated. There was something of friendliness in it. Intangible as this was it gave Gates courage. "I might like you" he mused over and over. Could the writer be a woman, he asked himself, and replied that such could not be. This was not a woman's playground. "Partner." Something forcible about this salutation gripped him. It had been Pat Gorman's almost invariable manner of addressing his friend. Could it be that Pat Gorman's shade was back in these, perhaps his, native mountains? No, shades did not shoot high power rifles, nor write notes on yellow paper, nor wear number six, hob nailed shoes. Moreover, Pat had worn number nines.

Gates broke his way into the tangle from which the vultures had flown, and found the already bloating carcass of the panther. Its pelt had been skillfully removed. About were the tracks made by the same boots as those under the cut wire. He made his way back to the trail and found the track leading to where a horse had been tied. He surmised that the hunter had lashed the

panther skin behind the saddle, mounted and ridden off. Gates set off along the trail. At the other end of the pass the tracks turned sharply to the right and into the timber. Gates had followed them some distance around the mountain side before he realized the futility of pursuing a trail made twenty-four hours earlier.

It was mid-afternoon when Gates reached camp. He noted that the horses were as he had left them, then went to the cabin. Being ravenously hungry, he was about to make a fire when something foreign above the table caught his attention.

"Dammit!" he exclaimed, "it's another note." He tore it down and read:

"Partner, shame on you for not being at home when I called. You're not nice, but I must admit that you make good bread, and your jam was good, but that doesn't count, jam comes in cans. See you again. So long." The note was signed this time with a printed initial "M".

Taking up the rifle that he had just put down, Gates rushed from the cabin, vowing as he did, "I'll find that son-of-a-gun, if it takes all night." In the soft earth near the door he found the tracks of the hob-nailed boots coming and leaving the cabin. He had no difficulty in following to where they reached the edge of the grassy sward. Keeping the general line of direction he picked up the trail on a sandy bar near the stream, but lost it hopelessly amongst the boulders farther on. With mingled anger, dejection and humiliation he returned to the cabin, certain now that he had nothing to fear, but that he was the laughable object of some practical joker.

Entering the cabin, he went direct to the can in which his bread was kept. It was empty. He vowed that it had held half a dozen biscuits, proof of the material appetite of his guest. Though his pride was hurt, and his curiosity piqued, Gates went about his work with a new spirit. This was partly because his old strength was returning, partly because he was sure of sooner or later meeting this mysterious stranger and settling accounts. For five days he made his patrols, meeting only the lookout at Jackson Peak and a party of hunters near the headwaters of the San Bruno.

On the fifth night he retired early, intending to be up before dawn. His plans called for a long ride to the southward, for the express purpose of calling at Gorman's cattle camp. Already he had run across a few of the "G" branded cattle as he made his rounds. The day's ride would take him into territory he had not yet explored.

However, on awakening, he found the sun well up. He leaped from bed, slipped into his clothes, and kindled a fire. Next he fed grain to his horse, and ten minutes after he had sprung from bed he was upon all fours at the edge of the pond for his morning drink.

The water was crystal clear. Gates watched the reflection of a tiny white cloud pass across the water. The shape of the cliff at the pond's other side appeared vividly clear, even to the fringe of brush at its summit. Dropping further, he touched his mouth to the icy water. He closed his eyes for an instant, in the pure delight of it. The next moment they were wide open, and he had leaped backward and erect. There had been a heavy splash, and twenty feet out in the pond a circle of wavelets widened. Some object, a stone perhaps, had fallen. But from where, he asked himself. For a stone loosened from above to have fallen, ricocheting from the face of the cliff, was impossible. The cliff overhung, and was too far from the pond for any object, not thrown from above, to have landed in the spot from which the wavelets spread. Some one, no doubt his nemesis, had cast the stone with the intention of frightening him. His anger rose with the helplessness of his position. Up there on the summit of the cliff, screened by the brush, some one was probably laughing at him. Suddenly he dropped to his knees, as if again to drink, but this time his eyes were open, and cast upwards. Still more quickly he sprung up. Another stone, as large as his two fists was descending. It splashed the water near where the other had struck.

"Damn you," he shouted to his invisible tormenter, and shook his fist aloft. "Come down and show yourself. Fight like a man." There was no reply, and he felt the humiliation of his futile rage. He turned and dashed into the cabin, grabbing his hat and rifle. Hunger was forgotten. He would settle accounts, and immediately.

To reach the top of the cliff necessitated a short, steep detour, but he was soon at the spot from which the stones had been hurled. All he saw was another scrap of yellow paper. Tearing it from the twig, he read: "You shouldn't get angry. I don't like people who cuss me." The message was not signed, and this time was not printed. It had been written hastily, and the writing so disguised that Gates could not say whether a man or woman had written it. He even doubted that it had been either, it might have been a wood nymph or mountain sprite resenting this intrusion, and taking original means of forcing his departure. But he would determine the iden-



tity of the writer, if he had to do everything short of murder. A hurried survey of the ground revealed the tracks of the same number sixes. He found where the two stones had been pulled from their bedding. Taking the trail he went straight up to the brushy slope. Now it was lost, only to be picked up again after a short search. Gates listened for some sound from above, but heard nothing, though the fleeing miscreant could not be more than ten minutes in the lead. At length he reached the edge of the timber below the upper cliff. Ahead stretched a wide snowdrift, discolored by the detritus from above. The trail was now plain, for the tracks lead out upon the frozen surface. Reaching the base of the cliff they turned abruptly to the right. Less than a hundred yards father on, however, the tracks led upward where the cliff was broken away. It was the only possible place for ascending, so Gates climbed briskly. At the top he found the trail again. Here the timber was free of underbrush, and he could see by the manner in which the soft earth was turned up that the person ahead had resorted to running. Suddenly, at a big pine, he lost the trail. It looked as if the fugitive had climbed the tree. Unconsciously Gates looked up along the great trunk, bare of limbs for a hundred feet. Ashamed and angry again, he dropped his gaze to the ground. He was not pursuing a squirrel, not even a wild cat. This was but a ruse to cause him to lose time. Circling about, he found the trail leading away at right angles to its approach. Here a heavy coat of dry pine needles lay upon the ground, making the trail all but impossible.

It was fully half an hour after leaving the pine that Gates, still upon the trail, came around the Northern side of the ridge. The air was cold and damp, as if in this spot the sun never shone. A cold wind, rising from the canyon, chilled his sweating face. Gates reached the edge of a great drift which stretched away to the canyon. It was apparently too steep to be negotiated, yet the trail led out upon it. To reach its other side, nearly a hundred feet away, would require treading the most hazardous path Gates had ever attempted. He unloaded his rifle, that he might use the butt of the weapon as an alpenstock. Then setting his teeth, he stepped out upon the glacial surface. He had no difficulty in making the first fifty feet, but here the surface steepened. He saw now that the snows, perhaps of centuries, had filled a deep gorge which emptied into the canyon. It seemed as if he could not go on; he would not go back. For a full minute he stood irresolute, then took a

step forward. His foot refused to hold upon the glassy surface. Gates struck out wildly with the butt of his rifle, then, before he was aware of what was happening, he was tobogganing toward the canyon with the speed of a rocket. To stop was impossible. His only course was in selecting the best possible route, he thought, but time gave him little chance. He remembered, afterwards, striking the trunk of a tree, and bounding off before he could grasp it. The next he knew he lay stunned, against some brush in the bottom of the canyon. His murky senses slowly returning, he moved first his arms, then his legs, and lastly his whole body, to find with relief that no bones were broken. He was sore and bruised. Weakly he closed his eyes.

A shout from above caused Gates to start. A figure, apparently that of a boy clad in blue dennim overalls and jumper, was coming down the slide, rapidly, but not so rapidly as he had come. The difference in speed was due to the fact that the boy was seated upon a pole, after the manner of a snow-shoer, while he used his own shoes for runners.

A moment later the new arrival cried, "Oh, have I caused you to be killed? Are you badly hurt? Tell me!" The voice was that of a girl, soft, pleading forgiveness. Gates struggled to a sitting position, and rubbed his hand across his forehead, as if to remove the doubts of unreality. He did not answer for a time, but looked steadily into the girl's eyes.

"You? Here?" he cried at length, wonderingly.

"Why yes, it's me, and here," she said, a little mystified. "Have you ever seen me before?"

"Yes, that hair, those eyes, there could be no others like them."

"But where?" she demanded. Seeing that he was not seriously hurt, her composure was returning.

"On the pier at St. Nazaire, as the Atrato was pulling out. It was at the rail. You stood below. I asked you to come along, and you were answering when the siren sounded. Do you remember?" He was leaning toward her.

"Yes, I do remember, but vaguely," she said slowly, "for I was thinking of my brother. He belonged to the regiment that was going home. He is still over there." Her voice trailed to nothing.

"What was his name?" Gates demanded eagerly.

"Pat Gorman."

"My God, and you're his sister, and here," he cried as he reached forward

and gripped her shoulders. "Pat Gorman was my buddy. And you're his sister!"

"Yes, yes, and to think that I tried to make you leave the country, almost killed you. Won't you please shoot me?"

"I will not," he returned, "but to show you what I thought of Pat I'm going to do this." Leaning still farther forward, he kissed her forehead.

"What's your name?" she inquired absently.

"Benny Gates," he told her.

A new light flickered into the brown eyes he had thought so strangely alluring, that day at St. Nazaire. She smiled. "Benny," she said softly, "you may kiss me on the lips if you want to. A man who was Pat's buddy can't be so very dangerous."

"Now," he demanded, a moment later, "I want to know what you've been up to in this yellow note monkey business. Trying to run me out?"

"I'll admit it," she answered, with boyish frankness. "I came up here with Dad, and it gets mighty lonesome for both of us since Pat is gone. But we can't be glum all the time, so I made Dad a bet that I could run every ranger off the upper San Bruno, simply by keeping him guessing. You should have seen that square-head, Nelson, beat it." She laughed at the recollection of what she had done to Nelson. Gates did not ask her to explain about him then, he was satisfied to have an explanation for his own dilemma.

"Do you still want me to go?" he asked.

"No, I don't. Come on, let's get out of here and down to your own camp. I haven't had any breakfast. My horse is tied just back of your cabin in the willows by the creek. You're an awful boob, Benny, up here where the streets aren't paved, but you'll learn. Come on." She had risen and was holding out her hand to him.

"What will we do when we have had breakfast?" he asked, because he could not, just then, think of anything else.

"I'll have to get back to camp. Promised Dad that I'd be in by ten. Better come along, he'll be right glad to see Pat's buddy."

"How about yourself?" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm already looking at him. Come on, let's don't get sentimental," and softly she added, "yet," but not so softly that he did not hear, and he followed her, still wondering if, after all, he was not dreaming.



# This Interesting World

*Sometimes I Am Glad that I Live In It*

## LITTLE SYMBOLISMS OF DAILY LIFE

ONE of the interesting things in this interesting world is getting acquainted with its gestures, and seeing whether it means what it says.

The spirit of our modern age prides itself upon its matter-of-face attitude, its business sense, its realism. Never before have men looked at life so clearly, so rationally, so stripped of self-deceptions. The symbolisms by which men have advanced from their dim beginnings of knowledge are not for this age. We have left all those behind.

The figures and symbolical language of the poetry of the past are anathema to us. The representation of an idea we will have none of; let us have the idea itself.

And yet our daily lives are full of symbolisms. A fraternity pin is as deeply revered as was the totem pole of the Alaskan, the regalia of a fraternal organization carries as elaborate a symbolism as does a Persian rug or an Indian basket. In fact, there seems at the present time to be a recrudescence of symbolism in children's games, but in my repudiating it in expression.

We read patronizing these on the symbolism in children's games, but in our own larger games it is not lacking. Our whole financial system is an organized symbolic system; a slip of paper with a signature is an accurately regulated symbol of value. In Wall Street, transactions involving immense sums of money are made by an even more intricate exchange of symbols. Even the coin on which the system is based is, to some extent, a symbol of value. Taken to Tatao or Ashanteeland it becomes merely decorative, as a necklace or a nose-bangle.

Many of our methods of providing enjoyment, such as a full dress dinner or a cabaret entertainment might be classed as symbols of pleasure rather than as its reality.

The price paid for a house, a car, a garment is accepted as a symbol of its value, which may bear no relation to its beauty, its comfort, or its usefulness.

Many people are still mourning the

loss the country sustained in the Eighteenth Amendment, because social drinking was to them a symbol of good-fellowship and exaltation, even though the effect of liquor on quite a majority of people is to make them either quarrelsome or sleepy.

Our fashions are supposed to embody beauty and art; having agreed upon this conclusion, we accept them as symbols of both, even when they bear slight relation to either. An obvious instance is the recent vogue of rouge. Beauty in women is greatly enhanced by rich coloring and a clear white skin. Powder gives whiteness and rouge gives color; perforce, the two together must achieve beauty. But copious powder on the nose makes it look abnormally large, and splotches of red on the cheeks give the appearance, at a little distance, of a mask. Nevertheless, Milady goes forth, not by mistake, but having achieved a studied effect. But for the idea of rouge as a symbol of beauty, nothing could coax her from her boudoir in such a plight.

We rewrite our Bible in order that the man on the street can understand it, for it must be rid of symbolism in words, that its meaning may be easily discerned. Its symbolic language marks it as antiquated and belonging to a bygone age whose wisdom could have no message for this.

But the man on the street speaks largely in a language of symbolism-slang. "Nobody home," "Bats in the belfry," "The snakes hips," are supposedly greatly superior in vividness and terseness because of their imaginery.

Yes, we have no interest in symbolism.—But have you? Tell us about it.

—IDA CLAIRE.

## HERE IS A REMINISCENCE OF TRUE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

Talking things over! Do you remember—if you were brought up in a small country town, of course you do!—the village store with its rows of shelves. Up in front were drygoods, bolt of gingham and calicoes and what not; and farther back were shelves of

canned goods, while running along their length was the whittled counter. And upon its farther end was an open box containing smoking tobacco and loose matches.

The tobacco and matches were gratis, possibly to afford some insurance for the open barrels of crackers and apples which stood all too conveniently close to the battered old stove. That old stove! That battered and generous old stove which wearily upheld its length of cobwebbed and rusty pipe!

Do you remember the momentous questions which were threshed out o' nights about the rattling roaring old stove? Sort of a village forum, the old stove was. And it was something more, for about these battered—and brown be-spattered—old stoves the country over, started those whispers of public opinion which gathered and joined until they became the mighty wind which swayed the nation's capitol.

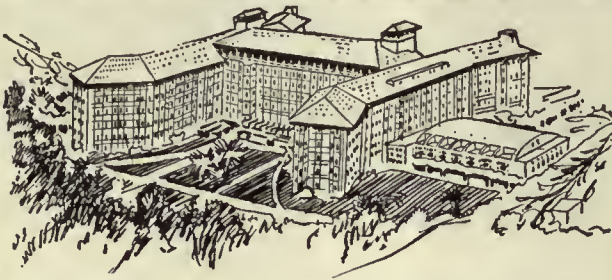
Those were the days when public questions really were talked over and dissected and diagnosed; not by professional politicians, but by those who were most concerned, the people themselves. That was real co-operation—not for private interest, but in the public good. There might have been graft and trickery in the larger cities, and in the national government. There was; no little of it. But in the smaller communities THE PEOPLE governed—because they talked things over, and they knew what was going on.

Nowadays the corner store is an hygienic institution. It handles package goods and throws a dustless mop at the too venturesome cat. The old stove rusts neglected and forgotten in the basement while an electric heater concentrates a cheerless heat on some one portion of your anatomy. What matter, since the store closes on the stroke of six?

The village forum has disbanded. Its erstwhile members listen in on the radio while Senator Wheatfoot expounds. Only for a moment, then they tune in to some other station's jazz concert. Let the Senator run the government! Ain't that what he's paid for?

—Fenton Fowler.





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## Carmelita of Old San Juan

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

Old San Juan upon its hilltop  
Silent lies with shadows falling—  
From the mission's 'dobe tower  
Chiming bells are softly calling;  
By the candle-lighted altar  
Praying padres vigil keeping;  
Low-flung, shadowed archways silent—  
Old San Juan lies quiet, sleeping.

*Carmelita! Carmelita!  
Eager is the heart that waits thee!  
Hasten to the heart that waits thee  
By San Juan's enshadowed wall!  
Ah, carita Carmelita!  
Where the rose of Spain is climbing,  
Hearken to the bells' soft chiming—  
Carmelita, haste then then!*

Carmelita's footsteps linger,  
While above the silent mountain  
Floats the great white moon in splendor,  
Flooding mission, plaza, fountain.  
Eager lips wait Carmelita,  
Eager eyes grow softer, tender,  
As she strolls across the plaza—  
Carmelita, tall and slender.

*Carmelita! Carmelita!  
Strolling down the moonlit plaza;  
Slowly down across the plaza  
By San Juan's enshadowed wall.  
Tantalizing Carmelita!  
Knowing very well the passion  
Which thy loitering footsteps fashion—  
Carmelita, haste thee then!*

This is long and long years past now;  
'Dobe walls are crumbled, fallen;  
Neophytes and padres scattered  
Like the rose's wind-blown pollen.  
But along the plaza's silence,  
When the round moon tops the mountain  
Still her echoing footsteps loiter,  
Keeping tryst at long-dead fountain.

*Carmelita! Carmelita!  
Eager is the heart that waits thee!  
Hasten to the heart that waits thee  
By San Juan's enshadowed wall!  
Ah, carita Carmelita!  
Still the mission bells are chiming,  
Still the golden roses climbing—  
Carmelita, haste thee then!*



## SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

*(Continued from Page 24)*

Chapultepec avenue—the most beautiful drive in America. He would rather stay at home or walk than appear in a medium priced car. There is a continuous line of Ford jitneys on all the principal streets of the capital that will take the shopper to any part of the city for five cents in American money. You certainly get your money's worth in such a ride. The driver furnishes more thrills during the first five minutes of the ride than one can expect on the most exciting scenic railway (in fact, many tourists are satisfied with one thrilling trip and choose the street car during the rest of their stay). Here again the distinction between classes is evident in the first and second class cars that are run. In the latter cars are crowded the workers and the servants, while the better class rides in the first car.

In the matter of foodstuffs Mexico depends a great deal on the United States. Walk into any large grocery store and you see your favorite brand of American made canned goods on the shelf. Van Camp's Pork and Beans, Campbell's Soups, Del Monte Fruits, Alpine Milk, Crystal White Soap, Tree Tea—all of them are there and the list could be extended almost indefinitely. On the street there is probably no one article that sells better than California Sun-Maid Raisins—the same raisin that one might buy in San Francisco or New York and for the same price.

Even the movies are American made! If one is homesick, the Mexican movie is the best place to see home scenes. All this California student had to do to relieve his lonesomeness was to step into a Mexican theater and see the familiar California auto numbers on the machines in the pictures. The American stars were all there—Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, and all the rest. Even the titles flashed on the screen are shown first in Spanish and then in English, so great is the influence of our nation on this southern republic.

A surprising number of the people speak and understand English. In this the Mexicans far excel our own nation. The school children are all required to take some foreign language. Most of them are choosing English as would be expected and learning to speak it fluently. The economic effect of this can easily be imagined. The Mexican children are mastering two languages and will be able to carry on business effectively with English speaking as well as with Spanish speaking nations.

On every side we saw the results of the thirty years of peace under Porfirio Diaz. Modern school buildings surpassing most of those of our own country,

permanent stone bridges in and near the capital city, the most beautiful theater in the world, white marble statues erected in honor of Mexican heroes—these and many other evidences point to the material prosperity that Mexico enjoyed under this presidential despot. Yet there is another result of his reign that still remains and one which an American cannot help but notice. The efforts of Diaz to produce a great display of material wealth was successful, but in so doing he neglected entirely the betterment of the masses of the Mexican people. On the one side stands the half completed Mexican National Theater, costing already more than \$6,000,000 in American money and which if it were finished could be enjoyed by only a very small number of the Mexican people at the most. On the other side we see the sordid poverty of great masses of Mexican people. How much more might have been accomplished with this \$6,000,000 by spending it for the improvement of the little mud houses of the ordinary person or by conducting an educational campaign to teach the people better methods of home sanitation. The people of this nation are suffering from physical sickness as are few nations in the world. Their infant death rate is on a par with that of the poorer section of India. Near Guadalupe this college boy watched eleven little children bathing in a drainage ditch. Every child with a single exception had scabs and other sores on his body. Little or no attempt is made to require sanitation in the great open markets of Mexico. Fresh meat is simply black with flies and stacks of fresh fruit are piled on the sidewalk while dogs and children play and sleep together in the gutters. The Obregon government is attempting to work out a solution for this problem that might well have been solved by the proper use of some of the money Diaz spent on beautiful public buildings and other display.

Probably the greatest result that has come out of the revolution since 1910 is the attempt that is being made to govern for the great masses of the common people rather than for the Cientificos. With this effort has come a new spirit among the common people themselves. In Cuernavaca this is especially evident. Some of the hardest fighting of the revolution took place here in this stronghold of the Zapatist brothers during the latter days of the conflict, but some of the most beneficial results are likewise appearing. Though we saw great haciendas completely destroyed and extensive fields with some of the richest soil in all Mexico remaining idle, yet we saw something else. We witnessed a little of what the new spirit

is doing for these people. I was conversing with an official in Obregon's government as our train wound its way back and forth down the side of the mountain into the valley.

"This section used to produce the sugar supply for all Mexico," he said. "Thirty-one men owned the whole valley at that time," he continued, "and simply ground the life out of the thousands of peons working for them. You could walk the streets of that little town below us and never see a smile on the faces of the people." He paused thoughtfully for a time and then continued, "The crops of sugar aren't so great now, but the people have learned to smile and there is music where there was silence before. After all," he concluded, "don't you think that happiness is better than large crops of sugar?" And I did!

This is the new spirit that has come to Mexico out of ten years of revolution.

## A DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERY

*(Continued from Page 25)*

in the public schools makes it impossible for the children to do sincere work there. She strongly advocates studios for school children where they can locate and develop their talents.

"I do enjoy seeing them start out true to their ideas and watching them develop under suggestion and environment. It will cultivate a desire for real art in the coming generation of this town—to which I am becoming very much attached," she smilingly added.

I do not wonder that she is attached to the place where she came for a few weeks rest, found a delightful location, remodeled a barn into a charming studio—now surrounded by oaks, climbing roses, hollyhocks—and best of all beside a *gurgling* brook.

While we were sitting beside a clump of hollyhocks dropping crumbs of cake—(Miss Boye's crumbs were very generous in size)—to the animals, there was a surreptitious cough by the gate. Looking up we beheld the Indian woman of my morning's experience, who, immediately upon our discovery said, with the voice of a child, "Sister Boye I not get much washin' do today—"

"All right Minnie, go inside and I will get you something later," and my charming hostess turned her attention to me while Minnie, in contrast to her guileless speech, marched majestically past us into the studio. Then more fully did I realize the charm of truth and simplicity that hold Bertha Boye at her studio in the shadow of the western hills, while at the same time will I urge and hope that she may place her work before an appreciative public.





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### "THE LIFE OF THE ANCIENT EAST"

**T**HIS is the name of a book by James Baikie, the archeologist, and was lately issued by the Macmillan Company. It tells more than one could easily find out for himself in five years of miscellaneous reading—more, we mean, about half-forgotten heroes of law, justice, and the best sort of humanism. There are thirteen chapters, with thirty-two illustrations, a map and a bibliography. Among the subjects dealt with, in the most modern and scientific spirit of Abydos, Thebes, Zaghazh, "the typical city-state of early Babylonia," Troy, Mycenae, Knossos and Gezer. We turn to the two chapters which tell the story of primitive Babylonia, in the days of Eridu, Akkad, Erech and other towns and regions, of the legends recorded by Berosus something like 4500 years ago. Our author tells us that the trade routes to Syria and Arabia were "better organized in the third millennium B. C. than they have ever been since. As we read, comes that marvel, that record-stone of the laws of Hammurabi received from the Sun God "whose attendants are rectitude and right." The family is the unit in this justly-famous code; there are trade guilds, jerry-builders, usurious money-lenders, unskilled physicians, land and irrigation laws, of the most just and enlightened character, and strict regulations for wine-selling are a feature of this earlier code of which we have so complete a record. Ancient Babylonia had slaves, but they could buy their freedom and were protected from abuse. Was not Hammurabi one of the earliest of humanists?

We turn to the chapters on ancient Egypt, and study the life of that great reformer, Akhenaten, whose courage of his convictions was so great that he tried to give the old world one sole and universal God, and therefore built his new city of Tell-el-Amarna, and its temple, centuries ahead of its time, wherein were no mysteries. All of his ideas were peaceful, and rested on the might of thought, not upon a priesthood, a host

of gods and a vast army. This humanist was one of the most attractive persons in ancient history.

If we turn to the sacred books of the Chinese, we find such sayings as these: "If you do not quarrel, no one of earth will be able to quarrel with you," and "A gentleman never hits a man when he is down."

Charles H. Shinn

### "ANCIENT MAN IN BRITAIN"

**T**HE beauty of this book appeals at once to every bibliophile. It was printed and bound by Blackie and Son of Glasgow and comes to us from the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York. We do not know the price, but simply as a book this one seems to us worth five or six dollars to anyone who knows the mechanical difficulties which lie in the road to perfect bookmaking.

But now we turn to the literary values of "Ancient Man in Britain," and find them both large and enduring. The author is Donald A. Mackenzie who wrote "Egypt in Myth and Legend." He is an anthropologist of wide, well-earned reputation and as the "Foreword" by Professor G. Elliot Smith of the University of London tells us, has a clear conception of the "Unity of Anthropology," of knowledge of the movements of primitive peoples from land to land, of changes in climate, of geographical changes, of cultural history, and everything else from which facts in his line can be gathered. By his methods, the author has given "luminous expression to this clear vision of the history of man and civilization as it affects Great Britain."

As we read the volume and study its maps and other illustrations, we are moved to go even further than Dr. Smith does in his foreword. The author's thirteen chapters have made us understand for the first time what the world was like in the days when the Baltic and the Mediterranean were inland lakes, when there was no British Channel, no Irish Sea. This author

more than justifies the appearance of his book; the story that he has to tell us is told in a manner that makes "Ancient Man in Britain" a literary event of the first rank—a treasure of a book for the private library.

—Charles H. Shinn.

### THE GLORIES OF GREECE

**W**E have been reading two books of especial importance and interest. The first one comes from the Harvard University Press and its title is "The Achievement of Greece." The author, Dr. William Chase Greene, is assistant professor of Greek and Latin in Harvard, and he has given a new sort of book, about the art, history, literature, philosophy and ideals of the Greeks in their City-States such as Sparta and Athens in their best period. Some of his chapters contrast ancient Greece and our modern world, describe men in the making, the land as well as the people, daily life, the finding of beauty, the individual as related to society, the rise of conceptions of man and the universe and then—the dramatists, Socrates, Plato, "The Republic," and the all-containing conception of humanism at its very best, a living principle which surveys "the path that men have trod and are still treading" and "helps them as wisely as it may" to find the paths that lead most surely "towards the light."

In this magnificent piece of literary work, one of the noblest studies of a great subject that has ever come from Harvard, the reader finds a clear account of the rise of conscience as shown in the sayings of the seven sages, the law-givers, the oracles, the poets, and more than all else in the life and the death of Socrates in Plato's account of the serene old age of Cephalus, the plays of the three greatest tragic writers, the views of Herodotus and Thucydides. Above all else, it is to Plato, the Utopian leader as well as humanist, that we turn with eager and ever-increasing delight in his methods of discussing the ultimate aims and values of human life. Socrates by his stubborn questionings



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and love of wisdom, which he ever calls "virtue," stands out as one of the most admirable of the idealists of the past.

Dr. Greene tells us in his preface that his father, Prof. Herbert E. Greene of Johns Hopkins, "has not only helped me with the proofs . . . but . . . twenty years ago gave me my first lesson in Greek." He has himself studied at Harvard and at Oxford, and has taught the classics at Radcliffe and Harvard.

\* \* \*

The second book we have been reading is upon the same general subject and comes from the Clarendon Press, Oxford University. Its title is "The Pagan of Greece." It is one of several volumes, all edited by that well-known classical scholar, Dr. R. W. Livingstone. One of them is "A Defense of Classical Education." In the volume before us, with many portraits, illustrations and translations, we are given a rapid review of the achievements of Herodotus, Aristotle, Xenophon, Plutarch, Menander, Euripides, and that satirist, Theocritus, Alexandria, who created that Gargantuan character, "Gorgo." He was famous for his epigrams, but it was Simonides who wrote, centuries earlier, those lines (on the Spartans who fell at Plataea in 479 B. C.):

"Into the dark death-cloud they passed,  
to set

Fame on their own dear land, for fadeless wreath,

And dying, died not. Valour lifts them yet

Into the splendour from the night beneath."

It was Demodocus who wrote these lines on a surgeon of his day:

"The patient surely had been lame for life,

So Scalpel, pitying, killed him with his knife." *Charles H. Shinn*

**"THE SHADOWY THIRD"**

MISS ELLEN ANDERSON MGHOLSON GLASGOW, of Richmond, Virginia, known to the reading public as plain Ellen Glasgow, comes from old colonial stock, and in her life, as in her writings, maintains the best American ideals. Her first novel, "The Descendants," appeared in 1897. Thirteen others and one volume of poems have been published since then, all worth close reading and a permanent place in the library. Her latest book, which came last autumn from Doubleday, Page & Co., marks a new departure in important respects, and still, one thinks, very much belongs to the traditions and the old family stories of Virginia's dignified Colonial Dames of to-

day who must have heard many such strange tales as these seven in Miss Glasgow's "The Shadowy Third" from nurses and ancient white-haired relations. We are too young as yet, out here in California, and too much in the whirlpool of eddying modern life, to hear much of homesteads where the sins and shames of other generations still dwell, and where terrors walk by night. Nevertheless, we do sometimes receive just such impressions as these weird glimpses of another world closely linked with this one hold for thoughtful readers.

If one chooses, he can first read Bulwer's thrilling tale of The Haunted House dominated so long by one powerful human will. Or he can think of three or four of the best of Edgar Allen Poe's stories. Then he will be in the mood to enter the imaginative atmosphere of "The Shadowy Third," which none the less belongs to a reasonable and comprehensible spiritual order of things.

By far the most impressive of these seven old family traditions is the one which gives the book its name. It is a wonderful account of a nurse's experiences with the great surgeon, Roland Maradick—great, fascinating, but unutterably vile, who has murdered his only child and is killing his wife by inches. To them comes back the child,

(Continued on Page 43)





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Yes, certainly I get down to facts. As I say, I have a room at Ambetti's. I get a job in a cafe up town. I learn to speak the English. Then she come—

They plan to stay at Ambetti's until they get a letter and money from an uncle in San Francisco, then they go live with him.

"But the weeks pass and no letter come, and what little money they have soon go. Papa he too old to work, and Rosa she don't make much from the flowers that she sell. Finally Ambetti he get mad. Every day I hear him go to the rooms next to mine, where they live, and he shout: 'No letter yet? Well, I tell you what, you got to pay somehow or I throw you out!' But he don't do it, and pretty soon I guess why. It was little Rosa." He paused again, and lifting his violin drew the bow across the strings.

"She was like that," he said. "Just as clear and sweet, and I guess even Ambetti think he like her pretty well. Any-way long time go by and no letter come. Then one day I hear Ambetti shouting in Rosa's room: 'What! no money yet?' he say. 'Well, I tell you one thing, if you're going to stay here any longer, you're going to marry me and stay as my wife.

### AT TONTINO'S

*(Continued from Page 25)*

"That make me crazy, and I run out of my room and go to her door and throw it open. 'Don't you marry him, Rosa,' I cry. 'He no good man. I'll lend your papa money to pay the rent, I get better job soon. I'll earn enough for all.'

"'Marry him!' she say. 'Marry him?' And with that she pulled the cloth off the table and laid it on the floor. And she run here and there gathering up her things to throw into it.

"Then Ambetti he get very angry, and he go catch her, and he grab her two wrists in one of his big hands, and he twist her around so she face him and he say: 'None of that! You going to stay here. You're going to marry me, girl. I'll teach you to do what I say,' and he raised his arm to strike her.

"Papa Pasquale was over at the little table by the stove. He must have been cutting bread when the trouble started, for when I came in he was standing there with a big knife in his hand. But when Ambetti go to hit Rosa, he make a funny running jump to get between them and the blow fall on him.

"Rosa she jerk herself free and run into the next room and slam the door behind her. Ambetti he so mad now his face is purple, and he hit Papa again and

send him down on his knees. But the old man gets to his feet, quick like a cat; then Ambetti reaches for his throat and I am not sure how it happen, but next thing I know I had grabbed the knife out of Pasquale's hand and—Ambetti was dead."

The listener's eyes narrowed: "Umph!" he murmured. "And then?"

"Papa Pasquale called, 'Rosa, Rosa!' And she come back into the room. Just then there was a knock on the door. I looked at Rosa. She had backed to the window and was standing there white as a little ghost. 'Who did it?' she whispered. 'I killed Ambetti,' I answered.

"There was a second knock. Something had to be done, so I crossed to the door and opened it just a little. It was only the postman, and he handed me a letter for Rosa."

"From her uncle, I suppose," surmised Brooks.

"Yes," nodded Camarillo. "There was a check in it for five hundred dollars. He say for her and Papa to get some fine clothes and come to live with him in San Francisco; he have a nice restaurant and make much money. He had not written sooner because Rosa she get a mistake in the address when she write to tell him they had arrived in

*(Continued on Page 47)*



## JOAQUIN MURIETA

(Continued from Page 23)

myself in a long low room, extending the entire length of the house, with windows on each side and a sharp pointed roof. Benches were placed along the wall, and at one end was a raised platform. It had no doubt, once been used as a dance hall. Turning to leave I noticed a small room, to the right of the stairs. I pushed open the door which yielded readily enough, and looked in. It was empty save for a heap of faded discolored curtains which lay in a heap on the dusty floor.

"I returned to the lower part of the house, and again the deadly chill of the place struck me. I poked the fire viciously and vainly endeavored to warm my chilled hands. Every once in awhile my eyes were drawn as by a magnet, toward the foot of the stairs. That part of the room was in shadow; but I could hear a soft rustling as of women's garments; and once I thought I heard a low sigh. Suddenly the vague doubts and fears I had experienced since entering the house crystalized themselves into concrete form. Some unseen presence in the house was watching me, spying upon my every movement with furtive, malicious eyes.

"I tried to shake off this feeling but it persisted. With an impatient exclamation I picked up the candle and went over to examine that part of the room more closely. I let the candle play over and around the spot, subjecting both floor and ceiling to the closest scrutiny, but all I saw was the accumulated dust of years which lay thick over everything, save those tell tale stains.

"I returned to the fire and sat down. I knew now that there was a malignant spirit in the house, watching, waiting. All about me the shadows deepened. Strange, ghostly shapes, born of the night, and the fog without, hovered around me.

"I felt myself growing drowsy, which no doubt made me fanciful. I arose and made preparations for bed. I placed the stool close at hand, and on it put the two candles, a box of matches and my revolver; then crept shiveringly between the blankets.

"I was tired out after my three days ride, but for a long time I could not sleep, and lay with wide open eyes, staring into the room, now filled with a pallid light. I lay and listened to the uncanny noises; the unhallowed whisperings and mutterings of the old crime stained house, which now that darkness had fallen, could relieve itself of its guilty burden. At last, utterly worn out, I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a light touch on

my arm, and sat up, wide awake in an instant. A young man, dressed in black velvet, with a scarlet silk sash knotted around his slender waist, stood beside my bed. I stared at him speechlessly for a moment then demanded as I stepped hastily to the floor:

"Who are you? How did you get here? What do you want?"

"Who I am, Senor," the young man answered, "matters but little; how I got here still less, but what I want—ah, Senor, that is something entirely different," and he looked at me with a flashing smile which showed all of his white, even teeth. To my surprise I found myself waiting for his request, whatever it might be, quite ready to grant it, if humanly possible.

He approached me with my violin, which I had left on the table when I unpacked my blankets, in his hand.

"My friends and I," he began in that soft voice of his, which spoke English with just the faintest trace of an accent, "are giving a little dance tonight in the upper room of this house. Unfortunately we are short one musician, a violinist, as it happens, and knowing of your presence I wondered if you would be so good as to play for us?"

I bowed my head in token of assent, sensing that back of the courteously worded request was a command not lightly to be ignored.

"Anything to oblige, Senor," I assured him, "when do I begin?"

"At once," he answered, "be so good as to follow me."

Grasping my violin I followed my strange guide up the stairs to the upper room where an astonishing sight met my eyes. The bare walls were covered with the native colors of Mexico; while hundreds of candles cast a soft mellow glow over the room. The floor had been sanded for dancing, and on the benches were seated gay Senoritas and gallant caballeros.

My guide led me straight to the raised platform where I found an aged man tuning his guitar. He looked up at my approach, nodded gravely, then at a gesture from my companion, commenced to play. Graceful figures bent and swayed and dipped to the seductive music of sunny Spain, while dominating over all was the man responsible for my presence among them. At his side, sharing with him in the honors was one more beautiful than the rest, whom they called Rosita. I shall not attempt to describe her save to say that she was petite and slender with a girlish youthfulness, and charm in which one sensed that for her time stood still, that even in her old age she would still retain her vivacity and winsomeness.

(Continued on Page 40)

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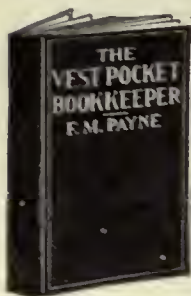
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### JOAQUIN MURIETA (Continued from Page 39)

During an interval in the dance I tried to learn from my companion the identity of the young man and his companions, but I found him singularly averse to talking, meeting all my questions with a shrug of the shoulders, or a shake of the head.

After the intermission the dance went on more fast and furious than before, while I played wildly, madly in an effort to keep up with my companion.

All at once the music stopped suddenly as a clock run down. A dance which was just beginning broke up and the dancers, singly and by twos and threes left the room. Of all that motley throng only the young man and I were left. He thanked me for the part I had taken in the night's entertainment, adding with another of his gleaming smiles, which by now I had come to look for:

"I have no desire, Senor, that you should go unrewarded for your efforts this night. Come." I followed him obediently and he led me straight to the small room at the head of the stairs; as he threw open the door I noticed a small iron chest, which stood in the center of the room, and which I was quite certain had not been there before. Throwing back the lid my eyes were dazzled by a splendid array of precious gems. I could only stare at them in speechless amazement.

"You like them, yes?" the young man's voice cut across the silence.

"Like is a feeble word," I answered. "I have never seen their equal," and kneeling before the chest I ran my fingers through their glittering loveliness. Many of them were mounted in heavy old fashioned settings, the gold alone worth a fortune. There were loose stones of all kinds, and diamonds worth a king's ransom. My companion watched me with keen interest.

"I see you love as well as appreciate the beautiful," he began, "as a mark of my gratitude you shall have your choice of them tomorrow."

I arose to my feet and looked at him. He must have read the disbelief in my eyes for he continued quickly:

"I mean it, Senor, you shall have your choice of these tomorrow. When you come for them you will find the door closed. Open it and the jewels are yours."

I meant to ask why the jewels could not be mine tonight as well as tomorrow, but refrained.

"I guess I can open the door all right," I answered nonchalantly, "if it is not locked."

"The door will not be locked, Senor," he assured me. "I, Joaquin, give you my word."

"Joaquin——," I gasped, "then you are——," but I got no further.

"I have told you once before tonight that who I am does not matter," he said coldly, "I but seek to reward you for your services. I repeat, if you can open this door tomorrow, you are at liberty to take your choice of the jewels. It is all very simple. And, now, good night, Senor! you have had a hard day and a strenuous night; it is but right that you should sleep."

Before I could demur I found myself on the stairs. At the bottom my foot slipped in something wet and sticky. I fell headlong, striking my head on the sharp edge of the lowest step, in my ears rang a strange discordant laugh, vibrant with mockery, and I knew no more.

When I opened my eyes I saw that it was morning. The sun was high in the heavens, but the room in which I lay sprawled in an unsightly heap on the floor was still shrouded in gloom.

I picked myself up, and found that save for a slight swelling on the side of my head, where it had come in sharp contact with the step, I was uninjured. I examined the boards that had been my bed, and found that the stains on them were dry, and had been dry for many years. On what then had I slipped and all but broken my neck? Even my shoes, which I examined critically, failed to give a clue to the mystery.

I ate a hasty breakfast, packed my belongings, and prepared the burros for instant departure. But I was determined before I left that ill omened house to have another look at Joaquin's treasure.

I was not surprised to find the door shut, and looked at it speculatively. There was much in that house of mystery I could not hope to understand. Was the young man, I wondered, whom I had seen and talked to, the dematerialized spirit, or ghost, as we more familiarly term it, of Joaquin Murieta, or was the experience I had had merely a vivid dream? I looked around the room; all was as I had seen it first. The dust and cobwebs of years lying thick over everything. No footsteps marked the grimy floor save my own. It must have been a dream, I told myself, and the jewels just a part of the dream itself. Then, as if in contradiction to this reasoning I felt gingerly the sore spot on my head. That, at any rate, was real enough.

Suddenly I remembered Joaquin's words: "If you can open the door the jewels are yours." I resolved to put them to test. It would surely be easy enough to open the door, even force it, if necessary. I pushed against it some-

(Continued on Page 42)



## POETS AND THINGS

*Impertinent Comment on Contemporary Verse by the Poetry Editor*

ONE of the Poetry Editor's friends, himself a poet, adheres strictly in his reading as in his writing to the older forms of verse. None of the modern freedom for him. What was good enough for Longfellow and Shelley and Keats and Milton—the Poetry Editor takes these names at random from his friend's list of authorities—is all sufficient for him. Free verse is as the proverbial red rag to the traditional bull. And so he labors earnestly and consistently with the Poetry Editor to the end that not only may vers libre be omitted from Overland columns but also all mention of it.

Another poetic friend leans strongly toward the modern verse. It is more than a leaning, it is a decided twist. And yet it must be confessed that his attitude is far more broad-minded than that of the other poet, for he does concede to the older forms of verse whatever of value and beauty the ages have given them. His objection to them is, that—in the hands of contemporary writers—the long accepted forms have degenerated into mere formality; it is form without substance. And so he too labors with the Poetry Editor—by suggestion rather than argument or pleading—that Overland may be “modernized.”

It is a difficult situation for the Poetry Editor. He respects the sincerity of both, even if he cannot accept the dictum of either. He cannot please the one without offending the other. But, after all, why should it be a difficult situation? Poetry—both in its production and its acceptance—is a purely individual matter. If to the one “a-a-b-b” is the only poetry there is, then to that one any group of words which has—no matter what its substance of beauty—neither rhyme nor meter, is nothing more than prose. And if the other finds poetic beauty in matter which to the majority contains merely pessimistic gloom, that still is for him pure poetry.

And so they must both concede to the Poetry Editor his individual right to find beauty where for him it lives—vers libre as in the older forms. It is in both. Sometimes—not infrequently—it is a stronger beauty because it is freed from the shackles which rhyme and meter would place upon it. But beauty is after all the essential thing. Rhyme or the absence of it is merely an incident, to be determined according as the beauty of the thought may best be expressed in one form or the other. Not an unimportant incident, for many details make for perfection, but—to the Poetry Editor—verse cannot attain to the dignity of poetry unless it expresses beauty.

Now one of the strongest arguments

in favor of vers libre which has recently come to the Poetry Editor is that little volume by Nancy Barr Mavity, “A Dinner of Herbs.” Written of and for wee daughter Nancy, the brief pages are full of an exquisite lyric beauty which sings of sunshine and shadow. Poignant experiences of motherhood are spoken with that charm and dignity, that simplicity of love, which places these poems among the finest expressions of any age. But it is perhaps in the poems which deal directly with the wee sprite herself that readers will find the greatest charm. Just one brief quotation:

“Little daughter of my heart,  
In the tired years when the winds of  
the world have drooped,  
Will you hold ever secure  
For the secret brightness of your spirit,  
The blue and the yellow and rose of a  
sunny garden?  
And always, always,  
A little floating, wandering breeze of  
laughter?”

(“A Dinner of Herbs” by Nancy Barr Mavity. Thos. Seltzer, Inc.)

And if one desires arguments both in favor of and against free verse—and the older forms as well!—the Poetry Editor takes pleasure in referring him to the newly published “Second Anthology” of the Verse Writers’ Club of Southern California, from the Harr Wagner press. Here are 150 pages of verse, representing that which has been pronounced by various judges the best work of the club members. Being represented therein, the Poetry Editor feels free to suggest that possibly a censorship of critics as well as of verse might very well be instituted. Certainly poems have been given place by some of these critics which display glaringly obvious faults in technique—and there is no doubt they were passed in spite of their weaknesses because of the personal appeal of the poem to the critic. But it is a volume of which all California may be proud, notwithstanding, and gives perhaps a fairer index to the poetic production of the Los Angeles region than could be obtained through any other method.

Also from Harr Wagner’s press, and also by a poet of the south, is a thin volume by Lenore C. Schutze. It is, very frankly, a miscellany of personal expression, and for this reason it contains some verse which might better have been omitted. There are, nevertheless, no few poems of beauty. “My Son” will have its appeal to every mother.

The San Francisco bay region has had its poets. Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Ina Coolbrith, E. R. Sill,—the list might be almost indefinitely extended—lived and wrote here. Some gained fame and left. Others are still with us, and among the “older guard” is Henry

(Continued on Page 42)

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## POETS AND THINGS

(Continued from Page 41)

Meade Bland, of San Jose. Because he is a poet and a friend of poets, because he has given so much of inspiration to younger writers, his "Sierran Pan" deserves a wider distribution than its local printing may give it. There is in it the spirit of undying youth, a strength and beauty well worthy of Edwin Markham's introduction. The Poetry Editor would like to quote more at length, but—since it portrays the poet himself—gives only this:

### KINDNESS

Would'st thou be kind? delay not till the morrow;  
For he who waits for kindness waits in sorrow.

One of the most beautiful booklets which have come to the Poetry Editor is that unassuming little volume by Henrietta Crosby Penny, "Some California Memories." It is a group of eight sonnets, all written and published—in Overland and the Lyric West—in the last five years. And the volume is published "in commemoration of her ninetieth birthday." But here are no sonnets to "Death," no hint of gloom or decay. Leave that to the younger poets! Here is the breath of mountain loveliness, of youth upspringing to meet the dawn. And—O Critic!—let it be said that here is the sonnet in its purity of form, in all the dignity of its destined beauty. Younger poets who venture upon "sonnet variations" might well learn at the knee of this "young writer" of ninety years.

### THE MADRONE

Madrone to burn upon my fire! No,  
no,  
I would not stain my soul with such a crime;  
In spring, in summer and in autumn time,  
I've seen these mountain trees in beauty grow.  
In spring-time, blossoms, waxen, ivory white,  
In summer, shining leaves of cool, dark green,  
In autumn, scarlet berries with the sheen  
Of bird's wings pausing in their migrant flight.

Its tawny yellow bark through all the year  
Tells of its presence among somber trees;  
Its glossy leaves, unharmed by sun or breeze,  
Proclaim this forest tree without a peer.  
Oh, woodman, hold thy hand,—let beauty be  
Reason enough for sparing this rare tree!

—Henrietta Crosby Penny

## JOAQUIN MURIETA

(Continued from Page 40)

what impatiently. I was anxious to get it over with and be gone from the house forever. It resisted my every effort. I paused to consider. Could Joaquin have been lying and was the door locked, after all? I could see no key in the lock and made up my mind for another attempt. I stepped back and made a short running charge, a mode of attack which should have proved effective on anything as old and flimsy as this. It still opposed me and I drew back wiping the perspiration from my face.

I looked from the window and saw the sun shining on the opposite side of the road, but this house of evil, like some noxious plant, seemed always lurking in obscurity. All at once I felt again those malignant eyes upon me. Dark shapes, pregnant of still darker deeds, hovered around me. Uncanny forces were silently pitting themselves against my puny strength, none the less potent because unseen.

With an effort I shook off the depression which threatened to engulf me. I would not give in now, I could not. I am not a rich man and the jewels were worth a fortune. All it required was a little more effort on my part and they would be mine.

I gathered myself for another onslaught on the door, and as I did so I realized how futile any effort on my part would be. A mighty force was barring my way, and I, in all the pride of my boasted strength and manhood, was but a feeble thing against it.

As the realization of this came to me I became suddenly afraid. Afraid of the unknown; of the unseen shapes around me, which pressed so close I could almost feel them.

I took a hesitating step toward the door, and as I did so from all over the house burst a wild, mad peal of demoniacal laughter, whose savage force seemed to rock the place to its very foundations. I did not wait for more, but fled incontinently down the stairs away from the accursed spot, and am not ashamed to say that when I sprang on the back of my burro I was trembling violently with a thousand conflicting emotions in which terror, stark and sheer, predominated.

Brown paused while I revolved over and over in my mind the strange story. "Have you any explanation?" I ventured at last.

He shook his head. "Some things are beyond human explanation," he replied, "the more I think of them the more I realize that:

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

B. G. Rousseau.



(Continued from Page 37)

unseen by all excepting a few, and, as the nurse believes, it is this child, this "invisible judgment" that kills the great surgeon "at the very moment when he most wanted to live."

It is not only the most impressive, but the most complete of the seven tales, and its illustrations by Elenore Plaisted Abbott adds to its meaning. But all the rest of the seven will be read and talked about with deep seriousness. The last one, "Jordan's End," and the one entitled "A Point of Morals," are two that could easily have been developed into long mystery novels of the most approved type. The famous alienist of one of these tales sums it up by saying: "There is such a thing, my dear young lady, as a conscientious murderer." Sad beyond words, and still intensely human, is the story of the Blantons of the old "Whispering Leaves" plantation—the story of a forlorn little child and his old nurse, Mammy Rhody who comes back from the Beyond to care for her foster child and carries him out of the flames of the burning mansion.

The one tale out of the seven which this reviewer finds least to his mind is "Dare's Gift"—the account of an old home forever haunted by unspeakable

unfaith and treachery. Thus the place is so possessed by the evil deeds of long-dead occupants that it overpowers the devotion of Mildred Beckwith, the young lawyer's wife. Her sufferings and remorse, his love and forgiveness, make a tragic whole, for one knows beyond question that though he forgives, he can never quite forget nor wholly understand the why; his trained corporation-lawyer mind will not be able to feel a single one of the "influences" of the leering and traitorous old home.

—Charles H. Shinn

"Memories of the Russian Court," by Anna Viroubova has been ably handled by its publisher, and is now attracting the world-wide attention of reviewers. It tells with intense feeling and great literary skill the "inside facts" of life as it has been lived in Russia and Siberia during those terrible years. It gives readers a new and very attractive picture of the Empress. It touches our deeper feelings when it tells all that anyone now knows of the fate of the Emperor, Empress and their children. This brief word is only a foretaste of one of the most readable books of the whole year. (The MacMillan Co., \$3.50 net).

## THE REAL HERO

(Continued from Page 29)

covered that the actor had eloped with his daughter. He was vowing vengeance as he made hasty preparation to rush in pursuit of the run-aways.

"I'm going to do the irate father act," said Tom to me, as he poured gas into his battered flivver. "If that actor man has eloped with my Betty, I'll break his silly head."

"I'll go with you," I offered, eager to deliver a few good rights myself. "I've got a grudge against that reel hero."

"Jump in," said the Boss. "If we're too late, I'll disinherit my girl. That would show Duval up in his true colors. It wasn't Betty he wanted, it was Circle Bar ranch."

I threw my lariat into the car and settled into the seat as Lawson shot across the lot into the lane leading to the National Highway. We hit the high places as we raced madly over the rough trail, bouncing and bumping, but putting the miles behind us.

"You were a fool, Bob, to let Duval get away with Betty," yelled Tom above the noise of the engine.

"I couldn't help it," I shouted back, immensely pleased that Lawson favored my courting. "I've asked Betty to marry me a dozen times."

"You're not telling me she refused you?"

"Just that; said she liked me well enough, but she didn't want to wed a

cow-puncher. She has a notion she wants to live in the city."

"The foolish girl, she doesn't know a real man when she sees him."

When we reached the broad highway Tom stepped on the gas and the motor picked up to something like sixty miles an hour. We fairly flew, passing everything on the road with a noisy warning to give the way.

We slowed down at the first small town, to receive the information that a red car had stopped at the garage to take on gas. "Yes, a young man and a pretty girl were in the auto," they told us.

Tom swore and took the road again.

"They're headed for Los Angeles," he growled. "Duval's car is some speeder, but this Lizzie is no slouch."

"If only they would stage a breakdown, or blow a tire," said I.

"No such luck."

"Surely they will stop to eat," said I hopefully. "That would give us an hour's gain on them."

The miles flew past like a bird in flight.

"Better telephone ahead and put an officer of the law onto them," I suggested as we bore down upon another cross-road hamlet.

"A good idea," said Tom. "There's my friend, Sheriff Jones, at Victorville. He'll be glad to do me a fair turn."

(Continued on Page 47)



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## COMMUTER'S COMEDY

*(Continued from Page 18)*

hands she tore it open. It told the story of the husband having been found along the right of way near a small town in Ohio, a year before, where he had either leaped or fell from the train. It told how he had been taken to a local hospital, cared for, and nursed to health again and how the search had been constantly pursued to locate friends or relatives and at last his wandering mind had again grown strong enough to remember her name and the name of the City of San Francisco.

Four more years of struggle, and saving and now the money had been sent again, that the family might be reunited.

It was a touching tale. I tried to cheer the girl a bit and sent her home and told her to tell the mother to wire at once to the little village from where he had started and to the Union Pacific officials at Omaha and to have the mother see me in the morning.

They came early. The mother told me of the telegrams she had sent and how impatiently they waited for a reply. Finally I called the telegraph office and asked to have the message sent to my office when it came. In thirty minutes it was there. It read: "The body of Henry S. found on right-of-way near Valley, Nebraska, Nov. 26. Remains at Undertaking Parlor, Omaha, Neb. Signed Claim Agent U. P. Railway."

The 'Travelers' Aid was called and the grief stricken woman was taken away.

When they returned a few hours later to talk to me the desire to have the husband and father with them once more had increased. Twelve years of time had cheated them of the right to have him in life. Were they to be denied the right to have his body even cold with death? They had no funds.

I promised to do all possible, and through the good offices of the General Baggage agent of the railroad company the body was sent to San Francisco without transportation cost.

On Christmas day a sad eyed child came to my office and laid a small handful of freshly picked roses on my desk, and thanked me again for herself and mother.

And so it goes—day after day—personal interests are injected into the life of the railroad—interests that are impossible to elude—the interests of humanity which are in reality the great pulse beats of railroad life and which the railroads have a reputation of meeting with marked courtesy and human consideration.

With us, here, it is a part of the day's work—helping others—always the opportunity to help—then we forget—no,

not always, for sometimes after the day is done and we sit in silent retrospective mood our thoughts revert to scenes like this and we are glad—glad that our work to a very great extent is dealing with human problems and human interests and great are the opportunities our employment offers to try to be a friend to all who need a friend. When the values of life are questioned I want to make reply one of its chief values is to take the measure of our own souls and demonstrate the result by our own actions.

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#### HAT ISLAND--HOME OF BIRDS

*(Continued from Page 4)*

upon the ground near their nests they came down so heavily and so clumsily that often much of the contents of their stomachs was spilled over every creature within reach.

The gulls are the great alarmists of the rookery. Day or night, it is never quiet on the island. The raucous screams, mewing cries and the strident "Ha, ha, ha!" or "Help, help, help!" or "Here,



here, here!" of the birds kept me continuously interested.

I have never heard any good reason for the establishment of a community existence by these three species of birds. The California gull is the arch enemy of the other two species. My own conviction is that the gull is the invader of the rookeries of these other birds, that no matter where the pelicans go the gulls hunt them and prey upon them and their chicks. The gull's best bet is a big pelican egg with its viable chick about to kick out of its shell-home—or the softly tinted greenish-blue egg of the heron in the same state. These marauders seize upon all eggs left unbrooded or unprotected, bite them in twain by a crushing snap of their strong yellow mandibles, gulp all contents—and perhaps in ten minutes this newly acquired forage is being regurgitated into the widely distended mouths of hungry gull chicks.

Lone adult herons make a daily flight to the mainland swamps and return, a distance of from 50 to 100 miles, depending upon the location of the waters in which they fish, feeding their chicks but once in 24 hours. There appears to be no set time for meals with the heron chicks as there is with the pelicans.

Mother and father pelicans often make 200-mile flights for food and serve their fish dinners to hungry chicks all in 24 hours. They tour as far north as Bear Lake, about 90 miles by air, and to Utah Lake, south about 75 miles as the birds fly. There are nearer fishing grounds than these lakes—yet none nearer the rookery than 50 miles for the round trip—but these alkali and fresh waters do not furnish sufficient food at all times. So many hungry babies at home consume vast quantities of fish each day and the fish naturally must be caught before they may be served.

These canny Waltons rarely left the island in one big flock for the different fishing waters. Often only a mated pair at a time, then a half dozen more, and so on until virtually all the adult pelicans with chicks to feed had sailed away for an 8 to 12-hour stay on the mainland.

There never appeared to be any controversy concerning the direction they should go. I am sure these birds had favorite haunts which they visited frequently, almost daily, unless the supply of game became exhausted, when they went to other and farther places with other adult birds. Occasionally I observed hundreds take the air together in beautiful squadron formation. But experience had taught me that when they came within landing distance of the

mainland shores of alkali sloughs and the River Jordan, they broke up into small groups, each group going to its choice locality.

Mated pairs with no home duties to draw them nightly to the rookery, frequently staid away from the island over night, played and fished contentedly in the warm waters until they had eaten their fill, then sailed off high in the air apparently inspecting their surroundings carefully for nearby fishing grounds. Sometimes parents with half-grown chicks on the island will do this, knowing their babies no longer require brooding at night. Perhaps they may seek the quietude of far off places in order to get away from the smells and the noise and the uproar of the rookery—no one can tell!

Unmated males and females, those who have been bereft of their mates by natural causes or by being killed by thoughtless gunners, do not feed as ravenously or as often as do old birds who are daily employed in furnishing provender for the unfillable stomachs of one or more hungry chicks at home. They do not stay away from the island very long at a time because a pelican's innate demand for companionship taboos indulgence in such whims very often. Apparently he loves the contact of his kind, thereby exemplifying to a high degree his love of community association.

Many parents that have fed their youngsters during the early forenoon give themselves but an hour or two of rest and feather preparation before they start again for the mainland waters upon another foraging expedition. Frequently I watched them as they stood in big flocks on a tiny sandspit not far from my quarters, to all appearances non-communicative, with their necks extended and beaks with an upward tilt, seemingly scanning the dim, distant horizon, or peering off into the upper air currents for signs to guide them in their embarkation.

If any leader said "Let's go!"—I failed to hear it. But apparently at the same instant, as though guided by some unexpressed command, a dozen would take wing together and sail away toward the far mountain-peaked horizon on the east, at once assuming the column-like advance they employ so much in their flying.

Once in a while these birds swept the brine so closely, especially when they headed into a fresh wind, that their primaries tapped the crests of the waves with a rhythmic "tap, tap, tap, tap" which I could hear plainly from my station. At other times they rose in one long, circular climb into the air, making

a spiral of immense width, and soared in forward-moving circles into the far distance where shore-line and sky-line melted into one filmy wave which was miraged to such undue proportions that I felt I could extend my arm and touch where they met!

The out-going squadrons of empty airships met other lines of heavily laden winged-argosies skimming along the surface of the sea. I observed them closely with my field glass. Those that swept the water's top so closely and those who, with the lesser burden, gained the loftier currents of air, filled the field of my glasses entirely. As the two lines passed each other, looking for all the world like squadrons of tiny white airships in evolution, I thought I heard the giant commander of the out-going air-fleet call to the officer on the bridge of the flag-ship of the incoming file, "How's the fishing today, Captain Webfoot?"

The grizzled flag-officer acknowledged the greeting of his friend by a nod of the head as he megaphoned back with his ballooned yellow pouch, "Plenty big carp down in Utah Lake!"

Sailing along in perfect alignment they came rapidly but heavily to their moorings directly in front of my tent—each safely berthed in his own hangar.

Training my glass upon the fast disappearing out-going fleet of white airships I saw them veer off to the south-east, evidently taking the senior officer's suggestion as to the best fishing grounds for the voyage.

---

## MORE NEW BOOKS

Maud Radford Warren's "The House of Youth" is intensely modern and has a lovely, audacious heroine, Corrina Endicott. Her desire for new experiences gets her "on the ragged edge of the precipice" more than once but in the end she does truly find her way out to real and lasting happiness. The book has an abundance of thrills and a whole group of possible heroes, only one of whom deserves Corrina. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$2.00 net).

---

"Fidelis" by Jane Abbott, renews the charm of this genial author of *Kenneth*. Its heroine is little Miss Ricka Wynne, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the new principal of St. Margaret's very conservative school for girls. What may be called educational politics occupy a large part of the story, always told in Miss Abbott's humorous and intelligent manner. The book is one which parents and teacher will find worth careful reading. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., \$1.75 net).





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America, and the letter it go to every Tontino in San Francisco before it finally reach him.

"One moment," interrupted Brooks. "What was old Pasquale doing all this time?"

"Papa?" Camarillo's voice rose a note. "Oh, poor Papa he go all to pieces. The sight of blood scare him, I guess. He go over in a corner and sit down and begin to cry like a bambino. He very old and the shock make him what you call simple. He don't remember anything about what happened there that day. He don't remember anything at all, or anyone, except Rosa, and Rosa—My how she love that old man!"

"I see. Go on with the story. What happened next?"

"Well, Rosa she have nothing to say. She just look and look at Ambetti there on the floor. And Papa he was—But I tell you about him. So I see I must think for all and I say: 'Rosa, we have to go away from here—you and Papa and I. First we go to the bank and get this check cashed. Then we go find a train to take us to that uncle of yours out in the West.' By and by I make her understand and she put on her hat and coat, and she gets Papa's hat and coaxes him to come with us, and we all go out and lock the door behind us."

"But why, since you were willing to admit the crime, did you make the trip out here with them? Why not have confessed at once?"

The violinist shrugged his slim shoulders and his hands waved dramatically.

"They were so helpless—like little children," he explained. "Someone he must look after them."

Brooks thought for a moment.

"Does Tontino know?"

"Yes, I tell him everything when we first come. Tontino he has big heart. He say, 'Well, you better stay here and play in my restaurant until they get you.' So I stay, and every night Rosa and Papa sit in the corner and listen."

"Camarillo, you stabbed Ambetti simply in defence of the old man, didn't you? The act was not premeditated?"

"No, I—I never think to kill him."

Again Brooks was lost in thought.

"Well," he said suddenly, looking directly into the other's eyes, "of course you are due to be run in sooner or later and taken back East for trial, but I'll tell you something—There is not a jury in the country that is going to convict you. I am not a detective, as you thought, I am a lawyer from Philadelphia out here on business.

"I saw your picture in the papers and the accounts of the murder. When I came here tonight I recognized you; the girl and the old man over there proved

it. I am not a criminal lawyer, but when the time comes, if you wish, I'll take your case. I have a theory of my own about the whole affair. Because you care enough for the girl to be willing to give your life to shield her father, I will keep quiet. But you are innocent. Pasquale killed Ambetti!"

### THE REAL HERO

(Continued from Page 43)

We stopped at a garage. I looked after the gas and oil, while Tom got in touch with the sheriff.

Racing on again, Tom said.

"Sam'll get 'em. He has a keen scent for speedin' gasoline."

As we tore into the next town, we sighted the flame-tinted racer halted in the street, the center of a curious throng.

I laughed triumphantly. It was obvious that Duval had raced into a speeder's trap. He was caught.

Betty, glancing back, recognized us. She spoke hurriedly to her companion. Duval tooted a warning. The men blocking the roadway scattered hastily. The red car shot out like a fire-rocket flinging through space.

The laugh was on me.

"I'll get 'em!" Lawson yelled to the sheriff, and was after them on the wings of speed. Excitement gripped us; I coiled my lariat and strained forward ready to spring.

The red car disappeared behind a sharp turn in the road. But we caught sight of it again as we rounded the curve on two wheels. Duval was tearing across a wooden bridge which spanned a swollen stream.

What happened next came so quickly that it left us gasping with horror. The center span collapsed under the racing car, precipitating it into the torrent. Duval had failed to notice the warning sign staring at him in bold black letters:

DANGER, FLOOD—SLOW DOWN.

"God!" groaned Tom, as he brought his car to a stop on burning brakes. "Quick, Bob!" we must save 'em."

As I ran out onto the broken bridge my mind worked rapidly, though my heart was weighted with a sickening fear. I knew that Betty could swim, and I had noticed that she stood up to jump as the auto nosed downward. But would she be able to clear that dragging impediment before it crashed into the water? I halted at the gap and looked down into the river. A circle of swirling tide lay directly below me. I flung my lariat to Tom, and leaped into the stream. As I came up, gasping and blinking, I heard Duval's frantic cry for help, and realized suddenly that the actor could not swim. I shouted Betty's name, and she answered me with.

"Save him, Bob! Save him—"

My vision cleared and I saw Betty swimming shoreward, one arm supporting the terrified Duval. In his frenzy he clung to her, hampering her effort. He was dragging her down when I forced him to break his clutch. He sank like a water-soaked log.

"Save him!" cried Betty.

"I'll save you first," I emphasized, as I flung my arm about her slim body. I was perfectly indifferent to that fool actor's fate. If a man of his age couldn't swim, let him drown.

Tom's sonorous voice floated down to me.

"Here comes the rope, Bob. I'll pull her up—Save the hero—"

There were several excited men on the bridge.

The lasso cut through the air and struck the water with a swirling splash. I slipped the noose over Betty's shoulders and told her to keep afloat with the hand stroke. As they drew her away, I dived for Duval, and brought his inert body to the surface. He sagged, a lifeless weight; still there might be a fighting chance for his life. I swam toward the shore with my helpless burden.

Shouting voices told me that Betty was safe. My heart offered up a prayer of thanksgiving. I didn't want to give Duval back to the girl, but I couldn't let him die like a rat in a trap. It was a strenuous pull; but I was stout of body, and strong armed. At last, after a valiant effort, I reached shallow water and stumbled blindly to my feet. Eager hands relieved me of the dragging body. I crawled wearily up the bank, too exhausted to give interest to the actor. Suddenly the sun flecked behind a purplish mist, and night descended upon me, pitch black.

AS I struggled back to consciousness—fearfully ashamed of my weakness, I heard a loved voice speaking, like the music from celestial harps.

"Bob, darling; my hero!"

I opened my eyes in a surge of joy; Betty's arms were around me; my head was pillowed on her breast—

"Sweetheart," I murmured.

"I'm so happy, Bob," sobbed Betty.

I had a thought of Duval. "Is that actor all right?"

"He's sitting up, and taking notice that his car is resting on the floor of the river," sneered Betty. "He has no thought of you or me. His concern is for that machine."

"I love you, dear. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she whispered, tenderly.

"Seal your promise with a kiss."

She laid her soft red lips on mine—My joy was complete. I had won!



(Continued from Page 1)

**CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN** has also before found place in Overland, but this is his first appearance as a Californian. Mr. Blanden has recently completed "Seaview," his San Diego home, and expects to remain in California. With the new inspiration there should be fresh lyrics from his pen, as dainty as any that "Laura Blackburn" ever wrote, and with the added strength which comes with years.

**LAURA BELL EVERETT** comes to you again with a characteristically beautiful poem. She is of Berkeley, an old friend of Overland, and one who will continue to appear in its pages.

**KATHERINE C. SANDERS** is a name but little known except among the California poets themselves. She, too, is of Berkeley. We are happy in this introduction to a larger circle of friends.

**LOIS ATKINS** is another Berkeleyan. She lives in a tiny house perched high above the town on the slope of one of the brown hills which rise above the university. From her windows one looks far out through the Golden Gate to the wraith-like shadows of the Farallones—this on a clear day—or down upon the fog streamers which drift in between the headlands.

**JAY G. SIGMUND**—why, this is a regular "old home week!" Sigmund is a regular contributor to Overland from his Iowa—Cedar Rapids—home. He writes that a new volume, his third, will be in press shortly—and something very different, he says, from his other two. "Hard, bare little lyrics—which point out the ugliness of the Middle West cornbelt people's lives." Hard and bare they may be—but Sigmund's verse has always the beauty of philosophy if no other.

**SAIMI JOHNSON** is a new singer for whom Overland predicts much. By birth she was a fellowtownsman of Mary McLane, but left the smoky hills of Butte at the age of four. Inasmuch as her life has been spent in Redwood Valley, up in Mendocino County, California may justly claim her. She is now a student at San Jose Junior College.

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## *The Overland Monthly*

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is the oldest magazine published west of the Rocky Mountains. Founded by Francis Bret Harte, in 1868, the first issue made its appearance in July of that year. The magazine celebrated its 55th birthday the July just passed. Few periodicals in the country have had a founding so significant or a history so brilliant. As one writer puts it: "The history of California is the history of the Overland."

OUT WEST MAGAZINE was from its beginning one of the most "individualistic" magazines ever published in America." It first appeared in 1886 under the title, "The Land of Sunshine." It later became Out West, under editorship of Charles F. Lummis. No magazine ever published ever began to do for Southern California and the Southwest generally what Out West, published at Los Angeles, accomplished for that territory.

THE consolidation of the Out West with the Overland Monthly into a single publication is a most fortunate circumstance. Under the provisions of the merger, the land of the Argonauts, both as to historic setting and scenic beauty, will always be given prominence.

BRET HARTE, whose fame soon spread across the Atlantic, carrying overseas also the fame of the Overland Monthly, had associated with him that greatest of all humorists, Mark Twain. There also joined the Overland staff, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Muir, Millicent Shinn, Jack London, Joaquin Miller and other well known writers.

FROM the beginning it was planned that the Overland Monthly should assist in the building up of the great Pacific Coast. The Overland is more than a publication—it is an institution. It links the past with the present. It points the way to the future.

IS THE reader seeking for fiction of quality or stories with a Western flavor—this magazine aims to supply them. Is the Easterner asking information as to the great out-doors; the resorts; the sports and pastimes and the interesting sights for the traveler—in all of these the Overland speaks with authority. Industrial Development, Commercial Expansion, Trade and Finance, Possibilities for Investments, Agricultural Opportunities, the Resources of the Soil, and Mine and Forest and Stream—all are treated by men and women best qualified to speak in their respective fields.

THERE are special features and timely articles from month to month on world affairs and on men and women whose achievements are noteworthy.

OVERLAND MONTHLY and Out West Magazine Consolidated aims to supply the best material to appreciative busy men and women and to do its share in the up-building of California and the West. It is Pacific Coast, Western and National.

*and Out West Magazine*



## OUR FEBRUARY POETS

**ALICE FANSON** is a native daughter of San Francisco, but now resident in Tucson. She is an old contributor to *Overland*. Poetic expression is hers by inheritance as her father—a pioneer prospector and mining engineer of the West—was himself a poet, publishing in 1891 a book of verse through Putnam's Sons.

**DON W. FARRAN** is of Iowa. His love for the gypsy folk dates back to earliest recollections, a time when as a small boy he determined to travel with a band of them as far as their national burying ground at Algona. Even the punishment administered—he was caught before he reached the next town—does not seem to have dimmed his affection for this romantic people.

**CRISTEL HASTINGS** of Mill Valley is one of *Overland's* frequent contributors and needs but slight introduction. She's a business woman by occupation; a writer in odd moments. Her verse and scenic articles have found place in publications throughout the country.

**THOMAS DURLEY LANDELS** hails from London, England, with the degrees of B. A. and M. A. of London University. His present home is in California's beautiful Santa Clara valley, where he is in charge of the Los Altos Union Church. He is the author of several volumes.

**EUNICE MITCHELL LEHMER** is a comparatively new arrival in the poetic world, as she has been publishing only in the past two years. She is a member of that earnest group of poets which works under the banner of the California Writers' Club. Her home is in Berkeley.

**JOSEPH UPPER** adds "Harris" to the name when he signs his letters. His verse has appeared in various poetry journals and he is an author of short stories, as well. Of himself he says modestly, "I am one of the great negligible army of Government clerks which helps to fill up the nation's capital."

(Continued on page 96)

## EDITORIAL STAFF

— O —

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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D. R. LLOYD

MANAGER

MABEL MOFFITT

# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

FEBRUARY, 1924

NUMBER 2

## Contents

Our February Poets.....	49
Frontispiece—The Waterfront—Verse.....	50
<i>Alice Harriman</i> .....	
Mrs. William Beckman (with portrait).....	51
<i>Frona Eunice Wait Colburn</i> .....	
Vancouver's Pinnacles (Illus.).....	53
<i>Dorothy Shepard</i> .....	
Wrapped Death.....	54
<i>James Frederick Kronenberg</i> .....	
An Old Style Valentine—Verse.....	55
<i>Honorio Tuomey</i> .....	
Glaciers and Golf.....	56
<i>Charles Layng</i> .....	
Wa-Wea-Tah—Verse.....	57
<i>Alice Fanson</i> .....	
Echoes From Lost Mines.....	58
<i>Jim Dan Hill</i> .....	
Old Players of San Francisco.....	59
<i>Eugene T. Sawyer</i> .....	
A Song of The Sea—Verse.....	59
<i>Thos. D. Landels</i> .....	
The Revenge of Ching Chow.....	60
<i>L. Warren Wigmore</i> .....	
The Wailing Lady.....	61
<i>B. G. Rousseau</i> .....	
What Matter—Verse.....	61
<i>Linda Lee</i> .....	
The Lumber Industry of California—(Illus.).....	63
<i>James F. Chamberlain</i> .....	
Partners by Inheritance.....	66
<i>Jean Ross</i> .....	
Companionship—Verse.....	67
<i>Torrey Connor</i> .....	
New Lamps For Old.....	68
<i>Caroline Katherine Franklin</i> .....	
Query—Verse.....	69
<i>Joseph Upper</i> .....	
Interview With Samuel G. Blythe.....	73
<i>Torrey Connor</i> .....	
A Page of Verse.....	75
This Interesting World.....	78
<i>Ida Claire</i> .....	
The Open Spaces Call—Verse.....	79
<i>James Clyde Bailey</i> .....	
Confession—Verse.....	80
<i>Ethelyn Bourne Borland</i> .....	
Prize Contest Announcement.....	83
Books and Writers.....	84
Poets and Things.....	89
<i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i> .....	
Oregon Literature and Art.....	91
<i>Viola Price Franklin</i> .....	
Editor's Brief Case.....	94
Infection—Verse.....	95
<i>Joseph Upper</i> .....	

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR 25 CENTS PER COPY  
(Contents of this magazine copyrighted)



# The Waterfront

By ALICE HARRIMAN

What see ye as ye look abroad, along the city's wall,  
Where man hath leveled hills for gain, and razed the forests tall?  
Where many doubt there be a God; where sailors fight and brawl  
Along the city's waterfront,  
The waterfront, the waterfront,  
Where harbor lights, through murk and gloom, hold tides and thee in thrall.

*I see me miles and miles o' streets, and miles o' wharves there be,  
Where, 'stead o' craft of Indian make, lie ships from over sea,  
And jeweled javelins pierce night's waves that lap, oh, tranquilly  
Along the city's waterfront,  
The waterfront, the waterfront,  
Where man hath worked his problems out an' it were destiny.*

What see ye as ye look abroad along the city's wall?  
While yonder women, pale and wan, make moan and weep and call  
For husbands on ships long o'erdue, men run and pull and haul  
Along the city's waterfront,  
The waterfront, the waterfront,  
At one who makes to drown herself, her shame thus to forestall.

*I see the sunset's tender rose the busy wharves enfold;  
I see me gallant ships come home, laden with silks and gold.  
I see strong men leap from the decks, and love once more is told  
Along the city's waterfront,  
The waterfront, the waterfront,  
And every eye with joy is wet, as happy wives they hold.*

What see ye as ye look abroad, along the city's wall,  
But bartering of greed and sin; warehouses, large and small?  
In driving rain the harbor lights show dimly through night's pall  
Along the city's waterfront,  
The waterfront, the waterfront,  
Where derelicts o' men and ships loom ghastly as they crawl.

*This see I by the harbor lights that gleam through driving rain;  
I see the City Beautiful, where men from sin abstain,  
And Brotherhood means far, far more than empty words and vain.  
Along the city's waterfront,  
The waterfront, the waterfront,  
I see me visions fair to see when Love alone shall reign.*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY and OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 2

## Mrs. William Beckman---As I Knew Her

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

THE question is what manner of woman is she who has given \$100,000 to the University of California to endow a Chair of English Language and Literature—the first of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

The answer is that Mrs. William Beckman is a woman blest with the five senses with which Nature endows all of us, and then she has a plentiful supply of common sense, and that very rare thing called horse sense. Added to these are practical idealism and the power of analysis which gives vision. Of such an individual it is not prudent to say too much that is intimate and personal. Mrs. Beckman thinks and talks of things—not persons. That she avoids the bombastic style of writing is abundantly demonstrated in her own work. That she is shy and reticent is shown in the following statement of her ideas concerning her gift to the University. Imagine a woman creating a situation that will influence literary production on this coast for all time, telling all that she wishes to say about it in eighty-five words; She says:

"In my endowment of a Chair in English Language and Literature to the University of California, the terms were purposely broad, that the Professors would strive and have in view a high general standard for universal education, which is an essential of Americanism. I know full well America can never fail to function wisely and well with universal education, so needed. I realize, for the young that in them the true spirit be instilled, that we must forever keep America as it is—for Americans."

There is no sloppy, mushy sentimentalism expressed; no hint of a tainted Americanism, and it is safe to conclude that if the spirit of the endowment is

adhered to in the selection of the professors to carry out the plan, no propaganda or other insidious undermining of sound nationalism will be permitted.



Mrs. William Beckman

This emphatically does not mean a lack of sympathy with world problems, or a desire to shirk responsibility, but it does mean a safe and sane patriotism in a citizenship that takes a helpful attitude toward all movements that make for betterment anywhere.

Because of Mrs. Beckman's generosity and public spirit our great University will henceforth become a center for the improvement of the rugged, virile English language—still in the making. The stimulus to a higher and better production of literature will be felt all along the line of endeavor, and like the perfume of the rose, the fragrance of this gift will fall like a benediction for all time to come. Such a consummation is quite in keeping with the theories and practices of the gentlewoman who has bestowed this fruitful blessing on the State of California.

It is hard to class Mrs. William Beckman as a "literary person" despite the fact that she has written much—books of travel and newspaper articles by the score. Nellie Sims Beckman has a many-sided illusive personality and a character development which makes her an unusual type of woman. Heredity and environment mix freely in her make-up, and the result is unique in this or any other generation.

A pure Nordic strain on the father's side links her ancestry with the Normans who came over to England with William the Conqueror, and left an indelible impress on English history. Later wanderlust brought some of the Sims family to Kentucky, where Mrs. Beckman's cousin Rear Admiral Sims is the outstanding representative today.

The Governor Lane of Continental Virginia, who witnessed the marriage of John Rolfe and Pocohontas, is a maternal forebear, but Mrs. Beckman herself was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, and came to California as a young girl. Sacramento was only a small village when Nellie Sims went there to live. The glamor of Pioneer life and the excitement of the gold fields were among her youthful impressions. This environ-



ment tinged by ancestral strains is the background against which the character development of Mrs. William Beckman was worked out. It was amid such scenes that her own great romance blossomed, when she became the wife of William Beckman, one of the best known bankers of Northern California.

For two years the newly-weds traveled, not with a definite itinerary or on scheduled time, but wherever fancy led them. Heredity asserted itself strongly in all of Mrs. Beckman's married life. She was an acknowledged leader socially, but could not be content with the emptiness of it all, even when politics, literature, art and a varied culture composed her brilliant coterie. Frequent and long were her journeys to all parts of the civilized world.

It was while on these pilgrimages that she began writing. First in bright, chatty letters from various interesting places visited. These were published in the "Sacramento Bee," and attracted the favorable notice of the men who made the literature of the 70's and later worthy of the period represented. Editorial writing at this time was a fine art, and the few women who ventured into print not only had something to say, but knew how to say it.

It was twenty years after Mrs. Beckman's first trip to Europe that she finally visited Egypt, the land of her dreams, and the goal she had in mind all of the preceding years. Here she found her true vogue, and her first book "Backsheesh" is a classic of travel, because it is not only well written, but is rich in the keen perception and shrewd analysis characteristic of Mrs. Beckman's writings. She is one of those favored mortals—an author who does not have to consider the sales value of her work. She was free to express herself, and this refreshing quality pervades all that she says or does.

It would be impossible to imagine Nellie Sims Beckman in a pose of any kind. She simply does not know how to pretend. Here environment exerts a strong influence in the mental make-up of Mrs. Beckman. From her banker husband she learned brevity, directness and the ability to state a fact concisely.

Like Army and Navy officers the heads of financial institutions content themselves with an exact recital of facts. Conclusions and deductions are left to others. So it is with Mrs. Beckman. She writes well, but cannot talk about her work.

**A**N interviewer must go fishing for details of the worthwhile things Mrs. Beckman has written and done. It was in 1900 that "Backsheesh" made its bow to the world of letters. Major Ben

C. Truman, a world traveler and well-known critic said of "Backsheesh": "This gifted American woman has told of the places and things she has seen so pictorially, so sonorously, so delightfully, and yet so modestly, that one may read it and read it, again and again."

The prose poetry of the description of St. Peter's, Rome, in "Backsheesh", is considered a gem of word painting, and is by many travelers pronounced the best thing ever written about the Vatican.

It may be that my love of Mexico and its ruins and ancient civilization makes me think that "Unclean and Spotted from the World" is the best of Mrs. Beckman's books. It is a clever arrangement of letters of travel in Mexico, Italy, the Holy Land, the Grand Canyon, and Yosemite, with a unique triangle of three women intimately associated with the love professions of an unworthy man. The situations are unusual, the suspense well sustained, and the outcome unexpected. This book was just off the press when the fire of April 18, 1906 occurred, and the warehouse where the issue was stored went up in smoke. Better known the book would undoubtedly have attracted much attention.

An optimistic worldly wisdom characterizes the later writings of Mrs. Beckman. Mellowed by years of pleasant contact with all classes in Europe and America Mrs. Beckman developed a gentle, ironic philosophy which in short paragraphs became epigrams of wit and wisdom. Of these the best known is "Beckie's Book of Bastings" published in 1910. A discriminating critic says of this little book:

"Human nature is there unstuffed, unclothed, unadorned and uncrowned. All its angles, joints, knobs, and knots are laid bare. In consequence some corrections of bad forms, creeds and morals should be manifest, as this book reaches its proper place among book lovers. The originality and vim of the author cannot be questioned as she flatly refuses to condole with or even attempt to reconstruct the mistakes the Creator of us all has made . . . Beckie is right, all through the rippings, snippings and snarlings of the Bastings. Great, broad and deep mutterings are voiced in "Longings." Illusion of a pure and healthy tone makes music for the soul in "Reflections." Seriousness almost akin to retribution ties the knots hard and strong in "Meditations." In it all there is food for laughter, for wit, for wisdom, and for good. Furthermore, all is worthy of emulation."

In 1915 Mrs. Beckman wrote "Memory's Potlatches." The preface says: "In giving potlatches the Indians think that food and raiment given away

are for the benefit of the dead, that they may not grow cold and hungry throughout Eternity. My potlatch gifts from the storehouse of memory are for the living, with the hope that they may give food for thought, and lighten hours for hearts that are ahungred for something that will divert and satisfy while living. The dead need nothing."

Among the first pages is this bit of illuminating philosophy: "Flattery is good and helpful if administered properly, but I have had careless, extravagant people mistake me for a piece of toast, and lay it on as thick as butter. I am not fond of too much of either."

The last book written by Mrs. Beckman, "Adventuring in Memory Lands", is now being reviewed as among the last publications of 1923. Picking it up at random the following illuminating paragraph expresses Mrs. Beckman's aversion to gush and insincerity perfectly:

"The gift of speech distinguishes us from animals, but because of it, we need not abuse the privilege, making ourselves objectionable by an over-abundance of words, hackneyed, honeyed or superfluous."

Again she says:

"I must be active, plodding every day—recurring events do not suit me. The odd, unexpected things, breaking away from the dull mesas of facts to fancies, reveling in change in physical and mental activity, seem to fill up the chinks in my make-up, and lead me to think I was born under a shooting star, comet or heavenly body that was the "run."

**B**Y the weird and mystical Mrs. Beckman was too wise, too practical to be swayed, but she seems rather proud of the fact that she is a seventh daughter. It would not be like her to speak of the intimate things of the soul, but her creed of doing all the good possible, of preaching the doctrine of cheerfulness, and of always lending a hand where a forward movement is made, bespeaks the good citizen in any community.

Of her civic activities, the success of McKinley Park in Sacramento, the first children's playground in the capital, was largely due to the courageous leadership of Mrs. Beckman. Woman suffrage had not been granted in California when this project harassed the city officials at the time when a little group of determined women persuaded the late Albert Galletin to turn over East Park, dilapidated and undesirable in its then condition, to the City of Sacramento for a Children's Playground. The plot contained forty acres, and the price paid was \$12,500. Opposing political interests were like a dog with a bone. They

(Continued on page 92)



# Vancouver's Pinnacles

By DOROTHY SHEPARD

OUT of the Golden Age of adventure and discovery come tales of conquest and exploration; of unbelievable riches and new lands, when the Conquistadores set out boldly with whole continents—half the world before him to be tamed, and English Sea Rovers sailed the seven seas, risking and daring unquestioningly for their beloved Queen Elizabeth. The richly colored careers of these fearless Empire Builders were followed by the less vivid but more difficult and arduous lives of explorers, sent out to survey or hold the new land, and obtain accurate information for the home government. Among these resourceful and honorable men was George Vancouver. He has left us an accurate, painstaking journal of his voyages, and we, across the span of intervening years, may sail out with him on his venturesome mission to glimpse the California of that by-gone day.

A few original copies of his work still exist, and are treasured in the valuable book collections of several large libraries. Printed in 1798, in three large volumes, after the fashion of the period, with huge worn pages, and big print—the s's confusingly made as f's—and now and then a wood cut to illustrate the scenes described, Vancouver's Journal gives the atmosphere of that age of new lands. And the worn pages—how youths must have poured over them; inspired by the unfolding story to adventurous lives of their own.

Around Good Hope, Vancouver sailed, and up the coast of Tasmania, a land with doors as yet locked but soon to open bountifully as Australia. After wintering in the Sandwich Islands, he started on across the broad Pacific, whose placid waters seldom felt the cut of a vessel's prow. Now and then a pirate or adventurer, and infrequently an explorer passed by. Once a year these waters bore the lumbering, richly laden Acapulco Galleon from the Spanish Philippines to Mexico. Down to Manila, once a year, came Chinese junks bringing silks, jewels, gunpowder—treasures of the Orient for the yearly trade, which was carried on according to strict Spanish regulation for nearly three centuries, and ended in 1815. During this entire time Spain allowed but the one ship to carry all her trade between the East and the West. She was afraid profits would be lessened by competition. The galleon went out with oriental wares, to return from Acapulco laden with the Mexican silver so desired in the East. Both were cargoes of im-

mense value. What a prize the heavily burdened, unarmed galleon made. Our wonder is that it did not fall a victim more often. Cavendish captured it in 1586, and Rogers in 1709 and again in 1742.

Two ships, the Discovery with 100 men, and the Chatham as an armed



A saw-toothed ledge, Vancouver's Pinnacles

tender with 45 men, composed Vancouver's fleet. He arrived at Nootka Sound in the summer of 1792, where he was to receive in restitution the territories and buildings which a Spanish officer had seized from Great Britain in 1789. Vancouver was also to make an accurate survey of the coast from 30 degrees north latitude; northwest, to Cooke's River, and to obtain every possible information that could be collected respecting the nature and political state of that country, according to his instructions, dated March 8, 1791. Of immeasurable importance to us was Vancouver's activities in "New Georgia," so soon to become the American state of Washington, but in his Journal he tells us much more than we know little about. Because most of us are familiar with Vancouver's work around Puget Sound, we shall pass over that part of his record, to the incidents not so well known.

In the early fall he directed his way south to the Bay of Sir Francis Drake, then on to the Spanish port of San Francisco, where he dropped anchor to take on fresh supplies. The picture he gives of the settlement there, in November, 1792, is difficult to imagine, for us who know the city today.

"At San Francisco there is no object to indicate the most remote connection with Europe or any other civilized nation. The establishment of this port, which I should conceive ought to be a principal object of the Spanish crown, as a key to their more southern and valuable settlements on the northern Pacific, is in an unprotected state. Spanish soldiers of the garrison, thirty-five of them with wives, families, and Indian servants, compose the whole of the inhabitants."

Vancouver was generously entertained by the commander, Sr. Sal, the Donna, his wife, and their two little girls. With an eye for detail, he notes that they were well behaved, which fact showed that they were well trained. He returned their hospitality by entertaining them at dinner on shipboard. Quite an event, I imagine, for the woman so far from home. It is interesting, also, to notice the friendship and pleasant intercourse of the representatives of two great rival nations, England and Spain, when they meet so far from home. Barriers of language and nationality seem lost in distance. Describing the commandant's house, he says, "The floor was of native soil, raised about three feet from the original level, without being boarded, paved, or even reduced to an even surface. The roof was covered with flags and rushes, and the walls were white-washed on the inside with a kind of lime made of sea shells. It was of the rudest fashion and the meanest kind of furniture." Yet he adds that he experienced "a very cordial and hearty welcome from our worthy host, who provided a refreshing repast."

Of the same type, the presidio buildings formed a perfect quadrangle. Further back on better soil, and better kept, stood the mission buildings. They were built up on only two sides, however. "The natives," he remarked, "are inactive in spirit." Three Padres taught them useful arts. As a protection, the native women were locked up in the mission at night. The unarmed Padres might easily have been overcome had the natives wished, but Vancouver not-

(Continued on page 70)



# Wrapped Death

"H I! 'TESS! Come on, pick up the paper, come on now! Attagirl!" roared Jim Kelly, field engineer for the Valley Power Co. on the Cache Creek Tunnel job as he stood in the bunkhouse door in his shirt sleeves motioning his dog up the trail with his day old Denver paper which, rolled into a tight, short tube, the up-creek stage driver dropped off every morning just below the camp.

Countess, a rangy, long-muzzled, wolf-gray police dog growled a final warning at the two figures in the road, picked up the paper in her mouth and trotted obediently up the slope, ears erect and forward and tail drooping behind in the beautiful catenary curve of the thoroughbred.

The French-Canadian cook came to the door of the cook-shack with a pan of dish-water which he flipped expertly into the gully.

"W'at de matter," he called, "dat dog chase de rabbit again!"

"Not today, Joe," answered Kelly, "she was barking at old Grigg and that half-wit son of his. I'm afraid they'll get bitten some fine day if they don't quit hanging around the tunnel."

He stooped to pick up the tightly rolled newspaper and gave his canine news-girl an affectionate pat between her long, pointed ears. He couldn't really blame her for disliking the Griggs. Old Eben's bitter hatred of the Valley Power Co. and all its works, and his constant, though futile, opposition to the tunnel had in no-wise contributed to the engineer's peace of mind.

"She's one smart dog for sure," commented Joe, "she know dat ol' Grigg for one bad man wa't hate de tonnel, so she's keep de bright eye on heem, eh, Countess? W't for you tink he sneak around here all tam, M'siu Kelly? No chance for stop de tonnel now, she's finish."

The young engineer laughed as he unrolled the paper.

"I guess he hopes there'll be a cave-in or a landslide and that he'll be on hand to see it," he answered carelessly. "The old man's pretty near as crazy as his son since the court dismissed his suit to restrain us from putting Wolf Creek water through the mountain. It isn't as if we were taking all the water, either, any reasonable man could see that there'll be plenty left for Grigg's farm."

"Well," the little cook wagged his head, "Dat ol' Greeg, she's not what you call reasonable man. Bettaire you keep de eye on heem, M'siu Kelly. You

By JAMES FREDERICK KRONENBERG

bet I don't let him come in de cook-house."

"Oh, don't be a calamity howler, Joe," laughed Jim Kelly, turning back toward the bunkhouse, "old Grigg won't make any trouble, and besides, we've only two more days. The Commissioners are coming up the creek tomorrow for final inspection, and next day the water goes through, so we should worry. Come on, Countess."

At the door he paused and shouted over his shoulder. "By the way, Joe, fix me up a couple of sandwiches, will you? I'm going fishing over on Wolf Creek this afternoon."

"Eh bien," answered Joe, ducking back into the kitchen.

Screened from the tunnel camp by a clump of brush, Old Eben Grigg halted, rubbed a gnarled hand musingly over his grizzled chin and stared speculatively up at the great heap of freshly removed rock and debris that towered above them on the hillside, falling away from the lips of the tunnel and spreading fan-like under the lofty conduit that was to bear the waters of Wolf Creek to mingle with those of Cache Creek, entirely contrary to the good will and best intentions of Mother Nature, who had reared the rocky barrier of Cache Mountain between them.

Gazing up at the black portal of the tunnel, his old eyes smouldering, Eben Grigg paid no heed to the gibberings of his idiot boy, Jonas, almost a man in stature, but with the intellect of a babe, who stamped and shook his fist at the tunnel as he had often seen his father do, mouthing obscene curses in his thick voice.

"Go Hell! Dam ol' tunnel! Dam Jim Kelly!"

"Be quiet, Jonas," said the old man finally, "you'll have that cussed dog on us again."

"Dam dog!" muttered Jonas.

"Yes, damn it," repeated his father tonelessly, "I reckon I ought'er kill th' dog fust, will if I get a chance."

Jonas' dull eyes lighted up at the word kill. He understood killing. He liked to wring chickens' necks, and to see his father butcher fat pigs.

Old Eben stared a moment longer, then plucked his son by the sleeve.

"Come on, Jonas, we'll go home now. I've seed what I come ter see. We c'n do it tonight from this side. They're all gone from here now but that cussed engineer an' th' cook. What's left o'

th' gang is yonder on th' Wolf Creek side fixin' ter let th' water in. Looks like they'd drawed off most everybody, damn 'em, they'll wish they hadn't."

He spat venomously in the dust and shambled off up the road toward the trail that led over the mountain to his

Fly-casting for rainbow trout is, as Jim Kelly was wont to exclaim, just about "the fishin'est fishin'" there is. Working slowly up-stream with the ice-cold water gurgling just below the tops of his waders, and casting his line in long sweeps far ahead into the sun-shot ripples and drawing it lazily back along the marginal shadows, he was entirely oblivious of time, tunnels, and everything save fish and fishing.

All this was very boring to Countess. Having been told to stay close, she moped along the bank beside him, moving when he moved, stopping when he stopped to cast, and lying on the grass with her nose between her paws whenever her master halted to shift flies, disentangle a snarled line, or take a fish off the hook. She heartily wished that he had chosen instead to shoulder his gun and scour the hillsides for rabbits—there was fun, excitement, breathless chases, a sport that a dog could enjoy. This fishing—she stretched herself, yawned, and slowly stalked around a deep pool into which Jim was casting from an opposite gravel bar.

A sudden burst of white water at the end of his line, the reel sang, and the slender bamboo tip of his rod bowed, alarmingly as a mighty rainbow struck. Jim whooped, and Countess pricked up her ears. Maybe something of interest was going to happen, but no, only another fish, that swung around the pool in frantic circles.

Countess turned away disgustedly. A trail, half-hidden in tall grass lured her uphill into a pleasant grove of quaking asp. Squirrels chattered in the branches. A wood-rat's nest of heaped sticks attracted her attention for a moment, but for a moment only. From a clump of fern beyond the nest scurried a big mountain jack-rabbit. Countess could not resist. One half-glance back toward the creek satisfied her conscience, then, with a short yelp, she took off after the jack, whose white tail was bobbing through the aspens ahead.

The rabbit ran up hill, as all rabbits do when pursued, and in a minute they were racing along the open mountain-side, Countess scarcely a dozen feet behind. The rabbit ran warily, twisting



and doubling, always working upward. Countess' tongue was soon hanging and her barks came shrill and breathless. No matter how madly she pursued, the jack maintained his lead. Over the boulders they went, and through the brush to the crest of the low ridge, which slanted upward to a shoulder of Cache Mountain, and passed high above the Wolf Creek portal of the tunnel.

Suddenly, as though to put a spectacular end to the chase, the jack reversed in mid-air, stopped, and executed a flying leap right over the on-rushing dog, disappearing at a bound in a scrub-oak thicket. Countess slid to a halt and half-fell in her scrambling effort to repeat this manoeuvre. Far down the mountainside a rifle spanged sharply, and her spring ended in a queer sprawling plunge.

"There'll be no more barkin' at me," muttered Eben Grigg, ejecting the spent shell from his scarred Winchester with a vicious snap.

His basket heavy with the parti-colored beauties, and his feet numb from hours of standing and wading in the cold creek-bed, Jim Kelly reluctantly reeled in his line after a final cast and sloshed to shore. The sun was down, and in the deep valley it was already dusk. He looked around for his dog, whistling. She wasn't there. Neither was she on the further bank. He called, but only the echo of his own voice responded, so he struck off down the trail, concluding that she had gotten tired of watching him and gone home.

The afternoon's sport had lured him far-upstream, so it was well after dark when the engineer arrived at the Wolf Creek end of the tunnel.

"Ye'd better be after takin' a lantern wid ye, sir," counseled Murphy, the boss of the conduit gang, when Jim stopped at the cookhouse to share a portion of his catch.

Kelly laughed.

"What's the use, Red? I can't get lost. The tram track and ties are all out now. It was as smooth as a floor when I came through this morning. I've got enough to carry as it is, and a flash in my pocket if I do need a light. See you tomorrow."

He shouldered his creel and started on, then paused and called back, "Hey, Red! Didn't see my dog come back this way, did you?"

"No, I didn't," replied Murphy, "but she might have, at that, them wolf-dogs slides around so quiet like. Lose her?"

"Oh, I don't think she's lost. Just got tired watching me fish. Guess I'll find her safe and sound over in the bunkhouse with Joe. So-long."

He entered the black mouth of the tunnel and tramped steadily into its

level, velvet darkness, heavy boots noisily crunching on the splintered gravel.

About midway of the mile long bore, judging from the distance he had come, Jim Kelly suddenly experienced that cold, prickly sensation that comes to those who, believing themselves alone in absolute darkness, unexpectedly sense an unfriendly presence. He could see nothing, of course, but his ear had caught a slight, indefinable sound somewhere in the black depths ahead, as if a cautious foot had slipped just the tiniest bit on the loose rock of the tunnel floor. He stopped and listened. All was still, it might have been but a fragment of granite dropping from the roof;

### AN OLD STYLE VALENTINE

*Sweet maid, my heart speaks thro' this Valentine,*

*To tell you what my faltering lips withhold;*

*Love ardent traced each pleading word, each line,*

*Love fondly fills each unwrit space, each fold.*

*Beside you, love, I worship mute, amazed,*

*Your soul thro' blue eyes holds my soul possessed;*

*The wealth of charm a bolder tongue had praised,*

*Binds me in adoration unconfessed.*

*And if you bid me come and hear my fate,*

*That day of all my life will be the day;*

*I'll kneel, sweet lady, at your feet, and wait*

*The word to bless or blight my love for aye.*

—HONORIA TUOMEY.

but the feeling that he was not alone persisted. After a few steps he heard it again. Something was surely stealing softly toward him. He thought it might be Countess, and called her name. At the sound of his voice there was a muttered exclamation, and at his next stride he lunged against a heavy, yielding body.

Jim Kelly was not a coward; but he shuddered involuntarily and recoiled as if, groping in the dark, he had touched the clammy folds of a serpent. The thing in front of him seemed human, his hand had momentarily brushed an unmistakably human face, but the sounds it made were neither human nor animal—unnatural, inarticulate gibberish.

"Who's there?" he called sharply, reaching for his flash-light. The gibber-

ings continued and the thing stepped toward him.

Then, as the electric torch flooded the narrow rockwalled passage with sudden light he saw with startling clearness the huge bulk of Jonas Grigg crouched in his path with extended arms; like a great ungainly ape, and behind him old Eben, his eyes glowing like coals, distended with mingled hate and terror, clutching in his arms a cylindrical package wrapped with paper that was vividly white in the electric glow. It was like a tableau, fading as suddenly as it appeared.

Before the engineer could move or speak again, the maniacal imbecile was on him, pinning him with a gorilla-like embrace, driving his bullet-head into Kelly's neck, and wrapping his knotted legs around the engineer's body. The flash-light clattered to the gravel, and, crushed by the sheer weight and madness of his assailant, Jim Kelly was borne back and down until his right leg twisted under him and snapped. His head crashed into the stone floor, and merciful oblivion enveloped him.

"Kill! kill! kill!" screamed Jonas, battering his prostrate foe.

Old Eben carefully laid down his parcel and sprang upon his son, beating him about the head and howling curses until he finally dragged him off.

"Now ye've done it!" he panted, turning on the idiot and striking him across the face in sudden fury.

"Kill! kill!" muttered Jonas; but he retreated, cowed by his father's anger.

"Yes, I reckon ye hev killed him," said the old man, bending over the engineer's body with a lighted match trembling in his hand.

"I didn't figger ter kill nothin' except th' dog, but I don't know as I care much 'bout him. Nobody'll ever find out, anyway."

He lit another match and groped for his parcel.

"You go back now, Jonas. Go back and wait fer me. I'll leave it right here and string th' fuse, and then we'll light it and clear out. It ought ter burn about twenty minutes, thet'll give us time."

Jim Kelly reawoke to consciousness as he had awakened ever morning for the past year with a soft, hairy muzzle nudging his cheek and Countess's little, gurgling, delighted throat sounds in his ear.

"All right old girl, gettin' right up," he muttered thickly. He opened his eyes—darkness—darn funny! Then he sought to sit up, and at the pain of his wrenched limbs almost swooned again. He remembered now—in the tunnel—Jonas Grigg had throttled him. Eben

(Continued on page 71)



# Glaciers and Golf

By CHARLES LAYNG

A PENETRATING east wind swept across the snow-covered ninth green. Even in the shelter of the caddy house it made it's bitterness felt and the caddy master huddled closer to the log fire.

"Gosh, Mr. Mudd, it's a cold day," he said, "I don't see how those fellows stand it."

He pointed through the window at a couple of blown-in-the-bottle enthusiasts, who were keeping themselves warm by the simple expedient of swearing violently at the carelessness of a Greens Committee, which failed to have the snow on the winter greens removed so that eight foot putts would not be fozzled.

Mr. Mudd, the pro, unbuttoned his coat ostentatiously and snorted:

"Cold? Losh, 'tis no a marker to weather I've seen. Aye, and played in, too."

"And when was this, Mr. Mudd?"

"'Twas back in ninety-four—no, I mind now, 'twas in ninety-five, when Angus McGonigle and I were touring the world."

Mr. Mudd slowly and carefully filled the smelliest pipe in all Christendom. Each grain of tobacco was carefully shepherd into the capacious bowl and tamped down thoroughly, before the pipe was lighted. Mr. Mudd settled himself more comfortably in his chair and the caddy master grinned and lit a cigarette. The shivering group of caddies moved closer and nudged one another expectantly.

"'Twas in the early October of ninety-five," continued Mr. Mudd. "Angus and I had just finished a profitable summer teaching the game to the Yakut Indians of Siberia. Ye'll maybe no believe it, but when we first reached Siberia, the Yakuts were that dense, mind ye, that they didn't know a mashie from a cleek, but when we left, there was no a village between Nikolaivesk and the Arctic Ocean but had its eighteen hole course. Ah, 'tis a great and grand thing to bring light to the heathen."

"The end of the summer found us at Cape Deshnef, which, as ye may know, is just across the way from Alaska, so to speak, with naught but the Behring Straits between. Often and often, we stood on the rocky promontory from which the dim blue line of the Alaskan coast could be seen."

"That's home, Mr. Mudd," Angus would say, as the tears filled his eyes. He was born in the States.

"My thoughts were no of home. I'm no a home-loving mon. The golf courses of the world are my home and I was wondering if I could drive a ball across the straits, a matter of ten miles or so."

A roar of laughter greeted this, which was instantly checked when Mr. Mudd frowned. Then he sighed resignedly.

"Ye may well laugh," said he. "But I was young then and had a powerful pair of shoulders. The balls were livelier then too. Aye, 'tis a crying shame that such a mon as I must get old, so that his best drives are now but a matter of a wee five hundred yards. It was different then. I had my youth and strength and Betsy. Ah, there never was a club like Betsy. She was more than human and knew more golf than any of these namby-pambies who dawdle about these links."

"When I took Betsy out of the bag, she thrilled and trembled like a polo pony does when he hears the referee's whistle. And the power and beautiful lines of her. There was no golfer in the world who did not covet Betsy. There was a Zulu chieftan once who tried to steal her and—"

"But did you drive across the straits, Mr. Mudd?" asked the caddy master, with a wink at the oldest caddy.

"I'm coming to that. One day, Angus and I brought a Yakut with us on our daily constitutional to the promontory. Glagek, his name was. Aye, 'tis the same Glagek who's now a pro at the Deshnef Golf and Reindeer Club. And we taught him the game, did Angus and me."

"When we reached the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea, Angus, who was a canny man, asked me:

"'D'ye think ye could drive across, Mr. Mudd?' which was prearranged. I said I could and Glagek looked incredulous, but said naught. We played that Yakut for fifteen minutes trying to get him to rise to the bait. And finally we landed him."

"'Betcha three thousand blachms ye can't do it,' he said at last (blachms being the coin of the realm in those parts."

"'You're on,' said I, and Betsy under my arm, fair leaped with eagerness. Angus said naught, but drew out pencil and paper, and, knowing him as I did, I could tell he was figuring the value of three thousand blachms in dollars."

"I teed up carefully on a bit of reindeerhorn and gave Betsy a few practice swings. Ah, how the lassie loved it. I took the famous and perfect Mudd stance and, with every ounce of drive at my command behind her, Betsy leaped at the ball in a beautiful arc. The ball soared and soared. It was a drive of drives. We watched it till it passed out of sight, still traveling high and then I asked Glagek for the money."

"'Ah,' said he, 'a very nice drive, but how can ye prove it went across the straits?'"

"With that we commenced arguing, Angus and I very certain that my drive had made the distance and Glagek equally certain that it had not. There was no precedent. The laws of Saint Andrews say naught of such a case. We might have been arguing until now, for Glagek was a most tight-fisted Yakut, ye mind, but just as we were nigh coming to blows, we heard a far-off voice from the direction of Alaska shouting: 'Say, you over there, whynell don't you yell "Fore" before you drive?'"

"'You win,' said Glagek, as he handed me the three thousand blachms."

Mr. Mudd's pipe gave an expiring gurgle and went out. He refilled it in silence and the caddy master waited until it was well alight before inquiring:

"What about the cold weather, Mr. Mudd?"

"Ah, yes, the cold weather. Ye may think it's cold now, but it was forty-two below zero when Betsy and Angus and I drove into Tin City on a dog sledge. Icicles twenty feet long hung about everywhere and the snow was ten feet deep. And, mind ye, this was in October."

"We felt at home at once for, hanging outside the dance hall was the handicap list of the Tin City Golf Club. We noticed a mon by the name of Newcomb was at scratch."

"'We'll have to meet this Newcomb,' says Angus."

"We hadna long to wait for, hardly had we stepped into the dance hall with our golf bags over our shoulders, when a little fellow, whiskered to the eyes, stepped up to me as I was taking a wee nip of usquebaugh at the bar. Angus and I were always great hands for a wee nip on a cold day (this was years ago, mind ye). Ah, I remember a pub in Ochernochie with a Hielan' barmaid—"

"But did you play this Newcomb guy, Mr. Mudd?" interrupted the red-headed caddy.



"Have patience," said Mr. Mudd, and there was a furtive tear in his eye as he thought of the convivial days that are gone. "As I was saying, Little Whiskers stepped up to me and said:

"My name, Newcomb, pard, and I'm the best golfer around these parts, bar none."

"This wee mannie hadna the look of a golfer and I told him so, being an out-spoken mon where golf is concerned, as ye may have noticed."

"That we have," murmured the caddy master, but, beyond an ominous frown, Mr. Mudd elected to take no notice of the interruption.

"Angus backed me up keenly," he went on, "and presently we had the little mon in a fury. 'Tis the best way to get a bet out them, ye mind. A crowd gathered and urged us on and, when the time was ripe, I agreed to play the little mon for the championship of the Seward Peninsula, and, what was more important, for five hundred dollars the match. Ah, we had money in those days, did Angus and me and we made money too. Angus spent the afternoon placing bets. He was a hard worker that way, was Angus and we had over nine hundred dollars on the match before the day was over!

"The bartender was friendly and tried to warn us. He said something about the tricky eighteenth and wanted to take me out and show me the course, but I wouldna listen. I was young then and thought that one course was the same as another and that I knew all about all of them. I know better now, but it took a world of convincing. Boys, take no liberties with a strange course. Why, once in Tibet, when Angus and I were going around the lamasinary course with two of the lamas, we—"

The caddy master coughed and nudged the youngest caddy, who grinned and piped. "Did you beat dat guy, Mr. Mudd?"

After a muttered imprecation as to the habits and ancestry of certain caddies, Mr. Mudd continued:

"The next morning was bright and sunny, but cold, aye, cold enough to freeze the nose off a brass monkey.

"He'll no play on a day like this," says I to Angus, over our bannocks and porridge. Hardly were the words out of my mouth, when Newcomb popped into the dining room and shouted to me:

"You ready to get beat, Mr. Big Talker?"

"Come on, the boys are waiting," said the bartender.

"With that, we went out and 'twas a strange procession that lined up outside the hotel. Every sled in Tin City was there and what with the huskies snarling and fighting and the men swear-

ing and arguing, a mon could hardly hear himself think.

"Aye, 'twas a gala day for Tin City, with a golfer like me in town. I've seen queer galleries at golf matches, but none such as this. I never saw a gallery going to a match on dog-sleds before, nor since, for matter of that.

"And every sled had a pair of snowshoes strapped to it. I wondered about the snowshoes. Angus noticed them too.



### WA-WEA-TAH

*In the heart of the falls is a laughing face,*

*The face of Wa-wea-tah,*

*And a form that is full of dancing grace*

*As the wild wood-lilies are!*

*Where the waters leap from the rock-bound steep*

*I hear a voice that calls*

*With the accents clear of a maiden dear,*  
*The voice of the laughing falls!*

*In the heart of the falls where the form is white*

*There are eyes like a gleaming star,*

*The radiant eyes of my heart's delight,*  
*The wild maid, Wa-wea-tah!*

*I see her smile and I hear her call*

*"I am lonely—haste to me!"*

*But it's only the sprite of the water-fall*

*That laughs at a memory.*

—ALICE L'ANSON.

"What d'ye make of them snowshoes, Mr. Mudd?" says he. "There's something queer here. D'ye think it was wise to wager so much siller?"

"Hush, hush," say I impatiently, for I didna like to be flustered on the morn-

ing of a match, but I'll no deny I was a wee bit worried, for I could see that my opponent had a pair of snowshoes in his bag, along of his driver.

"We drove mayhap half an hour and then they showed me the course. Ye may believe me or no, but it was covered with ten feet of snow, except what passed for greens, which had been watered and were now little skating rinks, with ice slick at glass.

"How d'ye expect a mon to play a course like this," says I to Newcomb, 'on snowshoes?"

"Exactly," says he, with a wicked grin, as he strapped his snowshoes to his feet and spraddled over to the first tee for a few practice swings.

"Angus looked at me and I looked at Angus. He had a bottle with him and we took a long swig, as we had been doing from time to time all the morning.

"We are had," says he mournfully, then he wept.

"It cheered me to see Angus weep. He never wept except when the liquor was on him. He was a queer mon—a fair dolt when sober, but when the liquor is on him to the extent that he weeps, mind ye, his brain is working like wildfire and he can think of more schemes in a minute than a sober man could in a year.

"I took my clubs and floundered through the snow to the first tee. I've played golf in all weathers, ye ken, and under all conditions, but I ask ye, how can a mon take a proper stance when he's up to his knees in snow and sinking deeper all the time? 'Twas a vexing problem. If I choked my club, I could get no power to my swing. If I swung as a golfer should I moved a deal of snow but not the ball.

"I was fair distraught and I asked the stakeholder to call off all bets. He was an ill-favored scoundrel, as big as two houses:

"You'll play in five minutes," says he, 'or the money is forfeited.'

"I could hear Betsy sob, for she, poor lassie, was made in Scotland and 'twas but natural for her to sob when she thought of all that siller we were like to lose. Aye, 'tis sinful to wager. Never do it, boys, unless mayhap, ye have a sure thing.

"It's your honor, Mr. Big Talker," sneered Newcomb, and hadna Angus held me back, I would have bashed him. He was no so big as the stakeholder, ye ken.

"Play on, Mr. Mudd," says Angus. 'I have an idea.'

"With that he disappeared and I felt much easier in my mind, knowing Angus as I do. Why, once in Nepal, when—"

(Continued on page 71)



## Echoes From Lost Mines

By JIM DAN HILL

A CERTAIN famous novelist is being taken seriously in certain financial circles of New York, if the report is true that the primary purpose in the organization of the Canada del Oro Mining and Prospecting Company is to search for the lost Arizona mine, about which is builded the plot of Wright's latest novel, "The Mine with the Iron Door."

It is said that scouts from the New York concern are already in the Santa Cataline Mountains, looking for the mine that Wright made famous, as well as for a number of other "lost diggings," to the whereabouts of which the padres in the ancient St. Xavier Mission are alleged to have a clue. Whether they do or not is to be learned. Nevertheless, the mission is to receive one eighth of all gold that is found.

Perhaps the project looks good to the northern investors, but the same cannot be said of the ancient prospectors of the old Southwest who make Socorro, New Mexico, one time mining capital of the border states, their rendezvous from the alkaline deserts. One has but to listen to the oracle-like mutterings of Diorite Dawley, Lead Ore Levi and Windy Bill Wilgus to draw that conclusion.

That these three gentlemen are qualified to speak with authority is not to be questioned. Has not Mr. Dawley, according to his own admission, panned for colors in every gulch between Tierra Del Fuego and Point Barrow? While Mr. Levi is not so experienced, he is a veteran prospector nevertheless; and, as his name indicates, he is an authority on the heavy yellow metal whether it be in the form of a nugget or the case of a watch. Unlike the other two, Windy Bill is more of a historian than a knight of the pan. He claims to be the one and only living authority on the Southwestern mining lore of yesteryear, which statement it is assumed, definitely excludes Harold Bell Wright.

"Gold in the Santa Catalines!" exclaimed this trio from their favorite bench on the sunny side of the plaza when the news of the operations of the new company reached their ears. "Why doesn't this Del Oro Company look up in the Mal Pais of New Mexico, where the honest to God yellow stuff lies in placer pockets as big as barrels!"

"Is there a 'lost mine' up there?" inquired an uninitiated.

"I'll tell the world there is," responded Mr. Dawley. "The Adams Diggings

are there. It is the only authenticated 'lost mine' in the Southwest."

Silent, affirmative nods from the other two indicated that the statement of their loafing partner was backed, scotched and supported by their professional reputations.

"Did you ask where these diggings are? Stranger, that is hardly a fair question. If I knew exactly where they are, I'd be dipping up the gold nuggets myself, without hoping for the aid of one of these big syndicates. I could carry the Del Oro's expedition to the bones of the main body of Adams's party and that is close enough for a big company to locate the placer. I would do it for less than an eighth, believe me."

There were no nods of approval this time, for, it was revealed later, they too knew the location of the bones in question, and if any one of the three were right it would make the other two from ten to twenty-five miles wrong.

"I'll let Bill tell you the approximate location and the story of the affair," continued Mr. Dawley, "Then you can decide for yourself as to whether there are better chances of luck in combing the Mal Pais than rambling through the Santa Catalines for that mythical shaft about which an eastern bred novelist spread a lot of hokum. You tell it to him, Bill."

Diorite's faith in Windy Bill's loquacity was well founded, for it took that worthy exactly three hours, not counting time out for corrections from his cronies, to get the story off his chest.

It seems that there are as many conflicting versions of the history of the diggings as there are old settlers in New Mexico, but the general trend of the story, as agreed upon by the three Socorro county sages under the leadership of the verbose Mr. Wilgus, may be summed up as follows:

Sometime between '58 and '62, the trio refused to agree upon the same date, a certain Mr. Adams provided pack animals for a party of prospectors, who, under the leadership of an Indian, were going from southern Arizona to west central New Mexico in search of a stream that flowed out of a box canyon, the bed of which was literally yellow with gold. In return for the animals, Adams was allowed to join the party. The journey ended up in the edge of the lava flows about one hundred

miles southwest of Albuquerque and near the line that today separates Valencia from Socorro county. Here was found the box canyon creek the wealth of which far exceeds the fabulous representations of the Indian guide.

Hardly had the work of washing out the gold begun when clouds of trouble appeared on the horizon. The provisions were running alarmingly low and at the same time the surrounding Indian tribes were showing signs of hostility, in spite of the efforts of the white party's guide. This was the condition of affairs when eleven of the prospectors started for Fort Wingate, about two days, burro time, to the northwest, which left Adams and about nine others in the canyon.

On the fifth day after their departure, Adams and a friend by the name of Davis, climbed to the top of a nearby mesa to see if the returning caravan was in sight. They saw it emerging from a gap in the neighboring range of mountains, but even as they watched, a band of Indians swooped down upon it and murdered the entire party. The red skins then attacked the men in the canyon, who suffered the same fate as the pack train guard. Believing that not a one of the prospectors remained alive, the savages withdrew which permitted the two men on the mesa to escape under cover of the fast approaching darkness.

Several years later Davis died in New Orleans, but Adams was next heard of in Los Angeles, where he published a book telling of his adventures, the fate of his party, and the native wealth of the box canyon. The book caused quite a sensation, and Adams was staked a number of times to lead other expeditions to the diggings. None, however, succeeded in reaching the lost Eldorado.

The last of these expeditions left Tucson in the early '90's and reached the Mal Pais without mishap, but Adams could not find the canyon. On account of his failure, Mr. Robert Lewis, at present deputy sheriff of Socorro county, and who, by the way, is a real authority on New Mexico history, had to spirit Adams away to keep him from being lynched by his disappointed companions. It might be well for Mr. Wright and the St. Xavier fathers to keep this last fact in mind while guiding the Del Oro party.

Why was Adams unable to return to the diggings?

(Continued on page 88)



# Old Players of San Francisco

FOR over sixty years San Francisco has had given to it the cream of the dramatic talent of the United States. In this respect it has been more fortunate than any other city in the land excepting only the city of New York. Many of the stage stars have either here added to their fame or have found fame awaiting them.

There were actors and actresses in the old days, men and women who could act. There was reason for it. Those were the days of stock companies, in which a performer to win a high place in the profession had to study and strive years upon years and to appear in such a round of characters as to establish a perfect claim to dramatic versatility and merit.

The old California Theatre was built in the late sixties and was financed mainly by W. C. Ralston, who after suffering reverses committed suicide by drowning in the bay at North Beach. Ralston was a great admirer of John McCullough and McCullough was selected as the theatre's first manager. The selection was a wise one, for McCullough was not only an actor of sterling qualities but also a keen, far-sighted business man. The theatre was a success from the start.

Shortly after its construction a bill was presented that for both oddity and strength has never been surpassed here or elsewhere. The play was Macbeth and if my memory is not at fault there were five stars, each playing the title role for one act. The stars were E. L. Davenport, Joseph Proctor, Frank Mayo, Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough. "Macduff" was also treated in the same manner, the five stars alternating in the portrayal. Mayo was then an actor of great versatility, shining particularly in Shakesperian roles. He had been leading man at Maguire's Opera House and after his departure from California had written for him the romantic play "Davy Crockett" and for the remainder of his life, with but few departures, he played "Davy" in every city of importance in the United States. Once, in a western city, he shelved "Crockett" for awhile to appear in a number of Shakesperean characters. His first performance in his old stage environment was as "Iago," but the critics who had praised his "Crockett" declared his "Iago" to be nothing else but the simple and untutored son of the plains thrown back to the days of the dons and doges. These criticisms aroused the ire of the actor, who, in

By EUGENE T. SAWYER

print, defended his portrayal of "Iago," asserting that there was a native element of honesty in the character of "Crockett" and that "Iago" gave a strong simulation of honesty. The one had the rugged gruffness of an American backwoodsman: the other, a Venetian soldier, was blunt, coarse in manner and speech and yet was praised and loved by all his victims for the very bluntness which so grievously deceived them. "Iago's" wife alone knew his true character, while on the lips of others he was "Honest Iago," an encomium emphasized again and again by "Othello," "Cassio," and "Desdemona." Much

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## A SONG OF THE SEA

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The tongues of foam which caress the sand

Blush back to the blushing sky  
And shore, and forest, and rock and hill  
Seem melting in ecstasy!

The crescent moon like the lamp of God  
Hangs low o'er the darkened sea,  
And a silver pathway of light leads out  
To the gates of Eternity!

The dim-lit billows with ghostly hands  
Beat on the sounding shore,  
And fill the night with a haunting rune  
Echoing evermore!

—Thos. D. Landels.

---

more in the same vein wrote Mayo and yet he failed to convince, for it was apparent to those who had seen him upon the stage that long years of playing the part of "Crockett" had so affected his voice and manner that in going back to Shakespeare he unconsciously "Crockettized" every character he attempted to portray.

Joseph Proctor left San Francisco in the early seventies to become the manager of a chain of theatres in the interior. He was one of the pioneer actors of the American stage and was unequaled in the "Jibbenainosay" in Nick of the Woods, a part he played over two thousand times. His first notable stage appearance, in 1834, was as "Damon," and while he lived his repertoire consisted of Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Metamora, Richelieu, Jack Cade and Nick of the Woods. He frequently played "Othello" to the "Iago" of the elder

Booth and "Iago" to the Moor of Edwin Forrest. He starred in the principal cities of California in the early fifties, built the Sacramento Theatre and for a time was manager of the American Theatre, San Francisco. While touring in England he had as juvenile member of his company the late Sir Henry Irving. Proctor was over six feet in height, of powerful built, flashing eyes and a voice that was full of melody. I saw him in many of his impersonations and while all were powerful and artistic I liked him best in the Nick of the Woods. After his final departure for the east Tom Keene added Nick of the Woods to his list of attractions. Though his portrayal of the mysterious, melodramatic "Jibbenainosay" was worthy of the enthusiastic applause it everywhere received it was far from equal to the masterly portrayal of Joseph Proctor.

While the California Theatre was in prosperous existence it had, as members of its stock company, as capable a set of performers as could be gathered anywhere in the world. For comedians there were John T. Raymond, C. B. Bisop, J. C. Williamson, Robert Pateman and W. A. Mestayer. Some of the other actors were John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, T. W. Keene, Lewis Morrison, Barton Hill, James Carden, E. J. Buckley, Fred de Belleville, Frank Roche, Frank Rae, Louis James, Frederic Warde, Nick Long and Eben Plympton. It was, in fact, a cradle for stars for Raymond, McCullough, Morrison, Keene, Barrett and Plympton here shed the chrysalis of preparation to become fixed stars in the firmament of Thalia and Momus.

And these facts remind me that to California, the Golden State, belongs the credit of training and turning out some of the most popular stars that have ever graced the American stage. Among them, in addition to the list given in the foregoing paragraph, may be mentioned Frank Mayo, Charles R. Thorne Jr., Mme. Modjeska, Nance O'Neil, James A. Herne, Lotta, Laura Hope Crews and Fay Templeton.

Though not born in California Fay Templeton blossomed into a charming child actress while she was a resident of this state. She was on tour for years as the star member of a company managed by her step-father, John Templeton, her mother, Alice Vane, playing emotional parts supported by James A. Herne, Harry Courtaine and Charles J. Edmonds. It was while on these

(Continued on page 76)



# The Revenge of Ching Chow

## *A Tale of Old Chinatown*

By L WARREN WIGMORE

**M**ERE yellow slits were the eyes of Ching Chow, smoldering with glowing revenge in the half light. Curled were the lips of Ching Chow as he watched the busy laborers place brick upon brick in the great cistern they were building. A mighty reservoir it was growing to be there on the high hill, to hold its share of reserve water that the city by the Golden Gate might be saved from a repetition of another fire disaster.

To Ching Chow, standing on the edge of the abyss, each brick was a step toward the fulfillment of his revenge—his revenge on the little mission worker who had helped to thwart his plans by aiding in the rescue of the Chinese slave girl whom he had coveted.

But we must go back to an earlier day in the life of Ching Chow.

It had been seven moons since Ching Chow had conceived his bold plot against rich Yat Sin, perhaps the richest merchant in Chinatown. Seven moons ago he had first beheld the slave girl in the passageway. It was but as yesterday, that night when he had first beheld her; hair raven-black as a moonless midnight, great bands of gold gleaming faintly in the knotted folds; eyes like the glint of a raven's wing; lips—no lips even in faraway China were quite so red, red as the ripe seed of the pomegranate kissed by the frost!

Like a purple wind-swept dawn she had rustled past him and pattered away on her gorgeous silk dots of slippers. A faint sweet odor like the first breath of opium smoke tingled in his nostrils as he had pressed back against the wall, a deeper shadow of the shadows. Like a purple wind-swept dawn she was, he thought, moving over the rice fields and then gone.

Since that first night seven moons ago, Ching Chow had been near the slave girl of Yat Sin many times. True he had faced sudden and awful death to but look upon her, but were not those lips, were not those eyes worth a thousand deaths? And who more crafty than Ching Chow in evading discovery?

Once Ching Chow had called her by name, "Purple Dawn," his name for her—the name he had given her. Like a startled bird she had turned toward his voice but he had vanished in the shadows.

Seven moons had Ching Chow plotted and waited that he might possess

Purple Dawn for his own. Patiently he had waited for the response to his petitions to his ancestral gods. The sweetmeats and the smoking punk before their altars in the joss temple there had not gone unanswered. Truly the gods were good to Ching Chow. Now he had watched the fat Yat Sin leave the city on a journey to Sacramento. This was the chance Ching Chow had wanted and waited for. He would steal Purple Dawn while Yat Sin was away.

As the red sun had sunk to rest in the western sea, wrapping the spires and walls of the city in soft crimson and purples and golds, Ching Chow had offered his last sweetmeats to the stolid joss. In the western skies all shimmering with the rays of the sinking sun, Ching Chow saw the red of those cherry lips, the gold of the gleaming combs in the raven hair.

Through dark passages deep in the unknown heart of Chinatown, Ching Chow had made his solitary way. Feeble rays of the dying day had crept across the damp walls and lost themselves in the blackness. Along this twisting path he had passed gray forms seared with the poppy curse. Indistinct shapes, they could always be found here, lying on rude benches, poppy pipes held in long-claw-like yellow fingers. Through these long winding passages like a swift shadow, Ching Chow had made his way to the hall adjoining the private chambers of the home of Yat Sin and the slave girl.

Motionless, Ching Chow had waited there. Within he had heard the sound of light footsteps. His almond eyes had glittered with cunning. The plans of seven moons were about to be carried to their fulfillment. Clutched in his yellow fingers he had held the vial whose portion lulled to sleep.

The deep-toned bell of St. Mary's had called out, but still Ching Chow had waited, gloating over his cunning plan and anticipated victory. A low voice had spoken to Purple Dawn—the aged servant preparing for the night. Alert, the vial in his long fingers, Ching Chow had moved forward. Long yellow fingers had touched the door, had opened it a crack. A golden ribbon of light had flashed across the hallway. Slowly the ribbon had widened as the door noiselessly opened.

At the end of the golden draped

chamber, on silken pillows sat the slave girl—now to be *his* slave girl, Purple Dawn. She gazed at herself in a dainty hand mirror, and did not see his cat-like leap to the side of the servant woman with the vial held to her nostrils. Only as the old servant woman slid senseless to the floor had she glanced up.

Ching Chow had paused drinking in the sheer beauty of the delicately poised head, the soft curves of the lithe body. Mere slits of cunning triumph were the almond shaped eyes of Ching Chow. Still he hesitated to break the ripe stillness of that moment.

Slowly Ching Chow had moved toward the slave girl, cat-like, his footsteps padding the rich rugs. Faintly like the first blossoms of spring there came to the dilating nostrils of Ching Chow the sweet perfume of her raven hair, pierced by the golden bands.

Swift, certain, the yellow fingers reached out, the vial again ready!

A deafening crash shattered the pregnant stillness. Over a broken door leaped the unexpected visitors in blue uniforms. All this Ching Chow saw in a golden flash before darkness swallowed the flickering lights. But Ching Chow knew. Behind the bluecoats, he had seen little Miss Patterson, the mission worker. Too late he knew that she, too, had chosen this night to urge the police to raid the fat Yat Sin's home for slave girls.

A startled shriek like the cry of a frightened gull thrilled Ching Chow to action. His long yellow fingers reached for the slim wrist. But the Americans were too quick. The little wrist slipped away from the grasping fingers, leaving nothing in them but the dainty ivory mirror.

Ching Chow saw the dark bird-like head silhouetted for an instant against the narrow window. In her hair he caught the gleam of gold and then she was gone. Stupidly, helpless, he watched them go, defeated.

Back through the dark, deep passages Ching Chow had somehow found his way. The gray forms still lay dead in their poppy dreams. The wandering rays of the dying moon crept through the broken walls. They were caught in the ivory backed mirror still in Ching Chow's hand, and reflected tauntingly back into his face. Stupidly he looked into the crystal glass. A plaything, her

(Continued on page 81)



# The Wailing Lady

By B. G. ROUSSEAU

THREE miles from Los Gatos, on what is locally known as Bear Creek road, is a peaceful farming community. The highway winds past handsome homes, well kept farms and heavily laden orchards and vineyards. On the crest of Bear Creek road, commanding a splendid view of the prosperous little community below, stood in the midst of a densely wooded section, a small, unpainted cabin consisting of two rooms and a lean-to kitchen.

The occupants, Ward Reynolds and Alex McIvor, had come to the valley some three years previously, and had homesteaded 300 acres of land, which they were clearing preparatory for cultivation.

They were quiet, hard working men attending strictly to their own affairs. Once each month they went to the general store at Los Gatos to buy a bill of goods, and once a week a boy brought up the local paper and the mail. Reynolds, the older man, always seemed to the plentifully supplied with money, and because he did not transact business with the local bank, it was rumored that he had a considerable sum cached away in the cabin.

It was this fact which had excited the cupidity of Lem Manners, proprietor of the Blue Moon saloon in Los Gatos, better known as Big Lem on account of his huge girth and size, leader of a gang of crooks, but owing to his cunning, and the fact that he never took an active part in any of the jobs he planned with such subtle skill, he so far had managed to escape detection.

On this particular afternoon Big Lem sat at the head of a table in the back room of the Blue Moon. His small, slit-like eyes, indeterminate in color, under which were great patches of flabby skin, watched his tools craftily. He was a mountain of flesh, but handled his great body with the lithe-ness of some great cat. The chair in which he sprawled seemed to creak and groan beneath his weight.

"I've planned this job mighty careful," he was saying in a singularly small voice for so large a man, "and if you fellows carry out instructions there should be no hitch." He paused to refill the three empty glasses before continuing.

"Jerry," turning to the man at his left, a squat, burly fellow, with long, hairy arms like an ape, and a pair of badly crossed eyes, "you and Jack know what you've got to do, but I don't want no mistake, so I'll just go over it again."

Big Lem Manners had come west some five years previously. He arrived by various roundabout ways, stopping wherever fancy dictated. At a small town in Missouri he came upon a band of gypsies. Among them was a young girl of 15, known as Zelda, who pleased his capricious mood of the moment, and he induced her to leave her tribe and accompany him on his travels. Reaching California he settled in Los Gatos where he eventually bought out the Blue Moon.

Manners wound up his instructions with the information that there was between \$50,000 and \$75,000 involved. "Reynolds don't bank in town, so it's a cinch he's got it hid in the cabin. Go and get it and I'll split 50-50."

The men listened silently. Jerry, otherwise Jeremiah Johnson, was rapidly drinking himself into a state of oblivion. He yawned openly, exposing a set of tobacco stained teeth, and raised his abnormally long arms over his head in a mighty stretch; his little crossed eyes blinking drowsily.

The third member of the trio, Jack Simpson, was something of an enigma. He had the look of a man above his present station, a hanger on at the Blue Moon, the passive tool of Big Lem Manners. Strength and weakness contended for mastery in his face, but so far he swam indifferently with the tide, too indolent or careless to care where it brought him. Given the right environment and it was not too late for him to make an honorable member of society. All he needed to set his feet on the right path was an incentive, and this he had found in Zelda, like himself a bit of flotsam drifting on life's current. For her sake he intended to reform. He listened quietly to Big Lem despite the whiskey with which he had been plied.

Again Manners filled the glasses, watching his tools cunningly. Johnson,

sodden, whiskey-bloated; ready for any enterprise that would bring easy money his way with a modicum of safety, and Simpson, cold of face, hard of eye, defiant of consequences, and felt that he could trust them.

He heaved his heavy bulk from the chair and walked slowly to the stairs leading to the upper story. A sudden gust of wind arose and wailed mournfully through the thick grove of trees back of the house. Big Lem paused, a shudder passed through his huge frame. He was assailed by a sudden fear, a premonition of evil, new in his experience. He hesitated, and as he stood irresolute, caught Simpson's hard, cold eyes fastened upon him, weighing him appraisingly. In their depths he read a hint of amused mockery. For the barest fraction of a second the glances of the two men met and crossed. Big Lem dropped his eyes and mounted the stairs thoughtfully.

Johnson's head had been sinking, lower and lower, at last it fell to his outspread arms and he slept noisily. Quietly Simpson arose and left the room. He passed, silent as a shadow, around the back of the house until he reached the kitchen door which he opened quickly and entered.

The room was scrupulously clean. A clock on the wall ticked off the passage of time with a sort of staccato rhythm. The spring air was chill, but a pleasant warmth came from the glowing fire in the kitchen range, and there was an appetizing odor of freshly baked bread in the air. Seated at a table, drawn up under one of the windows, was a girl. Her back was turned so that only her small, sharp profile, of a rich olive tint, was in sight. Her thick, blue-black hair hung in two heavy braids down her back. She was bent over the table intent on a pack of dog-eared playing cards spread out before her.

As Simpson watched her a new and different expression came over his face, softening its hardness, while his eyes grew tender.

"Zelda," he called softly, "Zelda."

She sprang to her feet with a cry of fear, and turned upon him a face from which every particle of color had drained.

"My, but you scared me, Jack, I thought sure it was Lem." Her voice was low pitched and contained just a hint of throatiness. The eyes she turned on Simpson were large and dark and in their depths was a world of bitter disillusionment.

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## WHAT MATTER!

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*The poet sings a-many songs;*

*I sing but one.*

*The poet sings the night and stars;*

*I sing the sun.*

*The poet sings a-many songs;*

*What matter whether*

*I be poet or be none,*

*In sunny weather.*

—Linda Lee.



Simpson could not speak. Suppressed emotions raged within him, chief of which was an overwhelming desire to possess this girl, this wild creature of the out of doors. He wanted her as he had never wanted anything before in all his thirty reckless years.

"Lem must be unusually kind to make you jump like that."

"Hush, he'll hear you," she cautioned, but so low he had to bend his head to catch the words, "seems to me, he sees and hears every word." As if to verify her statement a sound from above made her start in sudden fright. In the ensuing silence the clock ticked loudly, while a log in the stove broke into sudden flame with a great shower of sparks.

"Is Lem upstairs?" she whispered, and as Simpson inclined his head, a sigh of relief passed her lips.

"You're afraid of him," accused Simpson, "and I—I'm powerless to help, though I'd give my life if I only could! Do you think I've been blind all this time to what he's doing to you? He beats you—the damn cowardly cur!"

"Sh-h," she warned, her finger on her lips, "he hasn't been half so bad lately," she hastened to assure him.

For answer Simpson took her thin little arm, and rolling back the short sleeve, displayed a great black and blue welt on the tender skin just above the elbow.

It was a well known fact that Big Lem abused Zelda. No tie save that of fear bound her to him, fear which with the passing of years had turned to hate, yet she dared not leave him.

"I wish you'd listen to me, Zelda," began Simpson, retaining her little toil-worn hand in his, "I want to marry you and take you away from all this. We're young enough to begin life over again."

She heard him through with swift beating heart. How different was this wooing from that of Big Lem Manners, who had threatened that unless she went with him he would expose her to her tribe as a thing unclean, defiled. There was only one punishment among the gypsies for such a crime—death.

"I've been corresponding with a friend of mine in Eastern Oregon," continued Simpson. "He has a cattle range out there, and has promised to give me a chance to make good. In a new country, among new people we'll forget all this. I'm sick of this life. After tonight I'm through."

She broke from him with a frightened cry. "No, no," she implored, "don't tell me Lem has something on for tonight! You mustn't do it, Jack," she went on wildly. "Whatever it is you got to get out of it, you got to!"

"Why, Zelda, what's come over you?" he asked in puzzled wonder.

She pointed with shaking finger to the cards on the table. "Look at them," she whispered hoarsely, "look at them! trouble and sorrow and death, and here—here's blood! Oh, there's blood all over them!" She drew back, covering her face with her hands.

Something of the girl's terror communicated itself to him. "What was the matter with him?" he asked himself angrily. "Was the girl weaving some sort of witch's spell around him with her gypsy sorcery?" The next moment he was calling himself a fool. Zelda's belief in, and devotion to her cards, had always been a source of quiet amusement to him.

"Oh, come, Zelda, you surely don't expect me to believe anything like that?"

"If you understood better you'd have to believe," she told him earnestly, "the cards tell the truth; they never lie, they can't."

He suppressed a desire to smile, "All right, have it your own way; suppose you tell me just what they say?"

She shook her head, gathering the bits of pasteboards together, and slipping them in her pocket. "Not here, Jack, it ain't safe."

"Very well," he agreed, "then meet me in the woods. I want to talk to you."

In the back room where he had left Johnson that worthy slept and snored; while certain sounds from above indicated that Big Lem was still engaged on his own affairs. Simpson slipped from the house and into the shelter of the woods.

The wind was steadily rising and gave promise of a gusty night. It seemed to carry an unknown threat as it sobbed through the tree tops. He could not shake off the spell of Zelda's words, and the melancholy sighing of the wind seemed to beat them into his brain with a ceaseless refrain. He paced up and down nervously on the soft, springy turf; pausing every now and then to listen.

Dusk was rapidly approaching, and a deeper shadow had fallen over the woods, an eerie shadow, full of mystery and gloom. Afar the western horizon was red with the dying glory of the sun. To his excited fancy the vivid crimson streaks seemed like blood. He turned from them with a shudder.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of Zelda coming quickly toward him. She had wrapped a scarlet shawl over her head and shoulders, which seemed to emphasize her dark, vivid beauty.

"I got to hurry," she told him a little breathlessly, "it's late. If Lem comes down and finds supper ain't ready he'll be mad."

He would have spoken, have drawn her to him, but she stopped him with a gesture, "no, I tell you, I got to hurry.

Let me have my say," she pleaded, and Simpson, sensing something of her desperation, though not understanding it, remained silent.

"I want to tell you what the cards said," she began wistfully, as though trying to impress some of her unfaltering belief on him, "they said, and awful soon, too, death is coming to this house, and them what live in it. That's sure, Jack, sure as anything," she continued impressively, "that's why I wanted you not to—" she broke off with a little futile gesture, "but of course, you won't pay no attention to what I say; you wouldn't darst. We're all afraid of Lem."

"Zelda, I'm going to take you away from all this, even if I have to buy you from Lem with my share of tonight's swag," he began passionately, "I'm going to make you my wife. We'll be poor, but you'll never want for anything as long as I have my health and strength."

"We'll be happy, Jack," she whispered tenderly, "and that's all that matters."

All at once she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "I love you, Jack," she cried in a sudden transport of emotion, "Lem has my body, but you have my heart." The next moment she was gone, flitting wraith-like in and out among the trees. He was alone with his thoughts and the wind, which seemed to shriek at him:

"You can't escape your fate; can't escape, can't escape!"

TIME passed quickly and uneventfully for the occupants of the cabin on Bear Creek road. After a hard day's work in the open they were ready for an early supper, after which a game of cards occupied them until their nine o'clock bedtime. This particular day had closed on a stormy night; the wind gradually lashing itself into the fury of a gale.

Reynolds sat before the glowing stove quietly smoking. He was a tall, spare man with a smoothly shaved face, surmounted by thick iron-grey hair. His deep set eyes, keen and penetrating and the high arch of his nose gave him a somewhat hawk-like appearance. His companion walked up and down nervously, hands clasped behind his back and head bent moodily on his chest.

Outside the wind had reached its height, plunging through the black void of night with a fierce bellow of rage. Through its fury, rang high above all other sounds, a wild, weird shriek, as of a lost soul writhing in an agony of despair. Reynolds did not seem to mind the elements raging outside, but continued to smoke in placid silence. At

(Continued on page 72)





## RESOURCES and INDUSTRIES



**M**ORE than one-half of the people of the United States live in towns and cities. These, as well as many people who live in the country, see little of forests. The average person does not realize the extent to which forests and forest products enter into the daily lives of all, nor does the average person understand that the forest problem is one of the most vital before our people today.

A century ago there were no large cities in this country. The population was chiefly rural and buildings were, for the most part, made of wood. In spite of the large use of other materials in the construction of buildings, there is today an enormous amount of timber used for this purpose. One hundred years ago wood was practically the only fuel in the United States. In our cities coal, gas and electricity have displaced wood for this purpose. Taking the country as a whole, however, this is one of the chief uses to which wood is put. Furniture also makes large demands upon the timber resource of our land.

As we read the daily paper, a magazine, or a book, or as we see paper used in any way we may recall that about

### *The Lumber Industry in California*

By JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN

ninety per cent of the paper used in the United States is made from wood pulp. Six million cords of spruce, hemlock, balsam and poplar are used yearly for this purpose and about 1,000,000 acres of forest are cut over to supply the demand.

The messages transmitted by telegraph and telephone come and go over wires strung, in most cases, from poles of wood. Millions of these are in use in this country. Some 200,000 miles of railroad bind together the different parts of our land. The bands of steel rest upon many millions of cross ties, the average life of which, without treatment, is only about seven and one-half years. Think of the lumber that enters into the construction of the more than 2,000,000 freight cars, to say nothing of passenger cars.

The forests are of tremendous value in other ways. The underbrush, litter and leaf mold retard the flow of water from the slopes. This checks erosion

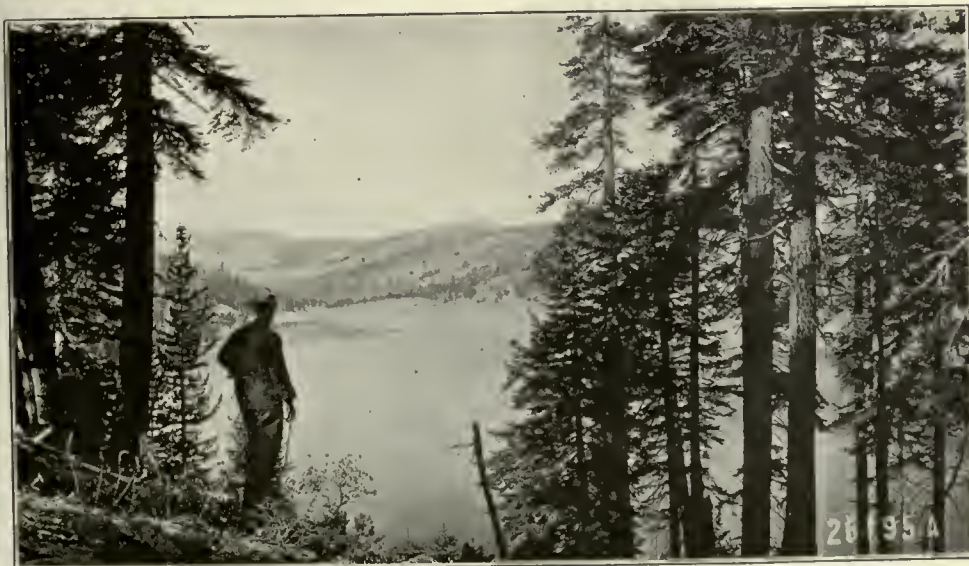
and therefore conserves soil. A regulated run off decreases the liability of floods and insures a more uniform flow of water for domestic use, irrigation, navigation, and power.

The value of the forests as game sanctuaries and as human playgrounds cannot be measured in dollars. Each summer the number of persons who spend some time in the forest increases. Here work and worry and the strife for material gain are temporarily forgotten. Here men and women experience a renewal of physical strength. The power, the beauty, the silence, the evidence of changing yet never ending life lead to spiritual uplift and to true worship in "God's first temples."

When our ancestors first settled in what is now the United States they found dense forests extending from the Coast into the unknown interior. These, as well as the Indians who made their homes in them, hindered the settlement of the land. Before homes could be established and crops grown the timber had to be removed. The early settlers should not be blamed because they cut and burned the timber in a wholesale fashion.

Lumber was one of the first exports of the settlers. For a long time New England furnished most of the supply. Later the forests tributary to the Great Lakes took first place. In time this area reached its maximum output and then the forests of the South took the lead. Today the supremacy is passing to the three States on the Pacific Coast within whose borders one-half of the standing timber in the United States is located. This is our last timber frontier. Of our original forest resource only two-fifths remain. Those who are aware of the situation are striving to avert a threatened calamity.

Our forests are melting away through use and waste. A check on actual use should be applied only when other material can be used to greater advantage and where use is a menace to water supply or agriculture. Fire is the chief source of waste. To check loss from



Not all the timber of the Pacific Coast is merchantable





"Bull-team" hauling of timber is a thing of the past

this cause the co-operation of every citizen is needed. Forest fires destroy about as much timber as is used. There are, on the average, about 33,500 forest fires in the United States yearly. These burn over some 17,000 square miles of area, causing an average annual loss of about \$16,000,000. There is great waste in connection with use. Only about one-third of the material in a tree is converted into lumber. There is much loss at the mill and in the factory so that less than ten per cent of a tree is converted into finished products.

All of this means that our per capita consumption of wood is very great. In 1840 it was eighty-five board feet. Ten years later we had increased to two hundred thirty board feet. In 1907 we were using five hundred and in 1920 three hundred sixteen board feet per capita. Our timber is being consumed about four times as fast as it grows. The result inevitably is forest destruction unless there is earnest and united effort to prevent it.

It was long since recognized that the problem of preserving our forests is too large for individuals, corporations or States. The establishment of Arbor Day in 1872 was an early attempt to arouse the nation. In 1876 Congress appointed a special agent to make a study of forest conditions. In 1881 the Division of

Forestry was created. This was changed twenty years later to the Bureau of Forestry and in 1905 the name was again changed to Forest Service. As the problems of forestry are vitally related to those of agriculture, the Forest Service is a division of the Department of Agriculture.

Following the example of European countries, national forests were created. The first of these was the "Yellowstone Park Timberland Reserve," set aside by President Harrison in 1891. On February 22, 1897, thirteen national forests were created by President Cleveland. This was indeed a fitting celebration of the anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

There are now one hundred forty nine national forests containing 156,000,000 acres, an area about equal to that of the State of Texas. The total forest area in our country amounts to about 723,000 square miles. More than thirty states have organized work in forestry and twenty have State forests.

The timber area of California is vast in extent and the value of our forests cannot be over-estimated. Of all the states in the Union only Oregon exceeds California in amount of standing timber. Real forests are practically confined to our two mountain systems. On the west slope of the Sierras is a wonderful belt

of timber about five hundred miles long and twenty-five miles wide.

On the foothills are oak and digger pine and at higher altitudes the sugar and yellow pine, incense cedar, Douglas fir and other trees. The timber line is found at approximately 9,000 feet above sea level. On the west slope of the Sierras, both north and south of Kings River, are the most marvelous of all plant forms—the Sequoia Gigantea. The trees vary from one hundred twenty-five to two hundred fifty feet in height, although some are much taller. The Grizzly Giant, in Calaveras Grove, is three hundred twenty-five feet high and thirty-eight feet in diameter. Even more impressive than the size is the age of these trees, some of which were standing when Christ was born.

Along the Coast mountains, chiefly north of San Francisco, is an extensive belt of redwood timber. The belt is four hundred fifty miles long and from one to twenty miles in width. The trees, although immense in size, do not attain the diameter of the giant redwoods. There are few of these trees to the acre but the cut of lumber is very great.

We are cutting over our forest area at the rate of 40,000 acres yearly. Nearly 2,000,000 acres have now been cut. The per cent of the original forest area which has been logged varies from twenty-eight



per cent in Mendocino County to ninety-two per cent in Madera County.

In quantity of lumber produced California ranked twelfth in 1914, ninth in 1919 and seventh in 1921. She is one of eight states each of which reported a cut in excess of 1,000,000,000 board feet in 1921. The value of our forest products in the year named was \$111,665,244, which was seven and one half per cent of the value of the forest products of the United States. In this regard Washington alone exceeded California. Two hundred thirty-seven sawmills were actually engaged in our state in 1921. The wood industries employed more than 27,000 persons, only Washington and Louisiana employing a larger number. Practically \$25,000,000 were paid in wages during the year.

Redwood is the chief timber cut, contributing in 1921 more than thirty-four per cent of the total. Nearly 500,000,000 board feet of this lumber were produced, worth at the mill \$40.57 per thousand. In 1915 the value was but \$13.54. California ranks first in her cut of western yellow pine, white fir, sugar pine and eucalyptus and in Douglas fir and cedar she holds third rank.

Owing to the tremendous activity in building, the home demand for lumber is great, but large quantities are exported. Much timber is required for poles and as mine supports. The amount of timber used in making boxes is considerable. There were in 1921 more than thirty establishments, turning out a product valued at nearly \$7,000,000. For the years 1915 to 1921 inclusive, the average number of orange boxes used was 17,000,000 yearly. To this must be added the number required for lemons, grapes, apples and other purposes.

But it is not use alone that is depleting our forests. Fire is taking a heavy toll. Our long, dry summers make the fire hazard great, especially as at this season the largest number of persons visit the forests. For the years 1916 to 1922 inclusive the number of forest and brush fires in the state averaged nearly 2,000 yearly. These resulted in an average annual loss of more than half a million dollars.

Many think that brush fires do little damage, but this is far from the truth. The burning of the brush allows the water to run rapidly from the slopes after rains. This results in floods and in loss of soil. Because of the burning of the humus the capacity of the soil to hold water is decreased, sometimes to the extent of fifty per cent. The flow of the streams during the summer is greatly reduced which means a heavy loss to agriculture and the development of hydroelectric energy.

Forest trees grow slowly and if we are to have lumber in the future our

forests must be protected, and logged and burned areas must be made to grow a crop. To this end the State should purchase some of these areas and plant young trees. Eight large lumber companies engaged in cutting redwood are planning to reforest and some have made considerable progress. The Union and the Pacific Lumber Companies have established nurseries. Cones are gathered in the fall, dried and the seeds planted in nursery beds. The seedlings are set out when one or two years old. It is believed that within a few years the acreage planted annually will exceed the cut.

There are in California seventeen national forests averaging about 1,000,000 acres each. Most of our forest area is very rugged and the forests are therefore difficult to protect. Each forest is in charge of a supervisor under whose direction the rangers work. The rangers patrol on the average 250,000 acres each.

Large numbers of cattle, sheep, goats, horses and hogs are pastured in the national forests each summer. The owners are charged a small fee for this privilege. The ripe timber is from time to time sold if purchasers can be found. The total receipts average about \$700,000 each year. Twenty-five per cent of this goes to the counties in which the forests are situated and is used for the benefit of roads and schools.

It is the desire of our government that the people make extensive use of the national forests. Hunting and fishing are permitted and rangers give information along these and other lines to all who request it. For the benefit of those

who desire to visit the same place year after year, home sites are leased, the rental ranging from \$10.00 to \$25.00 per year. The only requirements are that campers exercise all possible care with regard to fire and keep the camps in a sanitary condition.

The forests of California constitute a vital resource the perpetuation of which should enlist the earnest co-operation of every adult in the state. The importance of this should be taught to every pupil in our schools. Each year, as the drain upon the forests in other parts of the country becomes heavier, California will contribute a larger share of the total. Protection and reforestation are especially needed as applied to the redwoods.

According to Dr. John C. Merriam redwood forests were extensive in the northern hemisphere millions of years ago. They are now confined, as has been said, to a part of California. The cutting of these wonderful trees has been going on since about 1860. A few years ago a group of patriotic women in Eureka organized a movement for the preservation of the redwood forests. This in 1919, developed into the "Save the Redwoods" League.

Considerable progress has already been made. In Humboldt County 2425 acres have been saved. A large part of this extends along the State Highway between Miranda and Dyerville Flat. The Richardson Grove of one hundred twenty acres is near Gerverville. The Humboldt Pioneer Memorial Grove of one hundred sixty-six acres was given

*(Continued on page 88)*



Modern logging is done by steam



## Partners By Inheritance

By JEAN ROSS

OVER the inlet hung a mist, thick to seaward, but thinning at the shore line, so that the girl in the canoe was able to make out the towering evergreens, and tangled thickets, which clothed the promontory. It was an annoying mist, for she was seeking a man outlawed. What a thrill followed that word outlaw! It brought romantic thoughts of the wild days of the Old West, in which her father, Tom Wayne, had borne an active part. Once he too had been outlawed in company with Jerry Austin, the father of the young lawbreaker for whom she was hunting. Often had she heard the story of the gunfight forced upon a peaceably inclined youth, and of the latter's quick shot which had ended the career of the bully. The dead man had had powerful friends, and there had been no hope for a fair trial, but with the assistance of his partner, Wayne had escaped to a place of safety, there to remain in hiding till the fuss and flurry had lapsed and died.

Later the partners had separated, Austin to find wealth in commercial enterprise, Wayne to achieve a comfortable existence in the forests of the North. The old intimacy had never been entirely severed. Every autumn Austin came north for the hunting, and invariably made his headquarters at the home of his former partner. But never had he been accompanied by his wife or son, both of whom preferred fashionable resorts to the rude comforts of the forest, hence Alma Wayne had no acquaintance with the man whom she was seeking.

Much she had heard, for "Uncle" Jerry was eloquent on the subject of his son, though she had sensed that the father was in a measure disappointed in his offspring. She had made the discovery the season following her return from college, when Austin had looked her over with approving eyes. Later she had overheard a fragment of a statement he had made to her father, the thought of which even now caused her to rankle with indignation.

"Just the wife he needs, one with enough strength of character to hold him straight," she repeated to herself, as she sent the canoe skimming along. "Perhaps Uncle Jerry was right, if one may judge by this latest scrape of Bob's. But he'll find I'm not reforming outlaws, even if I'm willing to aid one to find refuge."

Again that word outlaw so thrilled her that she was near to forgetting her father's disapproval, when he had

brought home Uncle Jerry's letter.

"I don't like this running away from justice," had been Wayne's remark. "If the boy has been smashing up other folks with his high powered car, he should be made to take his medicine. But Jerry, or perhaps it is his wife, sees things differently, so he's shipping the boy up to us for safe keeping."

"But once you ran away from justice, yourself," had been her answer.

"Not from justice, girl, but from injustice. We must remember that the laws are more sanely administered today. But I owe it to Jerry to help this young cub of his, and you must help, too."

"What can I do?" Such a sudden change of front was a trifle astonishing.

"Jerry does not say which route the boy will take. You will have to watch the shore in case he comes by motorboat, while I'll try to intercept him if he comes by automobile. We must warn him in time, as the sheriff may be watching. I heard in the village that a warrant had been sent for his arrest, someone having tipped off the officials that he might seek refuge up this way. The city papers are making a great stir about a rich man's son being shown favors, so the authorities are determined to get him."

That was how Alma Wayne came to be coasting along the shore, carefully scanning each bush and thicket, and every now and then casting a keen eye to seaward for signs of an approaching motorboat. Here on the promontory Uncle Jerry landed, when he came by boat, the passage to Wayne's Landing being tortuous, and dangerous to one who did not know the channel.

A bush on shore crackled, and she bent forward, eager and alert. An instant later she caught a glimpse of antlers as a deer plunged away into the cover of the thickets. She rested her paddle, and pondered a moment. Something had startled the buck, but what? Herself? Hardly, for she had approached silently, and apparently the creature had been feeding with its head down, and had not seen her. The slight breeze was blowing toward her, and though the air currents were shifty along a wooded coast, she doubted if the deer had scented her. Doubly intent, she again scanned the undergrowth.

Suddenly the foliage parted, and she was staring into the muzzle of an auto-

matic pistol. Behind it she had a startled vision of deep blue eyes—Uncle Jerry's eyes were blue—set in a stern face that suddenly relaxed. A flush of confusion, deep enough to be visible through his tan, spread over the man's countenance as the girl's laugh rang out.

"It was the mist," he stammered, putting away the pistol. "I thought—I thought——"

"That I was the sheriff," she supplied, as he halted uncertainly.

The situation gave her a keen enjoyment. Though her years at school had given her much knowledge of the great world, she had been a bit afraid of meeting this city bred youth with the polished ease of his kind. Now the advantage was all hers. It was she who had command of herself, while he was as awkward as a backwoods schoolboy.

"Welcome, O outlaw bold," she called gaily. "I am Alma Wayne, your partner by inheritance."

"Partner by inheritance?" he blurted stupidly.

"Surely you know that your father and mine were partners long ago? And that makes us partners by inheritance, doesn't it?"

As she spoke, she brought the canoe alongside the rock on which he was standing, and reached out her hand in greeting. He held it in his a trifle longer than was necessary, while he gazed admiringly into her wide brown eyes. That look was disconcerting, and almost abruptly she withdrew her hand, and bade him enter the canoe. He did so, taking the seat in the bow facing her.

"So you are taking me on as a partner?" he asked, as she turned the canoe about. The surprise that had been his from the first was still in evidence.

"For the time you are in hiding, yes. As soon as Uncle Jerry—I've always called your father that—gets things fixed up so you can go back, I reckon Father will consider that he has squared accounts. If it wasn't for paying off old scores he would not have helped you. He says a lawbreaker should be punished, but Uncle Jerry being his old partner——"

"I see. But if this inherited partnership is to be but a transient affair, how about you and I forming one of our own that will be more enduring?"

He seemed to have recovered his assurance all too quickly; really he must be properly squelched.

"Dear me! You are as bad as Uncle Jerry," she countered mischievously.



"He was suggesting that very thing the last time he was here."

"What?" he exclaimed, again staring stupidly.

"Yes, I overheard him telling Father that his son needed the right sort of a wife to steady him. I gathered he was picking me for the victim."

"And your father?"

"I was eavesdropping, so I thought it more delicate not to wait to learn his views. I imagine he would not be keen on a son-in-law that needed propping up."

"I should hope so," he answered shortly, and lapsed into silence.

She experienced a twinge of conscience. Perhaps she had been needlessly rude. It was hardly the lad's fault if he had been spoiled by a rich father, and an indulgent mother. And looking at him more closely, she could find no traces of dissipation, or of weakness. Strength of character showed in the firm outlines of his features. In all respects his tanned face and athletic figure were good to look upon. Very likely Uncle Jerry, wishful of perfection in his only offspring, had magnified his defects. Certainly this son of his bore the appearance of one able to stand alone, whatever the crisis that confronted him.

"Seeing that this—er—partnership was not entirely to your liking, why did you bother to meet the fugitive? Why not leave that task to your father?"

"There were two routes to watch, and Father could not watch both. We did not know whether you would come by land or sea."

"I'm glad I chose the water route. But Good Heavens! Suppose I had shot you! I was nervous enough for anything."

She laughed with gay amusement. "Just what were you planning to shoot? Not our sheriff, I hope? Then you surely would have been in bad."

"You talk as though he were a friend of yours."

"No, I have never met him. He's a new man, and something of a tenderfoot, I'm told, though some girls I know say he is real nice."

"Thanks," he replied dryly.

The expression on his face was hard to read. Was he jealous of even such faint praise of another? Such pettiness should be beneath him, but she remembered that he was a spoiled boy.

"You haven't told me about your accident," she said, changing the subject. "Or does it hurt your conscience to speak of it?"

"My conscience is giving me no trouble, though I suppose I should be ashamed to say so. I must be a hardened offender."

"Or else you feel that you were not entirely to blame?"

It was another moment before he answered.

"I have noticed that a man who falls afoul of the law usually claims that it was the other fellow's fault, or he was framed by the police. Let me be original, and plead guilty."

She smiled a little at the reply. The men of her own family would have taken that stand. She was beginning to like this Bob Austin; almost she was ready to condone his wrong doing.

"Let me paddle," was his next word. "It's not fair for you to do all the work of outlawry."

She shook her head.

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### COMPANIONSHIP

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Far to the west of sunrise hills of song  
Life's way may trend across the desert sand;

Yet never is the road so gray and long  
When two go heart to heart and hand in hand.

Torrey Connor.

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"You don't know this strip of coast. Besides you don't know where I am taking you."

"And that is?"

"To the Cave of Echoing Tides. It's a place Father found one time when he was following a wounded bear. I don't believe there's another white man that knows of its existence. You'll be safe there."

"But why the fanciful name?"

"You'll know in a minute. Sit quiet."

Despite her command, he turned his head, and cried out sharply, "Good Heavens, Miss Wayne, what are you trying to do? Wreck us?"

"Keep still. I know what I'm about."

It was no empty boast, for even as the bow of the canoe seemed about to crash into an outstanding cliff, she sheered off to one side, then with a quick flirt of her paddle changed course, rounded the point of rock, and drove into a narrow cleft between it and the adjoining cliffs. They were in a cavern made by the unceasing tides of long centuries. And it was fitly named, for the echoes repeated each dip of the paddle a dozen times, then gradually ceased as the canoe drew out of the focus of the natural sounding board. They landed on a strip of sand that bordered the water on one side.

"The Indians tell of a place where the water gods speak, and I think this is the spot. But come with me. This beach is below high tide, so we must

climb the ledge above. At the top there is a chamber that is dry and airy."

With a sure step she led the way, but the rock was wet and slippery, and the man's eyes, not yet accustomed to the dimness of the cavern, failed him. A slip, a vain attempt to regain his footing, and the next instant he was lying at the base of the wall, conscious only of an agony in his right ankle that meant a sprain or something equally bad.

Lightly springing down beside him, in spite of his protests, she helped him to arise.

"Can you stand? Can you climb by leaning upon me?"

"If you'll bring me the paddle, I'll use that. I'll admit that I need a partner, but I'd rather not use one for a prop." Despite his misery, he was able to smile.

She brought the paddle, and with that for support, he tried the ascent. Regardless of his remonstrances, she insisted on aiding him.

"Don't mind being helped by a woman," she said, quick to sense his embarrassment. "Forget what I said about Uncle Jerry's son needing a prop. Just remember that you are an invalid, and I am your nurse. Now then, let's try another step."

Somehow the ascent was accomplished, though there were beads of sweat upon his forehead when finally he gained the summit, and sank down upon the bed of fragrant cedar boughs that already had been laid in place. He was not too overcome to notice that the cave had been stocked with other necessities of life. Alma would have removed his shoe and bandaged his ankle, but he would not permit her.

"If I'm to be holed up here for some weeks, I had better make the most of little chores like that. Time surely is going to hang heavy."

"I'll go and call Father," was her next offer. "He'll bring you what medicines you need, and if you must have a doctor, he'll find a way to get you one. I was going to leave you the canoe, but seeing you can't use it, I'll take it." She picked up the paddle, then paused.

"You'll be needing a crutch. I'll find you one."

She caught up a hatchet and passed out of sight at the upper end of the cave, where, he surmised, another exit led to the outside world. Presently she was back with two forked saplings that would well serve as crutches.

"Won't you stay and talk awhile?" he begged.

She shook her head, while her eyes brightened with a mischievous smile.

"It wouldn't look well, you being such a dangerous outlaw. You won't be afraid to stay alone?"

(Continued on page 82)



## New Lamps For Old

**A**CROSS the breakfast table, on the Saturday morning that Mrs. John Williams had taken her departure for a visit with city relatives, Imogene critically inspected her father. "You are a nice-looking man," she said, nodding her approval.

John Williams helped himself to a muffin and tried not to show that he was pleased.

There was a subdued, but derisive, hoot from Junior.

"Mother's the good-looking one of the family. She's the handsomest lady in this town."

"Much you know about the ladies of this town," Imogene scoffed. "You worry mother and me half to death with your unmannerly ways. Why, Father, he won't even stay in the room when my friends drop in—"

"What does a fellow want to hang 'round with a lot of girls for?" he objected. "Now don't begin to nag me about society stunts. I've got a lot of things to do."

He hastily excused himself, and disappeared with the usual banging of doors, timed to shrill whistling, into his work shop at the rear of the house, where he passed his Saturdays.

John Williams declined a second cup of coffee, and rose from the table. Imogene followed him into the hall, and demanded a moment of his attention before he should be on his way to that mysterious haunt of business men known as down town. He smiled, remembering his little girl's flattery. What did she want now?

"Let's surprise Mother, and get a lot of things done in the house," she suggested, fussing with his hair and necktie. "Make it more up-to-date. Some new furniture for the living room. Mother says it's one woman's work to keep those old mahogany pieces dusted—"

"Um-m!" rumbled John Williams. "That's apt to cost me money, Baby. New furniture! Um-m!"

Imogene always tried to look dignified when her father called her "Baby," but this time she could not quite manage it. Her dimples twinkled; a smile had its way, showing teeth even, white. She slid her little fists into the pockets of her blue bungalow apron—a blue that nicely matched her eyes—and put on a jaunty and confident air.

"We want to cut down these partitions—" she nodded at two walls—"and have a huge living-room. Get a new phonograph; and have a great big win-

By CAROLINE KATHERINE FRANKLIN

dow in the living-room overlooking the sunken garden—"

"W-where's the sunken garden?" her father wanted to know, with a bewildered look that passed over the blonde head of his daughter to the sunny space without, where spring flower-beds, bisected by gravel paths, showed yellow daffodils and ranks of bee-attended hyacinths. "Where's this sunken garden?" he repeated.

Imogene's glance followed her father's, and then came back to rest beseechingly on his face.

"Couldn't we fix it, Daddy?"

"Mother'll only be gone a fortnight," he reminded her; "and perhaps it would be just as well to ask her what *she* thinks of this sunken garden and huge living-room idea. Where'd you get it?"

"Out of a—a story." Imogene followed her father to the door and thence onto the porch. "If we get these things started, Mother'll like them so well she won't even think of objecting."

"Do what you like, dear, within reason. But that doesn't include a huge living-room nor a sunken garden. I've made handsome commissions lately; and it might be a good idea to fix up the place a little. Mother thought we'd better bank the money for Junior's University course. I told her I was bound to make more, but she said you never can tell. Good-bye!" He had suddenly remembered that early board meeting.

Imogene waved her father down the street; then she turned and surveyed the field of action.

"Yes," she mused, "I'll begin here. A lot more ferns and hanging baskets. Two wicker porch chairs. Won't mother be surprised?"

She ran into the house and looked critically over the living-room.

"Mother has saved too—t-o-o much! It all goes into something. Why not furniture? These old mahogany things—suppose they *have* been in the family since great-grandmother days? I know a place where I can sell the big rocking chair, and the gate-leg table, and the sewing table."

Full of the idea, she went to her room and dressed for the street in her new spring suit and hat. On her way out she was waylaid by Nora, the old family "help" and stand-by, who wished to be told what she should order for the evening meal, and for Sunday dinner.

"Don't bother," said Imogene, kindly. "I am going down town, and I'll see to

everything. All you'll have to do is to cook what I send up."

She vaguely considered lamb and green peas as she swung down the street. But her thoughts quickly went to matters of more importance. It was lovely to plan surprises for people.

Imogene found the shop which had advertised for "antiques" more than willing to take the mahogany chair and the two tables—indeed, they would send right out for them. But only to sell on commission. She finally agreed to this, and went on to the modern furniture store, where she "shopped" enthusiastically. As it was Saturday, there would be no delivery till Monday.

It was a good day's work, and Imogene glowed with satisfaction as she ran up the broad, shallow steps of her home, at four-thirty by her not-too-reliable wrist watch. The glow ebbed as she gazed about the living-room. The old things were gone. How sort of—of deserted, *forsaken* the room looked! Who'd have thought those few things would make such a difference? Well, she must see that Father had a scrumptious dinner, to take his mind off—Perhaps she *should* have left him the easy chair!

Nora came in.

"Immy—" the girl greeted the abhorred shortening of her pretty name with a frown; but no frown could get past Nora's cheerful grin, and daunt the loving heart of her. "Immy, sur-e, darlint, an' it's yerself fergot t' order the ma'te an' things fer dinner."

Imogene gave Nora one horrified look and dashed to the 'phone. But the butcher assured her that, no Ma'am, they didn't make deliveries after four o'clock any day, let alone a busy Saturday.

"If we give him plenty of hot biscuits, Father'll never notice whether we have meat or not," said Imogene, adding, hopefully, as Nora shook her head; "And there's bacon and eggs."

At dinner time, six o'clock, when John Williams and Junior came home, Imogene had a list as long as her arm of all the changes she wished to make to surprise Mother. She was on the porch, sitting in her mother's chair and dressed in a simple white dress which made her look like a little girl. She put on, however, a most grown-up air as she greeted her father. Her big blue eyes danced when her father called her the lady of the house. Nora had been "put through" as much as a whole garden of sprouts in preparing dinner. Imogene had made



a novel dessert, and the table decorations were beautiful.

To be sure, Mothers' best ferns were sacrificed for the center-piece, and the best silver and china had been pressed into service. She only hoped that careless Nora wouldn't break anything; Mother always washed those things herself.

As they left the table, John Williams to seek the easy chair—which was not in the living-room—Junior side-tracked his sister and demanded: "Say! What's going on? You've got something up your sleeve—"

"Sh-h!" she whispered, an anxious eye on the door of the living-room. "Sh-h-h! I've only just started. I'm trying to see if it's really true that tackling a man through his stomach reaches his heart. Wasn't that dessert scrumptious? A little bit scorched maybe, but it looked fine. You slip into your good-looking flannels and your dark blue serge coat and trot over and call on the girl who lives across the street. While I'm getting things for Mother, I'll see if I can get a new camera for you."

Junior looked abused; but somewhat heartened by the thought that Imogene would fix the matter of a camera with Father, went up to his room to dress. He was going to call on an almost perfectly strange girl!

Imogene made her father comfortable in a many-pillowed chair, drew up a hassock and set at his feet. "Let's turn off the electric and just visit in the dark," she began, and immediately jumped up and put out the light; this hid the bareness of the room.

"H-m-m-m!" said Father, breaking the moment of silence that followed. "My daughter, don't let your liking for the new drive out your sense of what the old things mean in a home, and in life. Dear, I've seen your mother rock Junior and you to sleep in that old mahogany rocker; and when I sit in it, I can feel *her* presence. Didn't know your Dad was such a sentimental Daddy, did you? Well, new things won't mean so much to Mother and to me. They'll be like new friends—all right, maybe; but we have to get acquainted with 'em."

"I—I'm sorry!" faltered Imogene.

"There, there, child! I know you mean well. But you can see for yourself how it is. I suppose, though, your young eyes and my old ones see differently. Now for something pleasant. I've been offered a partnership in the firm."

"D-does Mother know?" she managed to stutter. "And Junior?"

"I'm going to keep it as a surprise. Tonight, only *you know*."

That night Imogene wrote thoughtfully in her diary:

"I wonder if Mother will feel the same way that Father does about the

new furniture I've picked out? He was a darling about the dinner—and I won't forget to order the next time. He says he'll kill a chicken for tomorrow's dinner—and he hates so to kill things! Besides, they're laying. It's a perfectly gorgeous moonlight night. There's Junior, just come in from his call. I'll slip out and ask him how it went."

Sunday found Imogene in even a more thoughtful frame of mind than on the previous evening. The confidences of Junior, proud of having, for once, successfully accomplished the thing that his sister had wished him to do, set her heart a-whirl. What had she done? What *had* she done! Everything persistently went wrong when she tried to make things right for everybody. Perhaps she didn't try hard enough. She would try twice as hard.

Imogene, in a fit of gentle sadness, went out into the rose arbor, which was just greening over. It was lonely without Mother. She welcomed the appearance of Junior, who dropped—apparently, from the blue sky, or some other unlikely place. His eyes, though shy, were bright, as he sat down on the bench beside Imogene.

"There's another girl visiting across the street. Her—her name's Mildred," he said. "She's got blue eyes like you, only they're prettier."

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### QUERY

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They say the moon is without life,  
Yet tonight she has made beautiful  
A pile of dead leaves.

Can an exiled hope  
Make beautiful  
Decaying memories?

—Joseph Upper.

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"Thanks!" laughed Imogene.

"She's little but she's—a nice—girl!"

"Yes?" encouraged Imogene.

"I guess I've been a nut! Girls are *easy* to talk to. We went outside because there was other company, and sat in the big swing; and she told me she was cross enough to eat nails. And I said she'd break some mighty pretty teeth—"

"You said *what*?"

"—and that she had a grouch about everything. I told her I was glad it wasn't humans that grouched her—"

"Junior!" Imogene seized her brother by the shoulders and shook him into silence. "I don't know what you're talking about. For heaven's sake, come out of the clouds and talk so a person can understand you."

"I *am*," the boy insisted. "You see, Mildred wants to be a great singer, and her people won't let her go away from home. She says she has half a notion to run away; but I told her she'd better not. I told her it's the craziest thing a girl can do. I told her if she'd marry me, she could then do just as she pleased without running away—"

"Junior," exclaimed the horrified Imogene. "How old is she?"

"Sixteen. I asked her."

"And *you* are fifteen. Junior, listen to sister." She took his hand and compelled his attention. "You know you both would have to get the consent of your families, for you're not of age. And I don't really think the little girl will run away. (Imogene felt very old and superior in the world's ways; was she not half-past seventeen?) I'll have her over here, and we'll get up a picnic or two; and she'll have such a good time that she'll forget that she has a grouch on. Then when Mother—"

"I'll go and tell her what you said."

The boy spoke in a relieved tone, as if he has been taking a "second thought" of the burden he had so lightly taken on himself. He retrieved his cap, which he had thrown on the ground, and went briskly away.

"That night Imogene wrote feverishly in her diary:

"I do wish Mother was home! Oh, my poor brother! Maybe he'll never be the same again! Why did I try to make him over? It really seems as if the more one tries to do for one's family, the less it amounts to. But who would have imagined it—and Junior so shy! I think Junior is turning out to be the greatest surprise of all."

But in this, she was mistaken.

The days went by, and not a word from Mother; but then, mother was a "poor hand"—as Father expressed it—to write. The hanging baskets, ferns and awnings for the porch were accomplished facts. The new furniture really was handsome; and though there was a wistful look in Father's eyes when he sat in the new easy chair of evenings, he said nothing. Imogene concluded that she would never try to surprise Father; he didn't seem to care for them.

Came the day when Mother was expected home. Somehow the sun seemed brighter, the world a better place in which to live. They were all at the station when the mid-day train rolled in; but she did not come. That was a strange thing. Surely, Mother must be as anxious to see them as they were to see her.

"We'll come down down here at eight o'clock," said Father, in a tone

(Continued on page 94)



(Continued from page 53)

ed that there was no thought of any danger.

With six scouts, Vancouver took a horseback journey southward parallel to the sea coast, through beautiful, uninhabited country, where holly-leaved oaks were scattered. At the mission of St. Clara, built on marshy land near a good stream, he found the same genial hospitality where no pay was accepted for the supplies given. The church was long, lofty, and as well built as the rude materials could permit. Fine, rich, black earth, the best he had ever seen, made up the surrounding country; maize, peas, beans and wheat grew easily, and cattle roamed, fat and half wild, on the Santa Clara plains. The soldiers rode on high pummeled saddles and easily roped the animals—a procedure which appears to have been new and interesting to Vancouver from his careful description. Because food was so abundant the Indians had become lazy and unclean. Wheat grew so easily that no one bothered to raise any of the lesser grains. As at San Francisco, the natives were taught, but here a special effort was made to teach the women such household arts as woolen manufacture and weaving.

Vancouver sailed on down the coast, touched at Monterey, then crossed to the Sandwich Islands. He amused himself, during the pleasant winter months there, by taking an interest in the political affairs of the natives. In the spring, he crossed the Pacific again to resume work. The summers of 1793 and 1794 were spent in making valuable charts of the Pacific coast. By November, 1794, he had worked his way south to Monterey, where he made an exploration which is familiar to many of us.

Vancouver's Pinnacles, a suitable name for a novel, but which is rather the title of a chapter in a man's life, designates a spot notable for its odd grandeur. Those Pinnacles, hidden away in the mountains to the west of the Salinas Valley, must have boiled up as molten rock from the bowels of an angry earth, to be moulded by the slim hands of mirth-provoked demons. High cliffs and jagged, saw-toothed ledges stand out. Grotesque piles of monstrous, topsy-turvy rocks form secret passages and dark caves, with now and then a drop-off into black nothingness, indicate convincingly the work of the devil. Soaring buzzards, circling above, complete the sinister picture. The Indians thought evil spirits abode here, and kept away. Later on, more adventurous and practical Spaniards used it as a rendezvous. Bandit bands welcomed its impregnability. Even today, native Spaniards tell half-believed tales of bat-

tles and of hidden treasures—of musty iron-bound chests filled with gleaming gold doubloons—wealth for the finder.

Imagination pictures the gallant figure of Vancouver high on a cliff, booted and spurred; sitting on a shining black charger in bold relief against the sky. With sword pointed in air, he claims this land in the name of his King, George III. But imagination and reality clash when Vancouver himself tells of this exploration:

"Wednesday, November 19, 1794.

"This agreeable weather caused the water in the bay to be so tranquil that landing was easily effected on any of its shores, and rendered our intercourse with the country extremely pleasant. The same cause operated to invite the excursion of several parties into the country on foot and on horseback. These were rendered further agreeable and pleasant, by the friendly and attentive behavior of our Spanish friends, of which I was seldom able to avail myself, not only from the various matters of business in which I was deeply engaged, but from the very debilitated state of my health, under which I had severely labored during the eight preceding months; I was, however, on Wednesday able to join in a party to the valley through which the Monterey river flows, and was there gratified with the sight of the most extraordinary mountain I had ever beheld. On one side it presented the appearance of a sumptuous edifice fallen into decay; the columns which looked as if they had been raised with much labor and industry, were of great magnitude, seemed to be of elegant form, and to be composed of the same cream-colored stone, of which I have before made mention. Between these magnificent columns were deep excavations, resembling different passages into the interior parts of the supposed building, whose roof being the summit of the mountain, appeared to be wholly supported by these columns rising perpendicularly with the most minute mathematical exactness. The whole had a most beautiful appearance of human ingenuity and labor; but since it is not possible, from the rude and very humble race of beings that are found to be the native inhabitants of this country, to suppose they could have been capable of raising such a structure, its being the production of nature, cannot be questioned, and it may not be preposterous to infer that it has been from similar phenomena that man has received that architectural knowledge, by which he has been enabled to raise those massy fabricks, which have stood for ages in all civilized countries.

"In this excursion I had an opportunity of seeing what before I had been frequently given to understand; that the soil improved in richness and fertility as we advanced from the ocean to the interior country.

"The situation we had now reached was an extensive valley between two ranges of lofty mountains, whose more elevated parts wore a sterile and dreary aspect, whilst the sides and the intervening bottom seemed to be composed of a luxuriant soil. On the former some pine trees were produced of different sorts, though of no great size, and the latter generally speaking was a natural pasture, but the long contin-

uance of the dry weather had robbed it of its verdure, and had rendered it not very interesting to the eye; yet the healthy growth of the oak, both of the English and holly-leaved kind, the maple, poplar, willow, and some pines, distributed over its surface as well in clumps as in single trees, with a number of different shrubs, plainly shewed the superior excellence of the soil and substratum in these situations, to that which was found bordering on the sea shore.

"The same uninterrupted serenity of the weather continued, and on Friday evening, the courier from St. Diego returned." \* \* \* \* \*

Returning to England around South America by way of Cape Horn, Vancouver ended his great Voyage of Discovery. Immediately he began the toilsome work of preparing his Journal for publication. But his life was shortened by hardships and frequent exposure to rough weather. His Journal shows us that he maintained and expected the strictest of discipline with himself and among his men. As others of great capacity have done, he gave too bounteously of his energy and ability. Vancouver died in 1798, at the age of forty years, just before the publication of his Journal of his Voyages. Although he was at the prime of life when many men begin great work, he had already rounded out an enviable career in the annals of the sea.

Yet little is known of the man himself. Historians find only the meager records of his birth, death, and burial in the quiet little churchyard at Peter-sham. The impersonal reports of a work well done, is all we have. He was unmarried. We can only guess at his own life and happiness; at his visions, hopes and ideals; at his dreams of womanhood that went out with him across wide oceans. Perhaps she was a demure little maiden back in an English village. Perhaps his love was not returned, or perhaps he placed duty above all personal desire. At any rate, he left no son to carry on his name and work. His lonely death ended a career which may have just begun. We can only guess and day-dream at what might have been.

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## OVERLAND DESIRES

Well-written articles of from 500 to 5,000 words dealing with interesting and little known phases of Western history, animal and bird life, and industry. These should be written largely from the popular viewpoint, from the angle of entertainment rather than that of instruction, but the facts contained must be well authenticated. The articles may or may not be accompanied by photographs. A preliminary letter to Overland might be advisable.



*(Continued from page 55)*

was there too. They were gone now, but Countess had come back.

He twisted his fingers in the soft fur of her neck-ruff and pulled her to him. Along her shoulder his fingers encountered something sticky, like partially dried mud. In his own agony of body he did not notice how she winced, nor could he see that the shoulder was stiff and the leg dragging.

"Been chasing jacks again, darn you!" he murmured, "all dirty. Say! What's that?"

Down the tunnel his eye had caught a tiny point of light, very small, like the blue sputter of a sulphur match. It seemed to creep closer, very slowly, throwing off little sparks, like a powder fuse. It was a fuse! That white-wrapped parcel in old Griggs' hands flashed across his mind. Dynamite—the sticks wrapped in paper. Now he knew why they had been in the tunnel.

With an oath Kelly thrust the dog aside and attempted to rise and plunge toward that sputtering blue spark. Intolerable pain from his broken leg scorched his body. He fell on his face sobbing.

He must get to that fuse and pinch it out before it reached the powder and destroyed the tunnel. Curiously enough, he didn't think then of any danger to himself. It was the tunnel he must save. Tomorrow they were coming to inspect it for the last time. He must reach that fuse!

Doubling his good leg under him he tried once more. The strap of his fish-basket snared the dragging knee and threw him, and blinding spasms of pain wiped out consciousness again. As he fell, his out-flung arm almost touched the death-dealing package, and only a few feet away the blue spark sputtered on.

Countess nuzzled his cheek and tugged at his coat-collar in vain. Her master did not respond. He was terribly silent. The wounded dog barked frantically, but no one came. Sniffing around her master's body she came upon the tightly wrapped bundle of dynamite. The wrapping smelled familiar—newsprint! Why! It was a newspaper. Heavier, more bulky than usual, but certainly a newspaper. Perhaps if she took the paper home her master would follow. Maybe that was what he wanted her to do, his hand almost touched it. What if he were angry because she did not pick it up and carry it to the cabin, and being angry, did not respond to her barks and caresses?

Gingerly she picked up the parcel and wobbled uncertainly down the tunnel on three good legs and one that was stiff and useless. As she passed it, the little sparkling, sputtering light turned

and followed her. That was terrifying. She broke into a painful, jerking run. Still the thing pursued her, like a corpse-light. Holding to the parcel she ambled through the dark in blind terror, on and on, with the little light following closer and closer behind, until at last blessed moonlight gleamed ahead at the Cache Creek portal.

In her frantic flight the dog almost dashed herself headlong over the dump. Scrambling in the loose dirt, she turned toward camp, when all at once a puff of a breeze down the Creek wafted up to her a hated and familiar smell. She paused at the brink, hackles rising, and peered downward where, far below, the road wound whitely in the moonlight. There, looking expectantly up at the tunnel stood her two enemies, the Griggs.

The sinister cylindrical package slipped from her jaws as she distended them to bark, as she had always barked, at old Eben and his half-wit son. Falling on the dump, the parcel rolled down its fan-like escarpment. The little blue light, which was very close to it now, sputtered and danced at the end of its string like a firefly as the dynamite gathered headway, rolling faster and faster, straight at the Griggs.

As if the universe had upheaved, with blinding flash and cataclysmic roar, the mountainside trembled at the tremendous concussion of old Eben's blast, hurling Joe in terror from his bed in the bunkhouse. Tons of earth loosened by the shock slid away from the dump in a mighty avalanche that overwhelmed the road below, burying everything clear to the creek bank deep in debris. Far back in the tunnel the echoes of the blast urged Jim Kelly again to consciousness, and when Joe, hastening up the path in alarm, reached the tunnel-mouth, he found a very battered and amazed police dog patiently searching for her lost newspaper.

*(Continued from page 57)*

"Did you make the first hole in par, Mr. Mudd?" asked the caddy master.

"That I did not," replied Mr. Mudd, " 'Tis a sad story. I stood there in the snow up to my waist and waggled Betsy as best I could, weeping at the injustice of it all. There was the ball atop of the snow, almost under my nose, instead of down where it should have been. I ask ye, how can ye expect a mon to drive like that. I swung mightily—and hit naught but snow. I, Mr. Mudd, driving with Betsy, missed the ball. Betsy threw up a cloud of snow and I nigh broke my wrists, but when I got the snow out of my eyes there was the ball still on the tee. I hadna touched it.

"Newcomb spraddled out on his snowshoes in a way that fair made me weep.

The mon had no form at all. He crouched over his ball like a hyena over a bone. He had no follow through. He didna keep his eye on the ball and he hitched the right shoulder. He did all that a golfer should not do, but he hit the ball. So did I on my next stroke. Ye'll no believe this, I ken, but I sliced. I, Mr. Mudd, sliced. But who wouldna sliced hitting at a ball in front of his nose. Aye, 'twas terrible. I'll no trouble ye with the horrible details of that first hole. 'Twas but 316 yards, I mind it well.

"It made my heart sore to see the Newcomb man not play golf. He used the wrong clubs, the wrong stance, the wrong everything, but he made it in twelve.

"Meanwhile, Betsy and I had dug up ten tons of snow and gotten ourselves amongst some great hunks of ice that served those misguided heathen as a bunker. When Newcomb sunk his putt, I picked up my ball and struggled through the snow to the second tee, where Newcomb was waiting for me.

" 'I'm one up, Mr. Snowshovel,' says he, mean as a Cockney costermonger, and I was about to throw caution to the winds when I heard Angus shouting behind me. He came running up, waving a pair of snowshoes.

" 'Dinna hit 'him,' says he, all out of breath. 'Here, put these on, Mr. Mudd. I had to burgle the hardware store to get them.'

"I strapped on the contraptions and the gallery looked glum. They had all bet against us, mind ye. I addressed the ball. 'Twas a trifle unhandy, but 'twas better than wallowing in the snow up to my armpits. I took the perfect Mudd stance as near as a mon can with a pair of tennis rackets on his feet and then I swung. And I swung hard. The second at Tin City is 642 yards and I was trying for the green in one. So I put a deal of power into it, for I was young then and had a deal of power to put into it. I felt Betsy hit something and then I stood on my head, quick as a wink. For once I was glad of the snow. Had it no been there, I would have bashed in my skull. When I dug the snow out of my eyes and ears, I found what happened. I hit the end of my snowshoes instead of the ball and they tell me that such a perfect cartwheel has never been turned in all Alaska.

"Aye, 'twas fair agonizing. But I did a bit better the next time. By bending my back and reaching way over, I found I could hit the ball. I did better on that second. The snowshoes were a help, if but a small one. I was nigh to the green when Newcomb holed out in eighteen.

*(Continued on page 80)*



(Continued from page 62)

last he seemed to sense his companion's unrest, and pushed a chair toward him with his foot.

"Sit down, lad, you can do no good with your pacing about. Let the storm rage, the wind can do us no harm."

"I'm a fool, I know," admitted McIvor, as he sank into the chair, "but somehow the howling of that gale gets on my nerves. I can't shake off the feeling that something terrible is going to happen."

Reynolds did not reply immediately. Between these two existed a deep and abiding friendship, cemented by years of close companionship. He fully realized his friend's high strung nervous disposition, accentuated an hundred-fold tonight by the shrieking wind. He drew his chair closer to the table and shoved back the papers and lamp. "Let's have a game of cards?" he suggested. Silently McIvor seated himself opposite. They cut for deal and Reynolds won, shuffling the cards back and forth in strong, sunburnt hands.

As the game progressed the younger man's attention wandered more and more. He found himself listening intently, for what he did not know himself. At last he threw down his hand.

"It's no use," he declared as he arose and pushed back his chair. "I can't go on. The wind has got me. I feel as if it was trying to give me some sort of a message."

Reynolds resumed his seat before the fire and re-lit his pipe. He made no comment on McIvor's somewhat extravagant statement. When he spoke it was to say quietly:

"I saw Carter today and he wants to pay \$500 down on some of the trees at the north end. Seems to me it would be a good idea if we accepted. We could take a little run in to San Francisco, we're needing some things we can't get at the store here."

"It's all right with me," replied McIvor listlessly, "do as you please. I don't care where I go."

He had seated himself astride his chair and was looking with moody, introspective eyes at the leaping flames, his thin, almost ascetic face sharply defined in the fire light. Reynolds knew McIvor would speak when he was ready, so was not surprised to hear him say:

"Ward, I'm scared."

The suddenness of the announcement caused the older man to look at him quickly: "That's not like you, Alex, I've known you a great many years, and you've demonstrated more than once that you're not a coward."

"That's not the point," answered McIvor. "When it comes to anything phys-

ical I guess I'm as brave as the average man: It's the supernatural I mean, the wind. It's got me tonight. It reminds me of an old tradition in my family. We Scotch are a superstitious lot, you know. We've all got our family ghost. Ours is called the Wailing Lady."

"Sounds interesting," commented Reynolds, "let's hear about it." McIvor began the story hurriedly, as if he welcomed the opportunity to relieve his mind.

"The Wailing Lady is said to be heard by members of my family when the wind blows as it does tonight. She is always a harbinger of bad luck and misfortune. I well remember the old tales my nurse used to tell me about her when I was a youngster back home. She said that all of the McIvors have met a violent end since the time of the Lady Barbara McIvor, who had only been married a month when her husband was killed before her eyes on the hunting field. The shock drove her insane, and one night shortly afterward she escaped from her nurse, and committed suicide one windy night, by throwing herself into the castle moat. She left behind a wild, rambling note saying that she would return, and that no McIvor from that time would die in his bed."

He paused, pushing his chair back into the deeper shadows. The wind had died to a low, sobbing wail. It seemed to be listening, waiting as if the unhappy ghost of the Wailing Lady were indeed abroad that night ready to exact her toll. McIvor was plainly agitated; it was with an obvious effort that he forced himself to go on.

"It's a strange thing, but Lady Barbara's prophecy has come true all down through the years. I well remember the tragic death of my father and mother, that left me the last of the clan. There was nothing much left me but the old home, and not enough ready money to keep it in a decent state of repair, so I left and came to America, and now the Wailing Lady has followed me. When I go to her tonight the last of the house of McIvor perishes."

He made the statement without any show of emotion. He had brooded on it so long that it had become nothing less than fate that he should meet the tragic destiny of his ancestors. At that moment, the wind increasing in fury rocked the cabin until it swayed on its foundations.

McIvor rose and took a hesitating step forward. "Listen, it's calling me," he said. As he spoke, suddenly the door was flung violently open as by the touch of an unseen hand. The lamp on the table flickered and went out. At once the familiar room became a place of vague uncertainty. Faint echoes stirred in the air. The wind, howling un-

checked through the open door, was pregnant with sobbing whispers, low, muffled calls. Reynolds groped his way to the door and shut it. For a moment he stood with his back against it, overwhelmed in the darkness by a new, indefinable fear.

"Alex," he called in a voice he strove in vain to keep steady. "Alex, where are you?" He made his way to the table where his fumbling fingers found a box of matches. He struck one, and as the tiny flame flared up in his cupped hands, looked around quickly. He was alone. Then a blind, stark rage overcame him. He wanted to shout aloud; to pit his voice against the elemental fury that raged without, this Wailing Lady, who, despite his disbelief, had proved herself a tangible thing, after all.

The match went out in his scorched fingers. Again he found himself in that thick pall of darkness which seemed to bear down upon him and crush him. He could not breathe. He seized the box of matches and lit the lamp with shaking hands. As the cheerful beams once more flooded the room a sense of relief came over him; a heavy load seemed lifted from his shoulders. He stood by the table uncertain what to do. It would be worse than useless, he felt, to hunt for his friend in the darkness and storm. He resumed his seat before the fire and piled fresh wood on it. A feeling of melancholy came over him. Life had suddenly assumed a complex he could not understand. A vague, elusive something seemed to be hovering near. Visions of the past rose before him like specters.

Time passed. The gale outside increased in fury, moaning and crying in a frenzy of hopeless grief. He was aroused by the opening of the door, and looking up saw McIvor, a wild, wind-blown figure, who entered hastily, closed the door and locked it. Reynolds would have spoken, but the look on the younger man's face forbade questioning. He had the look of a man haffled, defeated. He came slowly forward into the room, and stood, leaning against the table spent and exhausted. The lamp light shone full on his face, showing the deep wrinkles which had suddenly been etched there. He drew closer to the fire and held out first one trembling hand and then the other to its comforting warmth. He was shivering uncontrollably. Abruptly he turned from the fire, and with a curt "Good night," disappeared into the other room.

Left alone Reynolds sat a long time before the fire lost in brooding thought, oblivious of the passing of time, or even the wind, which rattled at the locked door and knocked with spectral hand at the window, then sighed around the



# A Long Distance Interview With Samuel G. Blythe

By TORREY CONNOR

## The Passionate Interviewer On the New York Wires

"Hello! Hello! Is this the port-of-call of Samuel G. Blythe, the iconoclastic political prognosticator? Kindly page him.

"Hello! Mr. Blythe?"

" \* \* \* \* "

"Yes, we're holding up our end of the political situation in California. But—"

" \* \* \* \* "

"No, there's nothing whatever the matter with the California political outlook. However—"

" \* \* \* \* "

"As you say, it may be that the country is looking for more palpable results. Still—"

" \* \* \* \* "

"Yes, yes! The trend of your observation of political affairs is most interesting. It is of literary matters though, that we—"

" \* \* \* \* "

"You think the national demand is unmistakable—?"

" \* \* \* \* "

"That's nothing in the young life of the Passionate Interviewer— The party triumphs? What party? What about *your* triumphs—the literary ones?"

" \* \* \* \* "

"You are convinced that California will, or will not, furnish the presidential candidate for 1924?"

*While Mr. Blythe expounds his political views, the Passionate Interviewer computes the amount of the long-distance call. As Mr. Blythe is about to hang up, the Passionate Interviewer renews the appeal for literary data. Mr. Blythe promises to send full particulars by return mail.*

The full particulars:

"I began writing when I was a small boy, and I have continued to write since that time. I started because I liked to write. I continued because I like to write.

"Very truly yours,  
SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

house, as if heartbroken in its disappointment. At last the man rose slowly, blew out the flame in the lamp and in the darkness prepared for bed.

THROUGH the darkness of the night and the driving wind, Johnson and Simpson made their way, against the fury of the gale, toward the cabin on the crest of Bear Creek road. They avoided the highway and made their way through the woods, sliding, slipping, stumbling over the rough, uneven ground. Simpson carried a small electric torch. They were silent for the most part, each engaged in his own thoughts. Jerry had refused to eat the supper prepared by Zelda; instead he had devoured a box of sardines, washed down by two cups of strong black coffee. This had sobered him, but left him sullen and morose. Simpson had not spoken during the meal. Once his eyes encountered Zelda's and the fear he read in them wrung his heart.

After supper the men again repaired to the back room where Jerry once more had recourse to Big Lem's free liquor. Simpson sat apart, silent and watchful, thinking of Zelda and what she had come to mean to him. He had no doubt Manners would be glad to get rid of her for a price, the novelty of her possession had long since worn off.

He was aroused by the sound of the clock striking nine. It was time to go. The men arose, Jerry a little bit unsteadily. There were a few brief words from Manners, then the door closed, and they found themselves facing the wild night.

They plunged at once into the woods, Jerry cursing softly under his breath as his unsteady steps plunged him against tree trunks, or his unwary feet became entangled in the thick underbrush. Finally Simpson, taking Jerry's arm, led him through the mazes of the wood.

They came to the open road, but instead of following it, they climbed a small bluff and again found themselves in the midst of the trees. Johnson, declining Simpson's assistance, plunged ahead, recklessly. At last they came to a small clearing, and saw before them the outlines of an unpainted shack, its back to the woods.

"Guess they've gone to bed," muttered Jerry thickly, pointing to the darkened windows.

The two men held a whispered conversation, then quietly made their way around to the front of the cabin. Here Simpson withdrew out of sight, while Johnson went boldly to the front door and knocked loudly. In a few moments it was opened and a man stood in the doorway. Simpson knew Jerry was go-

ing to say he was lost, and ask to be shown the road to Los Gatos. Then a brief struggle while Jerry overcame his unsuspecting victim and bound and gagged him. While this was going on Simpson was to enter the cabin and overcome its inmate. They would then ransack the place at their leisure and be well out of the country before their victims could be released. The plan was simplicity itself and if all went well would net them a tidy sum apiece.

Suddenly Simpson was aroused by the sharp bark of a pistol, its strident voice rising high above the shrieking wind. He rushed from his place of concealment and saw Johnson bending over the body of a man who lay on the road at his feet.

Simpson tried to shout, but the wind carried the words from his lips, cavorting with them, then flinging them back at him mockingly. He rushed toward his drink-crazed partner, but before he could reach him Johnson had plunged into the cabin. Simpson was at his heels, when again the report of the pistol shattered the air. Heedless of consequences, Simpson plunged forward in the darkness.

"Jerry," he called, "Jerry, damn it, man! have you gone crazy?"

(Continued next month)







# A Page of Verse

## LILACS

She walked along the weary city street,  
Dark furtive shadows deep in beckoning  
eyes,  
Upon her lips a promise, scarlet, sweet—  
Her little face by sin made foolish wise.

She saw the purple lace of lilac hung  
Across the window of a flower store;  
The very breath of Spring it outward  
flung  
With every opening of the jealous door.

And then she stood, eyes dimmed by  
starting tears,  
With longing gypsy heart swept clean  
of ill,  
As magic sweetness drowned the bitter  
years  
And left her dreaming—dreams of  
heauty still.

—Nancy Buckley.

## —ooo— DRIFTWOOD

I climb among the clean-washed rocks  
That wait to feel once more the pulse  
beats of the sea.

They love the ocean, for he gives them  
of his life  
And cloaks them with a living greenery.

I stroke their shoulders as I pass,  
For ocean holds a mighty charm as well  
for me;

In every drop that courses through his  
veins there lives  
A world of boundless possibility.

When waves fall panting on the sand,  
I feel the miles that only spirit eyes  
can see,

The league on league of billows that  
surge round the world,  
And I am lost in their immensity.

I gather driftwood on the shore,  
Their broken playthings that the waves  
toss up for me,  
And musing, feel the breathless wonder  
of a soul

About to launch upon eternity!

—Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.

## —ooo— ASHES

The people cry for bread, my princess,  
Yet I, Selim, thy slave, am satisfied with  
ashes,

Ashes of the incense of Thy Soul.

They say it burns in Hell,

But I know better—

Have I not felt it?

—Madefrey Odhner.

## GYPSY FOLK

Across the bog and up the lane  
The gypsy folk are coming,  
Singing through the charcoal mist  
That rests upon the hill;  
A dog is yelping in the brush  
And gypsy-folk are humming  
Tunes their fathers wove in thought  
That keep them restless still;

*A dream to find at evening,  
A day to watch it go,  
And fortune for the finding  
Where the seven winds blow!*

Ah, I was born a gypsy  
But life has held me here,  
Tempting me with lovely things  
Of ivory and gold;  
Painted wagons creak tonight  
And gypsy-folk are near,  
Singing songs I longed to know  
While I was growing old;

*A bright coin to cross my palm,  
A whisper soft and low,  
And gypsy-folk who've waited  
long  
Calling me to go!*

God! What have I to keep me  
From walking down the lane?  
Living forty years beside  
A man I cannot love!  
All my sons have gone to war  
And died in mud and rain,  
And I shall go to join them  
With the same sky above;

*A love to find at sunrise,  
A song to sing at noon,  
And gypsy-folk who wait for  
me—  
I am coming soon!*

Don W. Farran.

## —ooo— SHOWER

The spring rain  
Drips from the fresh green leaves  
And falls on the broad sidewalks  
Under the gas lamps.

The steady drops  
Fall with a melancholy note  
Like a benediction,  
And the earth gives back sweet odor  
Like incense.

O, my love!  
It is thus that thoughts of you fall  
upon my spirit,  
And my spirit answers  
With thanksgiving  
For its memories.

—Joseph Upper.

## THIRST

Hot sands of deserts parch beneath the  
rays  
Of suns that burn relentlessly through  
days  
That sear. They never know the cooling  
hand  
Of far-flung clouds that drift in  
shattered strand;  
Of mists, or fog, or gentle western  
breeze  
That sighs and stirs the limbs of noble  
trees.

Those panting sands that lie, inert and  
hot,  
Must ever be content with their sad lot,  
And never know the winds that blow  
at night  
Across the seas where spray flies, cool  
and white.

—Cristel Hastings.

## —ooo— VALENTINES

I like to stray in grandma's room;  
She has a cedar chest  
That's filled with many ancient things,  
The things that she loves best.

Old valentines with roses red,  
And birds in little flocks;  
These valentines so dear to her  
Are in a lacquered box  
Which has a key of purest gold,  
To lock her treasures fast,  
For here she keeps the valentine  
That granddad sent her last.

'Tis hard to think of granddad, though,  
(He's walking with a cane)  
As sending paper valentines,  
Like any love-sick swain.

And yet, today, in grandma's mail,  
By granddad's hand addressed,  
There came a valentine that said:  
" 'Tis you I love the best."

—Alberta Wing Colwell.

## —ooo— AN OLD TRAIL

The ancient trail leads on and on,  
Worn deep by footfalls long ago;  
By Aztecs, Toltecs ages gone,  
By Spaniards from old Mexico.  
As then, flowers blossom in the spring,  
The wild birds sing  
And beauty waits,  
Though few pass by remembering.  
Full well I know  
That beauty-haunted spirits pale  
Through turquoise gates  
Still ride this trail.

—Annice Calland.



(Continued from page 59)

tours that Herne showed his versatility in such diverse roles as "Rip Van Winkle," "Solon Shingle" and the old man in Lighthouse Cliffs. Herne came to San Francisco in the middle sixties as leading support to his wife, Helen Western and her sister, Lucille Western. Lucille was the actress, Helen the beauty. I saw them in one of their first plays, "The Corsican Brothers," Herne enacting the double role of the brothers de la Franchi. After his wife's death he became a member of Maguire's stock company supporting Edwin Forrest, Edwin Adams, John McCullough and other stars. One of his finest parts was that of "Volage" in "The Marble Heart," a combination of light comedy and romantic acting. In the seventies he took as second wife one of the Corcoran sisters, very talented and popular young actresses and drifted about until he collaborated with David Belasco in the adaptation of "Shore Acres" and struck the road that led to fame and fortune. As a character actor he had few equals and it is the opinion of Belasco that he surpassed Joseph Jefferson in the delineation of the character of "Rip Van Winkle."

Laura Hope Crews is a Californian and so is Nance O'Neil. The stage career of the last named began in this state but it was not until McKee Rankin became her dramatic tutor that she rose to stellar heights. In her early work she exhibited amazing power and in such roles as "Magda" and "Nancy Sikes" her emotional force found adequate expression. Of late years her heart has mellowed; repression, in proper degree, has succeeded the forcible but crude outpourings of the earlier years until now she may well be considered one of the stars for whom California feels a just pride.

Of John T. Raymond, that prince of comedians and good fellows, it may in truth be said that he found in San Francisco the conditions that provided the impetus that propelled him into stardom. As a fun maker, plain or grotesque, he was easily first among his kind. He was an inveterate practical joker; in fact he was so fond of jokes that his fellow actors grew to be afraid of him for they could never guess what was hatching in that queer brain of his. Such tricks as finding their shoes nailed to the floor when they were in a hurry to make ready for a performance, or wigs grotesquely queered, were always to be expected. But sometimes there were variations. On one occasion there was a scene in which the victims of the villain appeared before that personage. The villain was John McCullough and Raymond, James A. Herne, Harry Edwards and Julia Corcoran were the vic-

tims. Three of them were on line upon the platform when Raymond came out of his dressing room, turned hindside before the wigs of the other victims and then took his place. With his own wig askew and his nose painted a fiery red he pointed both hands at McCullough. The audience roared, then hissed and the curtain was rung down.

Raymond found his star role in "Col. Mulberry Sellers." The play was a dramatization of Mark Twain's "Gilded Age." Mark did not like Raymond's interpretation of "Sellers," claiming that it was a gross exaggeration, almost a burlesque, not at all like the character his brain had conceived. But Raymond's audiences liked the interpretation and money flowed into the box office wherever "Sellers" was the attraction. While this play was on the boards the actors who formed the star's supporting company and who had suffered severely from his jokes turned the tables on him. The most trying part of his performance was the eating of raw turnips, for he loathed vegetables and never ate them except upon compulsion. The actors knew this and one night they "doctored" the turnips. Raymond ate them, made a wry face but said nothing. The next night he called for apples but when it came time for the repast he discovered that he was compelled to eat raw onions covered with apple skins.

E. A. Sothern was another practical joker but he found more than his match in Raymond when they were playing together in "Our American Cousin." Sothern, who was a finished actor and who had played anything and everything from "Hamlet" and "David Garrick" to "Box and Cox," struck his money maker in "Lord Dundreary." When the part was first assigned to him, he found "Dundreary" to be a conventional fop, but he worked at the character until it became a screaming caricature of the English aristocracy with all the faults, foibles and good heartedness of that upper class guild. No one who ever saw him in the part will forget the slight lisp and the halting skip that nightly evoked roars of laughter. His son, E. L. Sothern, well and favorably known to San Franciscans, followed in the footsteps of his father to become one of America's most popular romantic actors and tragedians.

In the middle sixties Alice Kingsbury arrived in San Francisco from Ohio. She was billed as "The Elfin Star" and soon became one of the great favorites of the local stage. Her petite form, sweet voice and alluring manner were assets that served to prolong indefinitely her engagement at Maguire's Opera House. Her support included John McCullough, William Barry, Pierpont Thayer, D. C. Anderson, Wil-

lie Simms, Mrs. Harry Jackson and Kate Denin. The theatre going public lost one of its main attractions when she left the stage to become the wife of Col. Cooley.

San Franciscans in the days gone by were enthusiastic whenever they spoke of Charlotte Crabtree (Lotta), the petite embodiment of roguery and verve. No actress ever approached her, with the possible exception of Maude Adams, in personal magnetism that enthralled, in radiant charm that was ever hers. Sara Bernhardt, great actress though she was, never captured and held the heart as did little saucy Lotta, who flinging stage convention to the winds made up in personality what she lacked in dramatic accuracy. She was Lotta, the incomparable. That was enough.

Bernhardt, in her palmy days, gave to San Francisco performances that which ranked her as the world's leading actress. The sinuous grace of her slender, flexible form, the dulcet tones of her marvelous voice, the power that was little short of dynamic all contributed to a rendition that was flawless.

Adah Isaacs Menken had a dual personality. She was always a dreamer and her serious moods were attuned to higher things. Her poetry hinted at a spirit refined against the grossness of matters earthy and yet she was morally weak, the flesh supinely succumbing to the demands of her grosser nature until the meteoric career of her still young years was submerged in pitiable obscurity. Her handsome face, matchless form and superb acting found a catching vehicle in "Mazeppa" which for weeks crowded Maguire's Opera House. Her first husband was a prize fighter, John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, her second husband, Robert H. Newell, the "Orpheus C. Kerr," of civil war days, a world famed humorist and story writer. Married life in each instance was short on account of her inherent waywardness.

Among the talented comedians of the early days were Joseph Jefferson, John E. Owens and W. J. Florence. Jefferson, though he played "Rip Van Winkle" for years, was equally good in other roles, mainly those taken from the old English plays such as "Bob Acres," "Dr. Ollapod," "Caleb Plummer," and "Newman Nogs." In farce he was unsurpassed for quaint, dry humor and in burlesque he was a great favorite. No other actor succeeded better in upholding the reputation of his country and his countrymen. In San Francisco he appeared in his old comedy impersonations and the critics were loud in praise of his wonderful art. And yet, in my humble opinion, he was not as great an actor as John E. Owens. As an artist in stage work Jefferson was far out of the ordinary but he was always, in



character portrayals, an outside critic of his own work. Owens, on the other hand, never looked on from the outside. He was steeped in the character he portrayed. He disappeared in it and never thought of art. Once he had merged himself in the character he lost all sense of outward things. The audience never laughed at Owens but at "Solon Shingle," "Dr. Pangloss" or "Caleb Plummer."

W. J. Florence began to rise in the scale of acting soon after his marriage to the sister of Mrs. Barney Williams. In England, as Irish comedians, Florence and Williams toured the provinces, each at the head of a company, Williams gathering in the pounds, Florence the shillings. Soon Florence became disgusted with the condition that made him play second fiddle to his brother-in-law. The "Ticket of Leave Man" gave him his opportunity for a change. Dropping Irish comedy he sailed for the United States, brought out the "Ticket of Leave Man" at the Winter Garden, followed it with "No Thoroughfare" and "Caste" and wound up by producing the greatest money maker of them all, "The Almighty Dollar." In San Francisco the play proved a bonanza to the Florences, Mrs. Florence, with her falsetto squeak and mincing manner making as great a hit as her talented husband.

It was at the American Theatre in the early days that a most curious performance was given under the management of George Pouncefote, an English actor, who afterwards went to Japan, married a native of the country and settled down to a life of ease and indolence. The play was "Othello" and it was a polyglot affair, Pouncefote playing "Othello" in English, the other important characters being nationally distributed as follows: "Iago," French; "Cassio," Italian; "Branbano," Spanish; "Roderigo," Danish; "Desdemona," German. The absurdity of the thing became apparent before the end of the first act, but it was in the last scene of the last act, where "Othello" smothered "Desdemona," that the climax of absurdity was reached. Let the reader imagine, if possible, the mirth-provoking effect of this portion of the dialogue that Shakespeare meant should be the last word in dramatic suspense:

Othello—Had all his hairs been lives my great revenge had stomach for them all.

Desdemona—O weh, er ist verraten, und ich bin verloren.

Othello—Out, strumpet. Keep'st thou for him to my face?

Desdemona—Ach, verbanen sie mir, mein herr, aber toten sie mir nicht.

Othello—Nay, if you strive—

Desdemona—Nur en Halbustunde.

Othello—Being done there is no pause.

Desdemona—Nur wahrend ich mein Gebet verrichte.

Othello—it is too late. (Smothered her).

Shakespeare's "The Two Dromios" brought into the limelight Stuart Robson and William H. Crane. It was easy for Robson to cause that laughable break or crack in his voice and give that idiotic cackle, for these vocal eccentricities had been for years his main stock in trade. The hard work was allotted to Crane who not only had to make up so as to give a perfect counterfeit presentment of Robson but also to imitate the vocal break and cackle. That he was able to do this so that the audience was unable to distinguish one comedian from the other furnishes proof to all discerning critics that the honors of the double performance belong to Crane. The duet of the Dromios, "I know a bank where the wild thyme grows," given with a softness and tenderness that would have caused an opera singer to gasp in surprise and delight was one of the great hits of the performance.

James O'Neill captured a bread-winner when he lighted upon Monte Cristo. Before this stroke of good luck he had played in all sorts of tragic and romantic roles in San Francisco and the interior. Shortly before he began to star in the dramatization of Dumas' famous story he consented to play the leading role in the first production of the Passion Play. The storm of criticism that was leveled at his head for his so-called profanation of the most sacred of biblical characters was silenced when he gave the public his sincerely earnest, refined and exalted impersonation. His appearance in this historical role will never be forgotten by those who had the rare good fortune to see the play.

Augustin Daly, who was both playwright and manager, brought his select company of players to San Francisco some time after his sensational play, "Under the Gaslight," had had a most successful production at Maguire's Opera House. His company, as near as I can recollect, had as principal members Ada Rehan, Edith Kingdon (who afterward became the wife of George Gould), Mrs. Lemoyne, James Lewis, Charles Leclerc, George Clarke, John Drew and W. J. Lemoyne. The performances were of such rare excellence that enthusiastic theatre goers urged Daly to come again and again.

Down East types were portrayed by Joseph Jefferson as "Salem Scudder," in the "Octoroon"; John E. Owens as "Solon Shingle" and James A. Herne in "Shore Acres," but the specialists in the Yankee dialect were Denman Thompson and Richard Golden. Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb," and "The Old Homestead" gave to an ap-

preciative public a dramatic composite of the persons he had encountered in his native state, Vermont. Golden, born in Bucksport, Maine, faithfully reproduced in "Old Jed Prouty" the Bucksport river scene and the old hotel with its group of loungers and had no difficulty in mastering the peculiar speech of the natives of that locality.

The most prominent of the tragedians of the old days were Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Henry Irving, Edwin Adams, Edwin L. Davenport, Charles Kean, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas W. Keene and W. E. Sheridan. To Booth I give first place, for while he held the stage there was no one who could equal him in his favorite parts. Irving was an artist-actor of rare and peculiar talents, but the senses never surrendered to him and illusion never took the place of curiosity and interest. Edwin Booth was an actor whose genius scorned art. To Irving detail was everything, to Booth nothing. The perfect elocutionist, the model of grace and form he was the inspired realization of the passion and pathos of Shakespeare and he did not need the artistry of Henry Irving to make him great. In Hamlet he stood alone and since his death no actor has been found worthy to fill his shoes. Forrest possessed both brawn and brain and in his prime was America's leading actor. Edwin Adams, handsome, polished and debonair, could play light comedy or tragedy with equal facility. His death occurred in San Francisco whither he had come, broken in health, from Australia. Charles Kean was a credit to the English speaking stage and playing the same roles made prominent by his distinguished father, Edmund Kean, achieved in San Francisco, a marked success. Edwin L. Davenport gave to all his impersonations the gifts of a scholar and was second only to Edwin Booth in his portrayal of "Hamlet." Thomas W. Keene was both comedian and tragedian and was never more at home than when he was the leading member of the California Theatre stock company. Lawrence Barrett, cold, precise and intellectual, essayed light comedy and tragedy and won for himself a high place in the theatrical world. John McCullough, the Hotspur of the drama, shone in heroic roles and was a worthy successor to Edwin Forrest. W. E. Sheridan, charged with dynamic force, scored his greatest triumphs in "Ingomar" and "Louis XI." It was said of him that when he felt like it he could play some parts better than any actor on the American stage.

In the early days Australia furnished many performers who became favorites

(Continued on page 79)



# This Interesting World

*Sometimes I Am Glad that I Live In It*

Conducted by IDA CLAIRE

THERE is something frightfully depressing about vital statistics at times. Perhaps it is the manner in which editorials and articles shake the big stick of Vital Statistics at society in the person of the Reading Public with the threat.

"See where you are going! At the present rate—"

Well, at any rate Vital Statistics show that somewhere (I forget where, but it isn't in South Carolina, for they don't have 'em) there is a divorce for every ten marriages—ten per cent and going up, and even worse in spots. So, at the present rate of increase in a few brief years we shall have more divorces than marriages, and I suppose in time we shall have to let down the immigration bars and import married couples to keep the divorce courts supplied.

There is no reassurance in the printed page. A course of reading in some of our modern fiction, of the type that stirs a strong mental urge for a broom and a pail of suds with a few Sunday supplements shrieking in three-inch headlines of the fifth marriage of some fastidious celebrity, with a brief and circumstantial account of the previous four and the amounts of the various and sundry alimonies, leaves one with a dark sense of foreboding for the institution of marriage. And when the reader tries to escape the gloomy conclusion forced upon him, by the reflection that this is, after all, fiction, he is nailed by the vital statistics, one divorce to every ten marriages.

Psycho-analysis gives no help except as a consolation in case nothing can be done and the present rate of increase continues. It presupposes such an unlovely and unhealthy state of inner consciousness as the normal possession of the average individual that the rapid extinction of the race would be the only desirable solution.

Is the root of the trouble economic or social; is it a symptom of deteriorating public morals, or of the weakening of personal character? Or is it a stage through which we are passing, with the possibility of permanently improved con-

ditions? Can it be helped by stricter laws, or by education?

What are we going to do about it? Homes and society in general, are rather vitally affected by the matter, and "the present rate of increase" has a menace for us and for our whole civilization. I wouldn't give a fig, or a fee—if I could avoid it—for a long diagnosis unless it carried with it some hope of a remedy to help the complaint.

Being a homeopathist, I should look first for a mild remedy, one not difficult to take, and more or less related to the disease.

It is well to study things at their source. What becomes of the turbulent, undisciplined, uncontrolled and dis-

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*Is divorce responsible for our undisciplined children? What is your opinion. Write Ida Claire, briefly, and tell her what you think about it. Or if you think there is any other question of the day more vital to the nation's welfare, write her about that. Letters should be of not more than 300 words.*

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agreeable children, the infants of the species who are more deadly than any other part of the race would dare to be? What becomes of them when they grow up? Do they help to swell "the present rate of increase?" Or do they become charming and delightful people with attractive personalities and lovely manners?

Does life, that hard-worked, and perhaps not unkind task-master, who bears so many responsibilities and so much blame, take over the training which parents neglect or bungle, and turn out a model product prepared to do worthy team-work?

Does the selfish, ruthless, ungovernable and ungoverned child become under Life's careful tutelage considerate, self-directed and adaptable? Or, perhaps, after all, these things do not count in the happiness or permanence of marriage? The caveman theory does not

seem to take account of them. Of course they are by no means the whole story. But would better manners and better training reduce the *ten per cent* or at least check "the present rate of increase?"

In other words, have courtesy and self-control and the gentler virtues, those which are usually recognized as being the result of training rather than as native gifts, any influence on Vital Statistics?

What do you think about it?

## THE IDIOCENTRIC

This is a word I have made to describe us all when we are pleased with ourselves, in contrast to our attitude when we feel apologetic. I believe that it faithfully portrays the mental attitude of the two Scotchmen who were coming out of church. "And how many of the elect do you suppose may be on earth today, Sandy?" "A dozen, maybe." "Na, na, Sandy! Not so many. Not so many!"

"Be good and you will be lonesome" carries no threat to the idiocentric; it is a precious promise. When he does something kindly or meritorious it is no comfort to him to be told, "there are others." When his play succeeds he may, for politeness sake, make graceful gestures toward the performers, but in his heart he never doubts that the applause is all for himself. If the piece fails his gesture toward the performers, while not visible, is no less real. Compliment a female idiocentric upon her appearance, and she hastens to take credit to herself for designing the costume, or for selecting the harmonious parts, or even for finding it ready at a sale. On the contrary, if you have some criticism to make she at once lays the blame upon her limited purse, on the sales-woman, or on the prevailing mode. "Well, it was the only thing I could get. They're all like this." Suggest some shortcoming to a youthful idiocentric. Does he blame himself? Not at all. He blames society in general. "All the fellows do it. Most of them are a lot worse than I am."

(Continued on page 88)



(Continued from page 77)

with the theatre going public of San Francisco. Among them were Harry Edwards, the Howson family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson, Willie Edouin, Alexander Fitzgerald and Walter Montgomery.

After playing at the Metropolitan for awhile Willie Edouin joined the stock company at Maguire's Opera House. He was one of the outstanding fun maker of the day, excelling particularly in burlesque. The Jacksons became great favorites, Mrs. Jackson being at her best in tragic impersonations. Her "Lady Macbeth," in my opinion, has seldom been equalled. Harry Jackson was a comedian with a circus twist. In other words he was a stage clown, but his style was so unique and fetching that he never failed to "put it across." Harry Edwards, big, bluff and hearty, easily found a place in Maguire's stock company. He was "Sir Peter Teazle" to the life and in all the parts for which he was cast he lent prominence and distinction. Walter Montgomery was the ablest actor ever sent from the Antipodes. He was both tragedian and light comedian and to see him in Don Caesar de Bazan was to see artistically reproduced the glamour and glory of the old Spanish days. The Howson family of singing performers arrived after Lydia Thompson's British Blondes and the "Black Crook" had had record breaking audiences at Maguire's. They opened at the Metropolitan Theatre and one of the first trick-spectacular pieces presented was the "Sheep's Foot," which for startling as well as laugh provoking effects put the "Black Crook" in the shade. In this play the famous Buisly brothers performed hair raising acrobatic stunts while Willie Edouin sent dull care scurrying to the woods.

There were few American playwrights or dramatists in the old days, Augustin Daly and Bartley Campbell taking the lead. Nearly all the new plays produced came from England and France. England gave us "The Ticket of Leave Man," "Oliver Twist," "The Streets of New York," (adapted from Charles Reade's "Hard Cash"), "The Long Strike," "The Lancashire Lass," "Arrah Na Pogue," "The New Magdalen," "Miss Multon," "East Lynne," "Griffith Gaunt," "Armada," "Peg Woffington" and others. France contributed "The Two Orphans," "La Belle Russe" (adapted for the American stage by David Belasco), "La Tosca," "Fedora," "Article 47," "The Celebrated Case," "Within an Inch of His Life," "Monte Cristo," etc. Fanny Davenport shone in "Fedora," while Clara Morris showed herself to be the greatest emotional actress in the country by her

splendid acting in "East Lynne" and "Miss Multon."

Of the amateurs of San Francisco but one, according to my memory, attained prominence as a professional. That one was Samuel Bierce. In the fall of 1870 he made his professional debut as "Iago" to the "Othello" of John McCullough. The debut was a success, McCullough declaring that he had never in his life witnessed a more satisfactory performance. In 1874, after touring California as a member of the Frank Wilton company he went to Chicago to support McCullough. In 1876 he was in England under contract with Bartley Campbell to play the leading part in "The Virginians." The trip placed him near the top of the profession. Returning to New York in 1877 he played leading roles for awhile and then went on the road as a member of Edwin Booth's company. Afterward he became stock star at Niblo's Gardens,

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### THE OPEN SPACES

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*There is a longing that I cannot quench  
To strap upon myself a dusty pack,  
And journey always from the City's  
stench,  
And know I never shall be coming  
back.*

*I know there must be open spaces where  
A man is not a prisoner on parole;  
Where one can breathe the free,  
untainted air,  
And know his God, and grow himself  
a Soul.*

JAMES CLYDE BAILEY.

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New York, his best parts being "Claude Melnotte" in the "Lady of Lyons," "Lagadere" in "The Duke's Motto" and "Raphael" in the "Marble Heart." In the fall of 1878 he returned as a star to San Francisco and died of smallpox in Boston in 1881.

Eleanor Calhoun, a grand niece of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, orator and statesman, was a pupil of Mrs. Melville Snyder, mother of Emelie Melville, the popular actress and vocalist and made her professional debut as "Juliet" at the California Theatre in 1880. The critics praised her work, and after exhausting her small repertoire she left for the east and for a year played leading roles in a stock company which gave performances in the Eastern, Middle and Southern states. London next called her and it was not long before she had worked her way to a leading position in one of the high class theatres. Under the auspices of Lady Archibald Campbell she played "Rosa-

lind" at an al fresco production of "As You Like It" to the warm approbation of the vast audience assembled. Soon after this performance she went to Paris where she studied French, obtaining such a mastery over the language as to give her confidence to play in French with the great Coquelin as leading support. Returning to London she resumed her position as one of the favorites of the stage and was still playing when she was married to Prince Lazarovich, a claimant to the throne of Serbia.

I might go on to speak of other players of the early days whose performances are pleasantly remembered by all old timers. I might, if space permitted, speak of Adelaide Neilson, whose beauty, the glorious charm of her splendid eyes and exceptional dramatic ability made her first among the "Juliets" of the stage; of C. W. Coudock, who forsook tragedy to become a character actor and whose superb acting as "Luke Fielding" in "The Willow Copse" and "Dunstan Kirke" in "Hazel Kirke" stamped him as the foremost emotional old man actor of his day; of Nat Goodwin, unique in style, who could play anything and everything and play it well; of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the talented successor to Charlotte Cushman and for years the leading tragedienne of America; of Mrs. Judah, that grand old lady of the stage; of Mrs. C. R. Saunders, who was ever nothing if not capable; of effervescent Sallie Hinckley; of demure and handsome Sue Robinson; of unfortunate Willie Simms, whose budding career was cut short by insanity; of D. C. Anderson, that sterling old actor and intimate friend of Edwin Booth; of Alexander Fitzgerald, who failed to cement in San Francisco the honors he had won in Australia; of the popular Mandeville sisters, Alicia and Jennie, who were drowned in the sinking of the Brother Jonathan off the coast of Oregon; of handsome and dashing Harry Montague, who died suddenly while playing the leading role in "Diplomacy"; of M. B. Curtis, who killed Policeman Grant and thereby wrecked a promising stage career; of winsome Eliza Weathersby, the first wife of Nat Goodwin; of statuesque Kate Denin, who could act, and of John Wilson, her husband, who could not act; of versatile Mrs. F. M. Bates, the mother of Blanche Bates; and lastly of David Belasco, who gave up a promising career on the stage to devote his whole time to writing plays and managing theatres.

But few of the old time actors and actresses are alive today, but few who saw their stage work are still above ground. But fond memory these survivors still have and that memory will persist while life lasts.



(Continued from page 71)

"'I'm two up, Mr. Highdiver,' says he when I came to the third tee.

"But I held my peace, for I noticed that Angus was gone again, and I felt encouraged, knowing Angus' peculiarities when the liquor is on him.

"I mighta won that third hole. We were both on the green in eleven, but a wandering polar bear gobbled up my approach shot and made off with it. The stakeholder informed me the penalty was five strokes and, big as he was, I called him a robber. But they showed the rule to cover polar bears, so I dropped my other ball (I was young and extravagant then). But the handicap was too great, even though I was canny enough to pick a good lie when I dropped my second ball. Newcomb holed out in eighteen and I picked up what would have been a sure six foot putt.

"'I'm three up, Mr. Bearfeeder,' says Newcomb, but I gritted my teeth and said naught.

"I mighta won the fourth hole, for I was on the green in eight. But there was a bit of an ice block on the fourth green and my ball struck it. So great was the power of my strokes that the ball had become hot from the friction and when it hit this square bit of ice, it melted its way into it. By the time I reached the spot, it had frozen again and there I was with my ball inside a chunk of ice. The stakeholder brought out the rules and they said the ball must be played as it lay. While I was trying to putt a square ball into a round cup Newcomb holed out on me and I was four down. I thought of all those dollars and my heart was sore within me. Why didn't Angus come?

"My heart was heavy within me as I drove off the fifth, but I played good golf. 'Tis natural for me to play good golf, ye may know. I was on the green in nine. Ah, but that fifth green at Tin City was a tricky one. The ice was slick and smooth as a billiard ball. Fine for curling, mayhap, but no for golf. While drawing my putter from my bag, my snowshoes went out from under me and I came down hard. The sleeve of my jacket touched the ball and moved it an inch or two.

"That counts a stroke, my man,' says the stakeholder, between shouts of laughter.

"I shouldha been more careful, but I was fair boiling and I grabbed my putter and addressed the ball. Then out went my feet again and down I went. The stakeholder and the gallery and Newcomb, who was on the green by now, all threw back their heads and roared. I mighta lost that hole, had I no pushed the ball into the cup

with the toe of my snowshoe as I lay sprawling."

"By cracky, he made it,' said the stakeholder when he had stopped laughing. That took the laugh out of them, ye may well believe. But I was still three down and my head was singing like Watt's kettle, for that ice was hard, ye mind.

"I put all the golf I had into the sixth and I halved it, but the seventh and eighth were tricky holes and Newcomb knew them, which same I did not, and I was five down going into the ninth. I braced and halved the ninth in seventeen and the tenth in twentyfour.

"I mighta won the eleventh, but there was a clump of trees to the left of the green and my approach shot was caught by a gust of wind and blown high into a hollow tree.

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### CONFESSION

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*I love you!*

*True, dear, you may not care—may even chide*

*That I, unasked, should dare to say, I love you.*

*But I, serene, content, encompass you  
With largess of my love that only asks  
To give and bless; entreats not, nor demands.*

*At noon we mock at night, but when it falls*

*The smallest star shines out against the dark:*

*Alone and old, tired of the tinsel show,  
Perhaps you may remember and be glad.  
And I? If I should sudden weary grow,  
And slip away from Laughter and from Life*

*Into the inarticulate Beyond,  
There may be words unsaid I long to say,*

*Forgiveness, craved too late, for heedless hurt;*

*Some tender deed undone, I fain would do.*

*But, though my closing eyes be wet with tears*

*Of unavailing sorrow—vain regret—  
Yet, dear, my lips shall smile and I be glad*

*Because the Eternal Silence fell not  
Till I said,—I love you!*

*Ethelyn Bourne Borland.*

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"'You'll have to play it as it lies,' says the stakeholder. I had to concede that hole to Newcomb, for how can a man climb a tree with snowshoes on?

"My caddy recovered my ball for me and I was six down at the twelfth

tee. My heart was heavy within me, until I saw Angus in the distance running madly.

"'I'm sorry I'm late,' says he, as he came up, 'but I had to take down the boiler in the powerhouse to get this. 'Tis a good thing for ye, Mr. Mudd, that I was chief engineer of a steam packet before I took up golf.'

"With that he handed me a bit of an iron tube, mayhap a foot long and hollow.

"But what good is this?' says I, staring at the tube.

"To slip over the end of your clubs, ye idiot, so ye won't have to bend over.'

"I kissed him then, for I saw the lost siller coming back to us. Though it hurt to treat Betsy so, I slapped the tube over the end of her and tried a few practice swings. Ah, 'twas sweet and free and easy to be able to swing without bending over like the giraffe in the Glasgow Zoo. I felt the touch coming back to me and I drove a marvelous drive. I slipped the tube off Betsy and onto my mashie and laid my second dead to the pin. Then, with the tube on my putter, I sank a twenty-two footer and you should have heard the gallery gasp.

"'Very good,' says the stakeholder, 'but wait till you get to the eighteenth, if you get that far.'

"Angus perked up his ears at that and, with another nip of the bottle, he rushed off in the direction of the eighteenth.

"I was five down on the thirteenth tee, but ye know how I can play golf, when my back is not broke from leaning over, and I fair made their eyes pop with the mastery of my timing of drives, the precision of my approaching and the wizardry of my putting. My esteemed enemy saw his case was hopeless and hardly tried.

"'I'll get him on the eighteenth,' says he to the stakeholder and I wondered at his confidence.

"What's par for the eighteenth?' I asked the bartender, who was in the crowd.

"Four,' says he.

"And what d'ye make it in?' says I, knowing him for a fair to middling golfer.

"I've never made it,' says he, 'I've only been playing this course for five years.'

"The eighteenth tee stood maybe fifty yards from a little river. To the left of the tee was a high, steep mountain, that reached right down to the near side of the river. On t'other side of the river was a glacier. But no green could I see, nor yet no flag.



"Where's the green," says I to the stakeholder.

"On the other side of that mountain to your left," says he.

"I looked at the mountain. Even I couldna drive over it and there was no way around it. 'Twas Newcomb's honor and instead of facing the mountain, he turned his back to it and drove at the side of the glacier across the river. The ball hit the glacier, bounced back across the river at an angle and disappeared on the other side of the mountain.

"Do that, if you can, Mr. Usquebaugh-guzzler," says Newcomb, "I'll betcha it's on the green. Took me twenty-two years to learn that."

"I groaned, for 'twas an impossible task. True, I could hit the glacier right enough, 'twas big enough in all truth, but there was no telling where the rebound would go. I saw our siller going and I wept. I wouldha conceded the match hadna Angus come up just then.

"'Tis well for ye that I've a technical education," says he. "'Tis well I know geometry. I'm a great mon, I am. D'ye see that red mark on the glacier yonder?" He dropped his voice to a whisper and pointed with his finger. Then I noticed what I hadn't seen before, a big red chalk mark showing up against the white of the glacier.

"I put that there with a bit of crayon, after taking my measurements," says Angus, pleased as Punch. "If ye hit that mark, 'tis geometrically certain ye'll rebound onto the green."

"'Twas a man's size task, hitting that wee mark, but I tightened my belt and swung. Ah, I was a glorious mon in those days. My eyes and Betsy served me well. The ball hit the red mark fair in the middle and caromed off behind the mountain.

"'Twas a stiff climb up that mountain, but we made it in nothing flat. When we got to the top, we saw my caddy turning handsprings in the snow.

"Ye must be on the green," says Angus, and with that he rushed down the side of the mountain ahead of us all. We followed as fast as we could, but he got there first and when we came nearer, we saw Angus doing his clan's sword-dance over the cup, without any swords.

"Squarè in the cup," he yelled, "ye've made it in one, ye've made it in one!"

Mr. Mudd rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe and left the caddy house, amidst an awed silence.

"Oh, boy, can't he tell them though," gasped the caddy master.

"Hell, yes," said the red-headed caddy, who should have been spanked for swearing, but wasn't.

(Continued from page 60)

plaything! A faint odor like the faint breath of opium smoke, filled his nostrils. The delicate toy was sent whirling into the deep shadows and Ching Chow's dull face leaped to life with the heat of revenge and hate.

Purple Dawn! She was gone like the first soft rays of the morning sun. Hatred had swelled within him like a maddening fire. Convulsively his fingers had clutched the slender vial and his eyes, now mere yellow slits, burned with a consuming rage. \* \* \*

Back to the temple Ching Chow had hurried with the light of dawn. A double portion of sweetmeats and the choicest of fruits from the Orient had he placed before the heavy-jowled joss. The dying punk of the night past, were replaced by fresh fragrant sticks. Long, sweet-smelling punk they were, foreboding nothing of the purpose back of their smoldering incense. Ching Chow would wait patiently. The answer would come and he was content.

And now it had come!

But six days had Ching Chow petitioned his ancestors and now they had answered. Truly Ching Chow was fortunate and his ancestors were to be praised.

Standing on the rim of the abyss as brick by brick the great cistern was constructed, Ching Chow now often watched the flower-decked mission school down the hill. Every step he had worked out craftily; nothing should mar his final revenge.

At the temple Ching Chow continued to place his sweetmeats in orderly array, to arrange the sweet smelling punk which glowed in the half dark as though in sullen anger.

Each night now found Ching Chow in the classroom of the little mission. His eyes revealed nothing of his burning hatred as he watched the little mission worker, Miss Patterson. Ching Chow was sure and he could afford to wait.

Each day he learned the line of verse given him by the little mission worker. Often he repeated the lines over and over to himself as he stood on the edge of the abyss now nearing completion. He mumbled a golden text, but hatred burned in his soul.

The walls of the reservoir slowly turned inward. Smooth as glass they were within and rounded up gradually to the opening no larger than the span of Ching Chow's two yellow arms. Ching Chow saw the iron cover fitted to the manhole; then he turned down the hill to the mission house.

Somehow that night the golden text kept slipping away and was lost in strange musings. No longer was the slave girl a part of his thoughts. She was of the misty past—a flash of a

purple wing now drowned in a sea of blood-red rays. In the ear of Ching Chow rang that heavy metallic clank of the cover of the manhole as it had slipped into place.

Haltingly Ching Chow stumbled through his lessons. When the mission worker reproved him, he looked into the kindly faded blue eyes behind the gold spectacles and said:

"Excuse, Mis Patisin, I am but a poor Chinese boy. Dear teacher, blame my parents." His silken shoulders stooped in humble submission; his almond eyes showed nothing but seeming Christian devotion.

At last Ching Chow heard the music of running water deep in the black cavern on the hill top. Faintly at first came the drip, drip and ripple, but louder each day and Ching Chow was content to wait. Secretly he fashioned a short iron hook such as the workmen used to lift the heavy cover. He carried this beneath his silken blouse along with the vial he had intended for the slave girl.

That same night, Ching Chow hurried from the mission school and scurried through the inky blackness of the night fog to the hilltop reservoir, to try his newly formed hook. The heavy iron cover came away with hardly a sound. Ching Chow listened as loose pebbles fell into the still waters. With yellow ear to the yawning hole, he heard the ripples splash softly on the smooth walls. Ching Chow noted that the water was higher by a good two feet. The iron cover clanked in metallic sullenness as he dropped it back into place. Beneath his silken blouse he hung the short iron hook.

Day by day, slowly, then faster the great reservoir filled. By the splash of pebbles, Ching Chow knew that at last the black waters had reached the smooth surface where the walls turned inward. He laughed a yellow seared laugh as the ripples splashed softly against the glass-like surface.

Content with himself, Ching Chow hummed in a squeaky treble, a snatch of a hymn the little mission worker had taught him. The great round sun sunk behind the hills, a glowing mass of crimson red fire, deep angry red burning the western sky into a crimson crater, each cloud of onrushing mist turned to a blotch of crimson blood.

Ching Chow saw all this as he left the temple. He smiled for he understood. Content were the gods of his ancestors with his gifts; gifts gathered from the choicest of Chinatown. With greatest care had he arranged his latest offerings. As he turned to leave the temple, the double row of clean new punks glowed not in sullen anger but

(Continued on page 87)



(Continued from page 67)

He colored, and she apologized.

"Really I didn't mean that. But when the tide comes in the echoes are a bit weird, though nothing alarming to one who knows their cause. And no sheriff could ever find you, and besides, you have your pistol," she concluded, again in a teasing mood.

"It's good to be jollied by you. Let's have some more of it."

Her reply was a gesture of denial, as she sprang down the rocks. A moment later he heard the echoing swish of her paddle as she passed out of the cavern. It was as though she had taken with her the last bit of brightness that illumined his place of refuge.

"What a girl," he murmured, as he recalled the frank gaze of her brown eyes, the coppery threads of her soft hair, the clear texture of her complexion despite its tan. "And she called me her partner. I wonder——"

Alma found two men awaiting her return home, one her father, the other a slender youth with a worried air, which he tried to mask with an assumption of careless jauntiness.

"Jerry's boy, Bob," came the introduction.

Uncle Jerry's son? It couldn't be, and yet it was, as indisputable facts readily proved.

Half an hour later Alma, a great rage in her heart, was climbing the ledge in the Cave of Echoing Tides. What a scoundrel he was, this flippant city sportsman, who had mocked her so cruelly! But the cave was empty. Was his injury but a pretense, a fraud to make an amusing incident more interesting? But he had left a trail, one that was easy to follow. Out of the cleft at the upper end of the cave it went, past the clump of evergreens that masked the opening, then around the northern shoulder of the cliffs, and along the summit of the promontory where she had first met him. Farther still it led, gradually descending toward the shore. Below her she caught sight of a motor boat moored in a spot where the water was deep close inshore.

Next to her view came the scoundrel himself. He was sitting on a rock close beside the mooring place. In his hand were the rude crutches she had made for him, and his attitude was that of one who rests to gain strength for a further effort. At least he had not deceived her in respect to his injury, though that knowledge scarcely lessened her resentment.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" Stern as an accusing witness, she confronted him.

"Nothing," he confessed sheepishly.

"Nothing? Was it nothing to you to take advantage of my error, and make

sport of a girl who was trying to help a foolish lad who was in trouble? You are contemptible!"

He raised a hand as though to check her utterance.

"I'm all of that, I'll admit, but I wasn't making fun of you, Miss Wayne; the thought never entered my head. But I was planning a trick. I intended to keep you with me till your father arrived with the real Austin, and then arrest him."

"Arrest? Who are you?"

"I am Franklin Boyd, the new sheriff."

"You—you sneak!" she exclaimed, hotly.

"I'm all of that, but don't forget I had a duty to perform. But my injury alters matters. I couldn't catch that boy unless he came after me himself. And I'm glad, though it seems strange to say that of a sprained ankle. It allows me to keep faith with the finest little partner that ever a man had."

"Partner? You're no partner of mine! I wouldn't accept you as one by inheritance, even if you were to dig up an ancestor who was once an associate of Father's."

But he only smiled a bit wistfully.

"You're angry now and with good reason, but after a time I hope you'll feel kinder. There was no one killed in that auto smash-up, I'm told, so it won't be long before that rich man settles all claims for damages, and it is safe for the boy to go home again. And till then I'll just forget that I ever heard of a Cave of Echoing Tides."

His sincerity moved her, but she was not ready to pardon him yet. She watched as he painfully arose and attempted to board his motor boat. She knew she ought to lend him a hand, but she would not. Rather she told herself with quite unnecessary emphasis that she hoped he would fall overboard. Almost she was persuaded that in that case she would let him drown. Of course if he asked for help, it would be different, but he did not speak. Perhaps her remarks about a man who needed propping still rankled. Yet the effort cost him something, if the pallor of the face he turned toward her, after gaining the cockpit, were any indication. But whatever repentance she felt was lost in the new anger inspired by his parting words.

"I'm coming back, Miss Wayne, just as soon as that boy is out of the country. In spite of your words, I still have hopes for that partnership."

The nerve of him! She turned her hack and left him.

Weeks later, a much chastened Bob Austin left for his home, and on the next day Alma Wayne pushed her canoe into the water. Boyd must have learned

of the lad's departure, and true to his promise, would be coming to seek her. And she felt a reluctance to face him. She had forgiven his deception, but she had not forgotten his farewell plea, and the remembrance was disconcerting. It was better to flee from what might be an embarrassing situation.

But where could she go? To the Cave of Echoing Tides? Surely he could never find the channel, nor was it likely that he, an indifferent woodsman, had marked the other entrance sufficiently well to be able to find it again.

As her canoe grounded on the strip of sand within the cave, she sprang ashore. It was too late to retreat, when she saw Boyd standing against the ledge, from which he had fallen that other time. He must be a better man in the woods than she had thought, or a great longing had impelled him to a diligent search.

"Well, how about that partnership?" he asked, after an exchange of greetings that were a bit stilted. She made no reply, and he went on. "Did your father ever speak of a Sam Franklin?"

She lifted her head with a look of surprise in her eyes. "Yes, they were partners once on a prospecting trip."

"Then if I were to tell you that he was my uncle, would it be stretching the relationship too far to claim that we are partners by inheritance?"

"Surely not," she replied, her eyes once more lighting up with mischief. "I hereby grant you all the privileges of such partnership. Should you ever become an outlaw, the cave is yours for a refuge, and neither Father nor I will betray you to the authorities."

"Are those the only privileges?"

"Those were all that Bob Austin received. Father has stern ideas of justice, and believes that no offender, for his own best welfare, should be coddled. Rather he should be put away for awhile that he may have opportunity for reflection, repentance, and a realization that lawless conduct profits him nothing. And Bob certainly had that opportunity, shut up in this cave all these weeks, not daring to step outside except after dark—Father scared him half to death with tales of a sheriff hanging about. And with nothing to read but a Bible and an old hymn book, and only the echoes of the tides to keep him company—Father paid him few visits and I none—he must have found it dreary. His last word was that next time—should there ever be a next, which he doubted—he would choose jail in preference to such freedom."

He joined her merry laugh at the fugitive's discomfiture.

(Continued on page 88)



# PRIZE=CONTESTS

FOR

## Short Stories and Poems

**P**ARTICULARS are given below of various prizes which are to be awarded through *Overland Monthly* during the current year. It is *Overland's* desire that these contests shall bring forth the work of the younger writers as well as that of those who have "arrived," and to that end the two chief contests have been confined to anonymously submitted manuscripts. The short story contest is confined, through the restrictions made by its donors, within certain limits which should aid in opening an almost untouched field of material for the story writer. The "Blanden Prize Contest" for poetry is unrestricted as to subject, but *Overland* hopes that it will bring out some real Western verse by poets who know whereof they speak.

### SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH LEAGUE OF AMERICAN PEN WOMEN SHORT STORY PRIZE

Desirous of interesting California writers in the vast amount of available material in the California of today, the San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women, offers through *Overland Monthly* a prize of

## FIFTY DOLLARS

to be awarded in July under the following terms:

The story, to be from 4,000 to 6,000 words in length, must be by a bona fide resident of California.

The locale is to be that of Alta California, or that part of the state north of the Tehachapi.

The story must be of the California of today and must deal in its atmosphere or in its action with a California industry, or some present day problem of the state. It should not, however, be propaganda or "boost" literature.

Stories will be judged both as to perfection of construction and technique, and as to their presentation of Alta California life of today.

Manuscript must be submitted anonymously and bear no mark of identification other than the title. (The approximate number of words should appear on title page). Accompanying the manuscript should be a sealed envelope bearing the title of the story only. Enclosed in the sealed envelope should be (a) stamped and addressed envelope for return of manuscript, and (b) a slip bearing title of story, and name and address of author.

The story must be an original work and previously unpublished, in its submitted form or otherwise. The winning story becomes the property of *Overland Monthly* without further compensation.

The judges will give "honorable mention" to the six stories, in order, which in their opinion rank next the prize winning tale.

The contest is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike.

Manuscript submitted in this contest must reach *Overland Monthly* not later than July 1, 1924. Address all manuscript (only one may be submitted by each contestant) to Short Story Contest Editor, *Overland Monthly*, 825 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

### THE

### CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN PRIZE FOR POETRY

*Overland Monthly* takes pleasure in announcing that it is enabled to offer a prize for the best lyric of 30 lines or less which may be submitted in competition under the terms of the contest.

## FIFTY DOLLARS

is offered for

### THE BEST LYRIC

of thirty lines or less.

#### Contest Conditions

All manuscript must be submitted anonymously, without distinguishing mark other than the title. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a sealed envelope which bears upon its outside nothing but the TITLE OF THE POEM, and which contains a slip bearing (a) Title, (b) Name and Address of Writer.

Lyrics must be in English, typed, and not more than thirty lines in length.

Only one lyric may be entered by each contestant.

There is no restriction as to subject, but the treatment must be lyrical. (Please refer to the dictionary for the definition of a lyric as a personal expression, and be governed accordingly).

No postage should be included as no manuscripts will be returned, all being destroyed at the close of the contest.

Manuscript should be mailed to reach the *Overland* office not later than August 1, 1924.

Address: Poetry Contest Editor, *Overland Monthly*  
825 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

The judges—the names will be announced later—will make first, second and third choice among the submitted lyrics, only the first award to receive a prize. *Overland* reserves the right to select among the remaining submissions approximately twenty which it may publish, either in *Overland* or with the prize lyrics in brochure form. There will be no other compensation for lyrics thus published than the honor of their inclusion, and it is understood that all contestants in entering the competition accept these terms.

The contest closes August 1, 1924, and the result will be announced in the October issue.

The prize winning lyric becomes the exclusive property of the *Overland Monthly*.

The contest for the Charles Granger Blanden Prize is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike, and to residents of any country.

### TWO ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

are offered by *Overland's* Subscription Department to go only to *Overland* Subscribers.

If the winner of the League of American Pen Women Prize, or the Blanden Prize, is at the time of submission of manuscript a paid subscriber to *Overland*, the Subscriber's Prize of \$25 will be added to the other prize and both go to the one person. If the winners of these prizes are not subscribers and the winners of second place can qualify, then the Subscriber's Prizes will go to them or to the third selection of the judges if both first and second fail to qualify.

For the purpose of this contest a paid subscriber shall be considered one who holds the regular receipt of *Overland Monthly* or its agents for a paid-in-advance subscription of not less than one year.

Announcement is also made of The *Overland* Annual Prize of Fifty Dollars, to be awarded for the BEST SHORT STORY published in *Overland* in 1924. No restrictions are made in this connection.

The names of judges for the various contests will be made as soon as arrangements have been completed.





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### THE REAL JAPANESE QUESTION

**W**E doubt if there is another living man who possesses as intimate knowledge of America and Americans in their relations to the Orient, or who has done more to develop good-will between Japan and this country than the eminent San Franciscan, K. K. Kawakami whose latest book we have just received from the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Kawakami has travelled extensively in central and eastern Asia, Europe and America. His books in English number eight; he has published others in Japanese; some have been translated into various languages; his magazine and newspaper articles are numerous. Fairness and optimism are the outstanding features of his books.

In his preface, Mr. Kawakami tells us that his book "believes in the innate capacity of the Japanese to live harmoniously with the Americans, and their ability to emerge happily from their present plight. It entertains faith in sound and common sense which will enable the leaders of the two peoples to arrive at an amicable solution of the question so befogged by this propaganda . . . . The author believes in the innate goodness of the American heart as well as the essential soundness of the American mind, and this in spite of his seven long years in California! . . . . At the same time, he has become intimately acquainted with men and women, public spirited, high-minded, self-sacrificing, and fearless in voicing their convictions

The conclusions of our author are in favor of continued restriction of Japanese immigration, and he shows that Japan will meet us on this point. He rightly emphasizes the need "of a spirit of mutual concession" and good-will, and makes many wise suggestions in regard to alterations in our present laws about non-caucasian immigration. His statistics, appendices and maps deserve very careful study. But the book is more than an argument; it is a contribution to the literature of the whole East-and-West relationship. The volume sells for \$1.00.

Charles H. Shinn

### RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

of Los Gatos, author of "Corduroy" and other books, has recently told of a summer which anyone would envy, and which, she says, has made her feel "husky enough to throw the Santa Cruz Mountains over the Coast Range." That she can limit her energies to less world-shaking performances is proved, however, by the story she tells of incorporating a little orphaned fawn into her household. It was found by her husband, who succeeded in teaching it to lap milk, and it is now prospering. It "follows him like Mary's lamb" and it "adores our dogs."

**HUGHES MEARNS**, author of "I Ride in my Coach," says of his boyhood: "From my earliest recollection. I was disputed property. For a time my Virginia grandmother took me under her wing. During that period she would not let me go back to my mother for fear that I might be contaminated by the Yankee influence; and my mother dared not take me away, although a truce permitted her to make visits, far between and short. My escape at the age of nine was a midnight affair with something of the flavor of old-time melodrama."

"**DIFFERENT GODS**" by Violet Quirk is the story of a girl whose Gods prove somewhat different from those of some other girls—so different, in fact, that men who read the book lay it down with a vindicated air. That's the kind of girl most of them have wanted to find. For Sheila, there is nothing in life besides one faithful love. In truth the world contains a great many girls of her sort which is well for the world.

"**ANTIC HAY**" is Aldous Huxley's new novel and has this odd title taken from one of Marlowe's poems. It is a satirical and characteristic piece of work delighting itself with all that is silly in the so-called "upper circles."

**A**T LONG intervals one comes across a book whose title-page tells so much that you begin reading with a sense of having suddenly run across an old friend. The book we are now enjoying, all by ourselves, is one of this rare sort. Thus runs the title-page: "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier, as Cowboy, Hunter, Guide, Scout and Ranchman, by James H. Cook, with an Introduction by General Charles King, U. S. V."

We of California must always recognize the fact of our farflung separate beginnings from the conquest and the gold rush of 1849. But the vast region, now a line of prosperous American States, which lay unsettled except by powerful Indian tribes who loved and fought to the last for it, was still to be conquered by Americans, or else the history of California and indeed of the whole Pacific Coast might have been far different. The man who writes this book was not born until 1857, and his greatest achievements were in the Eighties and early Nineties, long after the Civil War. He tells the story with utter unconsciousness of its importance to every American. Never was an autobiography more completely without small vanities or egotisms. There is a greatness of soul in the way, as boy and as man, the author thinks of events and of people, not of himself. But the reader can find this nation-builder who keeps open house at his Agate Springs Ranch, on the Niobrara—the man whom thousands of friends, Indians as well as whites, know as "Captain Jim."

We learn from the author's preface that Mr. E. A. Brininstool of Los Angeles, the well-known newspaper man, gave much aid in arranging the manuscript and otherwise putting the book into shape for publication. What General Charles King says of those old times is a tribute to his fellow-workers that touches one's heart; he has written an epic in prose, of those "Keen-eyed, cool-headed, fearless men, who, for half a century and more, were the guides and comrades of the cavalry of the Army



of the United States in its tireless, almost ceaseless task of clearing the way for, and guarding the lives and property of the thousands of explorers, emigrants, and settlers who, little by little, sought out and peopled almost every cultivable valley from the Missouri to the mountains and from the Staked Plains of Texas to the British lines—the scouts of the plains, men famous in song and story. . . . It was Captain Jim who had tamed this wilderness, taught it to blossom like the rose, and, after over thirty years of herding, hunting, scouting, and trailing, from Mexico to Montana, had settled in the heart of what had been the Sioux country, in the midst of the county that now bears the name of that famous nation, and built him a little world of his own where once there grew not so much as the splinter of a lodge-pole."

Everyone who reads this will desire to know in fuller detail the way in which "Captain Jim" begins his own story. He does it in the most simple, original manner. No living novelist has ever invented a more perfect beginning for his hero's life-story. The forces which developed the modest, reserved frontiersman, the love for others, the high ideals of fellowship, and the square deal such as Daniel Boone's parents gave him, and which came to Lincoln from his mother, which those men had who died at the Alamo, which frontier life taught to Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, were also of the warp and woof of little Jim Cook's up-bringing, but by a strange difficult route. Listen to his own words:

"My early boyhood was spent in southern Michigan, where I was born August 26, 1857. My mother having died when I was two years of age, my father, who was a sea-faring man, placed me with a family named Titus. This family was one of the oldest and most respected in that country; its members had been raised after the severest models of order, industry, frugality, integrity, and every Christian virtue. Their highest aim in life was to try and prepare themselves, and those in their keeping, for the life to come. . . . To the loving care and training of this noble family during my childhood days, I feel that I am indebted for whatever strength I have possessed in resisting some of the evils that have beset me as I have journeyed along over rugged trails. The Titus family and most of their relatives and friends were pioneers of Michigan. Sturdy sons of the forest, they could swing the scythe or the grain cradle from sunup to sundown. They were masters of the arts of the woods, being equally skillful with axe and rifle, and at home in a log canoe, spearing fish."

Is it any wonder that this Michigan boy, thus brought up, became a famous frontiersman? As we read the book through, its three divisions of "Cow Waddies and Cattle Trails—Texas," "Hunting Big Game—Wyoming," and "The Apache War—New Mexico," after which comes a chapter on the "Agate Springs Fossil Beds," we are struck by three things: the way in which the author studied all the books he could get hold of (as Lincoln did); the way in which he always stood for law and order; lastly, perhaps chiefly, the friendships he kept among the Sioux and other warlike Indians, understanding them and receiving their full trust at all times. History has put in plain words the sad fact of the failure of the American people as a whole to deal squarely with the Indians. No wonder that Helen Hunt Jackson wrote "A Century of Dishonor." We broke our treaties with almost every Indian tribe from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Speaking of the Cheyennes, General King says that officers of rank and distinction pleaded in vain for justice to this gallant and suffering tribe. The story is now told by "Captain Jim," but as General King adds, if told by officers at the time, "it might have cost them their commissions."

—Charles H. Shinn.

—ooo—

"LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EGYPT" by F. H. Brooksbank, with colored illustrations by Evelyn Paul is rich with legends and tales and ways and beliefs and episodes in the lives of those picturesque and ceremonial people. Because of the recent discoveries in Egypt this book has a particular timeliness.

—ooo—

### INFECTION

I carried my sorrow into the still wood,  
Hoping to heal it with silence.  
But lovers were walking there,  
And their whispers tore at my sorrow  
And poisoned it with bitterness.

—Joseph Upper.

—ooo—

A good book for parents, teachers, and all who love children is, "A Century of Children's Books," by Florence V. Barry. It has a very full survey of children's books, of their writers, and even of the children who read them—of their popularity, their influence, and their reception by children. The author has studied her subject, and the result is a book which will help and delight any one interested in literature for children.

WE TURN to Macmillan's "Who's Who" for 1923, and find that Sir William Gregory worked his way up. Born in 1864, he was knighted four years ago for his distinguished work as editor, lecturer, astronomer and author. He edited *Nature* and the *Journal of Education*, was Sir Norman Lockyer's assistant, is a leader in no end of scientific organizations and has published text books on physiography, experimental science, astronomy and other subjects. His favorite recreations are walking and gardening.

"Discovery" appeared in England seven years ago and has gone through several editions over there. This is the first American edition—of 1923. The author's faith in true science and in the progress of humanity make this one of the most helpful books in the field. In his preface we are told:

"When scientific work is instituted solely with the object of securing commercial gain, its correlative is selfishness; when it is confined to the path of narrow specialization, it leads to arrogance; and when its purpose is materialistic domination, without regard for the spiritual needs of humanity, it is a social danger and may become an excuse for learned barbarity. The spirit of scientific research has inspired the highest ethical thought and action, as well as increased the comforts of life, and added greatly to material welfare. Science is not to be measured by practical service alone, though it may contribute to material prosperity: it is an intellectual outlook, a standard of truth and a gospel of light. From many countries and many times we have gathered incidents and allusions which display the nobility of scientific aims, and have accentuated them with words of wisdom from the biographies and writings of men who have devoted their lives to the extension of natural knowledge."

These words of the distinguished author give the keynote of the whole book. Open it anywhere, and the wealth of illustrative material from all the ages justifies his faith in the unselfishness of pure science and in the way in which its leaders are lighting up the road before the world of men. Such chapters as those on "Truth and Testimony," "The Scientific Mind," "Law and Principle," "Conquest of Disease," "Scientific Motive," and "Towards Infinity," when one considers that they were written in the darkest hours of the Great War, must thrill the soul of every thoughtful reader. It is a book to spend much time upon and to keep within reach. One likes the way, for instance, that our author in the very first chapter tells us, in the words of Professor Thompson how nature tells man to



struggle, endeavor, wonder, enjoy, revere, search and inquire. Then comes his story of Fabre sitting all day on a stone at the bottom of a ravine, studying the behaviour of an insect. Three ignorant, superstitious peasant women passing, whisper "Poor imbecile!" and cross themselves.

The eight illustrations, showing us a few of the views of artists about the spirit of true science are all worthwhile, but the one that comes nearest to Sir Richard's ideal is Auguste Rodin's "The Thinker."

Hundreds of stories of workers in science, most of them new to the average reader, are told in these pages about the heroes—and often the martyrs—of Truth. The ten-page "biographical index" contains such names as Alhazen, Anaximander, Agassiz, Galileo, Newton, and brings us down the ages to the students of "dark nebulae," wireless and the Roentgen ray. Worth remembering is the famous retort of Faraday when he was lecturing in London and showed, we are told, that "when a magnet is suddenly brought near a coil of wire a slight current of electricity is produced in the wire. The experiment is not very impressive; and a lady probably voiced the feelings of most of the audience then she asked afterwards, 'But, Professor Faraday, even if the effect you explained is obtained, what is the use of it?' The memorable reply was, 'Madam, will you tell me the use of a new-born child?'"

The closing words of the book remind this reviewer of the simple, earnest eloquence of the late Professor Norton of the San Jose Normal School, who thrilled vast audiences fifty years ago, in all the cities and large towns of California. Not more than ten such speakers have ever been known in the State, and his whole life of public service was so full, so happy, so far-reaching, that we wish someone who knew him well might put the story into a book. When Dr. Norton, beginning with something which all his listeners understood, carried them step by step out among the star distances, and the lights were turned down, out of the darkness came that wonderful voice, as the man who had fought his way up through pain and poverty, told us, in the very spirit of Sir Richard Gregory's closing chapter, about Jean Paul Richter's parable, or dream or vision. We, who listened, heard of the man who was taken up into the vestibule of heaven, given an angel guide, and carried out through universe after universe. Closes the book,—and the Richter poem so loved by Professor Norton,—with this sublime passage:

"Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overlaid

heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, 'Angel, I will go no further; for the spirit of man acheth with his infinity. Insufferable is the Glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave and hide me from the persecution of the Infinite, for end I see there is none. . . ' Then the Angel lifted up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End there is none to the universe of God, Lo! also, there is no beginning!'"

Before putting this wise and cheerful book, "Discovery," back on the shelf, let us allude to the way in which things "come together." Several other books just received and half a dozen magazine articles show that many people are thinking about the trend of modern science. Some of it is in "The New Decalogue of Science" by Albert Edward Wigham; some is in Flammarion's "Dreams of an Astronomer." But we think the "spirit of service" of science is nowhere quite as well expressed as in "Discovery."

—Charles H. Shinn.

"**THE Sable Cloud**"—Old-fashioned and simple is the plot of this tale by Harriet V. C. Ogden, the author of "Then Came Motley." When dear old Grandma Liveright is about to pass to the other side, she has a vision of the future of the babe, her grand-child little Louisa Liveright Lea, and she tells it like a Scotch spae-wife: "Don't make the mistake of educating her; cultivation is what the world needs." She grows up; her father fails in business and tries to protect himself by crowding her into a hateful marriage. For many chapters it is a selfish and tragic tangle, with the girl trying to help her father and putting aside her love for another. She is finally saved by the sensible advice of a good girl, and by the elopement of the villain with an excited young thing whom he has long admired.

(Penn & Co. \$2.00 Net)

"**P**ACE". The most heartless, passion-crazed "hero" in modern literature is "Race Gentry" of Kentucky, of whose behaviour the heroine of the book, Rosemary, tells us with frantic emotion. She is utterly unashamed of the fact that Race is married to her best friend, and they have children. The author is A. L. Samms; the publishers are Covici-McGee of Chicago. The story is recklessly risque and is nowhere impressive. Its emotional characters are shallow puppets and victims of what they are pleased to term "love."

"**THE LAST FRONTIER**" is by Courtney Ryley Cooper, who wrote that excellent story of an old mine, "The Cross-Cut." He has now chosen an important historical period and many famous people to give truth and strength to this new book of his.

Mr. Cooper has evidently studied one of the most stirring periods in American history, 1867-8, when, as an aftermath of the Civil War, many impoverished families sought the unsettled frontier lands where they might erect new homes and rebuild their shattered fortunes. During these years, the Kansas-Pacific Railway, which should line the East with the West, was in process of construction, its every foot of progress fought by the Indians, who sought by all the savage means in their power to keep back the advance of civilization, and who made the history of Kansas a narrative of bloody massacres and uprisings. It was the period when "Buffalo Bill" Cody made his reputation as a buffalo hunter and Indian scout; when General Custer nearly wore himself out hunting the Indians; when the famous battle of Beecher's Island finally aroused the nation to action. There are plenty of traitors and renegades in the book, but the faithful love of Betty Halliday and Tom Kirby endures all misfortune.

(Little Brown & Co. \$2.00 Net)

"**THE Marriage of Yussuf Kahn**." This is the most recent of two interesting novels that have lately been translated from the Swedish of Frank Heller by Robert Emmons Lee. The first of them, "The Emperor's Old Clothes" is a mystery novel that will intrigue the most ardent reader in this field. "Yussuf Khan" goes even further in the same line. Its central figure, Mirzl, is an international criminal who has all the acuteness and courage of a perverted Sherlock Holmes as well as his marvelous capacity for impersonation and mimicry. Mirzl is felt rather than seen throughout the action which largely concerns an East Indian Prince who comes to Europe to marry bringing with him a huge dowry for the prospective bride.

As little is known in America about this author, we add that "Frank Heller" is a pseudonym. He has traveled widely and written many stories of this bizarre type. His nearest prototype here is said to be O. Henry. Heller has written some fifteen books which originally appeared in Swedish. His popularity has been enormous. His books have been sold by the tens of thousands on the other side, and Europeans generally regard him as one of the greatest living exponents of stories with unexpected climaxes.

(Thomas Y. Crowell \$2.00 Net)



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*(Continued from page 81)*

with a bright red fire sending forth and upward thin lines of fragrant incense to the gods of his ancestors.

That night with eyes fixed in devout attention on the little mission worker, Ching Chow listened attentively to every word of the lesson. His mask-like face gave no hint of his diabolical intention, while beneath his silken blouse he felt the short iron hook and the vial of sleep.

Ching Chow lingered after his countrymen departed. Tonight he obsequiously begged to escort the little mission worker on her homeward way up the hill.

The crimson anger of the western sky had long ago died away to purple night. Like naked ghosts the jagged walls of buildings peered out from the fog. On the hilltop all was black, as black as the cold waters deep in the cavern beneath.

With servile step, Ching Chow walked beside the little mission worker, mumbling broken answer to her words of approval. His eyes no longer assumed devotion but in the dark glowed red with hate and desire for revenge.

A few steps more and they were on the brow of the hill near the cistern. Long yellow fingers shot out, the vial ready; the talon fingers pressed it to the

nostrils of the little mission worker. She fell, a helpless heap against the arm of Ching Chow and then slipped to the ground at the edge of the manhole.

Ching Chow drew forth the short iron hook. With hardly a sound the heavy cover came away. But the hook caught. Ching Chow, nerves taut, gave it a maddening jerk. The lid balanced for a space of a second, then fell heavily against the leg of Ching Chow with a sickening crash. Thrown off his balance, he stumbled, half fell, then crashed over the still form of the little mission worker, down, down through the gaping hole of the abyss.

A muffled shriek vibrated in hollow echoes above the sudden splash. Then only the sullen sputter of water against smooth sides. Gradually the lapping of ripples grew more faint and then died into a peaceful calm.

To the west, the moon breaking forth from a sea of fog, bathed the hillside in a mellow light. Slender beams caught and wrapped the still form of the little mission worker until returning life moved within her.

She struggled to her feet and looked about for Ching Chow. As she went on homeward she wondered in her innocent heart if her life had been saved from some unknown assailant by the devotion of Ching Chow.

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*(Continued from page 65)*

to the State by Mrs. Zipporah Russ of Ferndale. Other counties have forests that have come under State ownership and in Marin County the Federal government owns Muir Woods, a tract of four hundred thirty-seven acres, contributed by William Kent.

The economic life of the State is closely related to our forests. Our population is increasing rapidly. This means an increasing demand upon the forests for lumber and upon the land for food. In California some 10,000,000 acres depend upon irrigation. With our forests gone, the necessary water will not be available either for agriculture or for the needed development of hydroelectric energy. It is necessity, not sentiment, that calls for the perpetuation of the forests of California.

*(Continued from page 78)*

So we idiocentrics go on our way, gathering credit for our little virtues, and hastily brushing off responsibility for our vices or mistakes.

If you like my word idiocentric I shall accept your approval with avidity and take to myself great credit for it;

if not, I shall hasten to explain that I made it because all the writers now are either making new words to surprise the reader, or using old words in unheard-of senses, and that, of course, I do not fancy it myself especially.

—E. M. L.

*(Continued from page 82)*

"I see that a partnership by inheritance is scarcely worth considering. And that means that we must start new with one of our own making. Sweetheart—dearest—don't say that you still hate me, when I love you, and have loved you ever since that first moment, when I saw you there in the canoe."

The note of raillery, that had always been present in his speech, had vanished. He was more serious than she had ever seen him, and a soft and tender accent had crept into his voice. She could find no words in answer to his plea, and she stood silent, till with a man's impatience he put forth his hands and lifted her flushed face to his. In the soft light of her brown eyes he read all that he wished to know.

*(Continued from page 58)*

Mr. Dawley explained that immediately after Adams's escape from the Indians, he almost died from an attack of typhoid fever which left his memory more or less muddled. It was Mr. Levi's belief that because Adams was pack master of the original expedition, he was always at the rear of the train and did not see the landmarks ahead; while Windy Bill was of the opinion that Adams knew where the canyon was but wanted to go back to it alone and garner all the nuggets for himself.

Mr. Lewis, the authority referred to above, refuses to say which of the three prospectors has the right solution, but he did opine that if Adams were still living, he would make H. B. Wright look to his laurels as a writer of "lost mine" stories.

It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that when the Del Oro people have accomplished their purpose in the Santa Catalines, they will comb the Mal Pais. Even though they do not find the Adams Diggings, they should round up enough stories concerning them to provide Mr. Wright with material for another novel. Thus the work of the expedition cannot be a total loss either way.



## POETS AND THINGS

*Impertinent Comment on Contemporary Periodicals by the Poetry Editor*

**W**HAT is a Poetry Magazine? The Poetry Editor ventures the opinion that a poetry magazine is a publication which springs from one of two incentives; in the one case the creator thereof does not agree with others' estimates of his own work—in the other he does not agree with other editors' estimates of poetry in general.

Those publications which spring from the first cause, and which exist almost entirely for the presentation of the poetic offspring of the editor-owner, are fortunately few. The others are myriad in number. Week by week they come—no pun is intended—and they live a more or less hectic existence for a space, only to disappear unsung and unmourned; giving place to others of their kin.

Some of those which continue to exist do so obviously because the editor-owner is able to dig down into some convenient sock and pay the cost of publication. Obviously, because the quality of the verse is such that it can command the interest and respect only of the very elect, of the poet-technician who is more concerned with the manner and the successful obscurity of what is said than he is with the soul-quality. It is, of course, 'art for art's sake.'

Yet there are poetry publications which need no excuse for existence, which are—in spite of occasional profundity—good reading for both poets and humans. That West Coast magazine "Pegasus" of San Diego, falls most consistently month by month within the latter class. The Poetry Editor must confess that some of the abstractions of this January issue run far, far beyond his comprehension. But then, what matter? Editor Lench has definitely classed "Overland's" Poetry Editor as a conservative. And that is a statement, by the way, which the Poetry Editor has clipped to show to those conservative friends who accuse him of being a modernist.

And let one thing—not unimportant—be said for "Pegasus." It is typographically one of the best poetry magazines the country over. Other publications might learn from the clean beauty of its makeup, and not infrequently from its content.

**T**HE January "Wanderer" has just reached the Poetry Editor's desk. It might well be called the "lyric" number, for there is more of singing beauty in its verse than has been present for months. It is sound verse, for

the most part; nothing of startling freshness or strength, but good—and very readable. Possibly the most pleasing thing in the number is Winifred Gray Stewart's "The Baby."

"Her new body is soft against my cheek  
Like little leaves of young mullen  
In early April.  
Her tiny hands are curled tighter  
Than tender fern shoots,  
Soil-fresh.  
Soon—  
Like the soft unfolding of violet buds—  
Her blue eyes will look up at me,  
Waking from a sleep deeper than flowers know."

Clark Ashton Smith, too, has a characteristically lovely thing in his "Fugitive," which is unfortunately too long to quote.

**T**HE Lyric West comes in this same mail with its usual closely printed pages—few publications present so much verse at an issue as does the Lyric West. There is in the January number much that is good; little that is really distinctive. A two-page "mystic" by Anna Kalfus Spero assumes eminence both by virtue of its handling and by the poetic height attained in parts. The Poetry Editor confesses that had the poem commenced and ended with that portion "The Cavern of Sleep" he would have liked it much better.

"Motion of rivers, origins and ends, life and death are mute mysteries;  
Yet would I keep my spirit beautiful and fine by devotion to unwordable mysteries,

For I have taken harsh woe of incompleteness and thick tears for black mortal fear of the Great Call  
(fear that I shall miss my Youth)  
into the Cavern of Sleep and found in dreams the power and dominion there of peace.

And I would meet the force of Death  
And wake from echoes of his great stroke where light begins to shine in darkness in the Cavern of Sleep."

And that may mean as much or as little to you as you choose; it has, nevertheless, beauty.

**P**ALMS" comes also, bearing its Mexican postmark. But how can Idella Purnell expect the critics to comment on the contents of her publication when the names of the poets—and near-poets—are not given until the succeeding issue? Why, the Poetry Editor might be slaying his dearest friend's fondest illusion in saying he didn't like some certain bit of verse. Or he might be giving a friendly pat to his bitterest enemy. But of the two he would be running less risk in doing the latter, so here goes: He very much likes "Attainment," which is a shere bit of loveliness. And that whimsical bit of mysticism, "Just Now For Instance."

"Pizzicato," which had favorable comment by the Poetry Editor last month, turns out to have been by Ellsworth Stewart of "The Occident," the University of California publication.

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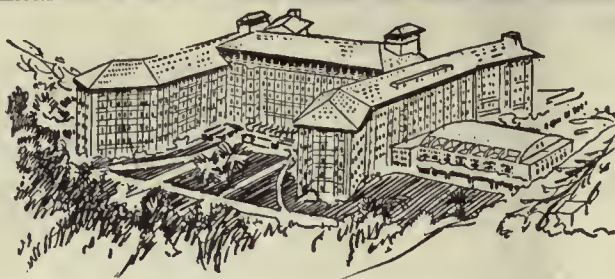
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AND "The Lariat!" Even Amy Lowell finds representation in the January number, which shows that Col. Hofer is nothing if not broad-minded. But really, it would be a difficult reader who could not find in "The Lariat" something of interest, for there is a wealth of verse to suit all tastes.

But—glancing through these pages brings this to the Poetry Editor's mind—what words these poets do use! Here's one the Poetry Editor has been intending to look up, he finds it almost as frequently as 'blur'—dictionary please! Let's see: Maul—Maunder—no, that isn't it. Mausoleum—Mawkish—No. Here it is, *Mauve*—meaning purple. Oh, well, no doubt that's it; the "purple hills" have gone into the discard with a lot more of the good old poetic stand-bys. They will be mauve hills from now henceforward.

TO those who love the old days of Spanish California—and who is there who does not?—the Poetry Editor speaks of one of the most important anthologies of recent years, the "Spanish Songs of Old California." These are the folk songs of that romantic age, unwritten and fast disappearing until Charles F. Lummis set himself to the task—is any labor of love a task?—of collecting and preserving them in their original beauty. In his preface Mr. Lummis says:

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In the collection are 14 songs, both in the original and with the English translation by Mr. Lummis. It is a group of Spanish songs in which everyone may find delight.

(*Spanish Songs of Old California*, \$1.50 postpaid. Address Chas. F. Lummis, 200 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles.)

"Four" reaches the Poetry Editor's desk too late for extended comment. It is a number which will have wider appeal than the first; not so much because of the presence of rhymed verse as because of a slightly lighter touch, a brighter atmosphere. Yossef Gaer's "Legendary" has fine artistry, and it seems regrettable that it has in this been turned to the burlesquing of that which—to so many—is held sacred. Thompson Rich has a group of sonnets, not



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entirely regular as to form, which will be more pleasing to the majority than is the vers libre of his usual inclination. Nor are the sonnets all, for Rich includes no less than three other poems written in all the beauty of the accepted older forms. Rich stands among the most promising of the western poets of the day.

Not infrequently the Poetry Editor has given it as his opinion that the final word in verse had been said of the California poppy. Not an aspiring versewriter of the West but has at some time or other inscribed a couplet or so to this golden emblem. But here comes Delmar H. Williams in the San Francisco "Bulletin" with a poppy poem which has a really happy slant:

### CALIFORNIA'S FLOWER

From where Sierra's summits, crowned with snow,  
Look out across Nevada's wide plateau,  
To where the Western Ocean's power is spent  
To shape the margin of a continent;  
From where the heavens pour libations on  
The densely wooded hills of Oregon  
To where a tropic sun's unhampered glow  
Rests on the northern rim of Mexico,  
You'll find the poppy sometime in the year—  
Sown by the gnomes when gold was planted  
here,  
And left to bud, and bloom, and seed, and wait,  
Just to become the emblem of our state.

## Oregon Literature and Art

By VIOLA PRICE FRANKLIN

Audred Bunch, a senior in Willamette University, who was awarded the P. E. O. Scholarship, has recently been notified that her poems won "honorable mention" in the Witter Bynner Prize, given under the auspices of the Poetry Society of America. This is for the best college verse of 1923 and there were over 700 contestants representing 63 American colleges and 33 States. Miss Bunch ranked about fourth in the group of 12 and won over the contestants from Harvard and Yale. Her picture sonnets were chosen for publication in a poetry magazine. Witter Bynner congratulates her in a personal letter.

Albert Richard Wetjen has come from California to Salem, Oregon, to make his home. Mrs. Gertrude Robinson Ross recently entertained the Writers' League in a reception for him and his wife. His stories are in great demand, not only in America but also in England. His plots are developed from his rich travel experiences as a sailor on English vessels. Stories have recently appeared in Everybody's and in Collier's.

Charles Alexander's book "The Fang in the Forest," reached the list of five best sellers in Oregon, according to J. K. Gill's record a week ago. It has been well received and his short stories continue to be popular. One wonders at what the Bookman said in its Novem-

(Continued on page 92)

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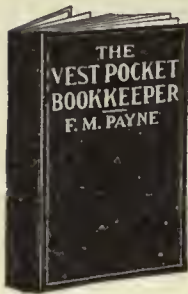
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(Continued from page 52)

worried the women and the administration by a fusillade of newspaper articles, decrying the project, and picturing the land as a dismal swamp of no value. Five years after the purchase the property was appraised at \$90,000, and was considered cheap at that price! Mrs. Beckman's fighting blood had a fine opportunity to show itself, and her business judgment was fully sustained by the results achieved. She was one of the founders, and the first president of the powerful Tuesday Club, which has a beautiful club house, and is so potent a factor in the social and civic life of Sacramento. While President of the Tuesday Club, Mrs. Beckman was instrumental in organizing circulating libraries for the use of women's clubs in the northern part of the State. In three months three libraries of fifty books each were on the road, and so great was the demand for selected reading that the State Library took over the work. By this means isolated communities have the benefit of our great library collections. Being the third largest library in the United States, there are rare volumes and extensive collections on many subjects which are now available to students everywhere.

The men of Mrs. Beckman's ancestry rendered distinguished service in the Revolution, in the Civil War, and in all the Indian and border warfare of their respective states, so it would naturally follow that Mrs. Beckman would be active in the great world war still unsettled. It was quite like her way of doing things for her to adopt Company "C" 322nd Field Signal Corps, of two hundred and eighty men. And it is also like her to continue her benefactions, now that field service is no longer required of them. Her "boys" were stationed at Camp Lewis while in training, and her first gift to them was one hundred and fifty books from her own library. To these Godsons she wrote:

"Today you are holding the skein, dear boys,

And the measure of thread must run,  
For you're spinning out swiftly the  
threads of life

And your work has scarcely begun.  
But bravely you'll spin the threads, dear  
sons,

For you're all I could ask—brave,  
tender and true.

You are staunch and courageous, you're  
gold through and through

You'll stand every test, be it joy or  
pain,

For you'll never lose hope that we'll all  
meet again

When victorious you come to the end  
of the skein."

After the Armistice, with the loss of only one man, the boys came home, and have since organized the Zane-Irwin Post No. 93, to which Mrs. Beckman presented the Post colors, and she still keeps a lively interest in the welfare of each member.

Mrs. Beckman's creed of life can best be summed up by quoting one of the closing paragraphs in her "Memory's Potlatches":

"Strive to be worthy of the place the gods have assigned you. Strive to help others and lighten the shadows that envelop them. Strive to make memories of deeds done stepping stones to a higher and better existence. By so doing you will not only be better and happier, but will help the world and make it all the more livable and lovable because *you* have lived."

(Continued from page 91)

ber Guide to Fiction about his trying to imitate Jack London. The fact is that Mr. Alexander said that London took a dog and degraded him to lower animal life, hence he wanted in Black Buck to show how near to the human a dog could ascend. No more original and independent writer exists than Mr. Alexander. His story "In the Sticks," set in the Santiam Forest, is proving very popular in England. Mr. Alexander's pages in the Albany Sunday Democrat hold up a high standard for poetry, and his discerning editorials are exerting a wide influence in Oregon.

Hazel Hall's popularity continues, as editors scramble for her poetry. The Century was caught napping, in "Among our Contributors," for December, when it said she was "one of Maine's foremost poets." Portland, the City of Roses, is proud to claim Hazel Hall, whose classic poetry has truly "won her a place in nearly all of the publications which constitute the American market for distinguished poetry."

Grace E. Hall, author of Homespun, which has had an encouraging sale, also lives in Portland. Her poems are being used in illustrated cover designs; "Take Time" in Progress Magazine, and "Sunset by the Creek" in Outdoor Life. She is on the staff of The Oregonian, writing three poems a week for the editorial page.

November "Poetry" contains a beautiful poem by David Greenhood of the O. A. S. Faculty. He received his inspiration under Witter Bynner at Berkeley.

Viola Price Franklin recently presented a copy of Ina Coolbrith's "Songs from the Golden Gate" to the Poets' Corner in J. K. Gill's Book Store. Miss Coolbrith kindly inscribed a quatrain of

(Continued on page 95)





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## The Editor's Brief Case

**W**HAT makes a Western Magazine? Is it the place of publication? Is it the cover, with its wildly whooping cowboy? Is it the fiction, with its wilder Indians? Is it a combination of the three—or is there a needful ingredient which is aside and apart from any of these?

The cowboy as we see him flamboyantly displayed on the covers of so-called Western Magazines—this riding, shooting, colorful creation of the artist—was never typical of the hardworking plainsman. But even the latter is no longer typical of the West. Outside the movies and rodeos the cowboy is never seen, save in a few isolated localities. He passed with the passing of the great ranges, lingering but little longer than the buffalo and Indian. But there is a magazine which knew the real cowboy, which knew the buffalo and the Indian.

Back in the days when the Overland Trail of the pioneer had not yet been brushed over and forgotten, a man named Bret Harte brought forth a publication which was in its inception and policy, in its contents and even in its place of publication essentially of the West. That was the "Overland Monthly" of 1868, and for nearly sixty years "Overland" has continued to be a truly Western Magazine.

It is today a Western Magazine because it presents, month by month, in its stories, its articles, its verse and its pictures, the real spirit of the real West. It preserves the atmosphere of the old West, but its chief aim is to so present contemporary conditions and contemporary life that the world may know the West of today.

Further, it is western because its in-

terests are inextricably bound with those of the Great West; not California alone, but all of the West from the Rocky Mountains to the Orient.

Bret Harte, in that first editorial of his back there in July of 1868, said this: "Why is this magazine called 'The Overland Monthly?' I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent on which the boundaries of states and territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations. Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. *Shall not the route be represented as well as the termini?* What could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?"

Today the debris of years is being swept from the old Overland Trail. There is not one trail, nor two, but half a dozen, which stretch out across the continent binding ever closer the eastern states to those which lie on the western side of that "vast interior basin." The policy of "Overland Monthly" is today, as it was those years ago, to truly represent not only the western termini but those regions and municipalities crossed by the overland routes.

And to that end each month will bring forth features in article and story of interest both to those resident along these great trans-continental highways and to those whose dream is *sometime* to travel them. "Overland Monthly" is essentially the Western Magazine.

(Continued from page 69)

that suggested that he thought eight o'clock a long way off.

That afternoon Imogene went to bed with a headache. When she awoke it was five o'clock. Three hours to wait for Mother! She went into the living-room and looked at the new furniture. She hated it—and the new awnings, and the phonograph. But here was the easy chair, that Mother had sat in and rocked Junior and herself to sleep!... Yes, and here were the other pieces— Oh, she understood! Father had quietly brought them back, because he knew that Mother wouldn't like to be surprised. Here they were, jostling the new furniture, crowding the living room—

She sat in the easy chair, and cried softly against its comfy cushions.

And that night, at eight o'clock, Mother came back. It was not the same Mother that went away—oh, no!

"I—I wanted to surprise you," she said, as they looked at her in silence.

Her hair was done differently. Her dress, new—becoming, too—was like one worn by the mother of Imogene's best friend. Her hat—Imogene had long insisted that Mother should wear something more fashionable than the close-fitting turbans that were suited to her. *This* hat was not a turban.

"I thought I'd surprise Imogene," she cried, from a cordon of loving arms, tightly drawn about her. "She loves new things and—"

"But not a new Mother!" Imogene objected, trying to keep her voice steady.

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**E**ARLY in the morning of Saturday, December 22, 1923, our offices and stock rooms at 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, were totally destroyed by fire. It was rather a left handed Christmas present but we refuse to be downhearted. We saved all our ledgers and most of our correspondence and records.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank the California School Book Depository for their courtesy and generosity in allowing us to share temporarily their splendid quarters at 149 New Montgomery Street. Nearly every publisher in San Francisco very generously offered us every courtesy and assistance and invited us to make their offices our temporary headquarters. We wish we could have accepted them all, but it was bad enough to have our wits scattered without scattering our employees. We thank you all just the same. Don't tell us the Christmas Spirit is dead. We know better.

Every order received since the fire has been given prompt telegraphic attention and filled immediately from one of our western depositories or one of our eastern branches.

We have secured permanent quarters at 350 MISSION STREET, commodious, conveniently located, beautiful. In two or three weeks we shall be able to give prompt and careful attention to all orders—the sort of service you have learned to expect from us. We had some stock in the warehouse and our new stock, wired for immediately after the fire, is beginning to come in already.

We shall have ample stock for the opening of school and college, so don't hesitate to send in your order.

Come and see us. We should be "all fixed up" and ready to receive visitors by the time this issue of Overland Monthly reaches you. You will find us comfortably settled in spacious, light offices, with the largest stock in the West.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

By T. C. Morehouse

Evidently the old Mother was quite good enough for the whole family—to her bewilderment. "I heard of a fine dressmaker—Imogene was always saying how much younger I'd look if I dressed in style. I did it to please her—and *you* dear. Do let me get off these tight slippers!"

"Thanks be, you're not obliged to wear any of these duds," Father said, fervently, and carried Mother away to the old easy chair. "Now we'll really get down to living again."

That night Imogene wrote happily in her dairy:

"Anyway, Mother likes the new things. But never, *never*, NEVER will I try to make anybody over. Unless, of course, they ask me to. And even then I'll first count ten. I've found out that to meddle with other people's affairs is most always to bungle.

P. S.—I don't like surprises. Father says he doesn't either."

(Continued from page 92)

greeting on the fly leaf. Thus are the laureates of California and Oregon united.

Ruth Fargo, the successful writer of short stories, has had two poems pub-

lished recently: one in Independent Woman and another, "Prescience" in Progress, organ of Child Conservation League of America.

A very interesting session of the Salem Writers' League was recently entertained at Mrs. Franklin's home, where Mrs. C. V. Barton read for criticism a realistic story woven around the burning of the flax plant at the penitentiary. It was a coincidence that another member, Mrs. J. C. Nelson, also presented a story founded on the same theme. Poems were given by Edna Garfield, Prof. Peck and Mr. De Spain.

The Writers' Club of Willamette University is under the guidance of Prof. Williston of the Department of English Literature. The students submit anonymous productions for criticism and discussion and much interest is aroused and progress made.

J. K. Gill recently had a very attractive display window of Anthony Euwer's new book of poems, "By Scarlet Torch and Blade." What James Whitcomb Riley is to Indiana Anthony Euwer is to Oregon, and he is also rapidly winning national fame as a poet, artist and lecturer.

Much interest is awakened in the competition for the prize poem to be written for the dedication of the statue

of The Circuit Rider which R. A. Booth is presenting to Oregon. It will be unveiled in February. The sculptor is Prof. Fairbanks of University of Oregon, and Mr. Booth thus honors his father, a minister of early Oregon times.

California has gained a member of the Oregon Writers' League, Miss Ariel Dunn, well known as a writer for trade journals. She goes to Los Angeles to edit three periodicals. Our President, Anne Shannon Monroe, has also gone to Santa Barbara to spend the winter where she writes that she is getting a working knowledge of how "movies are built." Her many admirers are waiting longingly for the appearance of her novel. Sweet and comforting was the philosophy in her article, "The Music Under the Noise" in Good Housekeeping for December.

Marguerite Norris Davis has written a sympathetic sketch of "Our Own" Samuel Lancaster, creator of the famous Columbia River Highway, for St. Nicholas.

Mable Holmes Parsons is writing some thought-stimulating book reviews for the Oregon Journal's "Book and Writers' Page." Her versatility is apparent when it is known that she is a popular Professor of Literature in the U. of O., a writer of beautiful lyrics, an author of many literary studies.



(Continued from page 49)

**ANNICE CALLAND** is with us again in a desert poem of typical charm.

**HONORIA TUOMEY** is another of Overland's valued contributors who is with us after a silence of some time. Her research into the romantic history of the period of Russian occupation of California has given her widespread fame.

**MADEFREY ODHNER** is one of San Francisco's young business men. Poetry is an avocation.

**JAMES CLYDE BAILEY** is a name which various magazines—some thirty-five of them have printed his verse, stories and other material—have spread broadcast. His verse is a product of the last two years.

**ETHELYN BOURNE BORLAND, TORREY CONNOR, NANCY BUCKLEY, ALBERTA WING COLWELL** these are all familiar names to Overland readers of verse.

—ooo—

#### A POETS' DINNER!

The California Writers' Club of California, an organization made up of professional writers of novels, stories, poetry and drama, makes the interesting announcement that a "Poets' Dinner" is to be given on February 12.

The guests of honor are to be California's well-loved Ina Coolbrith, Poet Laureate, and Miss Jessie Rittenhouse. There will be many other nationally known poets, visiting and resident, at the dinner and it promises to be a memorable affair.

In view of the fact that the committee in charge cannot get in touch with all visiting and resident celebrities in person, it has been decided to depart from usual custom and issue a general invitation to all poets and writers to be present, whether they are members of the club or not. Reservations should be made through the secretary of the club not later than February 10, with check enclosed at \$1.00 a plate.

The dinner will be held at 6:30 Tuesday evening, February 12, in Berkeley, at the Varsity Candy Shop, corner of Bancroft Way and Telegraph Ave. For reservations address Mrs. James C. Bennett, Secretary California Writers' Club, 388 Fairmount Ave., Oakland, California.



## BEAUTIFUL HOMES

"**H**AVE NOTHING IN YOUR HOME THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW TO BE USEFUL, OR BELIEVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL," SAID WILLIAM MORRIS, THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN. IT IS THE GOLDEN RULE FOR FURNISHING ARTISTIC HOMES.

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## OUR MARCH POETS

**E. RICHARD SHIPP**, "The Wyoming Poet" gives Overland this month the tragic side of the desert country. Mr. Shipp has published several volumes of verse, all with the atmosphere of that West in which he lives, and very delightful volumes they are, this "Intermountain Folk" and "Range-land Melodies." He is generally recognized as Wyoming's poet laureate.

**CHARLES BEGHTOL** is another typically western poet, but one who sings on a different note. So lyrical are his poems, indeed, that it is not difficult to understand why several of them have found musical settings. Mr. Beghtol is from Colorado.



**MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD** is a name familiar to readers of poetry magazines the country over, for she has appeared and is appearing in the best of them. Just at present her chief interest lies in the advancement of the "little theater" movement in San Francisco.

**ESTHER BIRDSALL DARLING**—you know that name from "Baldy of Nome" if from nothing else. But Mrs. Darling can write verse as well as prose. She is in the South at present, where her story is being filmed.



**BEULAH MAY** is another of those fortunate folk who find expression in various lines. She is one of the Southern California group of sculptors, a member of the California Sculptors' Guild. Miss May says that "poetry is a sort of safety valve for excess energy."

**AND THE REST** of this month's contributors are all old friends; most of them you see frequently.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

— O —

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MANAGER

# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

MARCH, 1924

NUMBER 3

## Contents

Our March Poets.....	97
The Mesa Dwellers—Frontispiece and verse.....	98
<i>Linda Lee</i>	

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

California's Threatened Hegira of Japanese.....	99
<i>V. S. McClatchy</i>	
Alma De Bretteville Spreckles.....	101
<i>Frona Eunice Wait Colburn</i>	
Trade Union or Open Shop?.....	113
<i>Anna Dondo</i>	
The Beginning of Etching in California.....	114
<i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i>	
An Endowment Fund for Sulgrave Manor.....	115
<i>Mrs. James R. Lamar</i>	
Long Distance Interviews.....	121
<i>With Jack London, Joaquin Miller, Charles F. Lummis</i>	
<i>Torrey Connor</i>	
A Little Talk on Thrift.....	134
<i>S. W. Straus</i>	

### BIOGRAPHY

Thad Welch—Pioneer and Painter.....	104
<i>Helen Vernon Reid</i>	

### FICTION

The "High Graders"—A Serial; part one.....	109
<i>Charles G. Snow</i>	
Forgotten Gold—Short story.....	117
<i>Una H. Bunker</i>	
The Wailing Lady—A serial, conclusion.....	133
<i>B. G. Rousseau</i>	

### VERSE

The Dancing Shadow.....	<i>Charles G. Blanden</i> .....	106
Mirage .....	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> .....	109
Chromo .....	<i>Winifred Gray Stewart</i> .....	110
Crossing the Desert.....	<i>E. Richard Shipp</i> .....	117
Forest Love.....	<i>Miriam Allen deFord</i> .....	119
A Page of Verse.....		123
Life .....	<i>Esther Birdsall Darling</i> .....	137
Memory .....	<i>Beulah May</i> .....	137

### DEPARTMENTS

Book and Writers.....	124
Plays and Players—Little Theatre Impressions.....	126
<i>Grace Borroughs</i>	
Editor's Brief Case.....	130
Poets and Things.....	137
With California Writers.....	139
<i>Laura Bell Everett</i>	

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR 25 CENTS PER COPY  
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## The Mesa Dwellers

By LINDA LEE

THE old trail that drops down from the mesa floor  
Is lonely and waiting for the feet that wore  
Deep its channelled winding; now but shadows drift  
Down along the old trail to the canyon rift.

But when crimson twilight deepens into dark;  
When a lone star swings high like a silver spark;  
Then the old trail quivers to their friendly tread—  
These dwellers of the mesa whom men would call the Dead.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY and OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

MARCH, 1924

No. 3

## California's Threatened Hegira of Japanese

By V. S. McCLATCHY

THE LAW OF CALIFORNIA which forbids ownership, lease or profitable use of agricultural lands by aliens ineligible to citizenship was recently upheld in an uncompromising decision of the United States Supreme Court. Following that decision in December, the entire country was flooded by telegraphed statements from California to the effect that the Japanese, who are most affected by the decision, would decline to work for wages; that 50,000 or more of California's 100,000 Japanese population were about to leave the State; that farms and orchards could not be operated without the Japanese; that hundreds of thousands of acres of the richest lands must cease to produce and that the State's annual revenues would decrease over \$70,000,000 in consequence; and that the initiative would be invoked to secure modification or repeal of the objectionable law.

Publication of these statements brought application from landowners in many portions of the United States—outside of the Pacific Coast states—indicating an eagerness to secure the dissatisfied Japanese of California to work uncultivated lands in such states.

In the face of what the country assumed must prove an overwhelming disaster for California, that self-satisfied, reckless and improvident commonwealth not only failed to acknowledge her blunder and adopt means to correct it, but as soon as her various and varied interests could confer and survey the situation, calmly announced to the world that if the Japanese wished to leave the State, they would be bidden "God-speed;" that while the State is bound by treaty and in fairness to protect the resident Japanese in commercial pursuits, and even as farm laborers under wage, their presence on farm and orchard must prove an ultimate detriment much more serious than the temporary loss which might result from their de-

parture. The district attorneys of the State, called together in conference by the State Attorney-General (with 49 out of 58 counties represented in attendance) gave public notice that the law would be rigidly enforced after the present growing crops had been harvested; the Farm Bureaus proceeded to organize a State clearing house for farm and seasonal labor, and to encourage the establishment of attractive conditions of employment for farm labor throughout the State. Requests from other states for Japanese laborers were turned over in friendly spirit to the Japanese Association of America with

years some of the State's rich lands, it were better so than to have such lands, with their marketable products and the industries connected therewith, in control of unassimilable aliens whose presence constitutes not only a national but an international danger as well.

First, as to the facts of the present situation. There was apparent foundation for the reports sent out from California in December, in the attitude of the Japanese, as announced in their vernacular press at the time, and in the claims of landowners whose profits for years past have been made by leasing to Japanese. That same vernacular press today, from the Canadian line to the Mexican border, and following California's determined action, voices the urgent advice of Japanese leaders that the Japanese do not leave California but remain here, and working under the conditions permitted, take concerted action to force such change of the law within the next few years as will enable the Japanese to colonize the State under conditions more satisfactory to themselves.

This policy is urged not only in the interest of the California Japanese, but also to avoid injury to their countrymen in other states, which, if threatened by new Japanese immigration, may be induced to copy California's law. A notable case in point is furnished

by an urgent appeal from the Idaho Japanese Association to the Japanese in California, published in *Nichi Bei*, of San Francisco, January 22nd not to come to Idaho as the Chambers of that State have petitioned the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature to protect Idaho against the threatened invasion. The appeal naively states that as the Japanese born in Idaho average fifteen years younger than those born in California, it will be many years before their rights as American citizens can be utilized to secure lands for the proud Yamato race. They are, therefore, less able to protect themselves than are their

*"FOR TWO DECADES and more, California has regarded herself as a frontier state, making the fight of the nation against the peaceful penetration of insidious alien invaders from the Far East. She has been willing to accept the loss and trouble which come inevitably to the territory on which battles are fought, but has resented the complacent blindness of many other states which could see no danger, and insisted that California, because of unfounded racial prejudice, was precipitating this country into trouble and possible war."*

headquarters in San Francisco, that they might be filled.

SOME of the reasons which actuate California in adopting this course—consistent with her declarations and policy of the past—will appear in the course of this article. Briefly, it may be said that any considerable migration of California Japanese at this time seems improbable; that should such migration occur, it is believed the place of the Japanese will be filled in time by competent white labor with benefit to the State; and that even should the departure of the Japanese leave idle for many



brethren in the Golden State against alien laws!

**I**T IS IMPROBABLE that any very large number of Japanese will leave California at this time. The Japanese regard California, if they must leave Japan, as the most desirable place in the world for residence. Two-thirds of all the Japanese in Continental United States are in the Golden State, whose climatic conditions permit them to utilize in agricultural activities, practically all the hours of a 365-day year. The Japanese do not like cold climates—even refusing for that reason to settle their own northern island of Hokkaido; and they have the experience of a few thousand of their countrymen who about three years ago went to Idaho and Montana, but drifted back again to California.

The great objection made by the Japanese to the California law is that it does not permit them to share in the profits of the crops—and thereby utilize to the greatest advantage their low standards of living, their willingness to labor long hours and utilize woman and child labor in competition with the farms and orchards managed and worked by white owners and white labor.

A number of Japanese who shared in crop profits through leases and cropping contracts, now forbidden, have accepted positions as foremen, or superintendents, at satisfactory compensation, and they will continue to employ Japanese as laborers at day wages as they did when they were lessees. In some orchards, former Japanese tenants are accepting contracts to perform the season's work under separate bids, for pruning, for cultivating and irrigating, and for picking and packing, and they will employ Japanese labor as they did before.

Some Japanese, dissatisfied with existing conditions in agricultural districts, will embark in commercial pursuits in the cities and small communities, where their methods of work will give them profit. Since the passage of the amended alien land law there has been a marked tendency in that direction. For instance, the License Collector of Los Angeles City months ago reported over four thousand separate businesses conducted in that city by Japanese, over one thousand of these being vegetable and fruit stores and over six hundred grocery stores—each one of which probably displaced a similar store supporting a white man or a white family. This situation is causing concern in Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Undoubtedly some Japanese will leave the State for a time at least—how many it is difficult to estimate. Without question, temporary loss and inconvenience will result in certain dis-

tricts in consequence, and continue in diminishing extent during the period of readjustment. It is believed there will be no difficulty in securing in time all the competent white labor necessary to replace the Japanese who may abandon the agricultural districts.

**E**XPERIENCE shows that the white orchard manager who has gained a reputation for providing conditions of employment attractive to self-respecting white labor, has no difficulty in securing plenty of such labor. A notable instance is found in the Humphrey orchard at Mayhew Station, situated in the midst of the American River fruit district, extending twenty-two miles from Sacramento City to Folsom. For many years past, the Humphrey orchard, employing as many as sixty men and forty women in the busiest season, has used white labor exclusively—although all other orchards in that district use Japanese labor in part or entirely. This orchard has never had difficulty in securing all the competent white labor needed. The Chief Camp Inspector of the State Housing & Immigration Commission, who enforces proper sanitary conditions in the out-door working camps of the State, declares that conditions similar to those which obtain on the Humphrey's place, invite an adequate supply of competent white labor in other portions of the State. Letters received by the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce indicate the desire of many people living in the middle west to come to California and to labor on farm and orchard if they can be assured of such conditions as are indicated.

Undoubtedly, enforcement of California's alien land law will cause a drop in the price of rich, cultivable lands, particularly those under irrigation, because white lessees will not pay as high rental as Japanese. But land values which cannot be sustained without making permanent the situation rapidly developing are too high for a white man's country. Objectionable social environment and economic competition which he cannot meet are driving the competent and intelligent white farmer and orchardist from the land in that State wherein soil and all-year climatic conditions lend most attraction and profit to agricultural pursuits.

For instance, the manager of the Rindge properties, 22,000 acres in the rich delta of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, voices in published interview, the indignation of his corporation because it can no longer lease those lands to Japanese to carry on truck farming under contracts which have netted the corporation in the past a yearly rental of \$50.00 to \$100.00 per acre.

He complains that whites will not truck-farm on the lands and that hay and grain crops on shares will not yield a profit to the owners of more than \$10 or \$15 per acre.

For years past this corporation has made large profits per acre from reclaimed but otherwise unimproved land, without effort, by turning control thereof over to unassimilable aliens ineligible to citizenship under our laws, thereby preventing the chance of having the district populated by white citizens. Under the present law this corporation's profits will be considerably decreased whether it elects to lease to white tenants or to cultivate the land itself, either with white labor or with Japanese labor at day wage, as is permitted by law. For, be it known, the wily Japanese, working for day wage for the white farmer, has managed to make the cost of operation 50 to 75 per cent greater than when working for his countryman who shared in the crop.

**C**ALIFORNIA is more concerned in wresting her rich lands from alien control, and in encouraging the return thereto of the intelligent white citizen and his family, than in maintaining an excessive profit per acre for a comparatively few landowners, individuals and corporations, whose view of the interests of the State, Nation and race, is obscured by the immediate dollar.

These land owners declare that white farmers will not lease the river lands for truck farming. Probably not—at the terms which Asiatics are willing to pay; but those terms, in standards of living, hours of labor and social conditions are too high for citizens of this nation to pay. In answer, too, it is to be said that many white farmers who own their lands, are truck farming on the Sacramento River; that more would do so with Japanese competition removed; that throughout many eastern states, where Japanese have not yet secured a foothold, whites do the truck farming, and that the same is true in certain districts of California as well. California is confident that with the Japanese removed from the lands, whites, either from California or from other states, will be content and glad to take their place as owners, lessees or wage earners.

Some of the great fruit shipping companies of the State look with marked disfavor on the coming rigid enforcement of the alien land law. They have been prominent factors in bringing about the present situation because they felt impelled by the necessities of their business to finance the season's operations for Japanese lessees in orchard and vine-

(Continued on page 127)



# Alma De Bretteville Spreckles

THE law of atavism—the return to original type—is well illustrated in the subject of this sketch. A native daughter, born in San Francisco on the banks of Lake Merced, at a spot now passed by the Sky-line Boulevard, Alma de Bretteville Spreckles is a Valkyrie incarnate. Of the brood of war goddesses who led the Vikings of old, she is actually of a long line of French ancestry of truly Norman strain. Her forebears took part in the crusades, as their crest and patent of nobility shows. They established themselves at Calvados, a province in Normandy, as early as 1470. Here they became land-aristocrats, and ten villages still bear the terminal De Bretteville. Many of these towns are on the railway line between Paris and Cherbourg.

The French Revolution drove the paternal great grandfather of Mrs. Spreckles into Denmark where he found protection and service under the king. Inter-marriage with Danish and Norwegian nobility still further strengthened the blonde types and characteristics until the present generation looks much more Danish than French.

Viggo le Normand De Bretteville, father of Mrs. Spreckles, was born in Denmark, and had the distinction of having a slumber song written and dedicated to him by Hans Christian Anderson, an ardent admirer of the mother before her marriage and a life-long friend afterwards.

A prominent street in Christiania, Norway, was named for Admiral De Bretteville who went to Norway in 1700, married a native, and became prime minister of the country. He established a branch of the family which is represented today by Dr. Fridtjoff Nansen, the great explorer. Liege, Belgium, holds still other descendants of the De Brettevilles who have long been identified with the diplomatic service. Charlotte Corday was a niece of Marquise Bretteville who was attached to the court of Louis XVIth. The present Marquis Pierre le Normand De Bretteville is identified with the best in Parisian art life and letters.

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

IT IS TRITE to say that blood tells, but in this case that homely truth is strikingly exemplified. As a mere slip of a girl, Alma De Bretteville gave promise of a successful art career. Her first teacher, Solly Walters, had high hopes of her future. Partington and other men associated with the Hopkins Institute were of the same opinion. Then

deterioration in the make-up of Alma De Bretteville Spreckles. She is a thoroughbred and runs true to form. Only a great soul would have the vision or the hardihood to materialize the splendid memorial dedicated to the memory of our over seas dead. And Alma De Bretteville Spreckles is the moving spirit in this great gift to San Francisco.

Self-contained and modest to the point of diffidence this gentlewoman has had the courage to enlist the best thought of two countries, and to bring to her aid the men and women who do things on a grand scale. First of these is her generous and sympathetic husband, a native of San Francisco, and one of the most public spirited citizens of California. For more than a generation the Spreckles family have wrought for the welfare of California. Now this scion of the house crowns their efforts with a princely munificence expressed in terms of sheer beauty. A guiding feminine hand is everywhere apparent in the plans for the monumental memorial, but there is something solid and enduring in the painstaking methods employed which bespeak the master mind and Teutonic inheritance of the donor himself.



Alma De Bretteville Spreckles  
(From the portrait by Richard Hall)

came her marriage to Adolph B. Spreckles, the building of a palatial home—children, and the round of duties imposed by her wealth and position.

The Italians have a proverb which says "Learn to bear prosperity; adversity takes care of itself." One of the severest tests of character is the possession of great wealth. Only a personality sweet and clean to the very core survives a sudden acquisition of riches. Nations, like individuals, rot under conditions of ease. There is not even a hint of such

WAS it coincidence or sentiment that prompted the selection of a native son for the architect? I am inclined to the sentimental theory, because great deeds are the result of sentiment and vision combined with practical effort. Charles Adrian Applegarth, the actual builder of the Memorial, was born in Oakland, and is the fourth in line of descent to make architecture a life work. Sanders, the architect of the Mark Hopkins residence, which was later turned into an Art Institute, was the uncle under whom Mr. Applegarth as a youth studied. Encouraged by Bernard Maybeck, the young man went to Paris where he received six medals in the Ecole des Beaux Art. There he spent six profitable years. Joined later by his uncle, the two covered Europe on bicycles, seeing every great building in leisurely fashion.



Then there was a period of work and study in New York. All of this fitted Mr. Applegarth for the task which is to immortalize the names of three native Californians.

It was during the Panama Exposition that Mrs. Spreckles decided to use the Palace of the Legion of Honor as reproduced by Henri Guillaume for the French exhibit, as a model for her Museum. Again sentiment played a strong part in the selection. The original building in Paris was designed by Rousseau, and erected in 1786. It was a palatial home for the Legion of Honor, composed of men who had served under the Grand Monarch in his struggles to keep the markets of Europe for French enterprise. The brutal, unthinking mob destroyed the building during the commune and it was not until 1871 that it was reconstructed. Now it is no longer exclusively occupied as a residence and headquarters for the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor for the left wing contains a museum collection of rare value, but it still commemorates the heroic dead of France in her glorious prime.

**I**T WAS THIS situation that determined Mrs. Spreckles to secure the consent of the French Government to reproduce their cherished building. After permission had been granted, Mrs. Spreckles secured the services of Mr. Henri Guillaume, the noted French architect of Paris, who thereupon obtained from the French Government the plans of the Palace of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Guillaume made two trips to San Francisco for the purpose of co-operating with Mr. Applegarth in this great work.

Present day requirements made it impractical to do more than utilize the Court of Honor and the rear facade in the transplanted structure—and this only in the exterior arrangement. The adaptation of the design is the work of Henri Guillaume in collaboration with George Adrian Applegarth. A visit to every important museum in the United States fitted Mr. Applegarth to undertake the interior architecture, which not only adheres to the Louis Sixteenth period of the original, but embodies all the latest improvements in heating, lighting, ventilation and unvarying temperature utilized in modern edifices.

**A**ND WHAT a gem the result is! Like a brooding thing of spirit it stands on an eminence overlooking the Golden Gate. With its back to the vagrant western wind, it keeps eternal watch and ward over the comings and goings of man by land and sea. When

completed its chimes and trumpets will be heard far and near, calling, calling always to higher and better achievement. The shrieking gales, the soft murmuring of fog-muffled sounds, will leave it as unmoved as the dead it commemorates. Placid and serene it nestles in a formal garden of noble proportions which gradually slopes to a lowered parking space where the Lincoln Highway comes to an end. A winding pavement leads away toward the Cliff House on one side, and cityward on the other. A chaste and simple stone balustrade encloses the garden with its terraces, and colorful plantings contrast with the warm buff tone of the fireproof structure built here for all time.

A beautiful triumphal arch leads to the Court of Honor, which will have rare exotic planting, groups of statuary, and stately Ionic columns accenting the chaste simplicity of the French influenced classic ornamentation and design. Under Louis Sixteenth the reaction against the effeminate, over-elaborate, rococo embellishment had begun in earnest, although not fully accomplished until Napoleon arbitrarily established the strict Grecian motifs. The essence of this transition is clearly manifested in the details of ornament employed by Mr. Applegarth with such fidelity.

**T**HE COURT OF HONOR supplies the keynote to the entire building. In the center of the main entrance is a stately rotunda of marble walls and columns, from which branch the various galleries. Here one realizes that a well-planned structure is like a well balanced character; it has balance, poise and dignity.

South of the rotunda are six splendid Corinthian columns forming an ornate peristyle, while on the sides of the main front entrance are the cloak and check rooms and offices. Directly opposite the main entrance is the grand tapestry gallery with lofty vaulted ceilings, marble walls and clear story lighting so cleverly installed that, like the "Land of the Lotus Eaters" it will seem always to be afternoon. One of the miracles achieved is that there will be no perceptible difference between night and day so far as light effects are concerned.

Here, too, the humidity will never vary, and the delicate textures of the fabulous Gobelin tapestries, given Mrs. Spreckles by the French Government, will be preserved from the decaying process of changing atmospheric conditions.

With the Tapestry Gallery as an axis are garden courts on each side, where bronzes and other sculptures will mingle with the flowers and shrubs of these modern inside patios. Benches and other rest places will tempt the visi-

tor to linger where sunshine, fresh air, and a certain seclusion will prove grateful after a tour of inspection. In the extreme south side are two galleries lighted by ingeniously shaded and curtained side windows. These are intended for the exhibition of small bronzes, miniatures, medals, and bits of choice porcelain.

**I**N THE WINGS forming the sides of the Court of Honor are the main picture and sculpture galleries. Where designed for paintings the walls are covered with a coarse meshed fabric over asbestos to which the canvas can be safely secured without the use of wires. No nail holes or other blemish will ever mar the quiet beauty of these neutral tinted backgrounds.

Angles are so cut that one wall space blends into the other imperceptibly, and the floors of herring-bone oak in sombre unpolished surface prevent any deflection of light upon the canvases, wherever hung. Doorways on an exact line permit of long vistas through adjoining rooms. At the end of one of these will be placed out of doors a replica of the Winged Victory of Samothrace. Of heroic size, this will stand either upon a grass plot in front or upon a jagged knoll in the rear grounds.

From the rotunda in an easy winding decline are two stairways which lead in opposite directions to the terrace floor level. Here has been provided a bijou theater, seating four hundred and having a fully equipped stage with novel lighting effects and a curtain arrangement which is both unique and artistic. To the east and overlooking the city with St. Francis Wood and the outlying sand dunes in the picture, is a commodious tea room which opens upon a pretty sunken garden and terrace.

Toward the front on the same floor are the general offices, library, studios, receiving and packing rooms, heating apparatus; and here is a contrivance for "washing" the air so that it circulates through the entire edifice without change in temperature or humidity. No dust particles penetrate the purified atmosphere and the smoke stacks are cunningly camouflaged in the rear, by a clump of thick foliaged shrubs. These utilitarian accessories in fact are made to add to the harmony and beauty of the landscape. French Caen stone has been perfectly imitated in the colored concrete used in construction, and the lights and shadows add a charm and grace to the carved figures and ornaments embellishing the outer walls.

**T**HE RESULTS of the painstaking years spent by Mr. Applegarth in preparation for this monumental work





The Spreckles Gift to San Francisco

are everywhere apparent. Right royally has he been supported in his efforts; for nothing is stinted, nothing but the best accepted, and nothing short of perfection will satisfy the generous donors.

In keeping with this spirit comes the gift of a magnificent pipe organ by Mr. John D. Spreckles, of San Diego. This last word in organ building will be installed over the main entrance so arranged that it plays to the surrounding gardens and park as well as to the galleries inside. In the dome at the south end of the tapestry hall will be placed an echo organ, while in the triumphal arch will be housed the trumpets and chimes which will serve to announce the theme of concert or play in the theater, and may be heard for miles cityward and out at sea. Whether in the clear, still atmosphere of sunny noontide, or in the mystic glamor of a silver moon, or the solemn hour of sunset, these chimes will ring a melody to the passerby which will turn his thoughts to peace and harmony.

Over it all is the firm guiding hand of a woman. Mrs. Alma De Bretteville Spreckles has the lion-hearted courage and the splendid executive ability of the dominant men in her long line of ancestry. It was she who organized this great undertaking, and successfully enlisted the co-operation of the Governments of France and America.

**N**OT ALONE has the Memorial building eventuated but there are

priceless treasures to be stored there for the benefit of generations yet unborn. The Government of France presents tapestries, porcelains and bronzes impossible to obtain elsewhere—articles of historic and artistic worth of the highest order. A notable collection of tapestries designed by Jean Paul Laurens depicts episodes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, while from the Sevres factory come fine portrait busts of Pasteur, Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson.

Under the patronage of the French Government Mrs. Spreckles organized a magnificent exhibition of all the collections she has assembled for the new museum. These were shown in various rooms in the Palace of the Legion of Honor in Paris in April, 1923. On behalf of the United States, Ambassador Myron T. Herrick presented M. Poincare, President of France, with a message of felicitation from President Harding. Private correspondence from Paris at the time said: "All the greatest of France were there. Parisians present say they have never seen such marvelous homage paid to anyone as Mrs. Spreckles received."

Ambassador Herrick said of the tapestries representing the life of Jeanne d'Arc: "These placed in the California Legion of Honor Memorial will be an inspiration to our people to love and sacrifice for others."

Queen Marie, of Roumania, has given Mrs. Spreckles an interesting collection of Roumanian art. The Queen of

Greece and the Queen of Jugo-Slavia added a number of beautiful and historic objects, while the Duchess of Vendome, sister of the Queen of Belgium, filled a large case with rare specimens of ancient and modern art. A collection of dolls illustrating the history of woman's dress from medieval times to the present, and including the picturesque costumes of the old provinces of France, are among the valued things coming to the new Museum. In olden days dolls were sent on tour, from one country of Europe to another, to acquaint the Courts and peoples with the manufactures, styles of dress, and raw products of each nation. It was a quaint way of advertising one's wares, but it was successfully done for a long time.

Despite the sculptures of Rodin and Putnam, despite the loan collections which will come and go in some of the galleries, the permanent impression of the building and its contents is that of the Eternal Feminine. First of all is the design itself—a glorified adaptation of the Parthenon—dedicated to the goddess Athene by the flower of Greek art in an age when Aspasia ruled the culture of Greece. Transplanted to France when the women of the salon were supreme arbiters of the brilliant world of French learning, the modified reproduction here emphasizes the feminine ideals of today, even in the delicate moldings and details of ornament used. The Legion of Honor Memorial Museum

(Continued on page 136)



# Thad Welch--Pioneer and Painter

## "Crossing the Plains"

By HELEN VERNON REID

CALIFORNIA has always been a land of romance. The glamour of the Spanish days was soon succeeded by the adventurous and thrilling period of the gold discovery, and that in turn by the almost equally romantic years when towns and cities grew out of recognition almost overnight, and the greenery of irrigated fields replaced the valley brown.

Each in turn has been the background for songs and stories that have virtually become classics, linking their authors inseparably with this land of inspiration, so that few who read *The Rose of Tuolumne*, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, or *Ramona* remember that the writers were Californians by adoption solely.

But it was not alone the literati who have been lured by the charm of this great wide west; for the romance of her yellow hills, the deep forest stretches and pine-girt coast line has been faithfully conveyed to canvas and proved the inspiration of many artists whose fame has encircled the globe.

Fate or that Divine Providence which determines that the man and the hour shall meet; which anticipates events and ultimately controls them, proving that law and not chance is the keynote of the universe—this *basic cause* began to operate with the departure of a band of immigrants from La Porte, Indiana in April 1847.

Tales of the West with its wonderful forest land naturally appealed to Russell Welch, a stockily built lumberjack of La Porte. When a large lumber mill jointly owned by Welch and his father-in-law, Cornelius Smith, burned down, the event, instead of casting the families in gloom, proved an incentive toward the much talked of journey to Oregon.

Enthusiasm ran high. Parties were being formed to make the journey across the plains and take up government land in the West; and now that all obstacles in the way of business were removed to respond to the call of the unknown seemed but natural.

IT REQUIRED almost superhuman strength and endurance to withstand the hardships of such a journey.

Russell Welch was peculiarly fortified by the hardihood inherited from his quarter-bred Indian mother. But his girl wife, Sarah Smith Welch and her family, more tenderly nurtured, were less fitted for the perilous journey. It may be that the blending of her Scotch,

English and Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry gave Sarah Smith Welch a courage and dauntless spirit that overcame the frailties of the flesh. Suffice it that at nineteen, with a tiny baby in her arms and her three year old son Thaddeus by the hand, she mounted the prairie schooner beside her husband to cross the trackless plains to Oregon. Her father and mother with five brothers and a sister were also members of the caravan.

The diary kept by Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon Smith, the maternal grandmother of the future artist, is on file among the archives of the Oregon Pioneer Association. This document is unique, not



Thad Welch in 1858 or '59

only in the recital of the vicissitudes of these brave travellers but that a woman undertaking such a journey with eight children could find the time or have the inclination to record the events on the way.

On July 29th, 1847, she writes:

"I could have written a great deal more if I had had the opportunity. Sometimes I do not get a chance to write for two or three days and then have to arise in the night when my babes and all hands are asleep to light my candle and write."

"This morning eight of our largest and best oxen were missing, besides two yoke of Welch's and about thirty head belonging to the company—all work oxen right out of our teams. Here we are thousands of miles from any inhabitants and deprived of teams, an appalling situation. We have only one

yoke left. Have hunted in every direction without success."

After searching a number of days they came upon a few of their cattle. A pet oxen bellowed when he saw his master although he was shot with many arrows. In spite of his wounds he lived and joined his strength with the raw cattle and cows and they thus pushed on once more.

Thaddeus was carried part of the time by an old Indian squaw, his mother having the tiny baby to care for, which subsequently died.

Having lost so many of their cows, the milk was apportioned out a cup at a time to the children. The process for making butter en route was to place the milk, while still warm from the cow, in the wagon and the jolting would turn it into butter.

AFTER six months of painful traveling in which many members of the brave little caravan died by the wayside, they arrived in the Columbia River District. Here the company separated; some going to Whitman's Mission where they proposed to spend the winter and the others, among whom were the Welch and Smith families, decided to proceed down the river. Fortunate it was that they chose this latter course for there was a general massacre at Whitman's shortly after and every soul perished.

October was now far advanced. It rained nearly every day and the biting cold winds that blew off the snow-capped mountains seemed almost unbearable to the weary immigrants.

"We should have gone over the mountains with out wagons," writes Mrs. Smith in her journal, "but they are covered with snow, consequently we must go down by water and drive our cattle over the mountains. Yesterday we took off our wagon wheels, laid them on a raft which we have just finished building and placing the wagon beds on them started. There are three families of us, Adam Polk, Russell Welch and ourselves on twelve logs of eighteen inches through and forty feet long. The water runs three inches over our raft. We are floating down the Columbia River, it is cold and disagreeable."

Again on November 5th, she writes: "Continuous rain. Laid by for the water to become calm. We clambered up a side hill among the rocks, built a fire and tried to cook and warm our-



selves and the children, while the wind blew and the waves rolled beneath. Mr. Polk is very ill."

A few days later:

"The water became so rough that we were forced to land. No one to man the raft but my husband Cornelius Smith, and oldest son of sixteen years."

"Russell Welch and our youngest boys are driving our cattle over the mountains. Here we are, smoking our eyes, burning our clothes and trying to keep warm. We have plenty of wood but the wind takes away the warmth,—we have but one day's provisions ahead of us. Can see the snow on the top of the mountains whose rocky heights seem to reach to the clouds at times."

About dusk tonight Adam Polk expired. No one with him but his wife and myself. We sat up all night with him while the waves were dashing below."

Cornelius Smith returned with provisions. The winds abated somewhat, so that they unloaded the boat, put the wagons together and continued through the rain and snow which now began to fall heavily.

In this manner they traveled for two weeks, reaching Portland at eleven at night on the 29th of November, 1847.

By this time Thaddeus' grandfather Cornelius Smith was quite ill from the exposure and hardship undergone, consequently they were forced to seek the first cabin available as a refuge from the

or that his brave widow now friendless and alone penned these lines in her remarkable journal.

"February 2, 1848. Today we buried my earthly companion. Now I know what none but widows know, how comfortless is a widow's life, especially when left in a strange land without money or friends and the care of seven children."

**T**OWARD the end of February the weather moderated and they proceeded on their journey to the village of McMinnville.

Instead of going into the lumber business as planned, now that his partner and father-in-law was gone Russell



"Marin Hills" from the painting by Thad Welch

—Courtesy of S. & G. Gump

"A few Indians call on us and steal something from us but we are not afraid of them. My hands are so cold that I can scarcely write."

"November 9th finds us still in trouble. Waves dashing over our raft. My husband started this morning to hunt provisions, leaving our eldest boy in charge of the raft." About noon he noticed the raft moving down stream and jumped ashore. It had broken adrift and in a few moments more would have gone over the Falls with its freight of women and children. Thus the little lad Thaddeus narrowly escaped death a second time.

"It is piercing cold, icicles are hanging from our wagon beds to the water.

rain which fell continuously for days. It was a small leaky shed but they were thankful for its shelter and made a bed for the sick man on the mud floor. Five of the children were ill as well.

"There are so many of us ill," writes Mrs. Smith, "that I have little time to write but thought it would be interesting to note the kind of weather they have in this country. Continuous rain it seems. The whole care of everything falls on my shoulders."

"We are still living in the old leaky shed in Portland. There are two white houses here besides one brick and three wooden frame houses and a few cabins."

Was it any wonder that under these conditions the sick man failed to recover

Welch turned his attention to farming, taking up a tract of three hundred and twenty acres on Panther Creek, four miles from McMinnville.

Though made of logs, the little farmhouse must have seemed attractive to Sarah Welch after the suffering and rigors of the journey. There were few comforts and no luxuries, but it afforded a shelter from the elements. The chimney was made of wood, plastered with mud; this frequently caught on fire and they had to climb on the roof and throw water down to extinguish it. Game was plentiful, and a kitchen garden soon supplied the family with an abundance of food.

It certainly required courage for these



pioneer women to sever their connections with relatives and friends and take up a new life in a new country. Mails were infrequent and irregular and the few letters that were received must have seemed to these isolated pioneers like voices from another and a remote world. Therefore, it was a joyous event when a letter would occasionally come from Laura J. Forster of Springdale, Ohio, Thad's aunt Laura. This was before the days of envelopes, and letters were just folded and sealed. "Aunt Laura" was later married to that Col. Jesse Harper who nominated Lincoln for the President's chair.

Sarah Welch's mother, the author of the remarkable diary, took up a farm about four miles from her daughter in Moors Valley, remaining there for two years, after which she remarried and settled across the Willamette River in Butteville, Clackamas County, eighteen miles south of Portland. She died there a few years later just before the completion of a new home which her husband was building for her.

IT was on the farm near McMinnville that the boy Thaddeus grew up, working like a man in the fields from the time he was eight years old. Of slight and delicate build he was unsuited for the arduous life of a farmer's boy, being unlike his father in every respect.

Russell Welch was known to be the finest axeman in Oregon, chopping a tree six feet in diameter without changing his position; first swinging his axe to the right and then to the left. This stockily built, muscular man who did not know his own strength could not estimate the weakness of his delicate little son. Attributing the boy's inertia to laziness he never recognized his efforts, was always severe and, occasionally beat him. From carrying logs during the period when most children are playing, one of Thad's shoulders was perceptibly lower than the other.

It was necessary to clear more ground each year of its virgin growth in order to extend the grain fields and the apple orchard. After the trees were felled Russell Welch would make his son grub out the roots of the scrub oak, a task difficult even for a man.

There was always a keen sympathy and understanding, however, between Thad and his mother. She would willingly have shielded him from the heavy work which his father forced upon him, but there were other children coming in rapid succession who needed her care and attention and her eldest, though physically unfit, must assume his place beside his father in the work on the farm.

Life was drudgery also for the wife and mother of the seven little boys and

two little girls who followed Thad; a life at times made almost unbearable by the surly disposition of her dominating husband.

Gentle and uncomplaining of her lot Sarah Welch tried to help her little son on every opportunity that offered. One day in about his eighth year when he was binding grain he was so tired that he sat down on the sheaves and cried from sheer exhaustion. His mother with a baby in her arms and another holding to her skirts, came out of the house at this moment. Seeing the pathetic little figure crouched upon the

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### THE DANCING SHADOW

The eucalyptus tree, whose boughs  
Are lifted high above my house,  
Reveals a shadow like a sprite,  
That dances in the morning light  
Among my roses, here and there;  
Then sleeps awhile; then dances where  
My orange trees are globed with gold;  
Then, near the fountain, growing bold,  
It vexes Time, by blotting out

His dial record—round about  
In silence dancing, till I seem  
One with the shadow, lost in dream;  
One with the beauty and the mirth  
Of life, and that which gives them birth:  
One with the melody and truth  
And love of earth's eternal youth.

*Charles Granger Blanden.*

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sheaves out in the field, she hastily put the babies indoors and went to see what was the trouble.

No words were necessary to explain to her mother heart, and patting the boy's head with her rough hand she bade him lie down in the shade of a nearby tree while she bound up the remaining wheat.

Thad was absolutely fearless around horses and this was fortunate, for when his father wished to break a colt he used to tie the boy to the saddle.

PANTHER Creek afforded real joy to the Welch children. The younger ones delighting to paddle about in the shallow pools while Thad and his brother Mat would swim across the placid stream. One day while they were swimming Thad found that he could not keep afloat, and so sank and walked across the bottom, nearly fainting when he reached the opposite shore.

Though Panther Creek was a small stream in summer it usually overflowed its banks each winter, except when it was frozen over.

Under a huge oak tree beside this stream where the children played, Sarah

Welch washed her clothes, heating the water in kettles which hung from two crossed poles. The creek was quite a distance from the house and the clothes were necessarily carried across a large field each wash day. "A handy way of doing washing," remarked my guide, the genial Mr. Ed Sitton as he showed me the very tree and recounted the happenings of the days long past. His father's farm adjoined the Welch place, and the children of the two families played together and were as one family. There was a trail connecting the farms which was well worn by many little bare feet.

When Mrs. Sitton wished to go to McMinnville, her younger children were sent over to Mrs. Welch to mind, and vice versa, and the affection of these children for each other was second only to that for their own brothers and sisters.

There was an old oak tree half way on the trail between the two farms whose drooping branches provided an ideal play room, and here were large swings for the older children and a tiny one for the little folks. The Sitton children had unlimited time for play but the little Welchs had to snatch such opportunity as offered.

Trees that are associated with our childhood attain little short of a personality, and search the world over there are none to be compared with those we have played under in our youth.

There is another old tree on the Sitton farm that is intimately connected with the past and made a great impression upon the subject of these reminiscences. Though at present a huge weeping willow, when planted it was a slender willow branch. While playing in the vicinity one day shortly after it was set out, Thad was naughty and Chad Sitton determined that he should be punished, so pulling up the willow she laid him across her knee and gave him what she thought he deserved; then she replanted the willow branch.

SARAH WELCH was fortunate in having such congenial neighbors, for "Uncle Doc Sitton," as he was called, was one of the most genial men in the countryside. He came across the plains in 1843 as a boy of seventeen without kindred, and the reception he received in Oregon so warmed his kindly heart that he in turn as the years passed extended a helping hand to every stranger that came his way.

The Sitton home was always open to travelers and they were assured a good meal and a bed. His hospitality was so well known that many times there were long tables spread under the trees to accommodate these chance guests.



Though "Uncle Doc" has long since passed away, a genial welcome is still dispensed by his descendants and the author is indebted to these kindly people for an interesting and profitable day on the farm and its environs.

When Thad was a child the supplies came around the Horn in sailing vessels. There were never any shoes for children, just for adults, therefore in the snows of winter and the heats of summer they were obliged to go barefoot. Someone once asked Thad when he was about eleven years old what he most wanted and he replied, "An accordion and a pair of shoes."

Even at this early age his love for music was pronounced. In order to obtain enough money to purchase a two-dollar violin, he cut eight cords of wood for a neighbor. This had to be done at night and on Sundays that the time might not be taken from the regular farm work.

On the farm they were often menaced by Indians but were never harmed. An old rifle brought by Russell Welch across the plains from Indiana, hung on the wall over the clock, handy for emergencies and a necessary protection for the wife and mother who was often alone with the children for a protracted period. This same rifle is now the property of J. J. Southard of Seattle and is on exhibition at the museum of the University of Washington, in Seattle.

Every summer a band of Callapooya Indians came from Southern Oregon, skirting Mount Ida and across a trail not far from the Welch farm, on their way to Wapato Lake in Washington County. They were obliged to ford Panther Creek and to this day the place where they crossed is called "The Indian Ford."

The object of these yearly pilgrimages was to gather the camas, a bulb which grew in great quantities on the shores of Wapato Lake. This they used as we do potatoes. After procuring sufficient to last for the season, they loaded them on pack horses and returned to Southern Oregon for the winter.

**T**HAD was an imaginative and timid child and the trouble with the Indians naturally heightened his sensitive apprehensions. When returning home late through the woods he always felt that some one was just in back of him but that if he ran they would have small chances of catching his heels.

One October day he was late coming home from the Post Office in McMinnville. It was growing dusk. Before entering the woods he noticed moccasin tracks and as the Indians had been very bad he was terrified.

Suddenly he spied two of the redmen

in the distance, but as they had seen him there was nothing to do but go on. When he approached they accosted him, asking if he had a gun. Thad answered "No," and putting on a brave front, added, "Why?" They replied that they had seen a grouse and wanted to shoot it.

Thad was a student although his schooling was irregular. He could only go to school in the winter as he worked on the farm all summer. In later years he summed up the total amount of his schooling and found it to be two years and eight months. Yet this man could converse fluently on any topic, evincing a fund of information and original



The Indian Ford

thought that was worthy of a college graduate.

He early formed the reading habit and in this way supplemented his meager education. During the days on the farm, however, the only time he had for reading was at night by a saucer of lard with a rag in it.

He first went to the Panther Creek School located a couple of miles north of McMinnville. This school was presided over by a Judge Cowles and had but one room. It was built of rough lumber and most of the seats were benches. Here Thad learned the rudiments and became conscious of the great realm of knowledge which lay beyond and which his active mind longed to explore.

The original school house stood a few hundred feet back from the road in a grove of trees; this has long since disappeared and is replaced by a mod-

ern structure near the roadside. The present shed, however, was made of the lumber of the first schoolhouse and the weather beaten boards have an interest from their association with those pioneer days.

It was his habit each morning on leaving for school to promise his mother that he would be a good boy. One morning, however, he forgot and walked back three-quarters of a mile to tell her.

**I**N the Autumn of 1857 when in his thirteenth year Thad attended the old College of McMinnville. This institution is now one of the substantial colleges of the country but at that time it had but two rooms and limited resources.

The McMinnville College was a boarding school—at least, students coming from remote parts of Oregon boarded themselves out among the residents of the town, usually going home on Sundays.

Thad and his uncle Seneca Smith lived together. Seneca and Thad were nearly of an age and both living at a distance from McMinnville, they rented a room near the college and provided their own meals; this being the least costly way for them to attend school.

Each Monday morning on going back to McMinnville, they would carry huge pots of baked pork and beans, loaves of bread and eggs, nearly enough to last until the return trip home. These boys were very fond of each other and both being of a studious turn of mind, they applied themselves assiduously to their studies and their leisure hours together were mutually beneficial.

Seneca Smith afterwards followed the law, and years later became a Judge of the Superior Court in Portland, being considered one of the ablest and most upright lawyers in Oregon. He always predicted that Thad Welch would make a name for himself because he had such determination and was willing to undergo any hardship in order to learn something.

Thad's teachers at the McMinnville College were John Wesley Johnson, afterwards the President of the State University at Eugene, and George C. Chandler, a Baptist minister and pioneer educator of Oregon.

During this period Thad is described as a dreamy little boy who did not mix with the other scholars and while on good terms with them all, preferred to be alone and without playfellows.

W. Lair Hill of Oakland who was a teacher in the "Old College of McMinnville" spoke of Thad as the most lovable child he could remember.

"My room was in the top of the building and almost every evening dur-



ing the session Thad would come up and spend the long winter evenings, talking of things far beyond his years. He was small for his age and never looked robust. He would climb up into my lap and ask questions about the birds and trees and animals of which he was so fond.

"After listening to others he always formulated his own ideas and at this early age had formed his own religious views. One evening he somewhat startled me by saying, 'If a person does not believe what others believe they point at you and call you an infidel,' and this worried him considerably and seemed to hang heavily upon him for days."

Upon one occasion there was an insurrection in the school. The boys objected to the lessons. They were obliged to write long compositions and make long speeches which they detested. One night they met on the outskirts of the village and decided that they would leave the next morning. Although he loved his studies, Thad was swayed by the tide of boyish resentment and decided to leave with the rest.

After the party disbanded, Thad walked slowly down the village street in the direction of his school. He was alone and sorrowful. The contagious rebellion was over and the sad fact was overwhelmingly apparent that he must leave his beloved school in the morning.

As the building came full in view, standing out in bare relief in the moonlight a lump arose in his throat and bowing his head on the top rail of the white-washed gate he dared not look up at the light in his teacher's attic room. At that moment a note smote his ears. Rippling clear it ran on in a liquid bar of melody.

The boy stood erect, every nerve taut with decision. His teacher's flute was more convincing than a crowd of boys. He would not leave in the morning. While the others left, Thad quietly adhered to his determination.

His most marked characteristic was his individual nature, his consciousness of himself as a boy. His was not the unthinking, careless boyhood, happy in the moment and giving no thought to the future. The seriousness of life and the problems around him absorbed his attention, while the relation of himself and all creatures to the universe was the game he wished to play and solve.

**R**USSEL WELCH allowed little time for relaxation for his children, therefore it was a memorable event when he contributed to any of their pleasures. Upon one occasion Thad and his father drove a band of hogs to Portland. After the hogs had been disposed of, much to the boy's amazement his austere

parent suggested that they attend a show.

Thad was all excitement for this was his first attendance at a theatre. He had often gazed curiously at the gay announcements in passing the crude showhouse and wondered what a play was like and if it would ever be his good fortune to see one. Therefore his heart beat violently as he followed his father past the man who took the tickets and into the barn-like theatre.

Soon the curtain rolled up and the play began. There were three characters in the play: Capius, a lawyer, and his clerk, Wormwood. They had to settle the estate of a rich widow. Once when the lady was overcome with grief she nearly fainted and Capius rushed up solicitously to her, saying, "Lean on your Capius," and the clerk on the other side entreated that she "lean on her Wormy."

Thad laughed so heartily that he almost had hysterics, and he used to say in relating the story he "nearly broke up the show." His father had to lead him out and vowed that he would never take him again and he never did.

Shortly after this adventure Thad ran away from home. Of course, his mother knew his whereabouts, but that he had apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in a neighboring town was kept a secret from his father. It was a town not frequented by the elder Welch as it was off the road of travel to McMinnville and therefore a secure place of refuge, reasoned Thad, a place where he might learn a trade unmolested by his unsympathetic parent. Then gold was discovered in Idaho and Russell Welch left for the mines taking a younger son with him. Learning this, Thad returned home and worked the farm for his mother.

**A**LTHOUGH there was plenty of work and added responsibility, these were happier days on the farm.

Thad and his mother spent cozy evenings together. There were happy little chats and confidences at meal times and they were able to indulge in a freedom of intercourse not possible when the husband and father was at home.

Sarah Welch was fond of reading and the inquiring mind of her eldest born accorded well with her own. She endeavored in her humble way to communicate to him the scant knowledge she had gained before the premature cares of a family were thrust upon her. Before his birth, her imagination was stirred by the thrilling adventures of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and therefore the naming of her first born.

In appearance also the boy resembled

his mother being of a small, wiry build. Sarah's hair, however, was Titian red and Thad was a "towhead", his hair turning brown with the years.

Thad's romantic reading of the chivalry of the middle ages so fired his imagination that he longed to do some stirring and valiant deed. He used to stand on the bridge spanning Panther Creek and wish that a certain school girl of whom he was enamored would fall in so that he could rescue her. That this girl was three times his size in no way daunted the ardor of her courageous knight. This old bridge, made of poles, has long since disappeared to be replaced with a modern structure which, if more substantial, is less picturesque.

After a few months Russell Welch returned from the mines. He had done well and the few hundred dollars he brought, while not a fortune, added many improvements to the farm and the strain of making two ends meet was lessened for a time.

However, discontented wander-lust and a distaste for the responsibilities of the little family which had such need of his protection, caused Russell Welch to leave home a few months later and he was never heard of afterward.

It seems incredible that any man could so far forget the patient girl-wife who had braved the sufferings of the journey across the plains; the hardships of pioneering in a strange country and the cares of ten children and leave them to their fate and the protection of an eighteen year old boy. Yet this was the case, and the problem that confronted Thad was how to support his mother and this growing family of brothers and sisters.

As the next in age, Mat, was a sturdy fellow of fourteen, strongly built and taller than Thad though four years his junior, it was determined that he should remain with his mother and work on the farm, while Thad went to seek work elsewhere that a few dollars might be forthcoming for the family. This was accordingly done and Thad finally left the farm in the Spring of 1863, entering Walling's Printing Office in Portland.

**W**HILE learning the printing trade he lived in a condemned old river boat, tied up at a wharf on the Willamette River.

One night after he had retired a night watchman discovered that the boat was sinking. He threw rocks into the craft and yelled lustily to awaken Thad, who came out very thinly clad and clambered ashore while the watchman held the boat and prevented it from sinking. The boat was patched up in

(Continued on page 139)



# The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW

WITH wide open throttle the car shot across the last remaining stretch of flat road. Shorty Dain sat nonchalantly slumped down behind the wheel, as the dust covered machine rocked and lurched along the deep rutty road, like some scurrying, flying thing afraid of being suffocated in its own dust cloud. The car gathered speed till the speedometer needle rested at fifty miles an hour. It was gathering momentum, hurling itself like some monstrous, mechanical catapult at the half mile of steep grade ahead.

Quarter way up the grade, now rocky and full of chuck holes, Dain shifted back to second gear. Still the car took the grade swiftly, easily, with reserve power, till a string of heavy freight wagons, drawn by a tugging line of horses, blocked the way. He dropped into low and waited for a chance to pass.

This chance came in a few minutes, as the road widened. Dain swerved the car outward around the creaking wagons, till he reached the first spans of the team. Then his eye, leaving the road, glanced at the grizzled old teamster sitting the saddle upon the off wheel horse and leisurely guiding the long string of horses with a single line. The dust upon Dain's weather-beaten face cracked with a smile of recognition.

"Hello, Dan," he called to the old teamster. The man on the wheeler shot back the salute with a good natured oath, and the car sped on toward the top of the incline.

Bill Staley, sitting in the seat beside Dain, awoke from his nap at the sound of the voices. He turned and recognized the teamster as old Dan Freely, the dean of the desert freighters, veteran of every rush from Tonopah to Rawhide.

"Pull up at the top, and wait for him," ordered Staley. Dain nodded. He took the last stretch of the grade slowly, and brought the car to a halt, well out of the team's way at the summit.

For a few moments both men sat, gazing at the sage brush covered vista. The scene was new to them. It seemed to give the impression of being as infinite as space itself, stretching away, dull and drab, to the northern horizon. Its monotony was broken only by the dust cloud of other teams and cars,

marking the course of the forty miles of road between the summit and their destination.

"A little like old times," ventured Staley, a man not given to many words.

"A hell of a lot," supplemented Shorty, and smiled his liking of it. "Sort of makes the skin creep along my backbone. Makes me feel like something was goin' to happen and I would be in on it, and like it some. How about it, Bill?"

"I'll admit it looks good on the surface," acknowledged Staley.

These two men were both hardened pioneers of the desert, but of different, though compatible, types. Dain's home

the courage to back up these words once he had uttered them. This was Bill Staley, once miner, now capitalist, speculator, always gambler; a hard man, but a square one.

EXHILARATED by this new, spiritual virus, Shorty slid from his seat and leaped to the road. He stepped to the front of the car, where he touched the radiator gently, like a horse-man patting the head of a favorite mount which had been rested. He walked around the machine, examining the tires, one by one, and poked over the pile of luggage and bedding that filled the tonneau.

Staley had alighted on the opposite side, and stood meditatively watching the plodding team for a few moments, then his eyes went on to the road over which they had just come. Mile upon mile it stretched, undulating over the low ridges and into the shallow ravines, till it vanished like a yellow ribbon in the dim distance. Along its visible length dust clouds marked the positions of coming caravans, all bound for a common destination.

Dain, satisfied that his car was in proper condition, stepped to Staley's side. Neither man spoke till the team had come abreast and stopped, its long length filling the right-of-way on the narrow summit.

With a pull on the rope, the teamster set his brakes. He flung the loop of the blacksnake about his neck, moved stiffly in the McClelland saddle and swung out of it to the ground.

"How are you, boys?" he said, as he took the hands of first one, then the other, of the men who had been waiting for him.

"Shootin' on all of 'em, and a rarin' and a snortin' for action, Dan," replied Shorty, "How's tricks?"

"Things might be worse," Staley offered as his reply. "Dan, how long have you been in here?"

"This here makes my third trip, Bill. I reckon I'm here for quite a spell, for the camp's sure got the ear marks of a good one. Beats 'em all, even Rawhide, for that was just a boom. They got the ore up here, Bill, and no foolin' and she's the high-grade."

"Yes," answered Staley, "if they have enough of it, but it doesn't take much to make a boom, not near as much as

## MIRAGE

*Was it water we saw beyond the levels of sand  
And sage-brush sweeping away in that lone land?  
Was it the glint, the iridescent gleam  
Of a lake, or only a dream?*

*All of the hues it wore that an opal knows,—  
Delicate beryl, turquoise, heart of the rose;  
All of the lure it had (was the charm accursed?)  
Of the assuaging of thirst.*

*Sudden it faded, was gone like a fleeting breath;  
Only the sand remained, and the grisly visage  
of Death!*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

and his fortune were in his automobile.

He was perhaps not more than thirty years of age, though the sun-squint wrinkles around his eyes gave the impression of several more years. He was about five feet seven inches in height, broad shouldered, and deep chested. His features were regular with the exception of the chin, which was more than ordinarily square; his blue eyes gleamed appreciatively at what he saw. It was the first potent sign of the boom, and it smote him as the clang of a fire gong strikes to the marrow of a seasoned fire horse.

Staley, who was more than fifty years old, was a tall, spare man, with long face and quiet gray eyes, under heavy brows. His high forehead, the deliberateness of his expression, the gray of his hair above his temples, the sternness of his countenance, produced an impression of an intellect far above mediocre, of a man who chose his words well, and used none wastefully, who possessed



it does to make a mine. Have you seen Jimmy Rawlins, Dan?"

"Seen him?" echoed the teamster, "seen him?" Why Jimmy's the ramblin' he-goat of the camp. He's it. Don't you know he discovered the camp, I mean found the Sultana? Why, that claim's so good that they named the town after it, and I'm a tellin' you loud that Sultana's goin' to be a camp."

Freel would have continued his exposition of the camp's possibilities had not Staley interrupted him by asking, "Has Jimmy sold out yet?"

"Nope, he says he's a goin' to hold her. No use selling the United States Mint. That's what Jimmy says and I 'low he's about right, least that's the way I'd look at it if I was a miner and not a mule skinner. Bill, I sure tell you Sultana's the goods. Now there's —"

"I'm sorry we can't talk longer," put in Staley, "but we must be moving. All right, Shorty. See you in camp, Dan."

They might have tarried longer, had not Staley's alert eye caught a rapidly coming dust cloud far to the southward.

"It's Bullard," he said to Dain, calling the latter's attention to the dust cloud as they climbed into the car.

"Huh!" Dain snorted, "and he's twenty miles back. I could roll the rubber off his wheels on an even break! We're off."

The horses shied and snorted at the exhaust of the engine. Three shifts, and the car was swirling down the slope, driving a monstrous cloud back into its lengthening wake.

Shorty Dain's touch upon the wheel was that of a master. It was more, for in it there was love. To him this battered old car, once vivid red, now dust dulled, alkali dimmed, was something alive, animate, real beyond a mere ensemble of mechanical parts. He had for it the same deep, almost infinite love, as a mother for her child, a virtuoso for his instrument. It was as if the wheel and steering post were the nerves through which his love was transmitted to the vital thing under them. It answered his every touch like some expectant thing waiting to oblige its master.

Slowly it rolled over the rocky places, then shot ahead under the throttle pressure when the road offered chance for speed. He let it snake its way slowly in the deep ruts through the sandy reaches, but always he was forging on rapidly. He swung the car out to give room to bent old desert rats, behind their patient burros. He swerved wide to pass freight outfits; he made the empty-wagoned caravans, southbound, give him half the road.

HE was exclusively happy. It was like the old days when every waking hour, and his dreams, had been replete with excitement and adventure; days in which Tonopah and Goldfield and Manhattan had risen and thrived, and then sunk to the sordid plane of producing gold as a business, not as romance. In the past ten years, Shorty Dain had driven nearly every mining magnate, great and small, to nearly every mining boom in the State of Nevada, but these ten long, hard years had not dimmed the ardor of his enthusiasm. With his automobiles, Shorty had made what would have been more than a moderate fortune had he husbanded it, but Shorty was a chauffeur, not a miner, and much of it had gone into worthless prospect holes. He had grubstaked scores of men, many of whom got no further than the nearest bar to do their digging.

### CHROMO

*March is a time of saffron days;  
The quiet leafing of a Sycamore;  
Wide fields of wild mustard; and all these  
Broad sun-dappled highways  
Bordered by rows of acacia trees,  
Each a frozen fountain with a powdery store  
Of pollen spray, that slowly sifts  
In golden dusty drifts  
Down the low hill and past the old  
adobe door.*

—Winifred Gray Stewart.

Shorty was always broke, or nearly broke, and he was always happy. For each outfit he passed he had a cheery hello, or perhaps some jesting remark if he should happen to know the driver. It was the Free Masonry of the Land of Sage, to say "hello" to a stranger, whether you knew him or not. It might cheer him up, help him to take the bumps more easily.

Shorty could not long be silent if there was anyone about with whom to talk. If he were alone he generally sang, or if things went awry, cursed prodigiously and prolifically. He had known Staley for nine years, long enough and intimately enough to address the miner familiarly without fear of rebuff.

"Bill," he called to his companion, "for the love of Mike, think out loud. I know you've got about a million deals floatin' around in your noodle. Spill one of 'em. This silence is deafening."

"Shorty," began Staley meditatively, but still in a loud enough tone to be heard above the noise of the car, "I

was thinking over the fascination, the romance of the search for gold. Take for instance, Jimmy Rawlins. You know him?" Shorty nodded.

"Less than two years ago," pursued Staley, "Rawlins was working for me at the 'Domination' in Goldfield. He was a common sort of miner, with a little more than the ordinary intellect, a good deal more than the ordinary ambition, and he was honest. I saw him tried; in fact, I tried him. As the result of this trial, I offered him the job as foreman of the 'Domination.'"

"You understand why I wanted an honest man as my foreman. It has been a strange manifestation of the warped psychology of the human being to me. We will say that half the men in the world are honest, but ninety nine out of every hundred of these in the honest half, and all of them in the dishonest half, will high-grade. Gold to them as it comes from the earth is virgin wealth, theirs for the taking.

It doesn't matter from whose mine it comes. I know men who are scrupulously honest in their dealing in ordinary affairs, but when they see gold underground, their probity vanishes. I'm alluding in part to what old Dan said back there. If Jimmy has struck the high-grade, he has his troubles ahead. You know I'm going into Sultana to buy Jim out, or buy in with him, and if I succeed his troubles will become my troubles." It was a long speech for Bill Staley.

THEIR route was along the old Northern Trail, which had been for more than half a century the main artery of travel, from the South into Oregon and Idaho. Its tracks were deep and hard packed, too deep in many places for the low clearance of automobiles. Here the road had been made by the simple expedient of driving over and mashing down the sage, taking no trouble in levelling the road bed. When one track had become too dusty and deep rutted, another was made, as was the first.

The course of the trail conformed more or less regularly to the broad valley it paralleled. Now it was mounting slowly up the long slope that extended westward from the high range of mountains to the right. It became more tortuous as the terrain became more broken. It dropped sharply into shallow gullies, rose abruptly to cross wide, flat mesas, only to again drop to the depths of dry ravines.

The pathfinding pioneers of the last century had done much to make travel easy for these later day Argonauts. Wherever was a water hole or spring was built a ranch house, which was a hotel as well; a place where a traveller



might rest and feed himself and his team, should he desire. Where the road stretched nearer the mountains, clear running brooks crossed it and at each crossing there was a more pretentious ranch, for this was in the famous cattle country. Water here was wealth, and he who owned it was rich, for it meant control of the vast ranges between the streams and springs, but now cattle raising was in the decline. The golden star of mining was riding well above the horizon, with promise to tarry long at the zenith before beginning its descent into oblivion.

WHERE the road did not stretch away to the North like an eccentric undulating yellow ribbon, its course could be plainly traced by the rising dust clouds which floated lazily in the almost motionless summer air. Speed was but a relative matter. Shorty Dain forced his jostling, bumping car ahead, always considerate of tire, wheel and spring, but satisfied that he was making better time than anyone else who travelled his direction. From a cloudless sky the sun beat down with unshadowed ferocity. The dust clouds were suffocating, rendering the road invisible as the car slowed down in the wake of plodding teams, waiting for a chance to swing out and pass.

Two hours had passed since leaving old Dan Freel and his long team on the summit of Stonehouse grade. The road was leading still closer in toward the base of the mountains. These, as if determined that they should not be reached bent sharply to the right. Their foothills became more sloping and rolling, their distant peaks of gray granite and yellow porphyry higher and covered with scrubby pinon and juniper. To the Northward the wide valley stretched till its earthy drabness merged with the pale blue of the sky. Mountain and valley, sage and sky, made up a vast, almost illimitable picture, nearly primeval in its aspect, nearly as God had left this finished thing of His to be defiled by man, who came here, as he went to the inaccessible parts of the earth, searching, fighting, dying for gold, or its equivalent, adventure.

They were nearing the projecting fingers of the foothills now. From the top of a narrow ridge the road across the next arroyo looked dimmer. Here at the bottom of the incline the new road swung sharply to the right along the course of the arroyo, up which Shorty guided his car. The men knew now, from directions, that they were within five miles of the new camp. Their pace had been consistent, and they were no longer afraid of being overhauled by Bullard's automobile. This new road, like the roads into all boom camps, was

laid out with the idea of reaching its objective, rather than by any display of applied engineering. It followed the arroyo when it was the path of least resistance. It climbed over intervening points, or around the hill sides when these afforded the easiest way.

When four of the last five miles had been negotiated, the car labored up a sharp ascent, took the narrow hillside road around a low bluff and dropped down sharply into the arroyo once more. Directly ahead, the road made a sharp turn which Shorty took rapidly, for the track here was hard and gravelly. As he did so he brought his machine up with a jerk. Ahead and directly in the trail was a stalled automobile. A hurried survey showed him that he would have room to pass, and he swung out, bringing his car to a halt, this time abreast of the apparently disabled car. Its hood was off, lying unfolded in the road. All about was a litter of baggage and camp accoutrement. In the front seat were two young women, their every expression denoting fatigue and discouragement. Staley nodded formally to them, and they acknowledged his salutation with the most formal smiles. Shorty looked over both them and the wreck with squinted, practical eyes.

"Total loss, and no insurance," he commented mournfully at length. He did not smile. His tone was as doleful as though he were grieving the passing of some long cherished friend. His countenance was lugubriously solemn. He switched off the motor and sat quite still, taking in detail after detail, shaking his head in utter gloom at the sight.

"Do you think it is as bad as all that?" asked the girl who sat in the nearer seat. She was a slim, blue eyed person somewhere in her twenties, very pleasant to look at, even in this time of her disconsolation.

"Well," Shorty began judiciously, "we might salvage a little of the junk." He qualified this with, "if we had the time," and reached for his starting switch.

"Oh! won't you help us, please?" It was the young woman in the opposite seat who now spoke. In form and feature she was not unlike her companion, save that her eyes were brown, instead of blue. As she spoke she looked steadily at the men she addressed, with eyes that were moist and pleading.

"Would I help you?" barked Shorty; he was all alacrity now. Strong accent was laid upon the personal pronoun. "Oh," he sighed, and placed his right hand over the region where his heart was supposed to be, and quoted emotionally, "How could I be true to eyes of blue when I look into eyes of brown," Surer'n hell, I'll help you, girls." Their

relief at this rough assurance found vent in a dual laugh, at the conclusion of which Staley spoke, saying, "Young ladies, it is imperative that I reach Sultana as quickly as possible. If you will pardon what is not meant for rudeness or undue haste, we will go on, but Mr. Dain will return immediately to assist you. I recommend that you wait till he returns, for he is a wizard with these contraptions, and is dependable, despite the impression he must have left upon you by his flippancy."

"Of course we'll wait," they replied in unison. "And thank you ever so much." The latter from the brown eyed one.

"You can depend on me," was Shorty's parting remark as he swung his car around the stalled machine and took the road ahead.

THE slopes of the arroyo steepened and closed in, forcing the road into a narrow grade along its northern side. Bed rock appeared in the ravine bottom, and over this ran a trickle of clear water. Scattering willows and a few small cottonwoods marked the water course now, but many of the largest of the latter had been cut to make posts for marking the boundaries of the claims. This would have been apparent to less trained eyes than those of Staley and Dain, for amongst the gray sage many a white hewn post showed a corner or center of some claim. A smile lengthened Staley's usually sober face.

"At the same old tricks," he remarked, "locating the entire country."

"Yep," affirmed Shorty, "I saw the first corner, Bill. It was a pile of sage brush two miles back. When they can't get posts, they take rocks and when they can't get rocks, they make their corners out of brush."

The car was now passing the first of the camp outposts. It was a small tent, in the shelter of some willows and cottonwoods. Before it a man squatted at a small fire, cooking his noonday meal.

"Hello, Jawbone," called Shorty. The man looked up startled at his appellation, and waved his hand.

"Who is he?" Staley inquired when the car had passed.

"Old Jawbone Simms, who used to work the Red Dog Claim at Bullfrog. Oh, they're all here, Bill."

The willows and cottonwoods became more numerous. The trickle of water in the ravine bed was now a small stream. Small patches of green amongst the sage on the slopes marked the existence of springs, for this country lacked the total aridity of the southern desert. There were more tents and open camps now, some with their owners about,

(Continued on page 128)



# Trades Union or Open Shop?

By ANNA DONDO

“WHAT has been the effect on San Francisco industry of the ‘American Plan,’ better known as the open shop? Has the growth of the Bay City been retarded or advanced by a lessening of union control? Is it true, as has been claimed, that Los Angeles has drawn heavily from San Francisco’s industries—established and prospective—because of trade’s union dominance?”

These are some of the queries propounded by the editors of OVERLAND MONTHLY which I have set about answering. Naturally, my first step was to go to those presumably in possession of the facts.

The first man I approached was Louis Bloch, an old schoolmate of mine from the University of Wisconsin, who is now with the Bureau of Labor Statistics. We had so much personal gossip to discuss that labor problems were quite forgotten. However, I did get away with a formidable list of persons to consult. Mr. Bloch made the admission before I left, that trade unionism may have been hurt by the inauguration of the American Plan.

“But isn’t it absurd,” he said in response to my second question, “to place the blame or praise—whichever way you happen to look at it—for the growth of Los Angeles on just one set of causes? I think that if you look at this matter impartially, probably a great many different sort of influences contributed to make Los Angeles a more populous city.”

But true to the type of a government official, Mr. Bloch refused to say another word about the situation.

“I am impartial,” he claimed, “I cannot make any statement that will be misconstrued by one side or the other.”

In other words, he places great emphasis on statistics, and how he does value his statistical pamphlets and books. He just barely let me have a peek at them.

“I have only one copy of each of these, you know,” he explained.

FROM the Civic Centre, it is but a few minutes’ ride to the Labor Temple. There I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Johnson, the attorney for the Labor Council, a quiet, unassuming gentleman. He didn’t eat me alive as one labor leader did when I asked him: “Is San Francisco an open shop town?” but in his gentle, benevolent way explained to me that “no doubt the trade union membership has suffered somewhat from the attacks of the

Industrial Association, but 70,000 trade unionists in San Francisco would be a very conservative estimate.”

“Of course, you know,” he continued, “not all unions are affiliated with the Labor Council.”

“Yes,” I nodded knowingly, though that was news to me.

At least 50 unions, I learned, are not affiliated with the Labor Council. Over 100 unions have joined the Labor Council, and the Building Trades have about 45 unions, so that altogether there are nearly 200 unions in San Francisco.

Mr. Johnson spoke at length about the effect of strikes on various organizations. To him it appeared that loss in membership and break-up of organization is ordinarily caused by unwise strikes.

“Take the strike of the Riggers and Stevedores,” he explained. “They lost their organization because of their strike. But now they are reorganizing again. In the case of the plumbers, however, it was different. The Industrial Association concentrated their efforts against them and nearly disrupted the union.”

“Would you agree with the statement that Los Angeles prospered and multiplied because it was an open shop town?” I asked.

“Not at all,” replied Mr. Johnson. “Los Angeles took advantage of the strike that took place in San Francisco in 1921 to induce the building mechanics to come to their town. That gave Los Angeles its start in building.”

In other words, the Builders’ Exchange and the Industrial Association by forcing an extended building strike on San Francisco injured the city rather than helped it, and gave its rival an opportunity to extend its building operations while San Francisco lagged be-

hind. Such at least, is the opinion of one labor leader.

“Furthermore,” went on Mr. Johnson, “rates for water and power are cheaper in Los Angeles. That, too, must be taken into consideration.”

To my request for any written information on the subject, Mr. Johnson handed me a folder from his private files, marked Open and Closed Shop, with the understanding that I return the documents. And this I promised to do.

AND now for the opposite camp. As I went on down Market and over to California Street to the luxurious headquarters of the Chamber of Commerce I could not help noting the difference between the dinginess of the Labor Temple and the marble halls where dwell the captains of industry.

“May I see the manager of the industrial division?” I demanded of the young lady who came to ask what I wanted. Fatal break—I should have known his name. Of course, I had to tell her what I wanted.

“The Industrial Association will be able to give you all the information you want on the open shop.”

“The Chamber of Commerce then cooperates with the Industrial Association?” I asked.

“Yes,” was the laconic reply.

AT THE Industrial Association, Mr. Ryder received me very politely and even cordially.

“You will want, of course,” he advised me, “to know all about the historical background of this labor struggle.”

Shades of Academia, do I look so simple? And that after having sat at the feet of John R. Commons and Richard T. Ely. However, I ate humble pie, for it did happen that I knew very little about this particular struggle.

“I shall mail to you all the literature printed by the Industrial Association, and if there are any further questions you wish to ask, I am at your disposal,” graciously announced Mr. Ryder.

Then to make me feel at ease, he told me how he had been a Washington correspondent, and how glad he is to receive reporters.

“The local papers do not give us the space they ought to,” confessed Mr. Ryder.

And with this, I bowed myself out. In the privacy of my home, I poured over the voluminous literature generous-

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

*At the request of Overland Monthly Anna Dondo has made an investigation of the labor situation in San Francisco in an endeavor to ascertain what basis, if any, exists or has recently existed for the assertion that trade unionism is responsible for an exodus of manufacturing from the bay city.*

*In this article, the first of several, Anna Dondo tells of the reaction of the various organizations, both trade's union and employers', to her questions as to the immediate effect of the "American Plan" upon the industries of the city which has for so long been known as a stronghold of unionism.*



ly donated (not loaned) by the Industrial Association. With great glee I could mark the magazines with criss crosses and question marks and annotations, with none to object to the despoiling of their precious documents.

A synopsis of the writings of the Industrial Association is not as exciting as an interview, but it has the one virtue in that it cannot claim to be wrongly quoted. Thus on page seven of its Bulletin entitled *The American Plan*, October, 1923, it makes this astounding claim:

"All in all, the figures of the day probably speak more eloquently and forcibly the achievements that might be said. Today 85 per cent of all the men who earn their bread by manual toil work under open shop conditions. What more complete transformation! Three years ago over ninety per cent worked under absolutely closed shop union conditions. Today over 85 per cent work under open shop conditions."

I have promised myself an impartial survey of the situation. I present the facts as they are placed before me. It is up to the readers to estimate whether the above statements are correct. Are 85 per cent of the manual workers of the city of San Francisco non-union men?

Again the Industrial Association lays claim to the increased building operations, to the increased business activity, to the increased sales of real estate, to the increased shipping to and from San Francisco, as entirely due to the work of the Industrial Association since 1921, when it was first organized. To an economist, the claim of an organization arrogating to itself all the benefits of mankind as a result of its functioning seems too childish to answer. It will occur even to the man in the street, who cares little about economic laws, that after the war, during which no buildings were put up, we were bound to have a period of increased building and as a consequence of that, increased business activity all along the line. One is inclined to tell the Industrial Association that it has achieved a great deal and that it can afford to be modest.

THE Industrial Association may with pride point out that it helped to destroy the corrupt influence of P. H. McCarthy of the Building Trades Council, who in former days wielded an autocratic power over workers and employers alike. But on the other hand, the federal court has just given an adverse decision against the Industrial Association, which condemns the latter for trying to control and monopolise the situation in about the same way as McCarthy did in the days of yore. The

decision handed down by Judge Dooling, December 19, 1923, in the case of the United States of America, complainant, vs. Industrial Association of San Francisco et al, defendants, reads in part:

"They arbitrarily agreed upon and fixed the wages of labor employed by them, in order to enhance their profits and determine the persons and classes of persons who should be employed as laborers by them or who should be refused such employment;

"They agreed to blacklist, and did blacklist, all persons, firms, and corporations who did not agree to carry on, or carry on, their business in accordance

*"Neither the Industrial Association nor the trade unions can very materially affect wages as a whole. There are greater forces at work than either workers' or employers' associations. The amount of wages that can be forced up by a trade union, or forced down by employers' groups is within a rather narrow margin."*

with the terms and conditions fixed by them;

"They coerced, intimidated and compelled others, competitors of the conspirators, to join in the conspiracy by having banks and trust companies threaten to refuse future credit—"

The Industrial Association comments on this decision in its Bulletin, January, 1924, page 3:

"Since the effort of the Builders' Exchange in the operation of the permit system had been practically exclusively directed to intrastate goods, the decree merely serves to define its scope; and the only material which may in any sense be affected by the decree is plaster. Therefore, with the sanction of this decree the permit system can be continued on all intrastate building materials."

If any reader can see any sanction in the decision given by Judge Dooling, he is certainly welcome to such an opinion. Judge Dooling has the power to define violations of interstate commerce only. To claim that Judge Dooling's decree deliberately sanctions monopolistic methods in commerce affecting the State of California is really misrepresenting the facts.

AN interview with Mr. Melnikow of the Bureau of Labor, Inc., another University of Wisconsin graduate, and a keen student of labor problems brought some more light on the subject.

"Yes," he said, "the Industrial Association has been successful to a certain

extent. Non-union men do work with union men in the building trades. But the figures given by the Industrial Association are grossly exaggerated."

"Have wages been affected?" I queried.

Thereupon Mr. Melnikow brought out a sheaf of blue papers issued by the Builders' Exchange which gives from time to time the cost of building materials and the cost of wages. Bricklayers' wages, for instance, were marked in 1921 as \$8 a day; for this month, January 1924, \$10 a day. Actually, the wages of bricklayers at the present moment are \$12 a day.

"As a matter of fact," continued Mr. Melnikow, "neither the Industrial Association nor the trade unions can very materially affect wages in industry as a whole. There are greater forces at work than either workers' or employers' associations. True enough, in certain particular industries the workers on the one hand, and the employers on the other hand, have had monopolistic power. But as a general truth, the amount of wages that can be forced up by a trade union, or forced down by employers' groups is within a rather narrow margin. If the Industrial Association goes too far in its efforts to reduce wages and break up the trade unions, there will be a smash up, very soon, I prophesy."

That was getting more exciting, thought I, than I had anticipated.

"You know," Mr. Melnikow went on in his deliberate scholarly manner, "the newspapers of a city have their ears to the ground. If they are refusing to print the statements given out by the Industrial Association, it may be that they are feeling the power of labor rising again. Or it may just be that the figures submitted by the association are too much even for the newspapers."

In my excitement at labor wars, and federal decisions, and San Francisco's prosperity, I had nearly forgotten to ask my pet question about Los Angeles. But I did manage to put the query before I opened the door to go out. Perhaps, like myself, Mr. Melnikow had lived many years in New York City, where we never care a straw whether another town is getting ahead of us or not. We wish them Godspeed, but in the meantime we flee New York as becoming entirely too huge and unwieldy and frightfully crowded. Hence, one need not blame a New Yorker if he fails to get excited about Los Angeles becoming a city of a million population. One good reason for staying away—for some of us.

Mr. Melnikow, however, did discuss the matter a bit. He, too, made the  
(Continued on page 143)



# The Beginning of Etching in California

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

WHILE California has a rich background in the fields of painting and literature there seems to be nothing of tangible substance back of the present generation of etchers. This is the more surprising when it is considered that we have among our contemporary etchers men who stand well to the front among the disciples of the art the country over. Yet it seems to be a fact that California produced no etchers or etchings of consequence prior to the late '90's.

In my search for data I went to Mr. Frederic C. Torrey who, with his associates, Mr. W. K. Vickery and Mr. J. Henry P. Atkins, has been for many years closely connected with California art; and it is to Mr. Torrey, and through him to Mr. Vickery, that I am largely indebted for the little there is to say concerning the etching art on the coast prior to 1900.

"The only etcher," said Mr. Torrey, "whom I can recall as living and working in California was a water color painter by the name of Ford. Ford lived in Santa Barbara and had made extensive studies in water color, covering all the missions. From these studies he made a complete series of etched plates which would have undoubted historic value as portraying the condition of the missions at the time his drawings were made, but which had slight artistic value as etchings.

"He had a studio opposite the Arlington Hotel and sold impressions from these plates, together with his water colors of local subjects, to tourists and others, until his death at an advanced age about the year 1893.

"I do not know the date at which these plates were etched, but I first saw them complete in the Spring of 1891, and my impression was that they had been done for a number of years, so I believe they will antedate the prints now to be mentioned.

"The only other etchings done relating to California of which I am aware were published by Mr. W. K. Vickery between the years 1887 and 1893 and were without exception all made by eastern etchers from drawings or paintings by California artists which were sent east to be translated into etching, none of them thus being 'original etchings'. The only exception to that statement is an etching which I do not remember as ever having seen, but which is referred to by Mr. Vickery as follows:

"The earliest etching produced in California was to my best belief a por-

trait of Mr. Keith by Frederick Yates, who also made an etched business card for me. I have no information as to the dates at which Mr. Ford issued his proofs."

MR. TORREY also speaks of a certain etching of the "Laguna del Rey" at Monterey, etched about this time—that is, in the late 80's; a print which seems to have been of little importance, for he quite forgot it in making up his first notes, nor does Mr. Vickery mention it. The names of the etcher and of the person who made the drawing have escaped his recollection, but Mr. Torrey states that the plate was approximately ten inches by fifteen in size.

Concerning the beginning of Mr. Vickery's publishing venture—and this is of importance, as having direct bearing upon the establishment of etching as a Pacific Coast art—he says:

"An etching called "The Road to the Beach" was published about 1882 by Frederick Keppel & Co. of New York. It had been made by Edith Loring Peirce and attracted attention both in Europe and in this country. It happened that Miss Mary Ingalsbee of San Francisco was in the East shortly after this etching was published. She numbered Miss Peirce among her eastern friends and kindly gave me a letter of introduction to her.

"I forthwith asked Mr. Keith to make four or five sketches in oil of Californian subjects. When these were finished I started for the East in search of Miss Peirce and found her at a summer resort on Mt. Washington. Her first remark was rather discouraging, as she said that it was probable that no Californian work would appeal to her. But when the roll was opened and the paintings exposed to view she said that she would gladly undertake to translate them into etching. Some months afterwards the proofs from two delicate plates, "Mt. Hood" and "Donner Lake" arrived in California in time for the Christmas business.

"In the Spring of the following year a strongly handled plate of "Carmel Mission before Restoration" arrived from Miss Peirce, and still later in the year a very beautiful translation of

Keith's "A Windy Day Near Santa Cruz."

"The little series begun with 'Mt. Hood' and 'Donner Lake' was continued, one of Mt. Shasta after Keith by Miss Peirce, and two or three etchings from drawings made by R. D. Yelland, and others etched by Blanche Dillaye, completing the set."

THE three small plates referred to by Mr. Vickery as being etched by Blanche Dillaye after Yelland were approximately three inches by four in size, and of the following subjects: "Cypress Point near Monterey," "Chinese Fishing Village at Monterey," and "Water Front, San Francisco." No dates are given by Mr. Vickery but it is Mr. Torrey's impression that the "Carmel Mission" bears a publication date of 1888, thus placing these first small plates in the year of 1887.

Somewhere about 1888 Peter Moran made a large plate of Santa Barbara Mission, etching this from an original drawing by Mrs. Mary Curtiss Richardson.

A few years later—Mr. Torrey's recollection is that they were done about 1891—Blanche Dillaye made two small plates after drawings by R. D. Yelland. One of these was of the Golden Gate toward the sea, the other of the Golden Gate looking in upon the bay. The plates were of a different size from the earlier small set, being approximately three inches by seven or eight.

About 1893 the last plate of the Vickery publications was executed, a combination of soft ground etching and aquatint by James D. Smillie after a monochrome drawing by C. D. Robinson.

It is to be remembered in this connection, of course, that I am speaking here solely of those Vickery publications which might be termed "Californian." As a matter of fact a number of other etched plates were published by Mr. Vickery during this period, etched by prominent eastern etchers of the time, but all of these were 'original etchings' and none of them of Californian subjects.

And that seems to cover the "beginnings" of etching in California. In this connection it is of interest to know that "Who's Who in Art" of 1922 lists Mrs. Edith Loring (Peirce) Getchell as residing in Worcester, Mass.; and that Blanche Dillay is also given, with residence in Philadelphia.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles on California etchers. The next will appear in an early number.



# An Endowment Fund for Sulgrave Manor

"WHAT we never seem to realize," said a recent speaker before a Chicago Woman's Club, "is that England's legends are our legends. . . . You may quarrel with your blood relations if you will, you may hate them if that is your pleasure, you may go to war with them if that is necessary, but you cannot repudiate them. You are a part of them, whether you will or no." And nothing emphasizes this blood relationship more strongly than a visit to that interesting old house, in the heart of the English midlands, known as Sulgrave Manor; which, ten years ago, became the joint property of the United States and England.

Here lived, nearly four hundred years ago, the forefathers of George Washington; here was born his great-great-grandfather,—the first of the name to come to America,—who received, for his services to the Colony of Virginia, the grant of land which descended to his great-great-grandson, upon which Mount Vernon was built in 1743; and here, over the doorway, may still be seen the Washington Coat of Arms, the three red "bars,—or stripes, on a white ground, and the three five-pointed stars,—or "mullets"—(which is the heraldic name for the rowels of spurs)—which we recognize as the inspiration for our own Flag, with its thirteen red and white stripes and its forty-eight stars.

THE Manor House stands at the East end of the picturesque village of Sulgrave which Washington Irving visited many years ago. He described its "quiet, rural neighborhood, where the farm houses are quaint and antiquated," and where, when he saw it, "the rooks, those staunch adherents to old family abodes, still hovered and cawed about their hereditary nests." It is situated in the Southwestern part of Northamptonshire, not far away from the counties of Oxford, Warwick and Buckingham, and within an hour's ride, by motor, of Rugby, Kenilworth, Warwick, Oxford, Banbury, Coventry and Stratford-on-Avon; and within recent years it has claimed almost as many visitors from this country as Anne Hatheway's thatched cottage at Stratford.

The Manor formed a part of the priory of St. Andrews; which was dis-

By MRS. JAMES R. LAMAR  
President General  
The Colonial Dames of America

solved—with other Religious Houses—in the reign of Henry VIII; and was bought from the Crown, in March, 1539, by Lawrence Washington, a lineal ancestor of our first President.

THE original Manor House—a part of whose buildings are still to be restored—was built round a court. It is of stone, with a stone roof, the interior finished in oak, with beams two feet thick which are still in perfect condition. It is what is known in England as a Manor Farm, and must have been



Sulgrave Manor

a place of importance, for stories are current that Queen Elizabeth was once entertained there. From the part that was torn down several heraldic glass shields of the Washington family were taken and hung inside the kitchen window. Washington Irving mentions one "which was to be seen in what is now the buttery." These were later removed—some to Western Manor House, and some to Fawsley Church. The windows in the dining room of the restored house are copies of the originals.

Over the doorway of what is called the "Garden Porch," the Coat of Arms is carved and above it the Royal Arms of England, and the letters "E. R." to mark the fact that the Virgin Queen, for whom our first Colony was named, was once a guest of the Manor.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, the original purchaser, probably

built the oldest part of the house, which has been much altered and added to in the course of nearly four hundred years. He was twice Mayor of the town of Northampton; and in the Parish Church of St. James, under the pavement of the South Aisle, he lies buried. The brass plate which was originally over his grave, has been moved to a position on the side and reads:

*"Here lyeth buried ye bodys of  
Laurence Wassingto Gent, &  
Amee his wife by whome he had is-  
sue iiii sons & vii daught's. Wc-  
Laurence dyed ye day of  
ano. 15 N Amee deceased the  
vi day of October ano. dni. 1564."*

Which means that his wife, Amee, died first and the spaces left for the date of his death were not filled in.

The Manor remained in the immediate Washington family until 1610, when it was sold by Robert—the last Washington owner—to his nephew, Lawrence Makepeace, of Chipping Warden, Northants. It remained in this collateral branch until 1659; but Robert Washington probably lived there with his nephew until near 1620; for his will—made in 1619 and proved in 1620—contains this rather touching provision—since he had been forced to sell Sulgrave:—

*"My body to be buried  
in the South Aisle of the  
Church, before my seat,  
where I usually sit, under the same  
stone that my father lieth buried  
under."*

Evidently the love of home was, even then, a characteristic of the Washington family; and these lines recall others, written nearly two hundred years later, by one of his descendants, telling of his desire to spend his life at Mt. Vernon, "amid the mild concerns of ordinary life," . . . to "move gently down the stream of time until I sleep with my fathers."

IN January, 1914, as part of the preparation for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent,—which marked one hundred years of peace between English-Speaking Nations,—a number of public spirited English men and women bought the old Manor House and ten acres of the original Manor, for about \$50,000,



Endowment Fund Sulgrave Manor ..... and presented it to the people of the United States and England as a memorial of their common inheritance. Patriotic Americans, and patriotic organizations contributed something like \$27,000 toward its restoration, through the American Branch of the Sulgrave Institution. The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America sent \$3,000 for this purpose, and gifts of furniture and pictures were made by other Americans. But,—with the exception of these contributions,—the English Committee alone have purchased, restored and furnished the Manor House, and have maintained it during the past ten years. An appeal which they issued, about a year ago, stated that they had spent, for all these purposes, between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The English Committee have employed the best skill in making these restorations; everything is as nearly as possible as it was when the Washingtons lived there. They have planted the old-fashioned garden, with its box-wood and hollyhocks,—one of the most beautiful features of the place,—and they have done it all with the loving and painstaking attention to detail that the English understand so well, and with an appreciation of the character of Washington that is only second to our own. Except for the American Embassy, it is the only spot in England where the American Flag flies; and in all that lovely Island there are few places more full of charm. And they have done this in the midst of the most horrible war ever known to mankind; when they were selling their own old estates, and family treasures to pay the heavy taxes that are levied.

Out of this purchase and restoration grew the *Sulgrave Institution*; intended to create a better understanding among English-Speaking people. There is a British and an American branch; but the British branch has, so far, assumed the responsibility of caring for the Manor House and grounds.

THE National Society of the Colonial Dames of America,—an organization created about thirty years ago,—one of whose objects is "to preserve and restore buildings connected with the early history of our country; to diffuse a healthful and intelligent information concerning the past, and to create a popular interest in our Colonial History"—has undertaken to raise from the people of the United States, an Endowment Fund for the perpetual preservation and maintenance of the property. They hope through this friendly gift to make a great many

Americans interested in Sulgrave, and in what they call the Sulgrave Spirit,—which is one of goodwill and helpfulness among English-Speaking people, and through them among all mankind. Especially they desire to call the attention of the American people to the fact that though we own this historic spot, in common with England, though the American Flag flies over it,—we are not sharing with England the care and expense of its maintenance.

THIS is not the American way. We are accustomed to share in the cost of any property that we have acquired by war; and surely we should not hesitate to relieve the British Committee of the burden of maintaining this historic home. The Society feels that this duty should belong to the people of America. We share with England all of her history before the American Revolution. Shakespeare is ours, as well as England's; Oxford and Westminster are ours. They are—until the signing of the Declaration of Independence—a part of our common heritage. But Sulgrave Manor is wholly ours; the name that lends its lustre is our own; and the place should be our care for all time to come.

AN American visiting Sulgrave not many years ago wrote:

"It seems a strange anomaly that the birthplace of the ancestors of our first and greatest President, should be in the hands of aliens to America, and it at once occurred to me that the property should be acquired by one of our patriotic societies, put in proper condition and with an endowment sufficient to care for and maintain it for all time to come; making it a veritable shrine for all patriotic Americans visiting Europe."

Does it not seem a greater anomaly, after English men and women have purchased and restored it and have maintained it for nearly ten years, that we should hesitate, in the day of their financial stress, to relieve them of this self-appointed duty?

Americans are not wanting in national pride or in a sense of moral obligation; and certainly not in their appreciation of those places endeared to them by their connection with the early history of their country. "America has no Crown jewels nor palaces; but simple spots made sacred to her children by hallowed association with the great men of her destiny;" and there are few buildings more intimately connected with our Colonial history than Sulgrave Manor. For, with few exceptions, they were Englishmen who planted the Colonies from which our Nation grew; who founded this Great Republic and brought, from England, the Institutions.

Laws, Customs and Traditions which lie at its foundation. They were Englishmen who established our first representative, legislative assembly, in 1619; who signed the Mayflower Compact in 1620; who wrote our Constitution in 1787. "Our flower of liberty grew from seed brought from English soil."

Among those early settlers were Washington's forefathers, colonists who came to America from Sulgrave. The place is knitted into our history with many strands. The oldest part of the Manor House was built by one of his lineal ancestors; they were living at Sulgrave when the first shipload of Colonists landed at Jamestown in 1607, and almost up to the time when the Pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620. Other Colonists came from other homes like Sulgrave, and the Manor House is but the story, in stone, of the origin of those men who, "through evil report and loss of fortune, through suffering and death, maintained stout hearts and laid the foundation of this country."

When the present English Committee has passed away, it is a question whether there will be other Englishmen to take their places and to care for Sulgrave as sympathetically and intelligently as they have done. Surely it would be a disgrace to this country if the place were to fall into neglect because we were too indifferent or too parsimonious to continue its preservation. It will require only a small sum, comparatively, to make it secure. Each year we raise millions to spend for worthy objects in the United States; this is one of the few appeals that is "not for ourselves, but for others."

THE Patriotic Society which has undertaken to raise this Endowment Fund has adopted a simple plan. There are about nine thousand members and each one has been constituted a "Committee-of-One" to collect the Fund.

They hope to collect as much as one hundred thousand dollars to be created a trust for further restoration, the maintenance and upkeep of the Manor House and grounds, and they have divided this sum among the States in which they have branches, in proportion to the comparative wealth of the State, as ascertained by Government statistics. The Society will pay all the expenses of the collection,—through its State and National organizations,—and every penny contributed will go to the fund without any deductions for expenses. A Book will be prepared, and deposited at Sulgrave which will contain the name of every one who has contributed a dollar, or more, to this Fund. The names will

(Continued on page 139)



# Forgotten Gold

By UNA H. BUNKER

"DON'T get so near the edge," cautioned the man. His companion moved back a step and threw him a smiling side glance from her brown eyes as she turned again to gaze out over the great basin of the old abandoned hydraulic gold diggings.

Sharply the land dropped off at her feet in a two-hundred-foot wall of crumbling shale and rocks that ran along for miles toward the far line of the Sierra Nevada mountains, dividing the huge waste from the forested land above.

The girl stood looking down on the lonely, poignant land, her red lips half parted in pensive thought. Golden lights from the afternoon sun played in the thick masses of her auburn hair and over the rosy brown of her cheeks; a gentle breeze swayed the folds of her dress of khaki, revealing exquisite girlish curves. She was altogether lovely to the man who lay under the pines near by, half reclining on his knapsack and gold pan.

He was a large man, rugged and tall, in blue flannel shirt and corduroy trousers tucked into high laced boots. He was sunburned and his hands were calloused from work along the streams; but the knapsack and gold pan under his elbow, as well as his clothing, though well used and worn had the appearance of newness; and his bearing was not that of a seasoned prospector.

His strong, blond features, in which there lurked a hint of bitterness, were softened now as he gazed at the girl. The wide felt hat pulled low over his blue eyes shadowed a look of heart hunger and longing.

He sat up presently and looked off toward the old mine bed. Far out across the barren reaches, a trail showed, leading toward the high mountains to the east. He turned back from his contemplation of the trail to the girl who had resumed her seat on the ground beside him. Her ankles crossed before her, she was fingering idly the brown pine needles at her feet.

Often during the past month they had sat there in quiet comradeship. Her sweet, unquestioning friendliness seemed to him a part of the clean, free spirit of the mountains, those hills in which he had found her that day panning up along North Fork.

He wondered what she thought of him,—What she would think if she knew—

"It's time I was going," he said

abruptly. "I've fooled around here long enough." He reached over for his knapsack, and the gold pan strapped to it grated harshly against the gravel.

The girl looked up at him in astonishment.

"Why Wells Brandon, you big growly bear!" she laughed. "You've been looking off there so cross like and solemn for ten minutes; and now you growl out that you're going, with hardly even six words since you came."

"Six words?" The tired lines about Brandon's mouth relaxed. "Forgive me, little friend of mine." His blue eyes rested on her until she turned her own aside, crimsoning.

"I'm going away tomorrow, Jessie," he went on in a moment. "I came by today to tell you."

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## CROSSING THE DESERT

The sun beats down on the desert sand,  
Old Pinto plods wearily on.  
The heat of hell is on this land,  
It smokes and shimmers languidly.  
Green grasses, flowers and trees rise  
Beside swift-running, noisy waters  
Then fade away before my eyes—  
Nothing is there, nothing but desert sand.

Dim in the distance against the sky,  
A haven of rest the mountains bulk.  
"Oh, God! Must we die  
When life lies yonder?  
Must these drifting sands be our tomb  
Without mark or monument?  
Must this be our doom—  
A pile of bleaching, wind-blown bones?"

.....  
"Come, Pinto, we can make it;  
We're going through!"

\* \* \* \*

—E. Richard Shipp.

"I'm going across there tomorrow." He pointed to the dim trail winding its tortuous way out over the deserted gold diggings. Tiny and threadlike, it finally disappeared behind a series of low barren mounds at the farthest edge of the tawny waste: the old trail to Panther Canyon, whose dark shadow cut the mountains just beyond.

JESSIE'S eyes followed his hand out across the silent distance and lingered there. Her face had lost some of its ruddy color.

"Why, I—" But she did not finish; and Brandon after a pause, went on:

"Prospecting is no good around here, all worked out. I want to get out on the edges and see what I can do. There is gold in these hills yet; the old fellows passed it up, but I am going to have my try."

"That's what my brother says," Jessie Hays nodded slowly; "forgotten gold." She paused over the words as if musing at their sound.

Brandon did not reply. He looked off down the draw toward the settlement a mile below, as the sawmill's shrill whistle cut through the stillness.

"When do you think your brother will be back?"

At his tone, a shade of color passed over Jessie's face. "Oh don't think I am afraid to stay alone."

Brandon disregarded the gentle rebuke. "I have no right to say anything, I know, being a stranger, but I am going to say this: you should not be left alone off here in the woods, week in and week out. Anything might happen,—anything."

"What do you know about me?" His face grew faintly ironical as he regarded her.

"Why Wells Brandon"—she had never called him Mister Brandon and he had loved that in her—"what a question for you to ask me!" She tried to smile away his seriousness. "What do I know about you?" she repeated as he did not reply. Her long lashes lowered, then raised, in a confident little gesture; "I know lots,—just lots."

"You know nothing about me," was the way he made reply. He kicked at a stone lying near. "I might be anything for all you know,—a criminal, a convict,—anything."

He grimly watched the effect of his words on her: saw the troubled brown eyes dilate with instinctive fear, heard the slight intake of breath.

"Yes, a convict," he repeated bitterly, and his meaning was unmistakable.

"A convict?" she echoed.

"Yes, a convict,—what do you think of me now?"

She gazed at him for a long moment, taking in the well moulded chin, the sensitive though firm mouth, the blue eyes that seemed asking the question of her very soul. Then she laughed happily:

"I don't believe it!"

A deep flush rose to Brandon's cheeks, his eyes grew luminous; he looked away,



out over the wild, lonely expanse of the old mines. When he turned back again, his face was dull and lifeless. "It is true," he said simply, "a convict, skulking in the woods like a hounded coyote."

Gradually, the color left Jessie Hay's face.

"Oh, don't fear," he cried harshly. "I have served my time. You have nothing to fear from me. I only came up here to get away from things. A man just out of the pen is too well known." His lips twisted on the words.

"I—I can't believe it," Jessie faltered.

He caught her hand and held it in an iron clasp. "Listen to me," he commanded. "Ten years ago I was a young mining engineer, just beginning and full of life. I met a man, and I went in with him on a proposition. There was trouble at the mine, an accident happened,—a man was killed. My pardner, my friend, to save his own skin, blamed it onto me. He got away with it too, all right, and I spent the next ten years in the penitentiary."

The bitterness of it all was mirrored on Brandon's face as he looked back into the years.

The girl was still beside him, her hand clasping his, a yearning sympathy in her brown eyes. Presently she spoke in a voice hardly audible above the faint sighing of the pines.

"And where is the man?"

"I don't know." With a flash of burning hatred, Brandon thought of the man, Jed Garber, the murderer, the cheat, the coward that he was. "If I ever do meet him again—" he paused and swallowed,—“God pity him!”

"Oh, would you ruin your life like that?" the girl cried.

"Ruin?" He laughed harshly. "What do you call it now?"

"But you wouldn't do anything wrong?" she begged eagerly. "Don't hate him, pity him. He must be unhappy; he must be wretched, in such a wrong."

"Well, so am I," growled the man. He dropped her hand. "You women know nothing of a man's code. He ruined my chance for happiness. He took my life. By the primal law, it is a life for a life."

"But that is no way—" She gazed at him helplessly. "What is it that the Bible says,—‘Love—’"

"Don't say it!" he cut in. "Love!"—the word lashed him to a fury. "The man wants to keep out of my way, that's all."

"You mean that?" Desperately her eyes questioned him.

"Why not?" he demanded hotly. "Yes, I mean it!"

Jessie's face blanched.

"Then I only pray you may never come face to face with him," she whispered, stumbling to her feet. "Go away! I never want to see you again."

Startled from his passion, Brandon rose hastily to her side, all thought of vengeance fading before the deeper crisis of his life. Swift as the rush of broken waters came the realization that nothing mattered,—nothing but this girl, this sweet girl of the mountains, who had come to him as a clean, free breath of the open, bringing hope and a new confidence to his unhappy life.

"Jessie,—girl!" All of his pent-up agony went into the words.

But she recoiled from him, and fled through the trees toward the road. The sound of her running footsteps along the rocky path that led up to her cabin just above, came back to him on the clear, thin air. He heard a door open, hastily close; then nothing more.

HE settled the knapsack on his back with slow precision, and set out down the steep road toward his cabin at the edge of the settlement, his face gradually drawing into a mask of steely hardness.

At daybreak the next morning, when he came back up the road on his way out to the old Panther Canyon trail, his features had lost none of their sombre grimness. He climbed the long steep slope with steady, plodding steps, his shoulders stooped under the heavy knapsack and blanket roll, his hat pulled down over his eyes.

As he reached the path that crossed the road from the old diggings, he did not glance at the little cabin half way up the wooded mountainside where Jessie Hays lived. He marveled now, that he had ever thought she might care for him.

Sardonically, he recalled the blind rage that shook him yesterday when he realized what he had to offer her, the life that was his, the disgrace. Would he have done what he had declared—killed his enemy on the spot? Would he have been man enough? He wondered. Well, he grimly decided he would have a chance, some day, to find out. He would make the chance.

The narrow road slowly opened up before him as he strode on into the chill gloom of the forest. So heavy was the growth of timber on both sides, that only occasional glimpses could be seen of the great hydraulic basin that lay at the left.

A mile beyond, the highway veered off to the south, and here the Panther Canyon trail opened up through the trees. Brandon paused a moment at its entrance and looked back along the road over which he had just come. As he gazed into the green wall of pines that

shut him out from Jessie's home, a trace of emotion flickered across his features; but he pulled himself back into the trail and went on.

He made his way with difficulty down the abandoned footpath that twisted in and out through the trees and underbrush, rock-strewn and worn into tiny gullies from years of unuse, almost obliterated in places.

Gradually the pines thinned and gave place to a broad slope of dwarf manzanita ending sharply at the brow of the cliff marking the edge of the old hydraulic basin.

As Brandon came out into the open country, he caught the wide sweep of the great yellow waste below him. Far beyond to the east the rugged summits of the Sierra Nevada rose. The early sun tipped their white peaks with fire and they shone a golden rim about this shadowy land of mines still sleeping in the gray haze of morning.

Brandon was midway of the manzanita slope when a faint sound arose from out of nowhere, and sank away into the stillness. He paused uncertainly and looked about.

THE vast, lonely spaces of land and sky and mountains gave back only silence. He might have been alone upon the world; such was his momentary impression. The vague thought that he had heard something persisted, yet he went on.

His boots grated harshly on the rough footpath and a bird whirled away into the thicket. A faint breeze came up from the old mine bed, chill with the dampness of early morning. It swelled again, and on its lingering breath waved a note that faded away mournfully as had the first, faint and indeterminate.

This time, Brandon caught the note, undeniably. A panther, he surmised, somewhere out on the diggings.

He shuffled his pack to a more comfortable position and went on. Several hundred yards ahead, he could see the trail where it reached the edge of the cliff and disappeared from sight as though dropping into space.

Again the cry arose.

Brandon stopped abruptly. That last cry, weak and indistinct though it was, had the unmistakable inflection of nearness. He gazed alertly down the trail.

On the tense silence, the call broke again. It came from out the emptiness there beyond that sheer fall of the precipice.

It took him but a moment to reach the edge of the cliff. The narrow trail dropped away at a dangerous angle along the side. Worn by rain and wind into scarce a semblance of its for-



mer width, the old pathway cut back and forth down the almost sheer two-hundred-foot wall, a precarious foothold at best, and reached bottom some distance to the right of where Brandon stood. From there it trailed off eastward into the lonely waste.

He shaded his eyes and searched the barren, yellow land into which the sun's first rays were creeping. There was nothing to be seen except a few pieces of broken and rust covered machinery that lay a short distance out from the base of the precipice.

Then, from below, came a low groan.

Brandon hastily slid the pack from his back, climbed several yards down the slippery footpath.

The figure of a man lay huddled on a narrow shelf some thirty feet below the trail. The thin, emaciated form was motionless, a leg thrust outward at a helpless angle. One strap of his knapsack, still fast to his back, had caught on a jagged rock, and Brandon saw that had it not been for this the man most surely would have plunged into the abyss. How long it would hold was but a guess.

Swiftly Brandon calculated the weight of the injured man as against his own endurance and the strength of the rope which is part of every mountaineer's outfit.

He called down to the inert form.

The man laboriously turned his head and looked upward.

For an instant, Wells Brandon gazed straight into the dark, gaunt features upturned to him; an instant more, and he jerked on the pathway, the blood draining from his face.

He leaned back against the cliff's side, his heart beating wildly. Should he kill him? There he was, by the hand of God. The man, Jed Garber, who deserved to die, lying there but a few feet below, helpless under his hand. How easy, how opportune!

He strained for sound from the man on the ledge.

None came.

A light began to creep into his eyes, a light, exultant and sinister. Recklessly, he sprang up the trail to the top of the cliff and stood with head high. His laugh rang out, coarse, and brutal, and ruthless. He listened to it with a savage joy.

THE past ten years of his life came before him in all their grinding misery, years that had killed his pride, had robbed his heart of hope and youth; and then the bitter sweetness of this past month in which he had seen what the future might have held for him; and the end, yesterday, when she had shrunk from him.

The man, Jed Garber, the cause of it all, lay there just below, brought to justice before God and him. And he, as a man, had sworn to give him that justice. Best hasten, lest fate cheat him.

A passion of hatred leaped to his face; he strode down the short section of the trail, and the hand that moved to his hip pocket was as inflexible as steel.

He stared over the bank and saw the haggard face watching for him; and in the sunken eyes, there were fathoms of pain and longing.

"Help me, Brandon."

With blazing eyes, Brandon regarded him. "Help—you—" he began. But the man had slumped to a pitiful heap on the ledge.

Fascinated, Brandon watched the strap of the knapsack, by which alone the body was supported, begin to slip. Closer, over the yawning abyss, the limp form swayed. A hand went out in feeble, half conscious effort to stay the plunge. But the strap caught at the buckle, and held.

Brandon straightened up and stood, a blank, bewildered look on his face, as one stunned from an unexpected blow. The thin, wasted arm, upflung in such a gesture of mute appeal, wrung him to depths which he had never known.

He saw, in a flash of understanding, that deeper knowledge of life, beside which reason is shallow and futile. He saw that the words Jessie had spoken, yesterday, were right. What was it, she had been going to say? "Love." His face suffused with tenderness. Yes, love was the greatest thing in the world, the only thing that ever righted wrong, and made life worth living.

With a cry of encouragement, he dashed up the trail and tore at the straps of his knapsack. Quickly he drew out his rope, and made it fast to a log

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### FOREST LOVE

Love is a gypsy that has no trafficking with walls;

Love builds no home but at the cross ways of the sky.

O you who are my heart, the twilight calls—

Let us follow after, where the moon moths fly!

Love travels faster than day that passes into night;

Love is a wanderer by the swift roads of the wind.

O you who make my life, the first star's white—

Let us begone now, and the world behind!

—Miriam Allen deFord.

at the edge of the drop. Clinging to it, he carefully slid downward over the cliff.

He caught his breath as he neared the still form, held to the edge of the shelf by so fragile a support, legs swaying grotesquely outward. One, Brandon could see at a glance, was broken and the man's head hung limply forward between shoulders that were drawn up stiffly by the taut straps of the knapsack.

"Would the straps hold?" Brandon asked himself tensely; and hoped, with a quiver of sympathy, that the man had lost consciousness.

HE reached the ledge at last, and planting his feet steadily leaned down and took the unresponsive shoulders in a firm grasp. As he dragged the limp form upward and over the edge, a groan escaped the white lips.

"Brace up, man, I'm here to help you." But he saw that Garber was beyond hearing, so went silently about his preparations for the ascent.

Gently he removed the knapsack, and passed his rope under the armpits of the injured man; then drew him to his own shoulders and made him fast.

Though Garber was of a slighter build than he, and frightfully emaciated, his unconscious form was a dragging weight on Brandon's back; and he felt a momentary misgiving as he glanced up at the almost perpendicular wall. He thrust the thought aside and turned to the difficult task before him.

Hand over hand up the rope, he climbed, slowly, digging his toes into the dirt and shale that chipped off almost at the touch. Each step became an effort that more and more taxed his strength and left him panting. He was not half way when he stopped, exhausted.

"God, I can't," he gasped. "I can't make it." He looked desperately upward.

A pebble dislodged, somewhere above, and struck him insolently in the face. Fierce, unreasoning anger whipped him to renewed strength.

With cold deliberation he calculated the easiest way to follow. A few feet above, a small rock thrust slightly from the surface, above that another, and farther up a small outcropping of gravel; hazardous footholds, but better than nothing.

He struggled on, and gained another ten feet.

Only a dozen feet more. He looked upward, but as he steadied himself with the knowledge the projection on which he stood broke suddenly away and he fell back, raking his knees against the jagged rocks and burning his hands on



the rope which slid through them like a red hot coal. He sought frantically for foot-hold, and uttered a wordless prayer that the rope might hold. It hung taut and vibrating under the strain.

His feet found anchorage again, and he stood resting, the sweat cold on his face.

"BEST not fall now." Grim-eyed he glanced downward and saw the shelf, small and insignificant on the cliff's side, merely a rock from which to rebound in the sheer fall to Eternity.

The remaining portion of the precipice showed an almost unbroken front and he despaired of ever reaching the top, but the sheer pain of his shoulders from the dragging weight upon them drove him on.

A step he went,—two, three, drawing on the rope's endurance as much as he dared to ease his weight over the treacherous, crumbling rocks.

His muscles gave way for an instant and he swung outward with a gasp; but caught himself and struggled on. Clawing at the earth, fighting back the weakness that all but overpowered him, his reaching hands felt at last the flat surface of the up-land, and with the last effort of will, he worked up and over the top.

The exquisite comfort of relaxation took him to the borderland of unconsciousness. He lay there, sprawling, head against the ground, arms outflung, oblivious to the silent form on his back.

HIS returning senses brought the thought of his burden, and the necessity for haste. It might be too late, even now, he knew, as he unloosed the rope and stood looking down into the face so marked by disease and dissipation.

A feeling of pity and contempt went through him. He held out his hands and gazed at the torn and blistered palms. They were feverish and painful now. He thought of the climb he had just made for the figure there on the ground; and a grim smile played across his face. He shrugged his shoulders and leaned down to gather up the limp body.

Compared with the terrific exertion of scaling the wall, the going up the old trail was easy; but to Brandon's jaded nerves and aching muscles it was a trying task. A nausea of weakness possessed him, and with it crept in cold reaction.

"You fool!" he ground out, "cradling in your arms a snake."

Where the old trail entered the highway he paused to rest himself, and laid his burden on the ground. He sat, chin in hand, gazing moodily down through

the forest toward the settlement.

A slight movement made him glance at his companion.

The sunken eyes had opened and were looking at him. There was a question in them, and the lips opened to speak.

"Don't talk to me," roughly broke in Brandon, "or I'll leave you where you are." The eyes closed again; and Brandon, as one fearing for his own resolve, quickly picked up the man and set out.

As he neared the cabin on the mountain side, a shadow flitted across the road ahead, a shadow that paused, started, paused again, and then came toward him as though upon wings.

Brandon moved along without a break in his steady, even gait, the lines of his face cold and grimly expressionless.

His eyes centered on her flying form and as she halted before him he noted, with a sort of numbed surprise, that the red burned hotly on her cheeks; that her eyes were two blazing pools of fire; that her hands were clenched as if to strike him.

"I found this man fallen over the cliff," he said in a colorless voice. "Got to get him to a doctor. He's in bad shape."

A dry sob broke in the girl's throat.

"My brother!"

"Your brother?" Brandon stopped short. "This man's name is Garber."

"Yes, oh yes," gasped Jessie Hays, "but he is my half brother." With an agitated hand, she brushed back the dark hair from the closed eyes. "Hurry," she whispered, her face working.

Brandon followed her up the path-way to the cabin. He laid the unconscious man gently on the cot she indicated, then said quietly: "I'll go for the doctor."

THE mile to the settlement, he covered in long, spasmodic strides, his face pale beneath its tan, his eyes set on the distance. Once, he broke into a run; he felt a shuddering desire to run, to run from thoughts growing intolerable; but he held himself down grimly, refusing to let them get the better of him.

He neared the outskirts of the town; and came in sight of his cabin on the open slope above the settlement; only a one-roomed weather-blackened shanty; but the first real home he had known in ten years. He glanced toward it as he passed by, with a sudden rush of gratefulness for it's kindly, waiting shelter.

When he had sought out the physician, given him directions, and saw him started on his way to Jessie's home, he strode back to his cabin.

A quick turn of the knob, and he stood on the threshold. He paused a

moment and stood gazing about the shabby, familiar room that had served him as a haven for the past month. The strained lines on his face broke. He moved swiftly across to the cot, and flung himself on it face downward.

For a long time he lay there, his head pillowed on his arm. Gradually, the tenseness of his figure relaxed; and his regular breathing told that he had fallen asleep.

Dusk was sifting in at the open door when he awoke.

He lighted the lamp and set about preparing supper. His movements were quiet and easy as he went about his work; his features in the lamplight showed nothing of the tumult of the morning. The bitterness and rebellion of the past ten years had somehow gone from his heart. He was pondering over it mildly as he washed and put away the dishes, when a light tap sounded on the door frame.

He turned and his heart leaped.

Jessie Hays was standing in the door, looking wistfully at him.

"My brother—he wants you. Will—you will you come?"

"Right now!" said Brandon heartily.

Her eyes filled. "You're so good," she managed to say; and disappeared into the darkness.

Brandon put out his light and hastened his steps hoping to catch up with her, but he trod the long mile slope alone. When he reached the cabin she was standing in the doorway, a lamp in her hand to light him up the rocky path. Her face was touched with sadness; but there was a still glory shining from her brown eyes as she looked at him and returned his smile of greeting.

She stood aside and let him pass within; then setting the lamp back on the table, she stepped outside and closed the door softly after her.

On the cot bed in a corner of the brown-walled room lay the injured man. His sunken and hectic cheeks told the story only too plainly.

Wells Brandon saw the eyes upon him in burning intensity, and the hand feebly motioning him to a chair at the bedside. He moved quietly to it, and sat down.

"You served the time," the sick man began in a voice faint with weakness and pain. "No! I served the time!" A groan came from the fevered lips. "I never knew that life could hold so much Hell."

"Forget it, Garber," Brandon said gently.

The man on the cot opened his eyes, wearily. "I've been trying to all these years."

(Continued on page 136)



# Long Distance Interviews—"Why Is A Poet?"

By TORREY CONNOR

THE *Passionate Interviewer*, on the long distance wire, to Jack London, in Glen Ellen: "Mr. London, it is rumored that you once made the damaging admission that your soul is attuned to poetry. In that case, you should be able to answer the question: 'Why is a poet?' Do you affirm or deny this?"

*America's Greatest Fictionist*: "No time for either, just now. I am a hopeless farmer, these days. I'm rotten at extemporaneous talking, anyhow. I have better excuses, but I'll be blessed if I can think of any of them."

*The P. I. persuasively*: "The public will be greatly interested to know that you once thought in feet."

*America's Greatest Fictionist*, after a reminiscent pause: "I always had trouble with those feet. However, I am willing to come down out of my tree and acknowledge that I *did* at one time, write verse."

*Long distance operator here reports that the other party has hung up. After some delay, communication is again established.*

*The P. I., in wily effort to catch and hold the attention of America's Greatest Fictionist*: "There are those who scoff at your pretensions as a writer of verse."

*America's Greatest Fictionist*: "That listens well."

*The P. I., doubling back*: "How about giving the public a sample?"

*America's Greatest Fictionist*: "There's only one thing that prevents me from sending you a poem, namely, I haven't any. Long years ago, before I sold my first story to a magazine, I dabbled in poetry; and then, resolutely, I cut it out. From that day I have never attempted a line, despite the fact that I have a sneaking belief that I could develop into a pretty good poet."

*The P. I.*: "Ahem! we have here a little thing dashed off by you during the period of which you speak. A friend of yours handed it to us—"

*America's Greatest Fictionist*: "He's no friend of mine."

*The P. I.*: "—and if you will kindly allow us to use it?"

The controversy on the authorship of Gray's *Elegy* may be discontinued, and the poem will be substituted."

*The Worker and the Tramp*

Heaven bless you, my friend—  
You, the man who won't sweat;  
Here's a quarter to spend.

Your course I commend,  
Nor regard with regret;  
Heaven bless you, my friend.

On you I depend  
For my work, don't forget;  
Here's a quarter to spend.

Ah! You comprehend  
That I owe you a debt;  
Here's a quarter to spend,  
Heaven bless you, my friend.

THE *Passionate Interviewer* pursues the Fugitive Subject: "Why is a Poet?"

*The P. I., to Joaquin Miller*: "Mr. Miller, what is the real test of a poet? You have read *La Fiesta Dance*, published last month in *Overland Monthly*, perhaps? How does it qualify?"

*Joaquin Miller, in the rose garden on The Heights*: "I never read any poetry but my own."

*The P. I., feverishly*: "Let me read *La Fiesta Dance* to you! There are only one hundred lines—"

*Joaquin Miller, apprehensively*: "The first hundred lines are the worst."

*The P. I., taking a full breath*:

"Ride swift, gay caballero, ride!  
Thy mustang urge with voice and spur;  
The winding road the stream beside  
Leads to the pueblo—and to her."

*Joaquin Miller*: "Ah! Remarkable! I can hear the horse's feet—"

*The P. I. speeding up*:

"'Tis twilight, now; a languorous breeze  
Sweeps through the sighing willow trees,  
Through orange groves, where star-like flowers  
Illume the scented dusk—"

*Joaquin Miller, only a lap behind*: "and smell the orange blossoms."

*The P. I., in a final dash*:

"The moon her silver lamp hangs low  
On tiled roof and adobe walls,  
On pillared court and fountain's flow  
Its witching radiance softly falls.

Ride swift, O caballero, ride!  
With Don Felipe at her side,  
With Juan and Manuel, e'en now  
Prone at her feet, what chance hast thou?"

*Mr. Miller wanders off after rose slugs and is with difficulty persuaded to give ear to the concluding lines*:

"—shrill sound the mandolins;  
Thou laggard one! The dance begins.

As in the waltz's maddening whirls  
Their love-lit glances meet and mate,  
Felipe's lips press Pancha's curls.  
Aye, stand without, and look thy hate!"

*Joaquin Miller, musingly*: "I think—"

*The P. I.*: "Yes, yes! Go on!"

*Joaquin Miller*: "—that the real test of a poet is his ability to write good poetry."

THE *P. I., some years later, still gophering to get at the root of the matter; to Charles F. Lummis, author, scientist, explorer, archaeologist, historian, editor, critic, reviewer and sometime poet*: "Dr. Lummis, will you be so kind as to answer in ten words: 'why is a Poet?'"

*Dr. Lummis; warily peeping from a second-story window of his Alisal fortress*: "Not a cent less than fifteen. Fact is, I'm Busy to Pieces on the revision of *Some Strange Corners of Our Country* and *Spanish Songs of Old California*; and in intervals of leisure, I am preparing an address, *Save the Centuried Romance of California*, to be delivered—"

*The P. I., willing to call it a day*: "Since you are, indeed, too busy to name in ten words the real qualifications of a poet, perhaps you, a real poet, will give us a poem—Thanks!"

(Continued on page 134)





At Timberland



# A Page of Verse

## THE GHOST SEA

There is a sea of sand  
Shifting silently  
Near the San Andreas mountains  
In New Mexico.  
Where hunted men sometimes  
In utter desperation  
Go to hide and die.  
And though these sands  
Forever shift and drift  
No bones are ever seen  
By the coppery sun of noon,  
Nor are rattled ghoulishly  
By the desert winds at night.  
This silent sea of sand  
Rolls in waves to meet the sky,  
White and still as death.  
No wild sea-clan cries are heard  
On its lonely, soundless shore;  
No grey-mist underglooms  
Lie on its tumbling tide;  
No sea gulls shrilly scream  
While great seals toss their prey;  
No clear rock pools are filled  
When the tide comes in;  
No lighthouse signals flare  
For ships do not pass by—  
Only a sky of azurite,  
Days of white gold,  
Nights of blue bronze,  
And a cry—  
That quavers—  
Wavers—  
And is gone.

—Annice Calland.

## CHIMNEY SMOKES

Our cottage chimneys toss blue threads  
of smoke  
Above the hill; on stiller days than  
these  
They lift cool tapering fingers sinuously  
To tangle the branches of our balsam  
trees.

They fret low clouds with fragile  
shadow lines  
That sway to spirals toward late  
afternoon;  
At twilight they will weave strange  
nets, and stretch  
Them web-wise to a rising spider moon.

But always they will write for me weird  
tales  
Of days long dead, when wavering  
wraiths of smoke  
Pillared these skies along a dim frontier;  
Grey sentries of a stern and hardy folk.

Winifred Gray Stewart,

## CONTENT

I am Spirit—  
vibrant, deathless—  
unmindful of the tenement of clay  
that is my dwelling  
for a day.

Come sun or rain—  
content with loveliness  
however brief—  
insensate to the javelin of pain,  
untouched by grief.

Content to be—  
a living, listening thing;  
to know the rhythm of a tree  
or lark-song clear  
in leafy spring.

Content when these shall cease—  
to see the far  
flung arms of heaven  
cradling a star  
in cosmic peace.

Content to know the primal ecstasy  
of color, sound, and scent—  
content—dear God,  
eternally  
content!

—Mildred Fowler Field.

## MID-MARCH

Down through the sleeping winter  
wood,  
Through oak and elm and poplar slim  
Whose cold and leafless members stood  
Low alder-fringed and twilight-dim,  
I thought I saw a shy maid stand  
A moment; then she turned and fled—  
She held a crystal in her hand,  
An opaled cup with flash of red.  
With spark of red and flame of green,  
Of heliotrope and burning blue—  
It held the dew-wet blossoms' sheen,  
It had the sunset's after-hue.

And as she fled along the stream  
The willows burst their buds in bloom;  
The river's border was a gleam,  
Marsh-marigolds against the gloom.  
The traceries of slender birch  
Took on a nuanced leafage dim—  
I heard the stirring drowsy search  
Of sap along the maple's limb.

And far off through the waking wood  
I caught a gleaming roguish glance  
Where Spring a moment laughing stood,  
Then vanished in her mad young dance.

—Harry Noyes Pratt.

## WHEN I BUILD MY HOUSE

When I build my house  
It will face the West  
In a far-spread land  
Of the happiest.

I'll build it not high,  
Nor yet so low  
That the evening sky  
And the golden glow  
Of the setting sun  
Cannot find their way  
Thru the open door,  
And in splendor spill  
On the polished floor.  
A fireplace I'll build  
Of stone—so wide  
That two may sit  
On either side.  
When shadows creep  
Before the night  
The flames will leap,  
And shed their light  
On the polished floor  
Where the sun has touched  
Thru the open door.  
When I build my house  
It will be in the West;  
In a far-spread land  
Of the happiest.

—Charles Beghtol.

## A BURRO-LOAD OF CEDAR

Out of the mountain splendors  
Spreading high and wide  
Old Juan drove his burro  
Down the mountainside.

Below them smouldered desert,  
And down from near the sky  
They brought a load of cedar  
For anyone to buy.

Down that trail once dusted  
A burro train, with gold—  
Juan goes there for cedar  
That is not always sold.

From the hushed arroyo  
I watch them out of sight—  
A burro-load of cedar  
For fire against the night!

O may some dreamer buy it  
Lest that clear flame be lost,  
Lest that rich fragrance perish  
Along the sands it crossed!

—Glenn Ward Dresbach.





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### STUDIES IN CLASSIC LITERATURE

OUR review of this book by that well-known writer, D. H. Lawrence, has long been delayed, for we were anxious to read every line and then give our opinion of the value (or worthlessness) of this very unusual volume.

Among the authors discussed by Mr. Lawrence are Franklin, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Dana, Melville and Whitman. Let us observe his reactions to some of these men. The chapter on Dana is full of comprehension of the value for all time to come of "Two Years Before the Mast" because, as he says, Dana lived with the ocean and with real things of life (as Bill Adams of Modesto, forecastle man, did fifty years later). Then our author mourns over Dana's "dreary lawyer years." But Mr. Lawrence appears ignorant of the spiritual truth that if Dana or anyone else has truly caught the "Big Thing," its inspiration is forever his. He does not have to take another before-the-mast voyage; his existence is never again "dreary."

In spite of all his admiration for much that he finds in Melville and Poe, the same failure to see the men as they saw themselves, destroys much of the value of these chapters. He calls Hawthorne "that blue-eyed darling" and then proceeds to read into "The Scarlet Letter," as into most of Poe's work, a strange and sad mixture of sex-mad vagaries (vagaries of his own) all brilliantly expressed, all distorted and unscientific.

In his chapter on Walt Whitman, he says many true and worthwhile things, but he turns suddenly to glorify Whitman's great thought—that of the Open Road, the go-as-you-please for each individual. But Whitman would have sympathy with others, and a desire to help the growth of universal good will; while Lawrence tramples with both feet on such nonsense. Here, then, we part company with the author of "Studies in Classic Literature." The downward road which he so praises can only land him in some such place as Dante's inferno. There are no great adventures, no transcendent spiritual discoveries for

anyone who takes delight in having cut loose from everything.

We have read almost every one of Lawrence's books, and have admired his genius for saying new things in a new manner. But he does not understand classic American literature nor plain American ideals. He comes nearest to it in what he says of Cooper's "Natty Bumppo;" he misses it completely in what

### LITERARY NOTES

*THE MARSHALL JONES COMPANY* of Boston announce eleven of their new books which will appear in March, April and May. Several belong to that scholarly series whose history we have told before—the "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" group, which includes volumes on Sappho, Platonism, Stoicism, Mythology and Architecture. Paul Shorey's "Greek Thinkers and Modern Thought" was a lecture at Dartmouth.

*THE CENTURY COMPANY* has just published "The Power of an Endless Life," by Henry Hallam Saunderson. This is a religious book whose main theme is that only a conviction of immortality can dignify and purify human life.

*SOME* of the most interesting writings of present-day English essayists—E. V. Lucas, W. B. Yeats, Hilaire Belloc, Augustine Birrell, G. K. Chesterton, A. A. Milne and others—are included in an anthology by F. H. Pritchard, "Essays of Today," which Little, Brown and Company publish.

*THE LATEST NOVEL* by the California lady who signs herself B. M. Bover, is "The Eagle's Wing" published in February by Little, Brown and Company. It describes a deeply-secret private project to dam the Colorado River so as to extract the gold from its bed, and a conflicting governmental project to dam it for irrigational purposes.

he says of the *Scarlet Letter* and of Melville's "Moby Dick": "Renegade Castaways, cannibals, Ishmael, Quakers—America." He tells us that "Art-speech is the only truth." Yes! When it is true. But it can tell lies, and run off down hill with its tail between its legs.

One sometimes asks in all seriousness what becomes of the writers who cut loose from everyday relations and become extreme futurists—or rather decadents. Years ago, a vain, lazy, selfish English youth started out to impress the world with a sunflower—and himself. He preached the gospel of art for its own sake, and he lived a life which was beneath contempt. Edgar Saltus, in his book on Oscar Wilde, which tells about dining with this wreck of a genius who had lost his way: "They dine in a restaurant in London and Wilde reads his MS. Suddenly his eyes lifted, his mouth contracted, a spasm of pain—or was it dread?—had gripped him, a moment only. I had looked away. I looked again. Before me was a fat pauper, florid and overdressed, who in the voice of an immortal was reading the fantasies of the damned. In his hand was a manuscript, and we were supping on *Salome*."

Two articles in the January magazines may well be read by those who desire to get the last word upon the amazing outburst of this erotic and agonized literature from writers like James Joyce, Ben Hecht, D. H. Lawrence and fifty more. One of these articles is Professor Stuart P. Sherman's "A Conversation with Cornelia" (*Atlantic Monthly*); the other is John Middleton Murry's "Flaubert and Flaubart" in the *Yale Review*. Every reader can fit the case of poor Oscar Wilde to a dozen or more of our reckless modern obscurants whose books, like "Salome," are full of pen-poison.

We find in the *Bookman*, a fair and complete review of this "Classic American Literature" which sums up the impressions made by the book upon many of our leading critics. As the "Bookman" puts it: "The soul of man as seen by



Mr. Lawrence is a dark forest. The known self can never be more than a clearing in the forest. Gods, strange gods, come forth from the forest into the clearing of the own self and then go back; and it is good to have the courage to let them come and go. 'There,' Mr. Lawrence proclaims, 'is my creed. He who runs can read. He who prefers to crawl or go by gasoline can call it rot.'

"The dark forest of Mr. Lawrence's mind is exuberantly peopled and in this book strange gods pounce into the clearing to do a menagerie prance of self-ostentation. Nor is the freedom of what Mr. Lawrence calls 'my own Holy Ghost' hampered by information. His ignorance of American literature is comprehensive and profound. Raleigh improved his years in prison by writing a 'History of the World'—from his imagination and fantastic sources. Mr. Lawrence's industry has been more casual; his egotism is more brilliant, his impertinence more epic."

(Thomas Seltzer; \$3.00 net).

Charles H. Shinn.

#### A PIONEER CHRONICLE

THERE cannot be too many chronicles of pioneer days, particularly when they come from original sources. Among the more recent chronicles is a plain little brochure, "Across the Plains by Prairie Schooner," being the personal narrative of B. F. Bonney concerning his trip across the plains to Sutter's Fort in 1846, as related to Fred Lockley.

The narrative, set forth in Mr. Lockley's usual virile manner, contains a surprising amount of interesting material. Among other items is this:

"My sister Harriett was 14, and with my cousin, Lydia Bonney, daughter of my father's brother, Truman Bonney, myself and other boys of the party, we put in three delightful days wading in the stream. It was October and the water was low. In many places there were sand and gravel bars.

"On one of these gravel bars I saw what I thought was wheat, but when I picked them up I found they were heavy and the color of dull yellow wheat. I took one of the pieces about the size of a small pea into camp with me. Dr. R. Gildea asked me for it. That evening he came to my father and, showing him the dull yellow metal I had given him, said: 'What your boy found today is pure gold. Keep the matter to yourself; we will come back here next spring and get rich.' . . . . .

"Among those who died was Dr. Gildea. He died January 22, 1846, and as you know two years later gold was discovered. My uncle, Truman Bonney, who had gone north to Oregon, remembered where we children had found the gold, so he and some others returned to our old camping place to stake out claims, but it had already been staked out and proved to be very rich ground."

#### THE MIDLANDERS

IT is a frequent complaint of writers that the reviewers and critics read too much between the lines, that they find meanings and motives never intended by the writer. That is no doubt true; and yet if an author brings forth a creation sufficiently strong to make these "hard boiled" literary critics endeavor to read between the lines, surely that is a compliment to his artistry.

In "The Midlander" did Booth Tarkington intend anything more than an entertaining story of Middle Western life? It is a simple enough story, that of the young man of vision who follows his dream of success consistently through to the end, only to have it dissolve to smoke and gray ash at the moment of seeming realization. By way



Booth Tarkington, as Seen by Gene Markley

of contrast is presented his brother, the ultra-conservative who allows the dream to fade and vanish when he might have aided; and the final chapter displays this conservative enjoying the realization of the dream which his brother failed to grasp.

There is Tarkington's characteristic humor and lightness of touch; there is more than a glimpse of an underlying seriousness which inclines one toward the belief that there is concealed a real purpose.

But—tragedy or comedy, deep purpose or none—the book is worth the reading for the story alone.

"The Midlander" by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00 net.

THE mother of A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," and of Vere Hutchinson author of "Sea Wrack," died recently at her home in London. Lieutenant-General Henry Doveton Hutchinson, C. S. I., survives his wife. They were married in 1874.

#### TWO MORE MACMILLAN BOOKS

THE first of these two is by William Bowen of Los Angeles who has been taking his definite place as one of the best writers of stories for children in all America. Its title is "Merrimeg."

As in the earlier books by this writer it carries us to lands of mystery and romance where the heroes and heroines of folklore myths are at home. The illustrations are by Emma Brock, and the first one shows us two gnomes leading the little-girl heroine, Merrimeg. Their names are Malkin and Nibby, and seldom has a more amusing couple strayed into a book.

Mr. Bowen tells us about Merrimeg's experience with chimney imps, starlight fairies, echo dwarfs, the Ragbone Man, the Apple-seed elf, and the thrice-precious May Dew that fortunate little girls wash their faces with.

The way in which this book came to being is also told us. When Marjory Anne Bowen was seven years old, her father told her these tales of a little girl named Merrimeg, one tale for each day in the week. From helping her mother in the little cottage or their garden, each story steps off to the moss-covered house of Nibby and Malkin, and then off to fairy ways and places, not too fanciful to be food for thought for a little girl, who, perhaps, pushed the dust into the hearth instead of sweeping it up.

Teachers, parents, and child-lovers should not neglect any of William Bowen's books, and will themselves get as much fun out of them as all of us do from "Alice's Adventures," and "Peter Pan."

THE second book is a translation from the French, with pictures by Boutet de Monvell. It belongs to every season of the year, and is "exactly right" for giving to the dearest little girl on earth—whoever and wherever she is.

The "Preface," by Marian Cutter of the New York Children's Bookshop, tells joyously how this long lost but not forgotten story was re-discovered. Miss Mary Miller Simpson, whose work at the bookshop and elsewhere has shown a real understanding of children's needs, brought the story to light. Since then, many of its old friends have rallied round it. Susanna is so different from American children of three years old (look at her kilts and her hair fixed high on her head; listen to her self-possession). Girls and boys of five to eight will appreciate her. The brief and moving story will show American children that in France, fathers, mothers and uncles are very much like ours.

Charles H. Shinn.

(Continued on page 133)





## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



"THIS town cannot afford to support an artistic movement. Anyway, it is a business center. People want amusement when they go to the theatre. They do not want to think."

"Any town can afford to support anything that is fundamental to its growth, and when it represents the upward and outward striving of its citizens for expression. Art is not above and beyond the people. It is of the people."

The first speaker was a tired business man, the second a Little Theatre enthusiast.

Anyway, all over the world, from whence we know not, sweeps a sudden and burning desire on the part of everyone to express long pent up talents. Cities of the East, West, North and South, mountain towns and sea coast villages have their Little Theatres.

It reminds one of the seasons of games that come and go: one day it's marbles and the next it's kites. Where the impulse starts—who knows? And yet with Little Theatres as with games the impulse for expression is based on a fundamental truth of human development and universal rhythm.

The early growth of the Little theatre has been as wavering, uncertain and changeable as a weakly child. Only the strongest survive. It is a true example of the "survival of the fittest." Wherein lies the strength of those that live no one seems to know. Some say it lies in good business management. Others say it has nothing to do with business, that art is all that counts. Again, it is due to the popularity or personality of the director. He may be a genius in directing, acting and inspiring others to express themselves. The theatre is then conducted in a professional manner under one head with amateurs carrying on the work.

Yet again, the success is due to the working of a group, each person in the group carrying on some particular thing. This is perhaps the highest and most ideal form of community feeling, more nearly expressing the ideals of the Little Theatre.

### *Little Theatre Impressions*

By GRACE BORROUGHS

In other instances theatres are dedicated by an enthusiastic director to providing means of expressing artistic impulses in the community. Some one gets an impulse to write a play; some one else gets an impulse to act, so he is put in the play; a third person has the impulse to design the stage set and costumes. The actor usually acts something he is not interested in portraying in a manner entirely unsatisfactory to the author.

Both may disagree with the designer, but at any rate the impulses of all three have been relieved and they are all happy when it is over. In the meantime, the audience wonders what it is all about, but soon forgets it in anticipation of the next production.

In Hollywood the success of the Little Theatre may depend on good business management plus the opportunity to obtain moving picture stars as performers. In San Francisco the success may depend on good direction, an interesting playhouse and a society set backing it up. In Berkeley it may depend on good directing, good acting and a trained audience.

O yes—Little Theatre audiences must be trained as well as the players. Some Little Theatres start with a trained audience, in that the cast, artists and audiences are contained in a small group all favored with a spark of genius in some artistic direction. They all start with the same ideals of expressing from the very beginning, so no explanations are needed. They understand the meaning of color, design and impression. They are accustomed to little or no scenery, sometimes no especial customing, and take pleasure in the context and intelligent reading of plays. They are used to exercising their own imaginations and much prefer it to any setting whatsoever.

For the most part, however, audiences as a whole need training, especial-

ly in communities that are accustomed to conventional plays put on in a conventional manner, or to road shows or stock companies.

IN some communities there are a few artists who understand the great artistic impulses and the rest of the people follow blindly, thinking themselves stupid, perhaps, but go again hoping to become enlightened. The business of training an audience is really more difficult than that of training players. Audiences are elusive, capricious, critical, derisive, unsympathetic, prejudiced and complaining by turns. Some members want nothing but comedies; others nothing but tragedies; then a few say nothing lest they say the wrong thing and be considered plebeian.

In a certain Little Theatre audience the following conversation, which is quite typical, was heard:

Father (who belonged to a dramatic society in Nebraska years ago): "Whoever heard of a drawing room with panels of huge red flowers, no furniture except a table and a wooden potato masher?"

Daughter (Bobbed-haired and a member of the art staff): "Why, dad, you see it's a Russian play, so those flowers represent Russia. They are red because it's a tragedy. There's no furniture because the hero is lonely and the situation desolate. And the telephone—well—you see, the telephone could not be real, so why not use a potato masher?"

If father only knew it, he was being given his first lesson in the impressionistic art of the theatre. He was being shown the first step from realism to impressionism. His senses had been trained to look for faultless technique of speech and movement and an attempt to create a realistic scene on painted canvas, which after all was not any more real than the set before him.

He was not used to dim lights, soft curtains and properties which create an illusion and stimulate the imagination. After that he thinks that when the hero talks with his back to the

(Continued on page 140)



# California's Threatened Hegira of Japanese

(Continued from page 100)

yard, and have assisted, by fostering Japanese competition, in driving the white tenant and the white proprietor-farmer off the land. The companies now face a situation under which the fruit shipments for a few years may be less and their profits correspondingly smaller. Eventually the State, and incidentally these companies, will profit.

The average well-informed Californian who lays aside selfish personal interests, does not regard the threatened hegira of the State's Japanese population as an unmixed evil. He may even regard it with equanimity. A few—and one corporation in particular—a large employer of Japanese farm labor in the past—encourage the departure.

The preceding outline of certain phases of the existing situation will explain in part this attitude of California. But to appreciate her point of view thoroughly, there must be a better understanding of certain fundamental facts, for a time unknown to, or ignored by, the Nation at large, and only forced on public attention in the past few years through the State's continued agitation of the subject.

California has before her the startling example of Hawaii, where by the year 1940, Japanese will control the elections because of the great number of their Hawaiian-born children who will have reached the age of twenty-one by that time. In consequence, the territory will be compelled to abandon its present form of government and ask for a Federal Commission. (See in ASIA Magazine for July 1923 the report of a two-year investigation of conditions in Hawaii made by Louis R. Sullivan for the American Museum of Natural History). Japanese comprise already nearly half the population of the Territory and furnish more than half of the school children; they provide 60 per cent of the labor and have a monopoly of the Territory's fisheries. They control the building trades in Honolulu and various branches of business; and in the sugar strike a few years ago, they acted with absolute racial solidarity, most of them voluntarily and some under duress, but all regardless of affiliations or American citizenship. (See testimony of the Hawaiian Commission before the House Immigration Committee at Washington in 1921).

California sees in various districts of the State a similar development; and she ponders over the published statement of the Registrar of Vital Statistics for her State Board of Health that if present conditions continue, the Japanese in

California will in time exceed the whites in number.

FOR two decades and more, California has regarded herself as a frontier state, making the fight of the nation against the peaceful penetration of insidious alien invaders from the Far East. She has been willing to accept the loss and trouble which come inevitably to the territory on which battles are fought, but has resented the complacent blindness of many other states which could see no danger, and insisted that California, because of unfounded racial prejudice, was participating this country into trouble and possible war.

California has always held that the presence in any district of this country of unassimilable aliens, massing in communities or occupations and capable of driving out the whites in economic competition, must lead to racial friction and international trouble; and that it were therefore in the interests of our neighbors across the Pacific, as well as ourselves, to exclude such elements of discord.

President Theodore Roosevelt was in thorough accord with this point of view, and said so frankly to Japan, insisting that while Japanese already here should be fairly treated, no more should come if the friendship between the two countries was to be maintained. He induced California to abandon her anti-Japanese bills under consideration by the Legislature of 1909 by giving her guarantees contained in his memorable telegram of February 9th of that year, addressed to Speaker Stanton of the State Assembly. In that telegram, Roosevelt declared that under the terms of the Gentlemen's Agreement he had arranged with Japan so that Japanese immigration should cease by her own act, and with the understanding that the number of Japanese in this country should gradually decrease; he said the plan had worked so successfully during the first six months of its operation that the number of Japanese in the United States had decreased 2000; he acknowledged that if equally satisfactory results did not follow future operation of the Agreement, California would have just cause for complaint, and said in that case the Federal Government could and would apply the necessary remedy,—meaning thereby the passage of a Japanese exclusion act. In his autobiography, he explains that this safeguard was destroyed by his successor, President Taft, under the terms of the 1911 treaty with Japan.

At all events, under the operation of the Gentlemen's Agreement, with admission of "picture brides" and "kandodan brides" and lax regulation on the part of our government, the Japanese population in continental United States trebled between 1904 and 1920, instead of decreasing—while the Chinese population, under the Exclusion Act, diminished one-half. California's Japanese population quadrupled in the same period.

AS the Japanese increased in number in California, they took practical control of certain districts. First, driving out white labor in competition, they gradually sought to become owners of the land, and when that was prevented by law, they obtained leases with privilege of renewal, thus giving them permanent control. In time there grew up the present system, under which the owners of large pieces of unimproved land and bearing orchards found it more profitable to lease to Japanese, who undertook the entire management and the risk of financing, while the owner retired to the city and received his share of the profits at the end of the season. That plan, naturally, drove white tenants or lessees off the land, as well as white labor. But it did more. The small farmer or orchardist, owning and cultivating his own land nearby, found himself, when marketing his produce, in competition with the Japanese-grown article, produced with all the advantages to be had from low standards of living, long hours of labor, woman and child labor, etc. In time he gave up the contest, was forced off the land, went into industrial or business occupation, and sold or leased his land to the Japanese. Whole communities of whites, as for instance in the strawberry-growing district of Florin, in Sacramento County, were displaced by the Japanese.

And so, in California where climatic conditions offer most inducement for pleasant and profitable all-year work in agricultural pursuits, conditions were permitted to develop which encouraged the farm-to-city movement and gave control to alien Japanese by the year 1920, of one-eighth of all the State's valuable and productive irrigated land.

California's consistent and insistent policy in this matter has forced the problem upon the attention of the Nation at large. Other states which have been invaded by the Japanese, or which have taken warning from California's experience, have passed laws similar to that State's alien land law. There has de-



veloped throughout the country a demand for the exclusion, as permanent residents, of all aliens ineligible to citizenship, as a fundamental step in restricting unassimilable immigration. In response to that demand, a provision to that effect appears in the Immigration Bill recently favorably reported by the House Immigration Committee, although, according to published reports, Japan, through our State Department, violently protested against it; and certain American commercial interests complained that Japan had threatened them with cancellation of \$200,000,000 in contracts for reconstruction of the devastated districts of Japan if this provision be enacted into law. The provision has received the unanimous approval in national conventions of three great organizations—the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor and the Grange. Its effect, if enacted, will be to exclude without further legislation, all the yellow and brown races of Asia, including Hindus, Malays, Chinese, Japanese and Philipinos—about half the

population of the globe.

**E**VEN assuming, however, the enactment of such a provision into law and the rigid enforcement of her alien land law, California faces a grave problem in the presence within the State of one hundred thousand or more Japanese, all of whom are entitled to remain in the State and engage in industrial or commercial pursuits, or work as farm laborers at wage, if they so desire. Thirty thousand or more of these are California-born (there are over five thousand Japanese births yearly in California) and entitled therefore to full citizenship rights, including ownership of land. These rights are already being utilized as individuals come of age, to make place in the agricultural districts for their alien relatives and countrymen. These native-born Japanese are, in the mass, and with notable individual exceptions, only less assimilable than their immigrant parents, and furnish an additional problem in a dangerous dual citizenship which ties them to Japan.

California feels that for years she has

done her duty as a loyal State of the Republic in giving warning of a grave impending national danger and in opposing it to the extent of her limited authority. She has repeatedly urged Congressional action as the only effective remedy against the danger frankly pointed out by President Roosevelt in permitting the growth in our midst of alien and unassimilable communities of Asiatics. She has no patience with the week-kneed Americanism which at the urge of halting diplomacy or commercial greed closes its eyes to the welfare of nation and race, under veiled threats of war or loss of trade. Her insistence, and the official investigations forced in consequence, have aided in arousing a general public sentiment. She hopes that Congress will take the necessary action before the Golden State first, her two sister Pacific Coast states next, and the remaining rich agricultural states of the Union in order of the attraction they offer, shall have passed under economic and racial control of the Japanese. For unfortunate Hawaii it is already too late.

## The "High-Graders"

*(Continued from page 111)*

others deserted. Next came a feed corral, and after that the first saloon, a large tent across the front of which was hung a double sign bearing these legends, the one below the other, "The First Chance" and "The Last Chance." A huge pile of empty bottles before the saloon testified to its prosperity. Some loiterers sat upon beer cases before the tent. Other men, attracted by the noise of the car, appeared in the door; interrupted in their drinking but unwilling to set down their glasses, which they raised in salute to the newcomers.

The road swung sharply to the left, taking the course of a narrow ravine. There were many camps now, some tents, others improvised of whatever materials were handy, still others open. The car had not traversed this portion of the road for more than a hundred yards before the gulch debouched suddenly into a narrow sloping valley or gentle swale between the hills, and the camp itself came into full view.

Staley, however, gave but one moment to his survey of the town. He was looking beyond to the steep slope of the mountain, up which a line of freshly made dumps, at indefinite intervals, marked the course of somebody's prospecting work. That someone, likely Jimmy Rawlins, had been tracing out the course of his ledge was quite plain to Staley. It offered ideal sites for

tunneling, but the mine was yet too new for extensive development.

There were many other dumps scattered indiscriminately about the hill sides. Some were small, others larger, but none gave evidence that the surface had been much more than scratched. Men could be seen working in the holes behind some of the dumps. At others, shovelfuls of dirt coming at short intervals to augment the dumps gave undeniable evidence that some prospector was out of sight, but digging. From behind one of the larger of the dumps a geyser of dust spouted. It was followed by a loud blast; and a shower of rocks, large and small, fell upon the hillside, some of them dropping short of the road along which the car was passing, and barely missing some of the nearer tents.

Only in size and setting and age did this new camp differ from a score of others which had dotted the Nevada desert during the past decade. Some had endured. Others had relapsed into desolation, over which coyotes howled their requiem. Sultana was laid out with some semblance of squareness, for it had been surveyed. Its site was incorporated, for the townsite man is always the second, often the first, upon the ground in the boom camp.

Sultana was a collection of tents, tent houses, a few rough board shacks, some glaring square fronted saloons—one of

which was finished and doing business—three others in various stages of completion, but all open for customers. There was a large frame hotel in process of construction, near which stood an immense tent, the annex which accommodated the transient and the citizen trade till the main building was finished. There were two merchandise stores, one almost completed, the other a little more than half, but both were heavily stocked and had to be guarded at night to prevent their stocks being stolen. There were the offices of the townsite company and the doctor; three restaurants and the various other office and residence contraptions too numerous for description that made the camp complete.

**T**HE streets, from which the sage brush had been but sparsely cleared, were far from deserted though the day was hot and shade at a premium. Men, some of whom were roughly clad, others wearing the apparel that marked them for gamblers, merchants or saloon keepers, were about. Two women sat with a crowd of loiterers before one of the saloons and regarded the car as it came to a stop before the hotel. The automobile stage from the railroad had arrived, but the arrival of a private car caused more than usual interest. Staley and Shorty had been recognized before their car had ~~come~~ to a stop. Now men



crowded about the auto with noisy and sincere greetings to the driver and with more reserved and significant welcome to the passenger, for Staley was a person of more than ordinary importance to the mining world. His presence here was momentous. If he remained, it would put the camp on the map.

Staley, as soon as he could do so without being brusque or impolite, shouldered through the crowd that had gathered about the car and made his way into the tent office of the hotel. Soon he reappeared and went directly to Shorty, who was sitting in the car the center of a questioning crowd eager for news from the outside. The crowd parted before Staley's progress.

"We can get a couple of cots," he said briefly to Shorty, "We'll unload the stuff and carry it inside. Then you had better run back and help the young ladies."

"You don't need to tell me that, Bill," exclaimed Shorty, "You don't happen to think that I'm gettin' forgetful, do you?"

A few of the crowd, hearing the reference to young ladies, began to question Shorty regarding their possible presence and predicament, but he shook his head. One of the questioners impertuned, but was effectively silenced by Shorty's "It's none of your damned business, partner." The man apologized profusely but Shorty heard little of it. He had turned his back and was handing out baggage to Staley.

Staley, as was his manner, went about the business of his visit, without ostentation or loss of time. By the time Shorty and his car were out of sight, Staley had found out that Jimmy Rawlins was working one of his claims on the mountain side above the camp, and had set out on foot in search of him.

**T**O AN ordinary observer Shorty Dain would have been taken as born to the Great Land of the Sage Brush, part of it. His easy gait and lithe action, his tanned skin and squinting, laughing eyes would have stamped him as a good natured cowboy, always eager for the good times of life and finding many of them, but for the fact that his mount was an automobile, and not a horse.

Such an hypothesis, however, would have been incorrect, for he was a native of San Francisco, born somewhere in that indefinitely bounded district known as "South of Market." By the time he was ten years of age, he knew every nook and cranny in the section between Market Street and the Potrero, and from the water front to the hills that marked the city's western boundary, and a great deal of other parts of the city. Besides, he knew much of human nature.

At fifteen he had apprenticed to an iron works to learn the machinist's trade. He had learned well and fast, for he had a natural adaptness for the work. During these four years of his apprenticeship he was dreaming, designing, building in his mind, great machines that would do wonderful things; and then, when he was graduated from his school of practicality, the automobile had come, and he forgot the machine shop for the machine.

He had found his own and himself. His touch upon the old contraptions of engine and wheels and rubber upon which we now so condescendingly look back and call by many names, was that of the magician. Shorty made them run. He became known as a wizard with rebellious and recalcitrant automobiles. He did for them something which made them do for him what they would do for few others.

Out of his intimate knowledge of his craft he made money easily, and with this money he saw many of the bright spots of life. One of his employers happened to be a man with mining interests across the Sierras. Being in need of a chauffeur who could not only drive a car, but build one on occasion, he offered Shorty a good salary to leave his work in the city and drive for the mining company. Shorty accepted the offer, at first more for the chance of seeing the new country, experiencing its adventures, than by any reason of financial betterment. Shorty was one of that peculiar type of man whom finances, beyond his daily needs, worries little.

His first days on the desert produced only a deep repugnance for it. He would have deserted his employer and returned to the coast but for the promise he had given to remain a year. Before the year was half gone the desert had caught and claimed Shorty Dain. Its vastness, drab and dry; its scorching days in summer and freezing days in winter, must have held what his soul craved, and even then Shorty could not have analyzed this great change which had come over him and made him satisfied.

When the year was up, the mining company had failed miserably. Shorty had to attach the car he drove to secure his back wages. He ultimately got the car and with it entered the rent service at a time when an automobile was capable of making nearly as much money as a narrow gauge railroad. He had owned several machines since this old one upon which he looked back with fond memory, and each one had been a little better than its predecessor.

**S**HORTY DAIN knew Jimmy Rawlins well enough to say that they were more than ordinary friends, but

now he gave little thought to whether or not Jimmy's strike would make a mine. Shorty was thinking little of serious things. He had seen with his own eyes the germinating boom, and he knew from experience into what it would develop. Adventure was in his blood. He was happy. He sang a good deal as he let his car roll swiftly down the grade, but his words contained not so much of chivalry as did his thoughts. If his thoughts could have been written they would have left the impression that he was some modern knight errant rushing in his trustworthy equipage to succor two lovely maidens, stranded in a disabled flivver.

In less than five minutes from his start, he slowed his car up as he passed the one in which the two girls still sat. They smiled their gratitude as he passed. When a short distance behind their car, he dexterously turned on the narrow grade, and returning, parked his car immediately ahead in a position from which he could conveniently hitch his tow rope to theirs. The girl with the blue eyes must have divined his intention, for her expression instantly changed from pleasure to bewilderment, almost chagrin. She alighted and advanced to meet Shorty as he came back.

"Won't you please try and see if you can find out what is the matter with our car?" she asked, "It will be so humiliating to be towed into camp. The pesky thing just stopped, and two hours of coaxing and cranking and—almost cussing wouldn't make it go. It is so contrary."

"A little cussin' now and then is practiced by the best of men," Shorty quoted, and added, "and women some times."

"Oh, I did say a few words that wouldn't look well in print, but really I didn't know just what to say to it. You can swear if you want to. If your words get too hot we'll stop up our ears. It might make it go, and I can't bear to be towed into camp." She was quite serious, so serious that Shorty could not repress his easy smile.

"I'll look her over first," he replied, "and if that won't do, maybe I'll speak a few kind words to her."

The brown eyed girl had sat, her chin in her hands, regarding the other two sadly, half hopelessly. Now she alighted as Shorty came up.

"You're mighty good," she said with more in her tone than in her words. "I am sure you can make it go."

"I'll try," was Shorty's reply, as he started his examination.

Knowing the disorders which are likely to affect automobiles, he tackled the most probable source of trouble first, the ignition. The wiring was apparent-

(Continued on page 142)



## The Editor's Brief Case

THE grizzly bear has been hibernating for a long time, but in response to popular demand he has at last returned to his accustomed haunts on Overland's cover, and occasionally sticks his fierce head out from some unexpected retreat on the inner pages. He's the same bear which Bret Harte introduced in Overland's first number, almost 56 years ago. Civilization has not quite driven him to cover.



THE Long Distance Interviews which from time to time appear in Overland over the signature of Torrey Connor are accounts of actual conversations—in person and through correspondence—over a term of years. It is a presentation of the human side of these noted persons as only this writer could give it.



NOT all pictorial art lies in painting; indeed during the past decade the art of etching has assumed increasing prominence on the West Coast. In this issue is the first of a series of articles which will from time to time appear in Overland, covering the establishment and progress of this art in California.



IT is not alone her native born who love California. The native is, indeed, somewhat inclined to accept as a commonplace those things which to the newer arrivals are sources of unending joy. And sometimes those who adopt the state delight are giving concrete evidence of their appreciation of California and its beauty of scene and tradition.

Among these new arrivals is Charles Granger Blanden, now of San Diego. Mr. Blanden brings to this poetic atmosphere his own background of attainment as a lyricist, and California claims him now as one of her singers. Deeply interested in the advancement of the poetic art, Mr. Blanden offers through historic Overland Monthly a substantial prize for a brief lyric, announcement of which is found elsewhere.



CALIFORNIA has an art tradition which is exceptionally rich in romance. Little of it has ever been written, and as a consequence it is probably that much has been irrecoverably lost. The older artists, such as William Keith and Thad Welch, hold place in the minds of the younger generation as painters merely; it is forgotten that they were men in California during its golden period, and that as men they were part of its adventure and romance.

Probably not one in ten thousand knows that Thad Welch lived in his own life a career as colorful as any adventure story of today. Overland is fortunate in being able to present to its readers the first installment of his biography, a chronicle fresh from the sympathetic hand of Helen Vernon Reid. Whatever estimate today's generation may place upon his canvases—and there is a tendency in some groups of modernists to decry the poetic loveliness of his paintings as being "too representational"—it cannot be denied that Thad Welch was a man.

IS San Francisco a "Union Town?" Or is it, as has been claimed recently, becoming an "Open Shop" town? It is a question of interest no matter where one's sympathies lie, for upon the harmonious and equitable relation of Capital to Labor—or Labor to Capital, if you prefer—depends San Francisco's prosperity. Overland is sufficiently interested to endeavor to ascertain just what the situation is. Anna Dondo tells this month, in a preliminary article, what she finds.



PERHAPS the romance of the West centers in California, but it is a romance which overflows to east and north and south. Across the Sierras to the east is a region wherein stand "ghost towns," their wind-blown streets silent except for the whispering sands, the buildings holding but echoing vacancy; deserted save for the specters of the past. Time was—not so long ago—that these were seething with eager humanity. The now lifeless windows were filled with the lights and shadows of weaving thousands. The air was vibrant with the excitement of the mining camp in its first burst of life. And that is the period of which Charles H. Snow writes in his "High Graders." It's a story of golden adventure, and of increasing interest.



CALIFORNIA'S Japanese problem is so little understood in the Middle West and East—there is so much of misrepresentation and exaggeration—that a fair and sane presentation of conditions as they exist today is most timely.

It is doubtful if there is any man the country over who is better qualified to speak on this subject than V. S. McClatchy. A native of California, a life-long newspaper man both in tradition and experience, McClatchy's love for the state has caused him to throw his influence against the unrestricted influx of this alien race. His sincerity of purpose has been coupled with absolute fairness, an attitude which is frankly recognized by the Japanese and their various associations. The statement in this issue of Overland as to existing conditions in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys of California may be accepted as fact.

It is interesting, in connection with this fight of McClatchy's to save California to the white race, to know that it was his father who saved California to the Union. Back in those strenuous days when the state was divided in sentiment between the North and South, word was carried to James McClatchy, generally spoken of as the founder of the Sacramento "Bee," and at that time sheriff of Sacramento County, that there was a well-advanced plot to turn over to the Confederacy the United States army forces at Benicia commanded by General Albert Sidney Johnston. McClatchy sent word by the pony express to President Lincoln, and in response to that warning General Sumner arrived in California under secret instructions and peremptorily relieved Johnston of his command.



# PRIZE=CONTESTS

FOR

## Short Stories and Poems

**P**ARTICULARS are given below of various prizes which are to be awarded through *Overland Monthly* during the current year. It is *Overland's* desire that these contests shall bring forth the work of the younger writers as well as that of those who have "arrived," and to that end the two chief contests have been confined to anonymously submitted manuscripts.

The short story contest is confined, through the restrictions made by its donors, within certain limits which should aid in opening an almost untouched field of material for the story writer. The "Blanden Prize Contest" for poetry is unrestricted as to subject, but *Overland* hopes that it will bring out some real Western verse by poets who know whereof they speak.

### SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH LEAGUE OF AMERICAN PEN WOMEN SHORT STORY PRIZE

Desirous of interesting California writers in the vast amount of available material in the California of today, the San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women, offers through *Overland Monthly* a prize of

## FIFTY DOLLARS

to be awarded in July under the following terms:

The story, to be from 4,000 to 6,000 words in length, must be by a bona fide resident of California.

The locale is to be that of Alta California, or that part of the state north of the Tehachapi.

The story must be of the California of today and must deal in its atmosphere or in its action with a California industry, or some present day problem of the state. It should not, however, be propaganda or "boost" literature.

Stories will be judged both as to perfection of construction and technique, and as to their presentation of Alta California life of today.

Manuscript must be submitted anonymously and bear no mark of identification other than the title. (The approximate number of words should appear on title page). Accompanying the manuscript should be a sealed envelope bearing the title of the story only. Enclosed in the sealed envelope should be (a) stamped and addressed envelope for return of manuscript, and (b) a slip bearing title of story, and name and address of author.

The story must be an original work and previously unpublished, in its submitted form or otherwise. The winning story becomes the property of *Overland Monthly* without further compensation.

The judges will give "honorable mention" to the six stories, in order, which in their opinion rank next the prize winning tale.

The contest is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike.

Manuscript submitted in this contest must reach *Overland Monthly* not later than July 1, 1924. Address all manuscript (only one may be submitted by each contestant) to Short Story Contest Editor, *Overland Monthly*, 825 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

### THE CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN PRIZE FOR POETRY

*Overland Monthly* takes pleasure in announcing that it is enabled to offer a prize for the best lyric of 30 lines or less which may be submitted in competition under the terms of the contest.

## FIFTY DOLLARS

is offered for

### THE BEST LYRIC

of thirty lines or less.

#### Contest Conditions

All manuscript must be submitted anonymously, without distinguishing mark other than the title. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a sealed envelope which bears upon its outside nothing but the TITLE OF THE POEM, and which contains a slip bearing (a) Title, (b) Name and Address of Writer.

Lyrics must be in English, typed, and not more than thirty lines in length.

Only one lyric may be entered by each contestant.

There is no restriction as to subject, but the treatment must be lyrical. (Please refer to the dictionary for the definition of a lyric as a personal expression, and be governed accordingly).

No postage should be included as no manuscripts will be returned, all being destroyed at the close of the contest.

Manuscript should be mailed to reach the *Overland* office not later than August 1, 1924.

Address: Poetry Contest Editor, *Overland Monthly*  
825 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

The judges—the names will be announced later—will make first, second and third choice among the submitted lyrics, only the first award to receive a prize. *Overland* reserves the right to select among the remaining submissions approximately twenty which it may publish, either in *Overland* or with the prize lyrics in brochure form. There will be no other compensation for lyrics thus published than the honor of their inclusion, and it is understood that all contestants in entering the competition accept these terms.

The contest closes August 1, 1924, and the result will be announced in the October issue.

The prize winning lyric becomes the exclusive property of the *Overland Monthly*.

The contest for the Charles Granger Blanden Prize is open to subscribers and non-subscribers alike, and to residents of any country.

### TWO ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

are offered by *Overland's* Subscription Department to go only to *Overland* subscribers.

If the winner of the League of American Pen Women Prize, or the Blanden Prize, is at the time of submission of manuscript a paid subscriber to *Overland*, the Subscriber's Prize of \$25 will be added to the other prize and both go to the one person. If the winners of these prizes are not subscribers and the winners of second place can qualify, then the Subscriber's Prizes will go to them or to the third selection of the judges if both first and second fail to qualify.

For the purpose of this contest a paid subscriber shall be considered one who holds the regular receipt of *Overland Monthly* or its agents for a paid-in-advance subscription of not less than one year.

Announcement is also made of The *Overland* Annual Prize of Fifty Dollars, to be awarded for the BEST SHORT STORY published in *Overland* in 1924. No restrictions are made in this connection.

The names of judges for the various contests will be made as soon as arrangements have been completed.



# The Wailing Lady

By B. G. ROUSSEAU

## (Conclusion)

SIMPSON flashed his torch around and saw, lying very still, almost under the table, a blurred bundle of white. An inner door hung creakingly open and the rooms was full of the acid smell of powder. He knelt beside the body of the man on the floor and felt fumblingly for the heart, but even as he did so he knew that the man was dead. Simpson rose and looked at Jerry slumped forward in a chair. The pistol had fallen from his nerveless hand to the floor. His face was white, and his abnormally long arms hung supinely at his side. Without a word Simpson left the cabin; Johnson followed almost at his heels.

"Don't leave me, Jack," he whimpered, "I—I don't want to be left alone."

Simpson bent over the body on the road. Slowly he arose and pointed an accusing finger at the trembling man at his side.

"A hell of a mess you've got us in with your drunken folly. What did you shoot 'em for, anyway?"

Johnson shuddered, seeming on the point of complete physical collapse. All the fight and bluster had gone from him.

"I couldn't help it, Jack," he began in a voice he strove vainly to control. "It was the damn wind made me do it. As soon as that guy came out on the road the wind began to yell at me: 'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! dead men tell no tales!' and then something, I don't know what, but something, mind you, made me fire that pistol!"

He paused wiping the moisture from his face with the sleeve of his coat. "And then," he continued, as Simpson remained silent and aloof, "that same something seemed to fairly push me into the cabin, and just as I got to the door I saw a white figure coming toward me. I got scared and fired again. That's the truth, Jack, so help me!"

There was nothing supernatural about it to Simpson. Johnson was drunk and in a sudden uncontrollable impulse had killed the men. His story was absurd; the ravings of a disordered mind. Self preservation was now the dominant issue. In order to save himself he must help Jerry destroy all evidence of his crimes. The cabin and its grewsome contents must be destroyed by fire. Neighbors seeing the ruins would naturally think the cabin had burnt during the night and its inmates perished in the flames.

Simpson explained his plan and they set to work, liberally saturating the cabin

inside and out with coal oil. Before applying the match they made a thorough search of the place for the hidden wealth Reynolds was said to have secreted there, but beyond a few trinkets, nothing was found. When all was in readiness the body of Reynolds was placed just within the door and the place fired. With an angry puff the greedy flames sprang to life. Higher and higher they rose until the dark forest and the surrounding country were alive with their lurid glare.

Suddenly, hovering around the fiery furnace, Simpson thought he saw a white figure, dancing backward and forward, her diaphanous garments held just beyond the reach of the flames, tantalizingly. As they reached out hot, passionate arms to grasp her, she swayed gracefully out of reach, up and away. Finally with a mighty roar and a muffled bellow of triumph, the flames reached upward, grasped the elusive spirit, and pulled her down, down into their glowing heart, and at that moment, the wind, with a last mighty shriek, died and was gone.

The men raked the ashes over carefully, then retraced their steps toward the town. Simpson thought of Zelda and her prophecy: "I see trouble and sorrow and death—and blood!" she had said. For the first time in his materialistic life he was tempted to believe there were forces around him of which he knew nothing. There had been undefined voices in the wind, he had felt them all day. He had often heard of the supernatural, but his skepticism kept him from placing any credence in what he could not understand. He was not a believer in the occult because he was a pagan whose beliefs were nil, but tonight's experience had wrought a change in him, shattering his disbeliefs around his head like a house of cards. Emerging from the woods he was aroused from his thoughts by the sight of the saloon lying silent and dark before them.

He gave the signal they had agreed upon and Big Lem admitted them. Simpson entered first, Jerry skulking in his wake. Without a word the latter made his way to the table where the bottle and glasses stood. He raised the bottle to his lips, where it clicked against his chattering teeth, and drank greedily.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded Big Lem. His tone was quiet,

but there was an ominous glitter in his small eyes.

In a few graphic sentences Simpson sketched the night's doings. As Manners listened a cold rage possessed him. His huge frame trembled; and he clenched his hairy hands until the knuckles showed white through the skin. With a tremendous effort of will he controlled himself. He realized that it was now too late for recriminations. For awhile he sat silent and thoughtful then heaved his huge bulk from the chair and went over to a small safe set in the wall. Opening it he took out a handful of paper money. Only too well he realized that the only way for safety to himself lay in getting his tools out of the country. It suddenly dawned on him that he had been skating on perilously thin ice which had broken at last.

Johnson accepted his share of the money mechanically, his mind too befuddled to realize what was taking place. Simpson after a brief mental struggle, stuffed the bills in his pocket. They were a means to an end; they would enable him to realize his dream of going to Eastern Oregon, and in time he might even hope to see Zelda again.

The men arose and Big Lem opened the door. "See that you're well out of the country by daylight," was his parting injunction, "and you, Jerry, better cut out the booze. If you don't, some time you'll spill tonight's doings and then—" he passed his hand significantly across his neck and the wretched Jerry seeing it, shuddered.

The door closed upon them, and silently, like shadows of the night, they went their separate ways.

Simpson plunged again through the woods. By taking a short cut he knew he would quickly reach the highway. Here he would walk to a distant town where he would take the early morning train. He tramped on stolidly with bent head; his chief feeling one of disappointment that he had not seen Zelda before leaving.

Simpson was well aware of the danger he was in through Jerry's mad deed. Indeed, he had realized the risk from the moment he had impulsively agreed with Big Lem and Jerry to rob Reynolds and McIvor, but somehow he had had faith in his own ability and resourcefulness to get away with it. That the plan had failed, and through no fault of his, did not lessen his peril. He had an instinctive feeling that sooner or later the hand of the law he had out-

(Continued on page 135)



## THE LITTLE TIGRESS

THESE strange nineteen adventures are "taken out of the dust of Mexico" by Wallace Smith; the fifteen illustrations are from his field notebook. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons and they are dead right in calling this book a work of genius and more than merely exciting stories.

First, then who is Wallace Smith, unknown to any "Who's Who" compendium? He is an American artist who has lived and ridden, laughed and sung and suffered with the men and women of whom he writes. An artist, already acclaimed for tremendous power and originality, he chose to ignore the early promise of fame. He abruptly and somewhat mysteriously left the studios to become an eager wanderer on the trail of life. Then he bobbed up in Mexico in seething revolutionary days. There came back stories of his adventures, long desert marches; swift raids by night; playing *banda rillo* in the bull-ring; the report that he had perished on a forlorn campaign; the miracle of his escape from death in front of the firing squad. At last he was brought out of Mexico, dying with the torture of a desert illness. He recovered—and went back to Mexico!

Out of such a romance of real life, comes this book which is a straightforward account of grim happenings in a land of bandits, revolutionists, grim fighters, proud hidalgos and oppressed descendants of old-time Indians. In many respects the book gives us a new picture of the people south of the Rio Grande, and one which should help Americans to a better understanding of Mexico's difficulties.

In seven pages, with one picture, the study called "Greaser and Gringo" tells more than one gets from some of the pretentious recent books of travel along the main roads to a few large towns. Another sketch, the last in the volume, "Dust of Mexico Again," is beyond praise in its pathos and simplicity.

Charles H. Shinn.

## CHILDREN OF LONELINESS

THIS book, a collection of short stories by that remarkable Russian Jewess, Miss Anzia Zesierska, has won instant approval by the best critics in America because, we discover as we read, she has done far more than to express the feelings of new-comers to this country; her work reaches out to the larger problems of American social, educational and business life. One can go still further and say that the whole spirit of the book is international and full of human fellowship which is above all creeds or racial differences.

## BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 125)

The author came to America as an immigrant in 1901, at the age of sixteen, struggled, suffered, worked at anything that offered, was naturalized in 1912, began to write stories of East Side life by 1918 which at once made friends for her among editors and readers. One of her early stories, "The Fat of the Land" was called the best short story published in this country. Then she published "Hungry Hearts" and "Salome." Readers everywhere soon discovered that these stories, and indeed everything she wrote was, as William Lyon Phelps once said, "desperately true to life." Gertrude Atherton speaks of the young writer's "sheer genius, fighting its way toward fuller expression."

The best thing in the present volume, published by Funk & Wagnalls, are these: "An Immigrant among the Editors," "To the Stars," and "The Song of Triumph." Interesting, also, is Richard Duffy's interview with Anzia Yezierska, which was syndicated over the country. But the worthwhile qualities of the book reach far beyond anything of that sort. This author's future values depend upon her avoidance of sensationalism and her continued faith in all that is best in human nature.

(Funk Wagnalls Co. \$2.00 net).

—Charles H. Shinn.

## SOCRATES

IN Thomas Starr King California possessed a national figure. If the present generation is inclined to accept this author and lecturer as one of the traditions of California's golden age, and to pass the tradition by with scant knowledge or understanding, there are those who insist upon his recognition.

Ernest Carroll Moore rescues from oblivion one of King's orations, that on Socrates, and places it once more within our reach. The text followed is that of the volume published in 1877, containing Mr. King's addresses, entitled *Substance and Show*. As an introduction the author gives a brief biography of this friend and contemporary of Bret Harte. It is a volume which should be in the hands of every son of the West who loves California—this because of its association. It should form a part of the library of those who would renew and expand their appreciation of the Greek page and philosopher.

*Socrates, An Oration by Thos. Starr King.* Harr Wagner Co., San Francisco.

THERE'S a quantity of "out door" verse written and printed, much of it obviously insincere, a little of it quite as obviously written because of a real love for and understanding of Nature forces the expression. Few recent volumes fall so inevitably within the latter class as does "The Cabin Book," a modest volume in white by Maude Beatrice Hoque, just from the press of Hart Wagner.

The author is one of those who accepted the Government's invitation to homestead, taking up her claim forty-five miles from a railroad in the solitude of the Rockies. Each poem—and many of these verses really deserve the title—is a personal experience. Collectively they present a vivid picture of the three years spent in this isolated spot. There was loneliness—its intensity crops up in line after line—but there was also beauty, and close approach to That Which Lies Above and Beyond.

From much which might be quoted, only this:

## THE SAME FAMILY TREE

Today I stood in the Big Horn Mountains  
Among stately hosts of cedar tree.  
They were whispering all the time,  
Whispering to seeded pine cones  
About maternity.  
And snuggled close and whispering  
Were the warm sunny knolls.  
They had bedded themselves down  
At the mountains' feet,  
To born in a blood red crush  
The juniper hedge and thorn tree brush.

Even the canyons' slender meadows,  
strolling  
Through early shadows into the day,  
They were whispering to their season's  
offspring—

Broad shouldered stacks of mulatto  
colored hay.

But tell me, O tall bearded mountains  
And your offspring that be!  
What do you whisper to your kin,  
The bearded mountains of the sea

Harr Wagner Co., San Francisco.

## CULTIVATED EVERGREENS

THE Macmillan Company of New York, who have done more for American horticulture than any other firm, have issued a large royal octavo volume bearing the above title. It seems to us an essential for everyone who cares anything at all for evergreen trees in gardens, lawns, parks, avenues, around homes, and wherever they can be grown. The book is fully illustrated, and includes many native California species. It is amazingly cheap at its net price of seven and a half dollars.

Dr. Liberty H. Bailey, for years Professor of Horticulture at Cornell, modestly hides much of his work under the word "edited." But his encyclopedias and other work of the monumental sort

(Continued on page 138)



# The Telegraph Hill Players

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and

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BY AUGUST STRINDBERG

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BY MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

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If you are interested in joining The Telegraph Hill Players or receiving notices of their performances, address 1413 Montgomery St., San Francisco. Phone Kearny 1535. Season tickets (10 admissions, good any time, \$1.65 seats) \$10. Regular prices, \$1.65, \$1.10, 55c.

## WHY IS A POET (Continued from page 121)

### MASTERY

"Fate? I met her long ago—  
Met and measured will and strength.  
Whipped of her, I came to know  
How to whip herself, at length.

First I fought her, brute to brute;  
Every blow she smote me sore,  
Dazed, and mad with rage, and mute  
Only struck I back the more.

Striking blindly, striking hard  
And forever striking wide—  
With a broken arm for guard,  
With a broken head beside.

So she mauled me as she would,  
So she bullied me the while;  
Till I dropped my arms and stood—  
Stood and whipped her with a smile!"

—o—

The P. I., hopefully: "Perhaps you agree with Clarence Urmey, that to be a true poet, one must be able to give exquisite impressions?"

Dr. Lummis agrees, with reservations: "Um! I should say that when a thing is easier to write than not to, it may turn out fairly well."

## WANTED

To complete our files we need

## Old Copies of Overland

Among other issues we require the following:

All of volumes 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6, 15 and 16, (old series) and volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (new series).

We also need a few copies of the issue of July, 1921.

If you have any of the above, or numbers of any year prior to 1906, advise

## Overland Monthly

825 PHELAN BLDG.

SAN FRANCISCO

## A Little Talk on Thrift.

By S. W. STRAUS

President American Society of Thrift

IT IS a matter of interest and importance that greater public attention is being given to the development of our latent water power resources. Scientists have calculated that the maximum of potential water power in the United States exceeds 54,000,000 horsepower of which we have only utilized about 9,000,000 horsepower for commercial purposes.

A better idea of what these figures mean is gained when one understands that one hydraulic horse power is equal to about eight tons of coal energy.

Something like 40 per cent of our total possible horse power is to be found in the states forming the Pacific Coast division. Montana apparently leads all other states in water power possibilities as 8 per cent of the nation's supply is found within the borders of that commonwealth. New York State possesses about 3 per cent of the nation's available amount.

Our lakes and streams possess a wealth of fabulous value and our neglect

to more thoroughly take advantage of our water power possibilities probably constitutes one of our greatest sources of national waste.

This country leads the nations of the world in potential water power resources. In fact, about 30 per cent of the world's supply may be found here. Canada ranks second, China third and Russia fourth.

As our nation grows in population, and the cost of mining and transporting coal becomes more difficult and expensive it will be necessary to draw more and more upon our natural power supply. It is within the range of possibilities that this great storehouse of wealth will as the years go by become more and more a contributing element to our national leadership in the important affairs of mankind. It is a matter of such far reaching consequence that there should be no neglect of it through lack of information or understanding.



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# Vose

**Vose & Sons Piano Company**

189 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

*(Continued from page 132)*

raged would reach out and bring him to account. He had no faith in Jerry's ability to keep sober. He was bound to talk some time.

At last he reached the highway. He pulled his hat over his eyes to shut out the rising sun and walked briskly. In less than an hour he reached the station. The train was just ready to pull out and he jumped quickly on board without stopping to buy a ticket. As the heavy coaches rumbled over the track, gaining in momentum every moment, something of his gloomy forebodings left him. By night he would be in San Francisco. Once in the city he would get a room and stay there until the next day, when he would board the north bound train. He relaxed with closed eyes.

\* \* \*

Early that same morning a farmer and his son bound for Los Gatos, passed the Reynolds cabin and saw the place had been burned, presumably during the night. They dismounted to investigate and poking in the ruins were horrified to discover the half burnt body of Reynolds, a gaping bullet hole in the head. Enough of it remained for identification, and to tell its mute and tragic story. The flames had entirely consumed the cabin, and a few charred bones

were all that were left of Alex McIvor. The men departed hurriedly and notified the sheriff's office. The machinery of the law was put in motion, and before night Big Lem Manners was placed in jail. He at once hired the best lawyer in town, and on his advice relapsed into silence. The second morning Johnson was apprehended in San Diego, and almost at the same time Simpson was arrested at the Oakland mole. Both were returned to Los Gatos where the trial took place.

From the first Big Lem maintained his attitude of taciturnity, but Jerry, in a vain effort to save himself, turned State's evidence. The court proceedings, owing to the unsavory reputation of Manners and Johnson, were short. Both were sentenced to hang, while Simpson was given a year in the penitentiary for his share in the night's work. Manners was found equally guilty with Johnson, despite the fact it was shown he had nothing to do with the actual killing, was not, in fact, even on the spot, nevertheless it was clearly proved that he planned the robbery, and was a party thereto, which made him technically guilty of the larger crime. The only thing that could be brought against Simpson was his willing participation in the robbery, and for that intent he must

pay the penalty with one year of his life.

Just before the men were removed to Folsom, Zelda paid her first visit to Simpson. All during the trial she had kept away from him, but now that it was over, and she was free from Big Lem, she wanted to see him. They met, under the watchful eyes of the sheriff in the latter's office. Zelda was waiting as Simpson was brought in. She wore a simple black dress over which was a scarlet sweater, and on her heavy, blue-black hair was twisted a silk handkerchief to match. As Simpson appeared she raised her dark eyes to his, and in them he read a mute appeal for understanding. For a moment they stood silently regarding each other, then Zelda took a hesitating step forward. Her lips formed the word, "Jack—" The next moment she was in his arms. He pressed his lips to her silken hair and the back of her neck where the long braids parted, as he whispered, so low that only her ears caught the words:

"Tell me that you love me, Zelda, and will wait for me?" but even as he asked the question he knew what her answer would be.

Her glowing eyes, her soft lips pressed to his gave him her reply. He did not need her assurance: "There's never

*(Continued on page 143)*



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### ALMA DE BRETTEVILLE SPRECKELS

(Continued from page 103)

is essentially feminine—not in an objective sense, but in essence. It out-tongues all spoken words in memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice for a principle. It is a splendid exemplification of the ideals of a grand dame of today. It gives enduring form to the aspirations of the woman of the future. Mrs. Spreckles herself speaks the last word in present day development.

—o—

**BEATRICE GRIMSHAW**, the author of "The Sands of Oro" is an Englishwoman who spends most of her time on her coral island overlooking the China Straits. Like most of her countrymen, Miss Grimshaw is an intrepid explorer. She has taken tea on cannibal islands where the natives cook human flesh in sago leaves after the manner of hot tamales; cruised among uninhabited islands, and dived among the coral reefs to floors of pearl shell. The waters swarm with sharks, but there is very little danger, says Miss Grimshaw, for they are easily scared by loosening the wrist of the diver's dress and releasing some of the air.

### FORGOTTEN GOLD

(Continued from page 120)

He laboriously reached back under his pillow and drew forth a folded sheet of paper. "Open it," he said.

Brandon unfolded the soiled, torn sheet and smoothed it out before the watching eyes of the sick man. It was a roughly penciled map of Panther Canyon, showing the old trail as it zig-zagged back and forth across the narrow, rocky gorge.

Jessie's brother pointed to a cross that marked the trail far up near the headwaters of the stream. "Gold there," he whispered. "I found it. You go. It's yours. It'll never be any use to me. You know that."

The broken man reached under the pillow again, drew out a piece of quartz streaked and spotted with gold and handed it to Brandon. That it was immensely rich, Brandon could see at a glance.

"Will you go?" the weak voice was touchingly eager.

"I have no right—" but while he hesitated, the other spoke.

"Please go. Get it for Jessie. She —"

Brandon did not know when Jessie had come in, but she was there beside

him; and as he looked up and met her eyes he saw that which set his heart pounding.

"Yes," he answered, "I'll go."

As Garber lay back on his pillow, Brandon followed Jessie outside to the little pine-railed porch. Her hand crept into his, and he held it tightly, waiting for her to speak.

They looked out over the tops of the great pines that swayed and murmured in the dusk. A warm breath wafted up from the old mine bed beyond in the shadows.

"Look," the girl bade him, her eyes shining.

A moon was rising above the rugged rim of the Sierra Nevada, pouring down the blue white peaks a stream of gold. Gradually it flooded the forested slopes and spread out over the great solitary waste land in shimmering radiance.

"Gold," she whispered. "That is what you are,—true gold. My brother told me."

Shyly, she raised his hands and placed them against her cheeks. "They're cut and bruised," she said softly. "I saw them."

"You dear!" murmured Brandon unsteadily, and swept her into his arms.



## POETS AND THINGS

*Impertinent Comment on Contemporary Periodicals by the Poetry Editor*

**T**OMORROW is a new monthly magazine of which Number 3 is now on the Poetry Editor's desk. As might be expected from the title, "Tomorrow" is somewhat Futuristic in its content; indeed, the Poetry Editor is inclined to think that the powers which control the destinies of the new publication have more than a slight inclination toward the ultra-Futuristic. But it is undeniably clever. Even the advertising strikes a fresh and interesting angle. The verse—and there is much of it—is not of the intensely radical nature which might be expected. Conservatives such as George Sterling and John Masefield find representation. The Poetry Page, edited by David N. Grokowsky, holds such names as H. Thompson Rich and Witter Binner. From Rich's "To Dreams," this: "Dreams vivid as some secret tower room Whose sinister portals none have opened before; Dreams more exotic than that dread night bloom

Arising from the untrodden forest floor,—  
Dreams that like steely daggers glisten deep  
Behind the human eyelids closed on sleep."

**T**HE Step Ladder prints in its February number a few of the sonnets submitted in competition for the Leland Stanford Kemnitz prize, which closes April 1. Among those printed is this by Laura Bell Everett:

## THE SONNET

As fragile as the Taj this palace stands,  
Perfect in form and plan; each minaret  
Aforetime carved in alabaster, set  
In later days with gems by princely hands.  
Kings of the world of minds from foreign  
strands  
Returning, bided here and paid a debt  
For entertainment meet, till fairy fret  
Gleams scintillant with jewels from these  
far lands.

And it is mine if I will enter it!  
Before its carved door I stand afraid,  
Giftless to bring my homely needments there.  
My desert-woven robe is all unfit  
For such a court. No genii lend their aid!  
The mirrors mock mine entrance—yet I dare.

**A** CHILD'S GARDEN is one of the new periodicals to come to the Poetry Editor, an exceptionally interesting one in both typography and content. Designed particularly for appeal to children, its pages hold a well-selected variety of story, picture and verse. All three have shown a steadily increasing quality in the three numbers issued, and no doubt the verse content will ultimately reach the point where it will not only interest the child mind but will also provide a standard by which the child may build a real appreciation and understanding of poetry.

The Poetry Editor feels that it is a dangerous thing to interest a child in those things which are below artistic standards. There is artistry in sim-

plicity—the Poetry Editor is tempted at times to believe that true artistry is simplicity—and that is a fact which none more thoroughly recognized than Stevenson. "A Child's Garden" finds an untouched field in this regard, and if it holds to Stevensonian standards its success is assured.

**V**OICES is at hand in its Winter Number. The Poetry Editor finds in the place of honor on the first page a sonnet by Mildred Fowler Field, one of Overland's valued contributors. There's an interesting story in connection with the writing of this sonnet, too long to tell here in its entirety, too good to spoil by undue brevity. Knowing that there is a story, possibly it may be read between the lines as well as in them.

## THE SCULPTOR

Not in eternal marble . . . lifeless, chaste—  
To ornament a dim cathedral niche,  
But in alluvial earth; the sculptor traced  
A figure; where the river cut a ditch  
And left a clean slope. People gathered  
round  
Awestruck to watch a hand renowned guide  
His blade to shape a cross, a head thorn  
crowned,  
A face compassionate, a pierced side.

Far, far from temples that He came to shun,  
Still in a cool green pasture, close beside  
Clear-flowing streams He loved, there for  
a day

He hung, a hillside calvary in clay  
For fisher-folk to see . . . Him crucified  
Who was Himself an humble fisherman.

**P**ACIFIC COAST newspapers give so little space to verse, and are so indiscriminating with the little they do use, that it is a pleasure to find one paper which features the work of our Western verse-writers. Howard McKinley Corning conducts in the Albany (Oregon) Sunday Democrat a page of poetry and comment, all interesting, some of the poems as good as the average magazine verse, and pleasing in typography. Possibly Mr. Corning will allow the Poetry Editor to reprint this lyric from his page:

## WILD GESE

Over the lake when the winds were stilled,  
The wild geese passed on their slow way  
south;

You were beside me—and, suddenly chilled,  
I snuggled against you and kissed your  
mouth.

Oh, there's something somber in passing  
wings—

A wedge of geese on a midnight sky—  
Something that whispers of vanished Springs  
Of change—and things that die.

And yet I know that they will return  
When the sun is gold—the winds from the  
South;

When the pines croon over the lake—and  
yearn—

Then thrice will I kiss your mouth!

MONA VALE.

## LIFE

A sodden sky and a sullen sea,  
A whirling gull through the driven  
spray;  
And the menace of shadowy cliffs that  
rise  
Like Sentinels, guarding a hidden way.

The shifting grey of the wind-swept  
mist,

A silvery peak and a sky of blue;  
The crested sweep of a sunlit sea,  
And the peace of a harbor waiting you.

—*Esther Birdsall Darling.*

## MEMORY

Nothing can ever take from me  
The beauty of old days, a tree  
Tossing its green head in a gale,  
And sunlight falling on a sail  
Bound for dark islands, or the green  
Patina on old bronze, the sheen  
Of macaws in a silver cage  
Taunting a lazy cat, the rage  
Of black winds hurling through the sky  
And all wild things that run or fly—  
Or quiet nights when ceaselessly  
Sounds the low heartbeat of the sea.

*Beulah May.*

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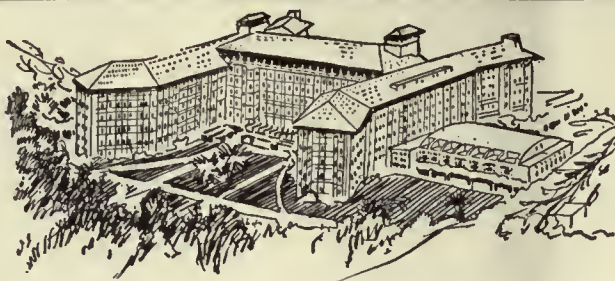
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## CULTIVATED EVERGREENS

*(Continued from page 133)*

are known in every land beneath the sun and he has long ranked as the Dean of Horticulture in all its branches.

The contributors of articles to this invaluable book include well-known New York Forest Service experts such as Ralph S. Hosmer, and other specialists of national reputation such as John Dunbar, Ernest Branton of Los Angeles, F. Dickson and W. T. Macoun. The book supplies authoritative information on the use of evergreens in the planted landscape, on soils and locations, planting and pruning, cultivation, identification, and treatment of the leading insects and diseases. The species and horticultural varieties known to be in cultivation in the United States and Canada are described for purposes of identification, as also are the most important kinds of broad-leaved evergreens, such as rhododendrons, laurels and hollies. The book closes with an extended finding list of woody evergreens likely now to be offered for sale in this country, making a useful contemporaneous record.

Dr. Bailey's preface shows his ardent, life-long love for trees: "The love of the conifers is no passing fancy. It is not subject to change in fashions. What a man plants today will give him joy as long as he lives, and the tree will carry his memory to his children's children; 'He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.'"

When you travel over roads in the wooded hills you come now and then to an opening margined with evergreens. You stop and enter the place with reverence. You see evidences that others beside yourself have worshipped there; this gives the spot a human interest. You want to transport this quiet retreat to your own estate. The planter's interest in evergreens is of two kinds—to grow a collection of different genera and species, to incorporate them as parts in a landscape picture. These two purposes are often in conflict, although either one is legitimate. The happiest result is no doubt a thoughtful combination of the two efforts.

That veteran of the Golden Gate Park, wise and cheerful John McLaren, might well have been called upon for a contribution to this book of Dr. Bailey's. His work as a horticulturist and a public educator can be seen by all who visit this beautiful place.

Among the best features of Dr. Bailey's volume are the check-list and the index. The true out-door spirit is everywhere in the book, as in all Dr. Bailey's work, and we advise tree lovers to secure a copy while one can be had.

*Charles H. Shinn.*



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## SULGRAVE MANOR

(Continued from page 116)

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## WITH CALIFORNIA WRITERS

THE death of Edward B. Payne a few weeks after the Berkeley fire removes a man whose command of language rested on long training in the classics. President Jordan was glad to have him lecture at Stanford University "that the students might hear perfect English." His lecture on Whitman was notable. First pastor of the Congregational Church of Berkeley, and later pastor of the Unitarian Church in the college town, he became an enthusiastic student of Socialism. To many Mr. Payne was both philosopher and seer. He wore "the white flower of a blameless life," dreading fame and searching for truth.

It was while Mr. Payne was editor of Overland Monthly that he discovered the genius of Jack London, and bought and published London's first story. For seventeen years he was mentor and friend. It was out of this friendship that Mr. Payne wrote "The Soul of Jack London," and this unpublished manuscript alone of his possessions escaped the Berkeley fire.

NANCY BARR MAVITY, whose "Dinner of Herbs" and "Hazards" are among the new books, was one of those who felt that to go from Manhattan Island to California meant exile. But in California she found that incentive which meant the completion of two novels on which she had been at work. One of the stories found its breath of life in an early morning drive over Tioga Pass, and in view of the inspiration she finds here Mrs. Mavity now pronounces herself a "rampageous Californian."

Not alone the stories found inspiration here. To her verse she is giving the time formerly given to social duties: "Loneliness is the atmosphere in which poetry best flourishes," she says.

JEAN CAMPBELL MACMILLAN—whose poems, distinctive, original and charming, have been brought out by the Cloister Press in a collection under the title "Candlelight to Dawn"—is known about the Bay as a dramatic reader. A hook of children's verse, accepted by an Eastern publisher, is awaiting illustration by a Santa Barbara artist.

The impression of sincerity made by Miss MacMillan's poems is shown by the exclamation of a guest during a reading of the verse at a recent dinner. Listening more and more intently the guest at last exclaimed, "That girl is a poet! Had she had a love affair? I fear she has."

VERNON KELLOGG, the "Outside Californian", in his *Ruminations* in the May Overland, said:

"There is no homesickness like the homesickness for California. But—one has always the joy of knowing she is there to go back to." This member of the National Research Council, formerly professor of entomology at Stanford University, has shown anew his love for California in a little volume whose modest title "*Insect Stories*" suggests an unobtrusive Moorish doorway; within are the gleaming pillars of such sub-titles as *Argiope of the Silver Shield*, *The Orange-Dwellers*, and *The True Story of the Pit of the Morrowbie Jukes*. The word-pictures of the scenes from the hills around Stanford are alluring hits of description.

*Insect Stories* has something of the charm of *Water Babies* and *Alice in Wonderland*, and is like those old friends, too, in being written for children, yet holding the interest of an older audience by its quaint humor as well as by its explanation of the life of common insects. One wants to pass on the news of the appearance of the revised edition to those all-too-rare parents who read to their children.

—Laura Bell Everett.

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## THAD WELCH

(Continued from page 108)

some way and continued to be Thad's home for some time.

Later, he sent for his brother Madison to live with him and they "batched it" together. Thad hoped in this way to give his brother an education. Madison, however, was playing truant and lounging about the docks instead of being in school as was supposed, while Thad was working strenuously as a printer's devil. In time he learned the truth and sent the boy back to the farm.

Leaving Walling's Printing Office, Thad worked on the *Portland Oregonian*, the famous Harvey Scott being the editor.

The boat became untenable, and in order to economize he slept for months in the press room under old newspapers. By depriving himself of the comforts of life he could send money home to his mother, and shoes to his brothers and sisters.

About this time Thad received a letter from his mother with an urgent request for him to return home immediately. Filled with anxious forebodings as to the cause of the trouble, Thad hurried to McMinnville.

(Next month, "Thad Welch the Art Student.")



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### LITTLE THEATRE IMPRESSIONS

*(Continued from page 126)*

audience for half an hour in a perfectly inaudible voice, with guttural sounds and indistinguishable enunciation that he has simply broken away from an old technique and is demonstrating a new freedom and speaking in his native Bolshevik tongue. "What is the difference?" explains his daughter, "whether you understand the syllables, if you get the great emotion? The emotion in his tones alone carry his meanings."

"In fact, some people prefer not hearing the exact words. They love to drift in the great stream of emotion and not have their senses jarred with details. They enjoy the freedom of their own emotion and imagination."

**O**AKLAND Little Theatre is still in its infant stage, wobbling and temperamental. However, there are some signs of good growth as measured by Little Theatre standards. Its chief asset lies in the quality of imagination of a few of its leaders. The great impulse is there, the great joy of expressing, working, sacrificing and suffering. The great desire to participate rather than observe, to live in the universal rhythm of life rather than wonder what it is all about, is in the hearts of a few.

All else, such as a definite material place—a definite audience,—scenery and finance, may lie in the imagination. They are all secondary.

The great impulse to express burned in the hearts of a few who did not care whether or not there was a real place or an audience. Plays have been studied and produced because of the joy of creating. Something has been made from nothing each time. There have been audiences, perhaps a different one each time, with just a few regulars. They have been pleased, displeased, dazed and indifferent.

Not only has the impulse to act been satisfied, but also to write and direct. Plays and fantasies for grown-ups and children have been written and produced by members of the group. If actors, playwrights and artists are cultivated in the community, why not directors? It is difficult to determine sometimes where one's greatest talent lies. One may start as an actor and end as a director. A member of the group once remarked:

"I think I am moved to write."

A second replied: "And I to act."

And the third, after a pause: "And I to tears."

The third member might represent the tired business man. And yet there is hope for him even in the Little Thea-

tre audience. At least, he has two good chances. If he does not enjoy the real values which the actors and artists think they are giving, he may laugh at them. Their efforts then assume a clever burlesque. Of course, there is nothing better. One T. B. M. got great enjoyment out of a recent production because he said it reminded him of the Einstein theory—nothing had any particular relationship to anything else. As far as he could see, the whole thing amused him much more than the real thing the artists were trying to portray. It reminded him of the story illustrating the Einstein theory—

Two men, slightly intoxicated, were riding on a street car.

First man: "Shay, what time ish it?"  
Long pause.

Second man, taking out his match safe, "Thursday". Long pause.

First man: "O, that ish the station where I get off."

The artists do not care particularly what reaction the various members may have. The main thing is to have a reaction. What is the difference whether the play be considered as a clever burlesque or a serious drama? There is no conventional rule for judgment or appreciation of art.

There is another way in which audiences are being trained. They are being jolted out of the conventional, smooth, gliding methods of automobiles and elevators. They must climb steps into attics or basements, through dark halls or shady lanes. There is nothing better for the T. B. M. than new sensations, new experiences and the stimulation of a new spot in his tired brain. It takes him back to his youth when any new experience was welcomed. He has the experience of going to an unusual place, in an unusual way and witnessing an unusual play. He is witnessing children's fairy plays and puppet shows. If he is amused or, better, if he is enraged, it at least gives him something to talk about and, whether he knows it or not, it is better for him than going to a conventional show in a conventional manner, listening to the usual orchestra, sleeping through half the performance and forgetting what it was all about by the time he reaches the front door.

In the meantime the artists go blithely on creating new things. They go on because they can not help going on. They receive compensation for their hardships and sufferings in the few moments of joy when something new has been created, some ideal brought to life. They go on bearing the torch with the same spirit that discovered the world to be round instead of flat and that sought the Holy Grail.





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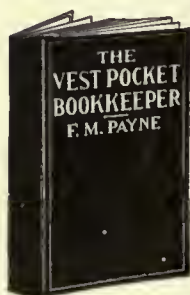
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Overland Monthly and  
Out West Magazine  
(Consolidated)

825 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

## THE "HIGH GRADERS"

(Continued from page 129)

ly all right. He unscrewed the wire connection to the magneto. Then he went to his own car, and returned with a small screw driver. The two girls watched him silently, but appreciatively. He removed the magneto brush and cleaned it, and its socket. Then he screwed it back into place. He coupled the disconnected wire, threw the switch and adjusted the throttle and spark controls, and stepped around to the crank. He gave the engine a swift spin. The motor sputtered, caught and hummed almost as if nothing had happened.

"There, I knew it," said the blue eyed girl.

"You are simply an old dear of a bear," supplemented the brown eyed one, and she corroborated her words fully by an expert use of her eyes.

"Then I'm sure some animal," replied Shorty, and they all laughed.

THE strain under which the two young women had labored with their car was entirely incompatible with the seriousness of their trouble, and they now felt the reaction. This was evidenced by the profuse manner in which they expressed their gratitude.

"We can simply never repay you for this," said the brown eyed one, "but we will do our best, if you will tell us how much it is."

"Huh!" This suggestion of material payment smote raspingly upon Shorty's dreams of chivalry. He turned upon the girl rather savagely, "You haven't been over here in this country very long," he ventured a little sharply.

"Why no," she admitted, somewhat taken back, "Why?"

"Well, we don't take pay for such things over here. That's why," he replied, but the tone was softer, and there was the old smile stealing back into his eyes to qualify his statement.

"Oh! I didn't mean to offend you," she hastened to explain, "I just didn't understand; I wanted to offer you something to show that I appreciated what you have done."

"I'm paid," he rejoined, "and if there's anything else I can do, just shout it. Do you want me to lead the way into camp, or do you want to go ahead?"

The two girls insisted that Shorty pilot them into camp, and were about to enter their machine when attention was arrested by the sound of an approaching car. It was coming swiftly up the ravine road. A moment later a heavy, fully equipped roadster swung around the nearest turn. It was close now, and behind its windshield and under the red top sat a florid faced man of middle age, whose close cropped

mustache gave him an expression of mild ferocity. This effect was enhanced by the loud checked cap which was drawn down over his forehead. He wore long tan driving gauntlets; his whole dress in fact was orthodoxly automobile in its stylishness. He drew his car up beside the one where the three stood, and let his motor whine.

"Hello, Shorty," he called. He let his hand rest easily on the wheel and his body reclined nonchalantly in the seat. His eyes appraised the two girls slowly and came back to Shorty.

"Some pair of queens you've drawn, Shorty," he remarked. "Where'd you find 'em? Say, when you get ready to discard one of 'em, let me know. Be a friend, Shorty." The man's tone as much as his words was flagrantly insulting. Neither the words, nor their import were lost upon Shorty. His frame stiffened. His face went white with anger, and showed hard lines which made him look old. His hands clenched, and his legs gathered under him. With a roar he bounded forward, and was upon the running board. Before its occupant was aware of what had so suddenly transpired, Shorty had struck him full upon his thick lips with a hard fist, and his other hand was fastened in the collar of the smart dust coat. Before the man could set himself to resist, he was dragged from behind the steering post and jerked ignominiously to his feet in the road before the white faced girls.

"Joe Bullard," Shorty hissed, "these women ain't the sort you been used to associatin' with. You made a mistake and you're goin' to get down on your knees and apologize. By God! You are! Get down." Shorty twisted the collar with all his strength, but Bullard only swung sideways.

"I'll see you in hell first," he snarled, and made a swing at Shorty with his free hand, the other tugging at the one which was shutting off his wind. The blow was ineffectual, and he grappled.

Like a flash Shorty released his grasp on Bullard's collar and slid out of the embracing arms. He sprang backward, then ahead, and his bent right knee and right fist struck Bullard simultaneously, the latter fairly on the point of the jaw, the other in the pit of the stomach. If Shorty ever knew anything about the rules promulgated by the late Marquis of Queensbury, he suddenly, in this moment of agitation, forgot them. Bullard hurtled backward, struck the running board of his car, and rolled to the ground, where he lay half stunned. Shorty stood over him, taut, his face that of a devil incarnate.

"Get up, you bastard," he hissed, and Bullard stirred. He was struggling for breath, and his face was beginning to



bleed from the cut made by Shorty's blow. Blood was dripping unheeded from Shorty's lacerated knuckles.

"Get up," reiterated Shorty, this time more evenly. His tone cut like chilled, sharp ground steel. Bullard struggled to his feet, and stood half defiantly. He was a larger man than Shorty, and was debating groggily upon the advisability of resuming the battle that had to this moment been so one-sided.

"Don't you think you are about ready to apologize to these ladies, Joe?" asked Shorty, "If you ain't, well, we'll continue the argument." Shorty set himself for the renewal of the encounter.

"I didn't mean it, Shorty," Bullard muttered, his bravado gone. "I didn't know just what I was sayin', Shorty. I had a few drinks back at the last road-house. I'm sorry." He addressed the last to the two white faced, frightened women, whom he faced averterly. They had drawn back as far as possible from the scene of battle, and their hands were braced against the fender of their car as if to sustain their sinking weight.

"You're a liar, all except the drinks," Shorty replied in acceptance of Bullard's apology. "Now get into that car of yours and get out of here, pronto."

**C**ULLARD went, losing no time. He went so fast, in fact, that his car seemed to have absorbed something of its driver's grogginess. On the first turn it skidded and came very near to a smashup in the ravine below, but Bullard managed without any cessation of speed to regain the road.

*(To be continued)*

## TRADES UNION OR OPEN SHOP

*(Continued from page 113)*

claim that factories find it cheaper to locate in Los Angeles because the rates for the use of power are lower.

"At any rate," he concluded, "there are many factors to be taken into consideration when accounting for the growth of cities."

My list of leaders in labor and industry to be interviewed was by no means exhausted, but it was nearly five o'clock and time to go home and feed Fifi, my pet cat, whom it would be cruel to neglect, even though the problem of the open and closed shop in San Francisco is far from having been solved.

## THE WAILING LADY

*(Continued from page 135)*

been any man for me, but you, Jack!"

He held her slender young body close to his, exulting in the fact that she was his.

# Books for Spring

## H. G. WELLS—The Dream.....\$2.50

Our world of today is seen in a vivid dream by one of those Utopians of two thousand years hence. Here we see ourselves as others see us, others who have outgrown our so-called civilization and who look with amazement at what we do, believe and put up with.

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"I'll come to see you every month," she told him, "and every day I'll be with you in spirit. The cards say—" she paused and looked at him doubtfully.

"What do the cards say, sweetheart?" he asked as he drew her closer.

"That happiness is just around the corner," she answered. Before she could say more the snapping of the sheriff's watch brought them to earth, as he curtly remarked: "Time's up."

One last embrace, a husky "Goodbye,

Zelda, girl," then with head held high and the light of renunciation in his eyes Simpson was led from the room.

He told himself that it was only meet that he should pay thus for his wrong doing. When the law had taken its toll he would emerge with a saner viewpoint. Zelda would be waiting to bind up his wounds with her love and sympathy, and together, amid new surroundings, they would begin a newer and a better life.

THE END



### GUN-GRABBING JOHNNIE

There are few books that deal concretely with the general principles of conservation and at the same time handle scientific truths in a manner to be understood by all. Such a book is the one under consideration. The title is "Gun-Grabbing Johnnie," by Charles Griffin Plummer, M. D. of Salt Lake City. This is a book of 327 pages, printed in large type and attractively bound. There is an introduction by the late George Wharton James. The book is illustrated with bird and nature photographs and comes recently from the Radiant Life Press of Pasadena.

There are few writers or nature lovers in the country today prepared as is Dr. Plummer for the preparation of a volume such as "Gun-Grabbing Johnnie." The author knows out-of-door life and is on familiar terms with birds and their manifold relations to our industrial phases of existence. He, too, is at home with rural conditions, and the many situations he pictures of life in the country reflect a knowledge and sympathy that is seldom shown by one who passes most of his existence in urban communities.

Dr. Plummer has traveled extensively and has written of life in the open. His pen pictures of scenic wonders and especially his articles dealing with birds are authoritative. In the present book he works into a delightful story form as interesting as a romance, the comings and goings of a number of interesting characters and especially of two families living upon the farms. His phrasing and expressions used through the book show clearly his familiarity with the every day existence of those who are fortunate enough to pass their time upon the land.

Nature lovers, whether young or old, will enjoy reading this book. It could well be upon the shelves of every library and will furnish excellent supplementary reading in the upper elementary school. Dr. Plummer has done a distinct service for which many people will acknowledge their indebtedness.

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## OUR APRIL CONTRIBUTORS

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**W** M S. BROWN is a member of the Forest Service, with headquarters at Alturas, and in writing of the Modoc Indian troubles he has his feet on familiar ground.

**M.** E. COLBY resides in historic Cambridge. From his Massachusetts home he writes that he was "born in Switzerland-like Wisconsin, where my time was evenly divided between roaming about the country roads and absorbing my father's library. Went to school in Evanston, Illinois. At length came to Harvard, from which I take my degree shortly."

**E** LLEN COIT ELLIOTT is connected with the English department of Stanford University. Of the older school of poets, her work finds frequent appearance in current periodicals.

**Y** OSSEF GAER, a young writer of the southland, is one of the group which makes an occasional issue of "Four", a personal expression of poetic output.

**C** RISTEL HASTINGS is better known as a writer of lyrics. A travel article in this number presents her as a writer of splendid prose.

**B** ARBARA HOLLIS was born in Hartford, Conn., where she received the art education which led to her present vocation as a designer. Occasional moments yield poetic expression which has found ac-

(Continued on page 185)

## Overland Monthly



and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

APRIL, 1924

NUMBER 4

## Contents

Our April Contributors.....	145
The Symbol—Frontispiece and verse.....	146
<i>Linda Lee</i>	

## SPECIAL ARTICLES

Horseshoes for Luck.....	147
<i>Cristel Hastings</i>	
Los Penitentes.....	151
<i>S. Omar Barker</i>	
The Other Side of the Story.....	156
<i>Wm. S. Brown</i>	
The Traveler.....	163
<i>J. William Terry</i>	
Trades Union or Open Shop?.....	170
<i>Anna Dondo</i>	
Little Studies In Ill Temper.....	171
<i>Ina Claire</i>	
Etching In California.....	172
<i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i>	

## BIOGRAPHY

Thad Welch—Pioneer and Painter.....	160
<i>Helen Vernon Reid</i>	

## FICTION

The "High Graders"—A Serial; part two.....	166
<i>Charles H. Snow</i>	
Diogenes McStunts.....	154
<i>Henry Walker Noyes</i>	

## VERSE

Song.....	<i>Gilbert Moyle</i> .....	154
Easter Lilies.....	<i>Alberta Wing Colwell</i> .....	157
Vagabond.....	<i>Barbara Hollis</i> .....	158
Momentary Respite.....	<i>Belle Turnbull</i> .....	159
Refrain.....	<i>Yossef Gaer</i> .....	163
My Message.....	<i>Joy O'Hara</i> .....	165
Homesickness.....	<i>Beulah May</i> .....	166

A Page of Verse.....	173
----------------------	-----

Suppose Love Waited.....	<i>Jeania Peet</i>
Road to Romany.....	<i>Vernon Patterson</i>
Under the Southern Cross.....	<i>M. E. Colby</i>
Day's End.....	<i>Ellen Coit Elliott</i>
My Hills.....	<i>Ethel Brodt Wilson</i>

## DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers.....	174
With California Writers.....	175
<i>Laura Bell Everett</i>	
Women In Business.....	178
<i>"Creating An Art Center"</i>	
<i>"Two Girls and a Bakeshop"</i>	
<i>Mary Mills West</i>	
Poets and Things.....	183
The Editor's Brief Case.....	187





## The Symbol

By LINDA LEE

*H*ANGING serene against a sky  
Where sun and star and cloud float by,  
Great Shasta flings her robes of snow  
Upon the forests piled below.

*Through shadowed aisles the keen winds breathe,  
And waterfalls their long blades sheathe  
In rainbow foam. The mirroring lakes  
Receive the storm-clouds' drifting flakes.*

*The pinetrees fall, the rivers change—  
Man sets his imprint on the range,  
And twines his bonds of glittering steel  
Where solitude had fixed her seal.*

*But still great Shasta's snowy crest  
Remains unchanged above unrest—  
Serene The Mountain stands aloof,  
Eternity's unyielding proof.*



OVERLAND MONTHLY  
and  
OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

APRIL, 1924

No. 4

## Horseshoes For Luck

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

THE prospect of entering the Yosemite Valley by way of the famous Horseshoe Route proved so alluring that my decision was finally made after tantalizing days of poring over a bewildering array of multi-colored folders. These brilliant bits of artistry were enough to cause the Gods of Wanderlust to weep because it is not possible to be in several parts of the world at one and the same time.

Being mortal, however, I wanted very much to see the Coarse Gold country drowsing away in the endless cycle of California suns, and the equally renowned Bootjack region, beloved of Bret Harte and brought to life in his inimitable stories of the West.

Being mortal also had something to do with my decision to enter the Yosemite on rubber instead of steel, and great was my elation on ascertaining that it was possible to travel from San Francisco to Merced, the first stop, in one of the commodious and modern motor stages operated from San Francisco in every direction by the California Transit Company.

Leaving San Francisco shortly after noon, the route included the ferry trip across the Bay to Oakland, where began the enjoyable journey from the Bay region to Merced, the Gateway to Yosemite.

This diversified mode of travel, to one who had been accustomed to skimming over unaltered beaten routes fixed by twin rails of shining steel, seemed too good to be true. It was different. It was even thrilling. And the freshening breeze which found its way into the smoothly rolling bus as we kept steadily on our way in a southeasterly direction made for coolness and comfort.

A net work of glistening highway stretched on for smooth miles. Even the shock absorbers seemed superfluous. To birds a motor bus on the highway must appear like nothing so much as

a great spider hurrying along on one of the silken threads of its own web.

On and on we sped always with the sun over our shoulders, through Livermore where the genuine Western Rodeo is yet an annual event, where live men and women, too, who can subdue the buckingest broncho that ever cast a shoe, and where the leathery creak of a saddle shares equal honors with the staccato heart-throbs of a motor car.

A short rest and again we were on our way through Tracy and Manteca, both rich dairying centers, on through Ripon and Salida, each filling its own

we arrived at the Gateway of the Yosemite simultaneously with the dusk.

That night I rested in the Hotel El Capitan. Although the month was July and supposedly parching the interior towns, a cooling night wind fanned a grateful countryside, refreshing the traveler and making him eager for the next motorized lap of this unique Horseshoe trip which was proving so delightfully all that the rainbow-tinted folders I had secured in San Francisco weeks before had faithfully painted in words.

Within the lobby of the El Capitan are located the Merced headquarters of the Horseshoe Route, and it was here that I came in direct contact with the thoughtful courtesy which is so evident all along the way from the men who through untiring effort, make the Horseshoe trip one which the traveler may not soon forget.

The following morning, after relinquishing my bag for stowage in the roomy baggage compartment of one of the powerful Pierce-Arrow cars which make up the Horseshoe fleet, I was eagerly ready to continue this interesting trip over an historically famous road into the Yosemite Valley.

And now that the narrative of my journey is fairly under way, I must tell you about Car 33 in which I traveled a part of the way from Merced toward the Yosemite.



From Washburn Point

useful niche in this fruitful region of the West.

Modesto, which churns and ships out thousands of golden butter bricks annually, marked the beginning of our last lap of the journey to Merced.

On through Ceres and Keyes. Soon melon-famed Turlock came into view; Livingston and Atwater, and finally, a few minutes before seven o'clock, just as the setting sun turned the western horizon from old gold to a rich coppery hue, the taller buildings of Merced peeped out from among tree tops, and

TO some of you who do not know the faithful performance for some years past of this celebrity among motor cars, the words 'Car 33' will mean nothing more than a designating number. Yet there will be those, among them the nobility of the world, to whom the mention of Car 33 will bring back lingering memories of the very trip I am narrating, for it has been the modest conveyor over the Horseshoe Route of National and even world-known figures. Car 33 has rightfully earned for itself the sobriquet of 'Presidential Car.'



It was from this car that Theodore Roosevelt, during his Presidency of the United States, looked for the first time with appreciative eyes on the old gold country through which it so proudly bore him.

Ex-President William Howard Taft and Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo have also been conveyed over the Horseshoe Route in this same Car 33. And then one day, along came the Prince of Wales! The heart of Car 33 must have been well-nigh bursting with pride by this time, but it kept serenely on, and not even the driver could guess at the heart-throbs of pride which must have pulsed madly through its engine.

Prince Axel of Denmark has also been its passenger, as has General Sanchez of Cuba, and the land king of Mexico, General Terrazas. And so on, ad infinitum, there have been many notables of many countries at ease in this, the queen car of the olive-drab fleet of the Horseshoe, and there will be many more, for the route attracts poets and princes alike. Beneath the skin we are all lovers of Nature, be our garb of khaki, or of purple and fine linen.

There will be some of you who will recall Samuel Blythe's graphic Saturday Evening Post story "Car 33," and among you there were those who read the story as one of an old friend on a pleasure jaunt, for Samuel Blythe's "Car 33" of magazine fame still makes its faithful way to-day over the Mariposa highways, through the same Coarse Gold and Bootjack country; it traverses roads that Bret Harte's venturesome feet trudged in the long ago; and who knows—it may be that you will be the next to ride in Car 33 over the Horseshoe Route into the Yosemite; to see en route the things, and experience the emotions, which have accompanied President and Prince alike.

After skimming along comfortably with an ever-changing scenic panorama unrolling itself before me, through mountainous country lauded in western song and lore, through a riot of fragrant Azalea bloom wherever the edge of a trickling stream or a musical river afforded sufficient moisture—and there were many of these—I had, from a distance after a 62-mile journey, my first momentary glimpse of Miami Lodge. There it rested against a background of sun-drenched pine-clad hills, just as the gayest of folders had pictured it. The Stars and Stripes rippled gaily and bravely from a towering pole before the Lodge—the only dash of brilliant color in this Alpine world of lively green and white. A little farther on, at a turn in the road, shone the sparkling clearness of a tiny lake—Miami's swimming pool.

With the exception of a bit of open meadow, Miami is guarded on all sides by hills and mountains verdant with troops of whispering pines. Miami Lodge itself is like an exquisite piece of carved ivory set in a filigree of the jade greens of forests and the sun-warmed old gold of mountains—the scarred yellow faces of mountains that hide in their fastnesses the unfound nuggets which escaped the eyes of the hardy pioneers who, in the wild gold years of '49, patiently panned the streams and hopefully swung their picks into the sloping surface of the Sierra.

I was now at an elevation of 4,500 feet, and, strange to say, there was lacking, after the 62-mile ride, that feeling of weariness not uncommon along sea level.

A new joy in living hovers about restful Miami. I felt it instantly. Gone was the endless roar of the city, and in its place there was only a quiet peace. Every breath of air at that altitude seemed newer, sweeter, and better than any I had ever known before. I hold it responsible, too, for having made me find my eager way into the quaint dining-room, which must be seen to be appreciated, and where one must taste the viands to realize what real mountain climbing can do to a mortal appetite, even though that climbing be done on 37x5 rubber tires!

EVERYWHERE about Miami were delighted little groups of city-weary folks—people who were quietly content to remain indefinitely in this pine-scented nook in the Sierra. And their content was not even a matter of wonder to me.

But a few miles distant hummed the Madera Sugar Pine Lumber Mill, a source of continual interest and fascination. The sawdust tang of it sort of entered my soul and made me rail inwardly at the fate which decreed I should write stories instead of letting me guide the symmetrical logs of sugar pine straight to the whirling, jagged-toothed saws from which the logs emerged as clean, sweet-smelling footage of new lumber.

Returning to Miami, I wandered into the garage of which I had already heard much, and which services, promptly and thoroughly, every mammoth Pierce-Arrow of the Horseshoe Route, both going and coming, on schedule time. And when the layman thinks of the daily mileage covered by these huge cars, the load they carry to high altitudes, and the time schedule to which they must adhere, day in and day out, their servicing is no small item of that courtesy and efficiency which make it a pleasure, indeed, to enter the Yosemite Valley via the Horseshoe Route.

It is possible to travel from San Francisco to Miami, a distance of 183 miles, in eight hours. But in traversing this country so famed in western lore, it is much more advisable to make the Horseshoe trip one of leisure, if possible, stopping en route here and there; probably at Merced one night and then either at restful Miami Lodge, or Wawona Hotel, but twelve miles farther on, the following night. The refreshing rest the traveler will have enjoyed in the high mountain air redolent with the aroma of pine needles will tempt him to linger on indefinitely.

Miami Creek, murmuring down the valley, passing the Lodge, is annually re-stocked with Rainbow trout, for fishing is one of the sportive amusements at Miami. Fishing to suit all comers is provided also at the lakes, only several hours' ride on the back of a pony. Numerous horseback trips await the equestrian; there are tennis, canoeing, dancing, and open-air bathing, as well. And wherever one may turn there is always the never-failing sense of peace that lives among high blue mountains and in vast dim forests.

After a day and a night at this charming chalet of Miami tucked away in the sacred stillness of protective mountains, I listened once more to the call of the open road. Taking reluctant leave of my surroundings, I continued, in a sister car of the famous 33, on through a densely forested area, the cloying sweetness of azalea blossoms ever in the air, into the shaded aisles of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees but eight miles farther on, making a complete tour of the Grove.

It was in the heart of this cathedral-like grove of *Sequoia Gigantea* that I saw and entered the famous old Log Cabin built in 1885 to serve as the quaint shelter for hand-made curios. These were fashioned in other years with infinite patience by S. M. Cunningham and his jig-saw to appease the insatiable demand of tourists for mementos and souvenirs of their visit, a demand which exists even today, although the originator of these little oddities long ago laid aside his jig-saw for the last time. The Log Cabin is so old that its ridge-pole has sagged in the center from age and the annual weight of deep snows. The old hand-built chimney of clay and granite also seems to have acquired a tired leaning toward certain things, which might or might not be—trees.

Many ancient and notable giants of the forest nod through the centuries in the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Two of the most notable, probably the best known, and surely the most photographed trees in the world, are the *Grizzly Giant* and the *Wawona*, the lat-



ter known throughout the world as the Tunnel Tree. The *Sequoia gigantea* are found nowhere in the world but on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. Not only are they the oldest trees on earth, but the oldest living things known. Relics of antiquity, triumphant over the chaotic desolation that surrounded them when the fiery lava and ice epochs left this planet devoid of all forms of life, they stand serene, an anomaly in the tree world. The name of the learned old Cherokee chief, Sequoyah, who gave to his people the first syllabic alphabet, is, according to history and tradition, perpetuated in the derivation of the name given to these great trees. More than 600 specimens are grouped in the Mariposa Grove, among them the tallest Giant Sequoia known, the *Mark Twain*, towering to a regal height of 331 feet.

The *Grizzly Giant* is a hoary and gnarled old tree king, and scientists who compute tree ages by counting the rings at the end of a log after a tree has been laid low, estimate its age as approximately 3,000 years. The passing centuries have given it a majestic, aweinspiring girth of 93 feet 7 inches, and a height of 204 feet. The diameter of a limb 100 feet from the ground is 6 feet, the branch in itself being the size of many a mature tree of lesser dignity.

LACK of space forbids detailed mention of the numerous famous trees in the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, but no story of the Sequoia would be complete without mention of the *Wawona*, the living "tunnel tree," through the trunk of which an opening was hewn in the late seventies after devastating flames had burned out the heart of the tree, thus permitting the passing through of traffic, consisting today mainly of automobiles.

The *Wawona* is rightfully the most photographed tree in existence, and, in spite of the fact that a roadway passes directly through its center, it lives, and the branches it flings out defiantly to a wondering world are as green and as lively as those of younger and more protected trees that began life a little distant from the eventual beaten roads of civilization.

Even though this extraordinary tree lives, I have never yet passed through the *Wawona* but that I have felt myself grossly guilty of doing something which surely must make its heart ache, for surely there must have been pain, even in spite of the fire-deadened,

charred edges of its wounds, when the roadway was cut through its base center; for even the scars of a tree must hurt with their memories.

And when Joyce Kilmer wrote his immortal lines:

"I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree,  
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;  
A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray,  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain;  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."

Surely he must have meant it a tribute; not only to the swaying, whispering pine, the quaking aspen, the evergreen cedar and hemlock, but to all trees

The July sun was still high in the heavens. As the car rounded the circular roadway which skirts the mammoth fountain playing day and night before the hotel (to the great joy of the trout who fin their merry way along the cemented depths of the pool), the sun's rays suddenly became hopelessly entangled in the high mist which drifted sideways from the fountain, and a dozen multi-tinted fairy rainbows flashed forth their cheery omen—for such it was!

To me Wawona Hotel seemed like the peaceful Sunday at the end of a weary week; it was as the sunset of a day that had been long and hot. Its beauty and its air of genuine welcome drew me as it must have drawn other travelers before me. The night I remained at Wawona will always be to me one of the brightest stars in this constellation of beauty spots along the Horseshoe Route. The memory of its peaceful charm will live for many days, for there in the heart of the Sierra, at an elevation of 4,800 feet, I had come to one of California's most famous mountain resorts.



Mariposa Big Trees—The Log Cabin

in the world that make for emerald, sylvan loveliness, not the least of these being the immortal, gigantic Sequoia of the slopes bordering the blue Pacific.

Leaving the Mariposa Grove, I continued on to the Wawona Hotel. At the edge of Wawona Point, a sheer precipice of breathless beauty, we halted for unnumbered minutes to absorb and appreciate the far-flung panorama of mountains—mystic mountains that seem ever to beckon one on even over the very edge of horizons. Far and wide flared the picture, vast and overwhelming. Solitude ruled in this great kingdom of grandeur. Mauve and purple skylines were its illimitable boundaries.

In and out among standing armies of trees, their shadows pierced here and there by sun-shot arrows of light, each turn in the road ahead held out most alluring scenic possibilities. Yet I was hardly prepared for the startling suddenness with which the gray and white charm of the Wawona Hotel and its lawns of green velvet flashed forth in the late afternoon sunshine.

GOLF is played at Wawona on a course of unmatched beauty, and an interesting succession of natural hazards adds to the zest of playing. Imagine, you of jaded sea-level cities who can, the keen exhilaration of golfing on a Sierra course at a 4,000 foot elevation, your lungs expanding with that joy of living which only pure mountain air can bring. Tennis is a formidable rival of golf, and there is always swimming and fishing in the Merced River as well as in nearby lakes.

There is horseback riding, with or without guide service; for the occasional nimrod there is hunting, and for the lover of trails there is always that greatest of Western recreation—hiking.

As for Wawona Hotel, compare it with any hotel which you have liked particularly well in any city, and Wawona will stand forth like a hollyhock in a garden. I know that my fellow travelers hardly anticipated finding hot and cold running water in the rooms of this very modern and attractive mountain hotel; neither did they expect to find telephones in their quarters, or hot and cold tub and shower baths. Why is it that the average person believes these comforts and conveniences absent in the mountains? Sometimes I think a trip into the high places is necessary to fully appreciate these things. The cuisine proved an epicurean delight. High altitudes do something to a mor-



tal appetite which sea levels never even think of doing, and the chefs who preside over culinary destinies in these high Sierra regions recognize this magic in a most substantial way. As a mere mortal with a healthy mountain-aired hunger I was grateful to their skill.

Wawona is but a half-dozen miles distant from the Mariposa Grove, with the Yosemite Valley only 26 miles almost directly northward. Regret began to take possession of me that my destination was looming so near in the offing, but consolation came with the prospect of viewing still other wonders in this vast country of the Sierra.

The next morning the robins were not far ahead of us, and an early start was made for the Yosemite Valley, with the added attraction of a side-trip to lofty Glacier Point included.

Anticipation ran rife, and I did not wonder that my fellow passengers (we were seven in number, not including the driver, and still luxuriating in one of the commodious 7-passenger cars of the Horseshoe fleet) began to feel like pioneering adventurers. I felt that way myself. The atmosphere of these high regions bred adventure when one recalled the Indians, and the long-bearded adventurers who came after, and who first gazed on the floor of the Yosemite from dizzying heights. In those dim days a road was merely a matter of guesswork at its best, merely the thread of a lone trail here and there, and when trails were still unmarked save for the occasional imprints of moccasined feet. A journey into the Yosemite in those wild days was one of untold hardship, requiring weeks and even months. There was no network of a telephone system then over which to report safe arrivals; neither were there Ranger Checking Stations for the governmental control of one-way roads. Truly, pioneer hearts must have been sturdy as oak, for their indomitable spirits still hover over and about the jagged blue peaks of the Sierra, and the lonely ghosts of old horse-stages still rumble along before the advance of civilization.

From Wawona on, the road wound in and out through a thickly wooded area until, at the cross-roads of Chinquapin, the car left the main road and began its 13-mile eastward climb to Glacier Point.

Deer haunt the road all the way, their fear of mankind considerably lulled through Governmental protection. Burly bear roam at will, and even old Bruin has tasted of the fruit of protection, for he either shuffles along intent on his own affairs, or he will, obligingly and inquisitively, linger near the roadway while excited kodak shutters click (from the interior of automobiles ONLY)! I do not believe a bear of

this air-line road would recognize a human being afoot. He would probably be as alarmed as the venturesome human himself.

A few miles of rambling and diversified scenery, and suddenly the car drew to a standstill at Washburn Point. We had long ago exhausted our vocabulary of adjectives, and we could only gaze over the edge in silence. Then and there I longed inexpressibly to paint—madly, furiously—anything to perpetuate this magnificent and harmonious grouping of rocks which are so awe-inspiring and terrifying in their gigantic grandeur and so fascinating in their coloring.



Wawona—The Tunnel Tree

As an artist I was helpless, but the picture memory painted indelibly within me of the vast view which unrolled itself into the melting pot of snow-capped, blue-grey horizons can never be erased by time or replaced by other pictures which the coming years may bring.

Soon the car drew up before quaint and colorful Glacier Point Mountain House. An unutterable atmosphere of peace and quiet prevailed. Here was the stillness born of infinite far spaces, in whose fashioning the hand of man had nothing to do. From the long verandah, an endless fan-like vista of colossal grandeur presented itself, while far, far below dreamed the lovely canyon of the Merced, with its two great water falls. Below them sang the Merced River as it impatiently searched its way to the sea.

Peak after peak cut the skyline with a fine disregard for consistency. Mountains, some of them perennially snow-clad, with glaciers slipping slowly from

their embrace—still others, solitary mountains, blue and lonely, were stencilled against low skies. The horizon on all sides was one long, undulating, tumultuous outline of endless peaks and domes.

Words are at times puny things, man-made and superfluous. Such a time was this, and I drank in the panorama before and far below me with a thirst that the skylines of cities have never been able to instill in me.

Here, indeed, was a picture made up of granite masses, glistening mountains, their crests forever hidden under blankets of snow. Here were waterfalls coursing their roaring way down rocky ravines. The Merced River flashed like a silver thread far, far below Vernal Falls, and always over all brooded that great silence which can be better felt than expressed.

A few yards distant from the hotel loomed Over-Hanging Rock, 3,254 feet directly above Camp Curry, and 7,214 feet above the level of the far-away, half-forgotten sea. Here every night at the hour of nine as a faint far-off call of "All's Well" drifts down from the lonely heights of Glacier Point a great bed of living embers is pushed over the brink. This is the famous Fire Fall. These embers fall thousands of feet, crashing and re-crashing against the solid granite walls into shattered showers of sparks until it becomes a veritable stream of red fire hurtling itself down into the impenetrable blackness of the night-enshrouded chasms and caverns below. And as this beautiful Fire Fall drops, a spectacle too wonderful and too poignantly beautiful for words, from somewhere down in the shadowy forest of incense cedar and yellow pine the night wind brings the quavering violin notes of "The End of a Perfect Day," and blase is the heart that does not miss a beat through exquisite pain, and hard, indeed, must be the eye that is not wet with tears.

Returning from Glacier Point toward Chinquapin, the road continued to unwind in and out among trees that were all poems. The warm brown carpeting of pine-needles was pierced here and there with the brilliant head of the Snow Plant, as startlingly beautiful as it is mysterious. There is a heavy and merited penalty for vandals who sometimes wantonly destroy the plant by plucking the blossom. Several lovely legends are woven around this lovely bloom. Contrary to occasional belief, it is not white, but a bright cerise red, its carmine head having been first discovered peeping through a blanket of snow, which probably influenced its naming.

(Continued on page 188)



opulent class endowed by Dame Fortune with an ability to acquire something for nothing—usually over the green cloth, or blue blanket. Gambling had no place in the Colonel's official graces; but while the social lure of the festive jack-pot found no personal disfavor in his eyes he drew a mental line at black jack, monte and craps, and sincerely trusted to some of the aforesaid familiars to teach their newly found friend a valuable and early lesson therein.

However, McStunts' prosperity was not ephemeral, nor did it at any time seem less refulgent in outward and visible manifestations. On the contrary, from week to week he blossomed anew in ornate articles of virtu and personal adornment, the erstwhile property of his amigos; and on one occasion when the Adjutant looked through his desk and message books for a certain telegram (in McStunts' temporary absence) he was astonished to find therein a varied and promising assortment of dice and monte cards, and a countless number of I. O. U's. that spoke silent volumes for the free-handed liberality of their owner. But the Adjutant only made a mental note of the matter—and forgot it.

And then came a day!

The end of the month was at hand. It was after nine o'clock that morning when the Sergeant Major entered the office by a rear door, and silently glided to his desk, his general appearance indicative of anything but his usual neatness and moderation. The Adjutant frowned, considered the matter, and overlooked it. An hour later the sedate band leader, Herr Donnerwetter, was discovered by "Number One" winding a dignified but zig-zag course from the forbidden barrio, and was confined to his quarters by the medico. But only when the corral boss came charging up the beach from Spanishtown on a bare-backed mule, punctuating his Texan rhetoric with an animated and impartial pistol, did the Colonel rise hastily from his desk and step to the door of the telegraph office. The bamboo shades were down, the place in semi-darkness and the instruments disconnected and silent. Likewise the cot of Pvt. Diogenes McStunts betrayed no sign of recent occupation.

The mounted patrol returned after retreat from a search of the town and adjacent barrios with no news of the absent one. Only when the Adjutant,—by reason of an association of ideas—had privately interviewed Herr Donnerwetter, was it discovered that the late and popular addition to the "Staff" had been banqueted the previous evening at Vincente's, a Spanish Cantinista of the town, the baile terminating in the wee

small hours. He knew nothing more of their guest of honor.

THE following morning upon arising and going to his early "tub" Teniente Gore was dumbfounded to discover that home-made canvas commodity already occupied, and therein lay Pvt. Diogenes McStunts, peacefully slumbering. Nor could he be awakened until the water was turned on, when he finally explained, in a dazed manner with profuse apologies, that he had continued the baile throughout the previous day and evening, starting home to "find a man", he said, and until that moment supposed he was in his own bed.

Be it said to the everlasting credit of the man, the Adjutant gave his uninvited guest an edifying discourse on moral and military ethics, a stiff glass of Bourbon, and a chance to go, and sin no more. Whereby Diogenes McStunts escaped the wrath of the C. O., and a G. C. M.

But the germ of trouble was in the atmosphere. And while the popularity of the Colonel's protege had resumed its sway, the garrison discipline was clearly going to the demnation bowwows. Men of "Mac's" social standing known for their soldierly qualities would go absent for days, returning only to go under the doctor's care for mental repairs. Even the faithful Mulligan was just recovering from an aggravated attack of "seein' things."

There was undoubtedly a malign influence at work which puzzled solution, and the C. O. kept a watchful and suspicious eye on the telegraph office, knowing that while the man was apparently observing his hours and performing his duties, he was also certainly in league with the local representative of John Barleycorn, alias Bino.

So the week passed. The Paymaster had arrived and departed the day before, a perfect saturnalia following his return. Twenty men were absent, including Diogenes McStunts, the searcher of light, but upon the Adjutant's visiting his quarters that night he was discovered in the arms of Morpheus. The Adjutant promptly called an orderly and bound him gently but securely to his cot, just as he lay, to insure his presence in the morning. But they counted without their host.

NUMBER One's "eleven o'clock" was echoing from post to post, and the slumbering garrison lay white and silent in the tropic moonlight, when a challenge rang clear and distinct from toward Number Four's post, followed by a shot and a derisive howl from out the night. Two minutes later a wild-eyed, terror-stricken sentry broke into the moonlight on the road leading on

the guardhouse, clearing the ground like a racer, without hat or carbine, and whooping at every jump. The guard spread out and quietly surrounded him.

"It's him! I seen him—it's him! Big Jim Bradley's ghost! I seen it, I tell ye—big and long as a bunk—white, too—an' sails like a flyin' machine. Oh, Lord! I shot it—but it jes' kep' a comin'—kep' a comin'—an'—an'—so did I" was the lucid and only explanation obtainable, and the boy was reprimanded and ordered back on post by a lenient non-com, who jocularly advised him to change his brand of dope.

IT was midnight, and Vincente's cantina was crowded with a motley throng. Men on pass—mule skinnners—absentees—packers and amigos mingled convivially at the bar and tables, and danced with their dusky queridas between drinks. The sounds of mirth and revelry blended with the seductive tinkling of mandolin and guitar greeted the belated one from afar as he toiled laboriously along the sandy beach, and turned at last into the fag end of the ragged little street that led to the haven of his hopes. Now he could see the lights through the bamboos and cocoanuts. Of a verity, that was Jesse Boyson's southern drawl calling the dance figures in Spanish. At last! he was almost there—and doubling his shackled pace he pressed forward. God—how thirsty he was!—his only thought as he staggered between the wide portals into the light.

The music ceased with a stringy, discordant abruptness. Words half spoken halted on the lips and a momentary silence held the throng as each gaze fell on the apparition in the doorway—and then, with one great welcoming shout: "Diogenes!" a wild-eyed bedraggled man with a canvas cot lashed firmly to his back from the knees up—confining arm and hand at each side—the ragged remains of a blanket training effeminately in his wake, was surrounded, raised bodily on high and borne triumphantly through the surging, howling crowd, and deposited right side up on the bar.

From the recumbancy of his enforced humilitude an arm was quickly released which he held aloft for silence.

"Boys," he said quietly, recovering slowly under a draught of Vincente's best—"I knew you was all about broke, so I said I'd go out and rustle the goods—an' I've got 'em—right here in my jeans—rings, watches, sparks, oro, white money—oodles of it! and we'll blow it all, every simolean of it, tonight. There'll be one hot time in the old town, eh Vincente? Look in my pockets, Jesse, and dig up the ill-gotten gains—I'm too tired to move—" and as he fell back exhausted by the effort of speech a glit-

(Continued on page 191)



# The Other Side of the Story

COLONEL WM. THOMPSON comes of an old southern family who, in 1852 disposed of their slaves and holdings and crossed the plains with ox teams as part of a large emigrant train. Although a small boy at the time, he was assigned various tasks and camp duties en route and still has a clear recollection of the hardships and adventures of the trip. The family reached the Willamette Valley in safety, and after arrival came through with no more than the hardships which fell to the lot of the average pioneer family. While still a boy, Col. Thompson took part in a number of expeditions organized by the settlers against marauding Oregon Indians, so that by the time he reached manhood he had already established a reputation as a frontiersman and Indian fighter. Between these expeditions which his adventurous young soul craved he worked at the newspaper business in his early years, founding both the Eugene City Guard and the Roseburg Plaindealer. On one of his ventures he was associated with Joaquin Miller, forming a friendship which endured until the end of the famous poet's life.

At the outbreak of the Modoc War, the Colonel had charge of the Salem Mercury and was already a man of note in the newspaper world of the West; but on the personal request of Governor Grover of Oregon he threw up his work immediately to take part in the campaign as a volunteer officer. Colonel Thompson carried with him the newspaper man's habit of taking notes, and all during the Modoc campaign and after its close and at various times during the struggle made the minutest investigations, even to the extent of sometimes incurring the enmity of various officials in his endeavors to get at all the facts. His history of the Modoc War, embodied in his book, "Reminiscences of a Pioneer" published in 1912, has so far as I know never been disputed by any competent authority.

THERE can be no dispute over Jeff Riddle's statements regarding the valuable services rendered by his parents during the Modoc War, and his mother can well be termed the heroine

By WM. S. BROWN

of the campaign. She saved the life of A. B. Meacham, one of the Peace Commissioners, and—as Riddle states—had General Canby heeded her advice, his own life as well as that of Peace Commissioner Thomas would have been saved. As stated in Mr. Lockley's article, both she and her husband warned General Canby and the other members of the Peace Commission that treachery was planned. Under his orders as a soldier, however, Canby had no recourse

*In Overland for November appeared an article by Fred Lockley entitled "How the Modoc Indian War Started." The author's information came, as was frankly stated, from the son of Indian participants in that bloody campaign waged half a century ago between Captain Jack's renegades and the whites.*

*Of the story presented here the author says: "My information comes at first hand from an indisputably authentic source, mainly from a man whose mind was not only matured at the time of the Modoc War, but who rendered distinguished service as an officer of white troops during this historic struggle. Mr. Lockley's story, coming as it did not only from Indian sources but also from one who was but little more than a baby when the events occurred, is both colored by the Indian viewpoint and rendered inaccurate by the handing down of the tradition from generation to generation. I believe the statement I give here is a statement of fact."*

EDITOR.

but to carry out the commands of his Government, with the result that Capt. Jack was enabled to play his role of assassin in safety.

Riddle states that "no emigrants were killed in the Modoc country." The evidence is to the contrary. The very first expedition of white men into the land of the Modocs, under the command of General John C. Fremont, was attacked by a band of Modocs near the site of the present town of Dorris in May, 1845, and two of Fremont's men, Delaware Indians, were killed. But for the prompt action of Kit Carson, the famous scout who accompanied Fremont's party the little band of white men would probably have been entirely annihilated; or at least have suffered a much heavier loss. An account of this

fight, in which the Indians crept up on the white camp at night, is contained in the official record of Fremont's expedition.

On the east shore of Tule Lake in Modoc County is a promontory embracing a natural camping site, but also admirably located for an ambushade. Here, during the early 50's, several emigrant trains were either attacked or massacred by the Modocs, gaining for the place the name of Bloody Point. In the year 1850 one emigrant train numbering some eighty odd men, women and children,

was caught in this trap by the Modocs and only one man escaped to tell the awful tale of butchery which transpired. This man made his way to Jacksonville and a company of volunteers, raised by Colonel John E. Ross, hastened to the scene of the butchery. Records left by men of this expedition leave no doubt as to the sickening massacre which took place on this occasion.

The next year, or in 1851, Capt. John F. Miller raised a company of volunteers at Jacksonville and set out to meet and escort emigrant trains through the Modoc country. Arriving at Bloody Point one morning at daylight they found a large party of emigrants surrounded by the Modocs who had been harassing them for several days, killing and wounding several members of the trains. Miller's prompt attack saved

a repetition of the horror of the previous year and the savages were driven by his company into the fastnesses of the Lava Beds. Capt. Miller and his men remained here for some time furnishing escorts for wagon trains through the Tule Lake Valley.

At one time during their stay, some of his scouts noticed smoke rising from the tules in Tule Lake Swamp. Surrounding the spot, they captured a number of Modoc squaws and children. In spite of the fact that many of them were dressed in bloody garments stripped from the bodies of murdered emigrants, they were well treated by Miller's men, not one of them being harmed in any way.

Shortly before the Modoc War, Scar-faced Charley, a warrior mentioned in Jeff Riddle's story, informed John Fair-



childs, a rancher near Klamath Lake, that a large company of emigrants had been murdered by Modoc Indians on Crooked Creek, in Siskiyou County when he was but a little boy, and described the location accurately. According to Charlie's story, two young white girls from the train were held as captives. One morning, two of the Indians getting into a dispute over the ownership of one of the girls, the chief suddenly seized her by the hair, cut her throat and threw her body over a rim-rock near Hot Creek. In February, 1873, Col. Wm. Thompson and Col. C. B. Bellinger, while camped in that vicinity, hearing the story, decided to investigate the matter. Not only did they find the charred remains of the wagon train and indisputable evidence of the massacre, but also found the skull and bones of the girl who had been killed as Scarfaced Charlie had described. Col. Bellinger was afterwards United States Judge at Portland, Oregon, and both he and Col. Thompson later tried to find out who the emigrants were, their number, destination and the fate of the other white girl captive, but without avail.

In addition to the above authenticated massacres of emigrant trains by the Modoc tribe, verified by such officers as Colonel Ross and Capt. Miller, a band of emigrants were killed on Rattlesnake Creek, several miles west of the site of the town of Alturas, on the eastern boundary of the Modoc country. I have heard old timers tell of using the tires and other iron parts of wagons from the scene of this massacre in their ranch work in early days when iron was scarce. If I am not mistaken, one of the old hubs still does duty on a gatepost on the Rattlesnake Ranch.

IN the early 50's an emigrant train was cut to pieces just southwest of the present town of Alturas and years later a very large band were butchered near the head of Fandango Valley in Modoc County. There is, however, just as much reason to believe that the last two named atrocities were the work of Piutes as that of Modocs, although I have heard old pioneers argue that the Modoc tribe had a hand in these two as well as the others for which they were absolutely known to have been responsible. It would seem, therefore, that Riddle's statements to the effect that emigrant trains were unmolested in the Modoc country are not borne out by facts.

HIS statements also that the Modoc tribe suffered later for depredations committed by the Pit River Indians are not authenticated by any historical records. The Pit River Indians were a

much inferior tribe to the Modocs and could not begin to equal them in treachery, resourcefulness and courage. They lived in deadly fear of the neighboring Modoc tribe and generally speaking—welcomed the coming of the white people as a source of protection.

It is probable, of course, that individual murders of whites were committed by the Pits, but they never made any organized resistance against white invasion of their territory. Shortly after Col. Thompson located in Alturas, Chief Chip, head of the Pit River Indians, proudly exhibited to him a letter written by General Crook many years before in which he commended the whole Pit tribe for assistance rendered the white troops and settlers against the hostile Indians, Piute and Modoc. There is no question that the Modocs as a race were good fighters and capable of all the ferocity, cruelty and cunning which are considered necessary attributes of the ideal Indian warrior.

CONFLICTING stories have been told of the Ben Wright Massacre, and several versions make Wright a cold-blooded murderer. Fortunately, historical records of Lane County, Oregon, have preserved a good many facts concerning this famous Indian fighter and from all accounts it is certain that he was not the red-handed killer pictured by Jeff Riddle.

Born of Quaker parents, Ben Wright emigrated to Oregon with the first settlers. In retaliation for atrocities committed on some of his friends he seems to have sworn vengeance on all Indians hostile to the white settlers. Like the typical frontiersman he travelled very much alone, dressed in buckskin like an Indian, and had as a wife an Indian

squaw. He adopted Indian methods of fighting, even to the taking of scalps, and by the tribes against whom he fought was often described as the greatest warrior that ever lived. Needless to say, in any organized campaign against the hostiles he was invariably chosen by the settlers as a leader; not only because of his knowledge of Indians and their ways, but also because it appears that he possessed real qualities of leadership as well.

At the time of the Wright Massacre at Natural Bridge on Lost River, Ben Wright had with him 36 men, including in his company two friendly Indians and Frank Riddle, father of Jeff C. Riddle. During the Modoc War Frank Riddle and another of Wright's volunteers met Col. Thompson and General Jeff Davis in the latter's tent, by special appointment. Riddle and the other volunteer present at the "massacre" related in detail all that had happened at that time. As might be supposed, this interview was arranged to get at the true facts of the affair, and Col. Thompson as an accredited officer on active service kept detailed notes during the conference, which lasted for over three hours. The story was told mainly by Frank Riddle, the other volunteer merely verifying his statements. The facts as related at this conference were also well known at that time to Col. Bellinger, and to other officers and men engaged in the Modoc campaign.

According to Frank Riddle, Wright had been sent out from Yreka with a company of thirty-six men to guard emigrants through the land of the Modocs. The presence of this armed company in their territory under the leadership of such a man as Wright inculcated a wholesome respect in the breasts of the Modoc warriors and no open attack was made on the whites. A messenger was sent to Wright proposing a treaty, the Modocs offering as evidence of good faith to surrender two white girls whom they held captive. Spurred on by this promise, Wright moved his company to Lost River where they were met by the Indians who established camp nearby. Three days passed with considerable feasting and pow-wow-ing, but no white girls showed up, although the watchful white men noticed that the number of warriors in the Indian camp had more than doubled and that still more were continually drifting in. There was now no doubt in the minds of Wright and his party that the Indians intended treachery, so disposing his men around the Indian camp, Wright informed them that he would enter the camp alone but that they were to open fire the instant his pistol rang out.

#### EASTER LILIES

The Easter lilies pure and white,  
Against the altar rail,  
Sway gently like a slender maid  
In misty bridal veil.

The light through stained glass window  
panes  
Drifts down in rainbow haze,  
To touch the fragrant blossoms with  
Soft flecks of colored rays.

The organ peals its mellow notes,  
The choir an anthem sings,  
While worshipers breathe incense sweet  
Which round the lilies clings.

The blossoms bend their stately heads  
As low the chantings call,  
With benediction from above,  
"May Peace abide with all."

—Alberta Wing Colwell.



Riddle stated that the morning being cool, Wright wore a blanket, his head passing through a hole in the middle after the custom of the time. Underneath the blanket he held a loaded revolver in each hand, and in this manner entered the Indian camp. Walking directly to the chief, he demanded that he make good his promise and deliver into the hands of the white men the two white girl captives. The chief made an insolent reply and told Wright that he had never intended to keep his promise; that he had now enough warriors to kill all the white men assembled there. Without waiting further Ben Wright shot him dead in his tracks and ran from the Indian camp firing right and left as he went.

At the sound of Wright's first shots the white men poured a fusillade into the camp and the Indians forming a line sent a shower of arrows towards the whites, slightly wounding two or three. Immediately after firing the white men charged the camp and the Indians broke and fled, some taking shelter in the sagebrush and others jumping into the river. The white men hunted them out and shot them down like rabbits, a total of 47 Indians being killed, seven of whom were squaws shot during the first firing on the camp. No Indian women or children were intentionally killed or wounded, those who were captured being turned loose next day.

There have been many conflicting stories of this affair from time to time, but the above is the account as given to Col. Thompson and other officers many years later, by Frank Riddle, one of the participants in the fight. One thing is certain and that is that this fight or massacre, whichever one has a mind to call it broke forever the war power of the Modoc tribe, since they offered no further organized resistance to the white man's occupation of their territory.

**T**RUE, Capt. Jack was a Modoc—not a chief, or even the son of a chief—merely a renegade Indian warrior. As a matter of fact, almost the entire membership of Captain Jack's band were renegade Indians from different western tribes, outlawed by Indians and whites alike. At the outbreak of the campaign in which he was the nominal leader Jack was being hunted by civil authorities for the murder of a member of his own tribe. Jack was merely an Indian outlaw, a fugitive from justice, who gathered around him Indians of his own type, together with some few who possessed an undying hatred against the powerful white man and embraced the opportunity to take the warpath once more. Many of them had been closely associated with white

people for years, were well armed, dressed for the most part like white men and very far removed indeed from the novelist's popular conception of fierce painted savages dressed in buckskin and sporting scalplocks for the convenience of their foes. As near as could be determined there was a total of 71 warriors in the band (not 51 as Riddle states), only 26 of whom were Modocs; and even of this 26 several were not true Modocs, but Hot Creeks and Rock Indians.

The treaty of October 14, 1864, gave the Modoc tribe \$320,000.00 and a body of land on the Klamath Reservation covering 768,000 acres, making them one of the richest tribes in the country. In return for this they were to cede to the Federal Government all rights in the Lost River and Tule Lake country. The Modoc Indians, as a tribe, kept faith with the Government, and as stated above Capt. Jack's band was composed mainly of renegades like himself.

Of the implied heroism of Capt. Jack, of which Jeff Riddle makes mention, as well as of his other high qualities, there is no record left by the white officers

#### VAGABOND

A garment flutters in the rain  
That stirs the night's serenity;  
A door is opened—shut again,  
Locking out the world, and me.

Always thus: for you the door  
Opening, closing, as you will;  
And for me \* \* \* I turn once more  
And seek the road, a wanderer still.

—Barbara Hollis.

who served in the Modoc War. Col. Thompson characterizes Jack as an ardent coward, though paying a just tribute to Hooker Jim, Schoncin and others of his warriors. In fact, just before the close of the campaign, the Indians under Jack threatened him with murder because of his habit of directing operations from a place of safety, dressed in the full uniform of the murdered Canby, in which he was attired when captured.

Just before the outbreak of the Modoc War, Jack flatly refused to meet in conference the Superintendent of Indian affairs, but instead sent his cutthroat band through the settlements around Tule Lake, murdering the settlers as they went. All of the male members of the Body family were butchered while engaged in everyday tasks around their home, the women taking to the hills for safety. The Schira and Brotherton families met a like fate. Henry Miller, staunch old pioneer who had befriended the members of the band, met death at their hands under circumstances of shocking brutality. Other families and

individual settlers, whose names I cannot now recall were also cruelly butchered.

It is quite true, as Jeff Riddle says, that Major Jackson played an ignoble and cowardly part in the preliminaries to the active campaign, and seems to have taken no steps to aid the settlers he was sent out to protect. His cowardice served well to incite the Indians to further fiendish atrocities and to make them cocksure that they were more than a match for the military forces sent against them.

**I**T IS not my purpose to describe in detail the campaign waged against Capt. Jack and his band in and around the Stronghold in the Lava Beds at the south end of Tule Lake. This has been done by abler pens than mine and is also a matter of historical record. The astonishment that a mere handful of Indians could hold at bay a large white force for so many months is somewhat dispelled when one has visited the battleground. The natural fortress selected by the Indians, and known to them from time immemorial, covers a considerable area and is practically impregnable. No fortifications erected by human hands could ever approach in difficulty of access or in protective strength this upheaval of Nature's work and it well deserves its name of "Stronghold."

Innumerable caves, large and small, natural runways or trenches already to hand, parapets and all, fortified lookout points and a more or less open space on all sides over which an approaching foe could be plainly seen, to a certain extent explains why it cost the lives of almost 400 men to drive the Indians from their lava fastness. At that, the Oregon volunteers and some of the regulars penetrated to within 50 yards of the scalp pole in front of Capt. Jack's cave during the heaviest fighting on January 17, 1873. Had Col. Thompson's offer to charge with the volunteers at that time been accepted, several hundred lives might perhaps have been saved. However, since the casualties that day had reached almost a hundred, Generals Wheaton and Ross refused to issue any order that would involve a still heavier loss of life among the brave volunteers.

Incidentally, it might also be mentioned as a tribute to Colonels Thompson and Bellinger, both volunteer officers, that they were practically the last men to reach the military camp at the top of Gillem's Bluff, several miles from the Stronghold after the heavy fighting of January 17. It is recorded of them that they staggered into camp at two o'clock next morning bearing between them a wounded soldier with



whom they had toiled up the steep ascent.

As is well known, the Modoc War lasted several months, cost the lives of about 450 men, including settlers, and the United States Government around five millions of dollars. During the fighting around Capt. Jack's Stronghold, but one Indian was killed and his death was the result of his own curiosity in tampering with an unexploded shell. Much of the blame for the heavy loss of life and the many mistakes made can be laid at the door of the incompetent General Gillem, and a spot near the Stronghold, where over 180 officers and men were buried in one spot will probably always be known as Gillem's Graveyard. The Indians were driven from the Lava Beds only after a column of regular troops was wedged between Tule Lake and their fortress, thus cutting them off from water. This was done contrary to orders and was the course of action suggested to General Gillem many times before by volunteer officers and veteran Indian fighters of the regular troops.

THE story Riddle tells of the murder of a squaw by soldiers probably had its origin in the murder of four Indian warriors by settlers. These Indians, with several women and children, came to John Fairchild's ranch to give

themselves up to the white authorities and were taken to the military camp in a wagon by Fairchilds. Oregon volunteers were accused of the massacre and Colonel Thompson sent to investigate. He found the four bucks dead as reported and a squaw who had remained in the wagon slightly wounded. He also secured sufficient evidence to prove that the deed had not been perpetrated by anyone connected with the military forces. The Indian woman was well cared for by Donald McKay, chief of scouts, under Col. Thompson's orders.

I have no doubt that Jeff C. Riddle acts in good faith, both in the telling and believing of his story, but as stated before, his narrative of the affairs of the Modocs both before and during the campaign smacks very strongly of a purely Indian version, based on the very flimsiest of facts distorted by much repetition among an uneducated people. Capt. O. C. Applegate and Lieut. Rheims, both of Klamath Falls, Oregon, are also well known officers of the Modoc Lava Bed Campaign. I have known of neither of these men making statements that would substantiate the bulk of Jeff Riddle's story, although Capt. Applegate is one of the best versed men in Indian lore, tradition and history left alive on the Pacific Coast today, particularly that in connection with the tribes whose hunting grounds were lo-

cated in Modoc and Siskiyou Counties in California and Klamath County in Oregon.

The Modoc Indian War, being among the last of the extensive Indian campaigns of the West, was a favorite theme of many writers, who, like Capt. Drannan, were never in any way connected with the fighting at all. Drannan claimed to have been chief of scouts during the campaign. If so, his work must have been carried on at a considerable distance, since veterans of the war with whom I have talked state that no such officer existed at the seat of operations. Donald McKay served as chief of scouts during the campaign against Capt. Jack's band.

The Modoc Lava Beds and the old hunting grounds of the Modocs generally are mostly within the boundaries of the Modoc National Forest. The Forest Service is posting signs, marking places of interest, constructing roads and making it easy in every way for the student of pioneer history to visit the hunting grounds of a bygone race. The entire Modoc country is easily accessible by automobile and the battle-grounds of the Modoc War are in practically the same condition as when the notorious Capt. Jack and his warriors successfully defied for long months the large military force operating against them.

## Momentary Respite

By BELLE TURNBULL

My fancy moves in gardens, sumptuously,  
To pleasure me.  
And one is like an emerald, strangely set,  
Joined to a sapphire on a dusky breast;  
Deepness and brightness wonderfully met.  
For the dark lawn slopes softly to the West,  
Down to twin headlands, with the sea between,  
Ultramarine.  
There, peacocking in gold and green and blue,  
My fancy walks with you.

My fancy knows yet other gardens dight  
For my delight.  
And one is like a casket rare, where are  
Roses for rubies, roses for its pearls.  
Close-walled and still it lies, and heavenly far  
From all but its own fragrance, that upcurls,  
Incense to Love in marble, standing cool,  
Plashed in a pool.  
There, laced with you beneath a white birch tree,  
Fancy bides delicately—

*You're rather sick of gardens, truth to tell?  
Yet suffer me a little, lest I dwell  
Continually in Hell!*



## Thad Welch---Pioneer and Painter

By HELEN VERNON REID  
(Continued from last month)

**H**IS mother's worried expression as she greeted him convinced him that something very serious had happened. Trifles never worried Sarah Welch and of this her son was well aware.

It developed that during Thad's absence some one had talked his younger brothers into believing that a small fortune could be made by going into the patent medicine business. Greatly enthused they persuaded their mother to mortgage the farm to obtain the ready money necessary. It had all been an illusion and the mortgage was about to be foreclosed. It was too late for anything to be done.

Sarah Welch was greatly distressed, for there was mingled with her alarm for the future the chagrin that she had not confided in Thad about this venture. Thad, who had uncomplainingly assumed the responsibilities of the family and had always assisted them in so far as he was able. In later years Welch used to say, "That was one of the greatest blows in my life, losing the farm in such a way."

Following this event Sarah Welch and her children moved to Portland and Thad once more had a home and a mother's care.

Madison and Ralph found ready employment in Portland, the younger children went to school and the family had more comfort than ever before.

A few months prior to his leaving Walling's Printing Office an incident occurred which, slight in itself, nevertheless determined the future of Thad Welch.

One day Baron von Toft came into the office. He was then an artist but in later years became a prominent playwright in Denmark. On this particular day he brought a bundle of water color sketches, which he had made along the Columbia, to be bound in book form. In looking these over, Thad felt the impulse to paint; he was confident he could do work like this, and better, if he only had the tools, and for days he thought of these water color sketches

and longed for an opportunity to try his hand. But the day's work must be done and so the weeks lengthened into months before this seed-thought began to germinate in a most unexpected way.

His aunt Eleanor had been attending a boarding school at Salem and came home with some painting she had done in oil. They were merely crude copies but they fascinated Thad. He asked what kind of paint she used and she replied, "Tube paints."

Not knowing what she meant and not wishing to display his ignorance before her, he went to an art store to inquire about them. The future artist was twenty at that time. From then on he spent all his spare time and money for paints, working all day in the office and at night trying to draw and paint.

While working on *The Oregonian* Thad ran off the memorable extra of the assassination of Lincoln. It was on an old Ruggles Press and there were seventy-five dollars' worth of extras sold, at ten cents a copy, the proceeds of which were donated to the United States Sanitary Commission, an organization similar to the Red Cross of the present day.

In the summer of 1864 Thad wanted a vacation badly. He was then earning nine dollars a week on *The Oregonian*. A letter from his aunt Eleanor, who was living in Salem, decided him that it was there he wanted to go, but the fare was seven dollars each way and his resources did not permit such an extravagance. He discussed the matter with his friend and fellow compositor, George H. Himes, who advised him to walk to Salem. "It's only fifty miles," Himes told him, "and your legs are good. So Thad walked the fifty miles and returned the same way.

A few months later W. Lair Hill was driving along a dusty road in Eastern Oregon. It was July and the mid-day sun was so hot that he was forced to rest his sweating horse occasionally. The shady spots seemed doubly refreshing as there was no top to the buggy. Proceeding in this fashion he overtook a young fellow with a pack on his back, tired and dusty and travel stained.

**M**R. HILL hailed him. The young traveller turned, and the face which looked into his was none other than that of the lad who years before sat in his lap up in the attic room at the McMinnville College. Thad was delighted to see his old friend and glad-



"Sunset Glow"—from the painting by Thad Welch



ly shaking the outstretched hand clambered into the buggy. His mother had taken up a tract of land in Eastern Oregon and Thad had been with her for quite a time getting the family settled. He was returning to Portland and had two hundred miles ahead of him to walk when Mr. Hill fortunately overtook him.

On reaching Portland, Thad resumed his work on *The Oregonian*, "batching" with George H. Himes on the corner of Second and Salmon Streets. They were both employed in the same office and became good friends. Though they saw little of each other in later life, the bond of friendship was never broken.

When he was a child California was the wonderland of Thad's fancy. Tales of the Argonauts and descriptions of the Missions never failed to stimulate his longing to visit this Eldorado of the West. Upon the receipt of a letter from his aunt Jane Dixon, who had settled near Sacramento in the town which was named for her family, he decided to go to California at the first opportunity.

This came sooner than he had anticipated, when William L. Halsey, the Vice-President of the steamship lines between San Francisco and Portland, became interested in his work. Mr. Halsey realized that there was no future for the rising young artist in Portland and gave him the financial aid requisite to go to San Francisco. Thad's mother and the children were comfortable on their new farm and he felt the moment had arrived to fulfill his heart's desire.

There was a cordial reception awaiting him, and for a few months after his arrival in California Thad did odd tasks for his aunt about the farm and spent the greater part of his time painting portraits of the various members of the family and a few sketches along the shore of the Sacramento River.

While visiting the Dixon family an incident occurred which was characteristic of Thad's considerate nature and his thought for others.

As his aunt Jane Dixon seldom took a vacation and was continually waiting on her family, Thad urged her to leave, promising that he would look out for the household during her absence. She consented, delighted at the prospect of this unexpected rest and change. He thought she would be gone for two or three days but she remained away two weeks. Her nephew, however, was faithful to his undertaking and cooked for six husky men.

One day in making biscuits he made too many for one pan and not wishing to take another he piled the second layer on the first. When they emerged from



"Evening," from the Painting by Thad Welch

the oven the biscuits were towering and every one was afraid to touch them.

Within a few months, his scanty funds coming to an end, Thad reluctantly left Dixon and his painting to search for some printing office. Years later he refers to this period of his life in a brief and interesting journal:

"The completion of the Central and Union Pacific Railroad had 'knocked the bottom out' of the printing business for many, and after haunting the printing offices in the vain hope of earning enough to keep from starving, I made a break for the country, to try my luck on a ranch again.

"Only one who has tried it knows what it is to work on a farm in California during harvest time. Four o'clock in the morning until sunset, continually 'on the jump' except when the machine broke down, with the thermometer at one hundred and eighteen or more in the shade and the rapacious maw of the thresher crying for 'more straw, more straw.' It was enough to take the starch out of even the most seasoned. And when the wind blew, that made one's hair and whiskers stand on end with electricity, the machine became a veritable dynamo, and after the noon hour gave the feeder a shock up to his elbows. The horses were dry as a bone, the perspiration drying before it had time to wet the hair.

"Of one thing I was convinced, that one could never go to heaven if he had to work long pitching barley into a steam thresher. I couldn't think of cuss words bad enough, the heat and dust were unbearable but the barley beards stuck in my shirt and I often wondered if the shirts the old monks wore as a penance were anything like it. *Regulus* in his barrel of spikes wasn't in it.

"What a relief it was when the harvest was over and the grain hauled to

the depot. That was a pretty tough proposition also for me, not being a heavy weight. The first sack that I tackled almost made me throw up the job. But I stuck to it and in a day or two could handle them alright.

IN the meantime several of us determined to hunt a cool place when the summer's work should be over. Our party consisted of four besides myself. A two-horse team and wagon carried us and our camping outfit. Our destination was Fall River Valley, East of Mount Shasta. I had my paints and brushes along; nothing smaller than Mt. Shasta would do those days.

"We were four or five days making the trip. At old Fort Crook, on Fall River I left the others and rode in a lumber wagon to Sherp Rock, on the North fork of the Shasta Butte, where I made a number of sketches.

"At the same time, Clarence King with his party of geological surveyors were at the same place. Gilbert Munger, the artist, and Watkins the photographer were also of the party. H. R. Bloomer was at Sissons on the West side, so there wasn't much danger of Shasta getting away. Where I was, there was nothing but sand and sagebrush, rocks and rattlesnakes. One day I sat on a pile of lava that stuck out of the sand, and painted for several hours. I heard something rattle, but I paid no attention thinking that I had perchance pushed against a rattle weed. The next day I took a look under the rock where I had been seated and there he was as comfortable as you please. He had been only six inches from my heel all the time I was painting the day before.

"No other incident occurred to disturb my happy dreams, until my *bete noir*, penury, was again on my track and I saw I must give Shasta a rest while I took a walk to Yreka to see how



the printing business was flourishing. But there was no show for a stranger and the prospect commenced to look pretty blue.

"One evening while wandering in the outskirts of the town I came across a family of campers around a fire. The man of the outfit was fiddling 'Soldier's Joy', the lady, smoking. I could not see her face, only the clay pipe protruding from a wilted sunbonnet. The children, two girls and two boys, were sprawled around the fire, in the dust and ashes.

"The fiddler informed me that he was traveling for his wife's health. We soon found we had mutual friends and acquaintances and they invited me to share their bacon and other luxuries of which I stood in great need. Wandering around without a nickle among strangers, I had about come to the conclusion that an artist's life is not what it is cracked up to be.

"The next day with my new friends I started on the back track towards Fort Crook. The first day we were belated through the breaking of a wagon wheel, so that it was late when we found a ranch where we could find wood and water. It was bright moonlight, and as we passed a field I saw the glint of watermelons—my strongest weakness. I soon had a large one in my arms, but it was an awkward thing with which to climb a picket fence, which caught me in the seat of my drilling overalls, taking out a piece as big as my hat. But I hung on to my melon.

It was my affair to get permission from the rancher to build a fire in his lane, and I was very careful to keep myself right end on while talking to him, lest he become cognizant of my misfortune. The permission was heartily given and he added that there were plenty of watermelons down in the field; to help myself. I haven't stopped feeling ashamed yet. . . .

"The next evening we reached our destination—Elk Flat, about half way between Sissons and Fort Crook. We had already concluded to put up at a half-way house for the accommodation of travelers between the two places, all the settlers in Fall River and Big Valleys using this route to get their supplies.

"However the season was now far advanced and the snow began to fall and was soon so deep that it was impossible to haul the loads out, as there was a very long hill to climb at the start. So they made three carts of the hind wheels of the three wagons and loaded them with the women and children and bedding and provisions and made a start for civilization. By dark we found ourselves only about three miles from the

cabin, the horses exhausted, the children and the women crying, stuck in four feet of snow. We held a council of war, which had no result. The old preacher said if they wanted to go out he would do all he could to get them out. When asked what I thought, I said, Get back to the cabin while it was still possible, there we could have a fire and a place to sleep. The road being already broken we were soon sitting around a rousing fire and a hot supper.

**A**FTER supper Mathewy informed us that we must get out that night as there was danger of losing his horses if the snow should settle and become hard. All this time the snow was falling, so fine and so thick, like a dense fog. So leaving the women and children in the care of the 'fat boy' we started and after two strenuous days reached Fort Crook and put our horses in pasturage. Now to return to the cabin.

"I had heard about Norwegian skis but never seen them, and how an expert could travel seventy-five miles a day on them, so I thought to go thirty miles would be easy. I made a pair from a pine board, according to the best information at hand, and started back in fine spirits. My partner's wife had given me several small commissions to transact at the store in Fort Crook among which was a milk pan of lard to furnish us with flour gravy in case the bacon should run out. I had two or three biscuits in my pocket but I ate them before the Fort was out of sight.

"I soon found my snow shoes were not a success. I had made them too light and instead of sliding over the snow, they tried to go under it. The consequences were my speed lacked considerable of being at the rate of seventy-five miles per day.

"The solitude in that great pine forest in winter when there is four or five feet of snow was something terrible. Every living thing, almost, seemed to have deserted it. One solitary bear had crossed the road. Not a chipmunk nor bird of any kind were to be seen or heard. Even the wind had ceased to rustle the pine needles. The stumps, where men had felled the trees, were some company, as they showed that some human being had been there. By dark, I was still about six miles from a deserted shingle-maker's cabin where I had left a piece of pork and a loaf of bread.

"Travelling in the dark was impossible. The snow on the pine trees had thawed and fallen off in masses, making great holes into which I stumbled every minute.

"I looked out for a place to build a fire and found a big sugar pine that had

been blown down making many splinters. But they were wet from the melted snow and my matches were almost gone before I coaxed the wood to burn. After the fire had melted the snow from the log, I pulled off a piece of bark about my size and after making it hot before the fire, stretched myself upon it until it became cold then warmed it again. All this time I was thinking of the pork and bread, and how if I should ever get to a place where there was enough to eat, I would never leave it and what a fool I had been to do it this time.

"I had never known what hunger was until that night. I tried to go on in the night, but had to give it up. I ate snow, chewed sticks, and finally tried the pan of lard. It was eleven o'clock the next morning before I reached the deserted shingle-maker's cabin. I was so played out that I could not enter it with any sort of dignity, but just rolled in, as the snow about the door was almost as high as the cabin.

"The pork was raw, the bread was full of frost but I ate them both and then felt as though nothing had happened. By dark, on the following day I was in camp.

"Of course my reception was very warm, as they had had their doubts about seeing me again. And, to tell the truth, I had had some doubts myself of ever reaching their cabin. They were enthusiastic about their plan for going out with sleds, and they had been anxious about my welfare because they needed me to pull one of the sleds.

"My experience had taught me something about snow, and I commenced to use my knowledge by making a pair of fine snow shoes, eight feet long, three inches wide, with nicely turned up toes. I cut and split a pine sapling and fashioned the pieces into something like my snow shoes and nailed them on the bottom of my sled runners. When the others saw what I had done they pirated my invention. It was my private intention to run away from them the next day, which I did, making straight for Red Bluff to look for a printing office.

"It was a five days tramp through slush and mud, only to find all the situations filled by young ladies who pulled their skirts aside as I passed, for I was about the worst looking tramp printer ever seen, without the courage of the average tramp. . . .

**I** TRAMPED about the country for a number of days with an occasional handout to keep me going. However, the handouts growing less and less frequent and the complaint in my stomach becoming more and more in-

(Continued on page 180)



# The Traveler

By J. WILLIAM TERRY

CALIFORNIANS say that if one spends a year within the borders of their state he cannot henceforth stay away. Fate once left The Traveler in California for a twelve month and since, although being the "traveler" he has many times gone away, he has, perforce, come back many times.

One does not tire of California. She is always changing; ever blending the very old and the very new, the beautiful and the utilitarian, the stable and the transitory. The swift cycles of his going and coming have once more brought the traveler to the Golden State and once again made him a state-wide tourist, and these are just a few jottings made by the way.

## SAN FRANCISCO, THE COSMOPOLITAN

Most cities, like most people, fall into types. The city of distinctive personality attracts as does a unique person. In his book, "Abroad at Home" Julian Street says, "With her hills San Francisco is Rome; with her harbor she is Naples; with her hotels she is New York." But San Francisco cannot be classified. She is typically San Francisco. San Franciscans boast with justice that theirs is a hard-headed business city. But she has neither the romance nor the sordidness of the usual commercial center. Hers is the romantic adventurous hard-headedness of the gold seekers and the Vigilantes. San Francisco is a commercial city as New York is a commercial city, and she is the cosmopolitan center of art and letters in the West as New York is in the East. The spirit of Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller permeate her atmosphere.

The notorious Barbary Coast is gone. Chinatown is less a cross section of Canton than it was of old. Weird crimes are no longer common to the waterfront. For all this we should, no doubt, be glad. But The Traveler is enough of a barbarian to grow slightly sentimental as he sees civilization wipe out the last American landmarks of the old dare-devil seaports.

Nevertheless, Chinatown, with its ten thousand Orientals, is still the most picturesque replica of the Far East to be found in America. San Francisco's Latin Quarter is less a commercialized show place than almost any other in the world. No pretentious memorials have been raised to kill the historic atmosphere of Portsmouth Square with the symbols of immortalism. This place

where was raised the American flag when California was claimed for the United States and where the Vigilantes held their historic gatherings, is much the same fascinating haunt of the wanderer and down-and-outs that it was when it attracted and held the interest of Robert Louis Stevenson in 1879.

In contrast to these land-marks of historic San Francisco, there is the dignity of the Civic Center with its Doric architecture and its dome which is but fourteen feet smaller in diameter and ten feet less in height than the dome of the national capitol; and the Trans-Bay Cities, the homing place of thousands of San Francisco commuters. Here

## REFRAIN TO AN UNWRITTEN SONG

O, California—  
Of thy true beauty  
No song has yet been sung!

Of thy voluptuous mountains,  
Eager as ripened breasts  
For the joy of firm gentleness upon them;  
And thy saddened valleys,  
Longing as the wanting lover  
For the tingling of caresses;  
Of thy wind-swept deserts  
And thy naked cliffs,  
Howling their solitude to elemental stubbornness—  
No song has yet been sung!

No song has yet been sung  
Of thy true beauty,  
O, California!

—Yossef Gaer.

are classic Berkeley and Palo Alto, together the Athens of the West, the Boston of the Pacific Coast. Berkeley with the University of California the largest university in the world and Palo Alto with Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Here is Oakland with her factories and major mercantile institutions, a typical American commercial city.

Altogether, San Francisco may be personified as one of those rare and unique persons who have traveled much, lived much and embraced the customs of many people, at last to have settled down to a broad-minded and industrious existence. About such a one there is always the poise that comes with broad experience, the romantic charm of one

familiar with strange lands and the strength of one who has battled with life. To the traveler, that is San Francisco.

## TO LOS ANGELES AND SAN DIEGO BY WATER

THE trip south from San Francisco was made on the Pacific Ocean. Leaving San Francisco in the late afternoon on the Los Angeles Steamship Company's luxurious boat, "Yale," The Traveler was settled in his Los Angeles hotel well before noon of the next day.

It was a welcome relaxation after a busy day in the city as the boat passed out over the smooth waters of San Francisco Bay. We passed ships anchored along the quays flying the flags of many nations; ships from the west coast of Mexico, from South America, Australia, Japan, China, the Philippines, Hawaii and the Islands of the South Seas. Then came Alcatraz, the battleship shaped and strongly fortified island which serves as a military prison; its orderly battlements giving the impression of the figure of a cameo carved out of the smooth bay. To the north was Angel Island, the site of one of the best equipped quarantine stations in the world. Beyond, there was the calm ineffable beauty of the low western sun across the Golden Gate.

Just out of the bay, the traveler looked back along the straight line across its mouth, and dreamed of Cabrillo, the discoverer of California, who sailed almost in sight of the Golden Gate only to turn back; and of Drake and Vicaino who explored the California coast without suspecting the existence of San Francisco Bay; and of Governor Portola, its discoverer, who attributed his good fortune to his remark that if St. Francis desired a mission named after him let him show them his port.

At dark, the music of chimes called everyone from the deck and The Traveler from his reverie to a splendid dinner. Afterward, comfortably seated before the ship's radio, we had an hour with San Francisco, Los Angeles and Denver musicians. Then there was dancing and a general good time in the Veranda Cafe.

Our ship bore gold chevrons, the decoration of the government in appreciation of her service in carrying more than 400,000 troops safely across the English Channel, during the war.

Leaving Wilmington, the Los Angeles Harbor, at three in the afternoon the boat continued through five daylight hours along the picturesque



southern coast to San Diego.

This is a trip The Traveler shall be glad to make again.

### LOS ANGELES THE CITY OF THE ANGELS

**S**TREETS crowded until at noon the corner of Broadway and Seventh has the appearance of the famous intersection of State and Madison. Here we brush elbows with and tread on the toes of Iowans, Nebraskans, dwellers in Kansas and Illinois, people from Ohio, Pennsylvania and every part of the Union. From the automobile jammed traffic, one would think this and not Detroit was the native heath of the horseless carriage, and we do not question Los Angeles' boast of having more automobiles than any other city in the world.

Los Angeles somewhat confuses The Traveler these days. Its people move about with the deliberation common to a semi-tropic climate, but the pace of the city leaves him a bit breathless. With only Palm Beach, Miami and Atlantic City as contemporaries, Los Angeles is America's playground city. There was the time when it was almost wholly a tourist city. It is now no less the city of tourists, but in addition it is industriously building itself into a modern American metropolis of the first rank. Its borders reach out twenty-five miles to embrace its harbor and for twenty miles into the San Fernando Valley. In 1920 it was the fifth city in population in the United States with 576,673 people, today it lays claim to a population of close to 1,000,000.

There was a time when to think of palm and pepper trees of orange groves and real estate excursions was to think of Los Angeles. Now we must include it when we think of oil wells. At Santa Fe Springs and Signal Hill we find the oil derricks everywhere interspersed among the citrus trees. During the past two years Los Angeles has had one of the most remarkable oil booms in our history, so that oil has come to share the spotlight with real estate.

As a city Los Angeles is unique in its commingling of so many elements, each viewed by itself, seeming to be dominant, but all taken together—well The Traveler has admitted that it leaves him somewhat breathless and uncertain. One cannot deny that Los Angeles is winning a very considerable place for herself in the world sun.

### AN AUTO TOUR TO SAN DIEGO

**C**ALIFORNIA has good roads. Even the superlative is justified; California has excellent roads. The Traveler knows of none better and few

their equal anywhere in the world. Consequently, the auto stage, as a tourist means of "seeing all and knowing all" has been developed to a point of unusual efficiency.

Instead of the orthodox rubberneck-wagon "speiler" with his sonorous chant, "Ladies and Gentlemen, on our right we see—," the California auto tourist companies employ men who are at once chauffeur and host, tactfully drawing the passengers into a companionable footing; willing and authoritative sources of information. This is done in so informal a way that even the professional globe trotter is saved the humiliation of thinking of himself as being on a "personally conducted tour" or in the hands of a "guide."

The Traveler spent two delightful days on a tour from Los Angeles to San Diego and return with the Golden States Auto Tours.

Leaving Los Angeles at eight in the morning, we caught a glimpse of the waters of Los Angeles Harbor through the oil derricks of Signal Hill, then rode into the verdure of Orange County. There is a lavishness about tropical vegetation which gives The Traveler the sensation of lolling in the lap of luxury. This morning he found it easy to imagine himself an idle multi-millionaire many times over. It is this sort of country, with countless acres of orange groves, golden with fruitage and fragrant with blossoms; of palm lined highways stretching miles to their vanishing point in the blue-misted mountains—a reign of verdure-hung little towns and cozy homes in the midst of ever-blooming roses and exotics, that impresses upon the Easterner that he is really in the Land of Dreams, California.

### SANTA ANA

**T**HE county seat of Orange County is a city of thirty thousand and enjoying a normal Southern California growth. That is, it is not doubling its population every month as are some of the stripling towns in the south of the state, nor is it simply adding the few thousands a year that would constitute normal growth in that country which is "back home" to the Santa Anaian. But it does have good grounds for expecting to stand around the 100,000 mark within the next five years.

Orange County cities, especially the little cities of Anaheim, Orange and Fullerton are most truly indicative of the stability of the development of Southern California. They are not materially affected by the tourist tide, the oil industry or speculative real estate ventures. For the most part, the citizens are those from the Middle-

West who have sought California's sunshine, and being past middle life have their competence and are retired, plus those who are busy in the citrus and walnut industries. These places progress with the steady and healthy dog-trot of an athlete in training.

### ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST

**T**HERE are many interesting seaside towns and resorts along the 125 miles of coast between Los Angeles and San Diego. Seal Beach and Naples, originally little more than camping and amusement resorts are becoming attractive beach towns. Naples is novel in imitation of its Italian prototype.

At Laguna, the artists and writers have been waging a losing battle in an effort to keep their rugged bit of otherwise even coast to themselves. It was not until recently that even the electric light profaned their retreat. Now come the Philistines with their California bungalows and real estate offices, with paved roads and sewers and telephones, disturbing the sanctity of the Artists' Paradise. Its picturesque business street is losing the ragged eucalypts which shaded it. The post office has vacated the corner grocery which housed it for years, and the old hotel with its balconies and memories gives place to modern conveniences. Laguna Beach is becoming civilized. To The Traveler it is losing its charm. But Laguna will henceforth "be on the map" and this most beautiful spot on the Southern California coastline, with its memories of "Four Years Before the Mast" and its adventurous author, where the mountains come down to the very edge of the rock-bound and uneven beach, will be visited by hordes of tourists.

### SAN DIEGO

**S**PEAKING "Chamber of Commerce," San Diego has a population of 125,000. Thus, it is neither big nor little but just a comfortable city. It is both a city of homes and a tourist city. Its situation near the Mexican border makes for a certain degree of cosmopolitanism, especially during the racing season at Tia Juana. But the majority of its citizens are busier making themselves a home city than they are in exploiting the strangers who come within their gates.

San Diego has a civic pride that does not exhaust itself in that verbal boosting which is nothing more than selfish salesmanship. It is a civic pride that has interests far beyond immediate commercial return. An evidence of this is Balboa Park, forty thousand acres which the city has developed from a rugged reservation into a permanent exposition ground. Here the city maintains many



of the buildings that won the title "Little Gem" for the exposition of 1915. Here are zoological and botanical gardens, a miniature Pueblo Village and the remarkable out-of-door pipe organ, upon which concerts are given every afternoon of the year.

The Traveler considers San Diego an ideal California tourist town. Of itself, it is an interesting little city. From many parts of it one can constantly look out upon battleships anchored in its harbors and across the waters of its bay. There is Coronado Beach, as attractive as Waikiki; there are the San Diego Mountains, a fast developing California playground. Old Mexico lies close at hand to the south and there are the beach towns to the north, all within easy reach over the best of roads. Then there is the climate. But it is like trying to drive on an over-crowded boulevard to attempt anything about the California climate—there are too many others trying to do the same thing.

Late in the afternoon the Golden State party went across the border for a peek into Mexico and a tour of Tia Juana.

#### IN AND ABOUT LOS ANGELES

We loitered along another day on our way back to Los Angeles. In the morning we drove out to Point Loma which juts miles into the sea. On the top of Sunset Cliffs we looked across the bay upon the panorama of San Diego, the Island of Coronado, the Naval Air Station on North Island and the Naval and Marine Barracks; a sight not soon forgotten. We stopped at Old Town where California was born and General Fremont first raised the American flag in California. We visited the marriage place of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" and drank from the famous wishing well. We had lunch at the quaint tourist town of La Jolla, perched high on the cliffs above the Pacific. In the afternoon we saw San Juan Capistrano, the first and most artistic of the Missions of the padres, where the heroic Junipero Serra laid the first foundation stone of California's civilization.

The Traveler toured the Los Angeles beach towns, "Movieland" and Pasadena in a Pierce Arrow parlor car of the Brown Auto Tours.

Lurid Hollywood builds its exterior to please the taste of the most conservative and fastidious, a thriving suburban community of luxurious and attractive homes.

Thousands of acres of ground enclosed with unsightly high board fences and Douglas Fairbanks entering his limousine at the curb was our thrill from the movies. For more, we are driven to the movie magazines and the daily papers.

Pasadena is not a city much given to change. Having built well, its millionaire citizens are content with what they have done. Millionaire's Row, The Busch Sunken Gardens and Brookside Park remain unsurpassed by anything of their kind in California. The Traveler admits that he is always the victim of conflicting emotions when he visits the "Crown City"; those of envying its wealth and of admiring the beauty that wealth has made possible.

The proximity of the oil fields, the general industrial development of Southern California together with the unprecedented influx of easterners, both as winter tourists and seekers of homes near the sea, are responsible for a spectacular growth of all the Beach cities.

Long Beach the favorite residence city of Iowa immigrants, is the Abou Ben Adhem. It has a magnificent Chamber of Commerce building, a healthy income from municipally owned oil wells and a pretentious "pike;" these in addition to many first class homes and some prosperous business. The traveler

#### MY MESSAGE

I would write impatient verse  
Jerking nervously along;  
Sentences abrupt and terse—  
Haste the burden of my song.

I would sing of things that pass  
Swiftly by—nor come again—  
Youth—and love—before the grass  
Marks the end of joy and pain.

I would plead: Oh hurry, brother,  
There's so much to do and see—  
There will never be another  
Youth for you—or youth for me.

Brother, leave your dreams until  
You are old and cannot run—  
When with folded hands and still  
You will drowse beneath the sun.

Joy O'Hara.

predicts that this is to be one of the major manufacturing centers of the Pacific Coast.

Santa Monica, Venice and Ocean Park are fast growing into one city. The last two are more or less Coney Islands, mostly in evidence as long and vociferous "pikes". And while Santa Monica has a very sufficient "pike" it has all the appearance of a progressive and growing little city with an active civic consciousness.

Another day was spent with one of Mr. Brown's parties "covering" the Orange Belt, the title given the inland citrus empire which lies east from Los Angeles to the desert.

Here is fulfilled the prophecy, "And

the desert shall bloom as the rose." Forty years ago, when there was but three miles of irrigation ditch with which to battle the aridity of this desert, two navel orange trees were planted near Riverside for experimental purposes. These trees now stand before the Mission Inn, where they were planted by Roosevelt in 1903. As the parents of a great race they live among their prolific offspring, unlike the parents of the human race, honored in Eden.

Riverside and Redlands are well dressed children of a prosperous civilization. They are well built along the most modern lines, well kept up, with the vitality of their youth evidenced in every artery. San Bernardino is more the gangling youth, awkwardly spreading itself over much territory. It is already a big little city and The Traveler sees in it great promise for the future.

It is told that when Mr. Miller, who is proprietor of the Mission Inn at Riverside, was abroad studying illustrious foreign taverns, he met a stranger who recognized him as an American but not knowing who he was, suggested to him that he need not travel in Europe to find great hostelries, for in his own country was the greatest of them all, Mission Inn.

Mission Inn, like the country in which it stands, has all the earmarks of youth. Its numerous antiques in art and furnishings are obviously imported. But this does not detract from its charm. The Garden of the Bells and the Music Room are like ancient stones set in glistening platinum.

Someone has described Smiley Heights as "a sentinel standing between the desert and a land of delight." When we see how country like that lying to the south and to the east has been transformed into that which lies to the west, we do homage to one of the greatest of all miracle workers, water.

In the late afternoon we traversed the boulevard that skirts the foothills of the eternal Sierra Madres and winds through miles of vineyards; then at twilight, we passed through the suburban home cities of Uplands, Glendora, Azusa, Monrovia, North Alhambra and South Pasadena. A mystic spell was on The Traveler. What a strange old, new country this Southern California is; as old as the great desert; as old as the hoary and unhurried Sierra Madres; as new as the shimmering asphalt roads and the smooth barked, heavy laden orchards; as new as the precise rows of bungalows and straight white lines of concrete sidewalk. This now is the land of the Anglo-Saxon with his homes and vineyards, his schools and churches. But first it was the mistress of the ad-

(Continued on page 182)



# The High-Graders

By CHARLES H. SNOW  
(Continued from last month)

LESS than five minutes had elapsed between Bullard's debonair entrance and his dejected and demoralized exit from the scene. Those few minutes had witnessed a swift play of emotions in Shorty Dain. He had met Bullard with a good natured smile, though a bit reserved, for he had no feeling of respect or friendship for the new comer. Then came Bullard's stinging insult. Shorty's first sensation was of incredulity. This had instantly become resentment, then white hot anger, in which neither reason, nor deliberate thought of what might follow were taken into consideration. Now that it was over, Shorty felt a little weak from the reaction, a little ashamed that he had known such a man as Joe Bullard; perhaps, too, a little proud that he had soundly thrashed the insulter. The thought of who or what these two young women might be, never figured in his conclusions. They were women, without male escort or protection. They had been insulted, perhaps because they had been seen in his company, and he had protected them to the best of his strength and ability.

Shorty stood for a moment, with his face averted from the girls. He was trying to collect himself while he absently watched the turn around which Bullard had so perilously raced in his mad desire to be gone.

"I guess that'll hold him for some time," Shorty mused, and the hard lines of his features relaxed into a fleeting smile. He was on the point of turning to the girls, ready to offer his apologies and explanations for his impulsive conduct, when a hand fell lightly on his shoulder. He turned toward the blue eyed girl, whose face was expressive of an emotion which Shorty had never seen before. Her eyes were brighter for the film of moisture over them, and her face was still very white. For all her agitation she smiled at him as she said, "I wish I had a brother like you. Thank you."

Shorty regarded her incredulously for an instant. Then his face broke into its usual smile.

"Well! I'll be jiggered," he said, "You've sure got one, Sister; put her there," he held out his right hand to her. As she grasped it impulsively in

both hers she saw that it was covered with blood.

"Oh! she cried, "See what you've done. Let me fix it. Did I hurt it, squeezing it so hard? Come, I've a small first aid outfit in the car." She tried to draw him toward the machine beside which the other girl stood, still bewildered, but Shorty held back.

"Now Sister," began Shorty, "I haven't seen you for so long that I've plumb forgot your name. Let's see, now what was it last time we met?"

She scrutinized him intently, evidently trying to read some of his nature. He was an enigma to her.

"You're a queer sort of person," she

all up. Put her there, pard, I know we're all goin' to be friends."

THE CRUDE SINCERITY of Shorty's words stilled the girl's inward agitation. She smiled in a manner that made her more than ordinarily pretty, and held out her hand daintily to Shorty.

"It was horrid of me not to come forward to thank you," she said, but I, well I just couldn't, but you will believe me when I say you are the bravest man I ever met. Really you are." She was doing her best to appear vivacious, and she conveyed this impression to Shorty very successfully.

"Do you want me to be a big brother to you too?" Shorty inquired naively, as he still held her hand.

"Well, no. I don't believe I do," she said archly, "Brothers are such a nuisance sometimes." Then she turned and said, "Come on, Ann. Won't you first aid Mr. Shorty's hand?"

The practical Miss Dorr secured a small kit from somewhere among the baggage, and methodically went about her work of attending to Shorty's wounds. These proved, upon examination, to be nothing more serious than the bad lacerations of two knuckles. They kept up a flow of conversation while the work progressed, but Miss Conners was doing most of the talking. She was beginning to show form as a talker, Shorty thought, yet he liked her, and her voice. He was given to

*HOMESICKNESS*

How could I ever know that I  
Would hunger for a desert sky  
Or in the night would lie awake  
And miss the waves, the noise they make  
Singing an August moon to sleep—  
Or sunlight on a flock of sheep  
Beside a valley stream? I know  
That San Jacinto's white with snow  
And the young barley's showing green  
Wave upon wave in San Joaquin.  
Go where I will I never meet  
A lounging cowboy on the street  
Or velvet clad vaquero gay  
With silver spurs and serape;  
Or Chinnee Charlie's piercing cry,  
"Nice vegetables!" Homesick am I.

—Beulah May.

remarked, with brows puckered, "I'd have thought you would have been excited and frightened, and you are cool as can be."

"Well," drawled Shorty, "ain't that the kind of brother you want?"

"Yes, it is!" she cried impulsively, adding, "My name is Ann Dorr."

"Sure it is," corroborated Shorty, "Well, I'm sure glad to meet you, Ann. Now, who's your friend?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten her." She turned and said, "Come here, Barbara."

The other girl came forward mechanically.

"This is Barbara Conners," said Miss Dorr, "Mister—?"

"Shorty," and he held out his left hand to Miss Conners, "I'm ashamed to offer you this left handed greeting, Barbara, but I don't want to smear you

first impressions, and it was better sometimes not to have too many sisters. They were sometimes too dependable. He had already appraised Ann as a very dependable person and liked her for it, but she did not impress him as did Barbara.

Miss Dorr applied the last strips of adhesive and pressed them down gently. Then she held up Shorty's hand and surveyed it critically.

"I think that will do," she commented, "How does it feel?"

"Gosh, I'm glad I got it all skinned up," he replied.

"I believe you're a man who can never be very serious," put in Miss Conners. "I know it must pain dreadfully, but I always do like persons who are not too serious. Don't you, Mr. Shorty?"

"I just hate myself," laughed Shorty.



"Now, girls, that we are all sort of related, I want to know what you are doing up here in this unheard of section of the wild and wooly West. Tell your brother, Ann."

"I will if you will tell us who that beast is you thrashed, and where he is going," she answered.

"That won't delay your confession long," began Shorty. "His name is Joe Bullard. Guess you've got a pretty fair idea of the sort of man he is by the first impression. He used to be a *Tinhorn Gambler*, and when a man's that he don't ever change much except on the surface.

"Calls himself Joseph J. Bullard, mining engineer and promoter, now; but down in his skin he's just about the same caliber as when he used to play cards with marks on them. He couldn't change his spots any more'n a leopard. The trouble with Joseph J. today was that he was just a trifle sore at me. In Reno the other day he wanted me to bring him in here and help him tie up the Sultana claims, but I was hep to his game; besides, Bill Staley had wired me from Omaha to be on hand with the old boat there," he indicated his car affectionately.

"Well, old Joe has been in every camp in this State, and some outside of it, and he knows more about wildecattin' than a wild cat does. Oh, he'll stay in this camp, especially if it turns out to be a high-grade one. A lickin' like Joe just assimilated won't make him run, and some day he'll slip up and bite me in the calf of the left leg.

"That's about all the main points about Joe, girls; and remember. I ain't a knocker. I wouldn't do him any harm, unless he started it."

"Do you think he might shoot you?" Ann inquired, "I wouldn't have any harm come to you because of us—not for all the gold in the world, would you, Barb?" She turned to address her companion, who at this moment was appraising Shorty critically.

"I should say not," Barbara replied with asperity, "Do you really think you are in any danger, Mr. Shorty?"

"Well, he had a big Colt stickin' alongside the cushion. I didn't give him time to get it in the first place, and when he got in to beat it, he'd forgotten all about the gat. He might shoot me in the back, sometime, but I wouldn't worry if I was you, girls.

"**N**OW about that story of yours. What are you doing here, if it is any of brother Shorty's business?" He was sitting between the two girls, upon the running board.

"You tell him," suggested Ann to her companion.

"No, you tell him, Ann," Barbara de-

murred. "You can do it better than I, and I'm still all fussy inside. I never saw a real fight before and," she hesitated, "it makes me feel sort of, well, I can't explain it; just as though I'd like to be a man and mix in a little myself."

"Barbara," expostulated Miss Dorris, "you're simply dreadful." Barbara blushing confessed to the accusation and her eyes begged forgiveness for her shortcoming.

"Oh, she'll all right," laughed Shorty. "Now proceed, sister Ann."

"**Y**OU will think us very foolish," she began hesitatingly, but looking him squarely in the eyes. "Barbara and I have known each other for a long time, and suddenly we found ourselves with one depending on us and no one to be dependent on. We had a small sum of money but no binding ties, so when we read of the Sultana boom in the papers, we decided to rush up here and go into business. We're going to start a restaurant." She said this as if in doubt as to how her purpose would be translated. Shorty smiled, and she continued:

"We bought the car for nearly a song. I had learned to drive, and out we started. We crossed the mountains to Reno and only ran off the grade once. That was pretty good, don't you think?"

"Not more than half bad," remarked Shorty. "Go on and spill the story."

"Well, there isn't much more to tell," she went on, "We bought our outfit and it is coming in by team, the great long one driven by that picturesque character. What is his name, Barb?"

"Oh, I've forgotten, I never was good at names," replied Miss Conners. "I heard somebody call him Free or Freeze, or something like that."

"Free?" suggested Shorty, "Dan Free?"

"That's it," cried Miss Dorris; "He's such a rough looking, bewhiskered old codger, but he gave us loads of advice. When I asked him if he didn't think we would make a lot of money, he scratched his head and said, 'Maybe so, I reckon you might, but the restaurant business is generally purty well took care of, but you're nice looking girls and you ought to break a leetle more'n even as trade getters.' Then he told us about the camp, and what he said made us less confident about our venture. What do you think about it, Mr. Shorty?"

"You won't get Rockefeller-rich," said Shorty in reply, "that is, if you're on the square; but if this camp turns out to be a high-grade one, there'll be a lot of loose money floatin' round. High-graders are high spenders, and they'd just as soon pay ten dollars for

a meal as ten cents when they've got the money. If you want to soak 'em, you'll have the chance, if the camp proves up."

"I don't want to make money that way," Miss Dorris interposed with a show of spirit, "I know we'll not get rich, but don't you think we can get a good share of the business?"

"If you don't I'll lick every man in Sultana that won't eat at your chow house. Say, what are you going to call this Mulligan Dump, anyway?"

Barbara interrupted before Ann could answer:

"Ann, you're so all fired scrupulous," she said. "Why, just think of the gold there'll be and we might as well have some of it as not. Somebody will. Remember all those rich specimens we saw in the Reno Hotel? Why, when I leave here I'll have a car load of that sort of rock; rocks with more gold than rocks in them."

She was growing enthusiastically vivacious, until Shorty looked at her curiously. There was something in his look which caused her to hesitate and wish that she had not said so much.

"I didn't mean all that," she stammered, "really, I'm not so bad as all that."

"I didn't think you was," Shorty replied, with marked relief in his tone. She had fascinated him, only to repel with her avarice. Her explanation drew his attention back to her. He was ready to credit her statement to lack of experience and over-enthusiastic conception of the glamors of the gold hunt. Keen judge of humanity that he was, Shorty knew after casual appraisal that these two young women were not the adventuress type of women so commonly met within the new camps. Their venture was real, be the outcome what it might. Instinctively he knew that if these girls had to weather a storm of hardships and temptations, it would be Ann who would pilot them safely into calm anchorage, yet for all this he was more attracted by the other girl.

**A**NN interrupted his meditations by asking, "What is a high-grader, Mr. Shorty? You just spoke of them."

"A high-grader is any man that steals gold or gold ore, or any other kind of rich rock from the man he is working for, or from anybody else," replied Shorty. "He's just a common thief, but nine out of ten of them think they're not dishonest because they don't steal money, or grub, or clothes. They're not limited to any class, but may be anyone from the general manager of the mine down to the meanest mucker."

"I see. Thank you," mused Ann. "Why do men have to steal? Does what they gain compensate them for



what they lose, for their self respect?"

"Bully for you, Sister," said Shorty with enthusiasm, "that's the stuff. It kind of makes me believe I'm right after all when I hear my sister speak that way."

"You can't help joking," she exclaimed, "but I really mean it."

"Sure you do," he replied, with an enigmatic smile.

"I think if I ever get my hands on some of the high-grade, I'll have a hard time letting it loose," Barbara, who had listened attentively, spoke up. "It wouldn't hurt to take just a little, if somebody gave it to you. You'll give me some, Mr. Shorty, if you get some, won't you?"

"Maybe," replied Shorty, but without assurance. "Now, what are you goin' to call this Mulligan Dump of yours?"

Ann pondered for a few moments before answering.

"We considered the 'Elite Restaurant,' she said, "and 'The Fashion,' and 'Sultana Grill.' Which of them do you think will be best?"

"They won't do," said Shorty with finality, "They sound too cheap. Call it 'The Tin Can.' Half your success is getting the right name and livin' up to it."

"That's great," cried Barbara, "and we'll get a tin can for a sign, and another to keep the high-grade in. See how practical I am, Ann. It will save having a sign painted and buying a cash register."

Shorty's effectual thrashing of Joe Bullard had broken down the barriers of formal acquaintance among these three. The melodramatic incident had been succeeded by comedy, good natured and friendly. They chatted on, not noticing nor caring about the passing of time, till the sound of a heavy freight team coming up the grade warned them that they would have to move out of the freighter's path.

"I'll find you a room somewhere, at the hotel or some other place," said Shorty, as they arose to enter their respective cars. "It'll be tomorrow night before Dan Freel gets in with your things, and you'll have to have some place to stay. I'll help you all I can to get started. You'll have to have some kind of a shack, and a place to live in. Well, I saw a pile of lumber up the canyon and there'll be some carpenters around. Leave it to me, girls. I'm hep to this game of getting things done for the least money in these camps."

Now, before we start I want you two to promise to have supper with me and a friend of mine this evenin'! We'll dine to the success of 'The Tin Can.' Will you?"

"I couldn't refuse my long lost brother that one little pleasure," Ann smiled.

"We'd go anywhere with you, Mr. Shorty," Barbara hastened to add as her acceptance of the invitation.

THE ARRIVAL of Bill Staley created more than an ordinary furor of interest in Sultana. Half the camp knew him, and knew that when he came he meant business. Some of the more practical men felt apprehension, for they knew that Staley would pass upon the camp's prospects with a cool and experienced deliberation; that the glamor of particles of gold in a piece of quartz would make no visible impression upon him. Staley mined as a business, not as an adventure, taking his profits from the virgin earth and not from the pockets of the credulous, as do the professional promoters. To these the value of their mines means little more than a basic defense against the law, which in most instances is far too lax.

However, among these wild cat promoters there are many men whose intentions are honest, and to these as well as to the unscrupulous the gold supply of the world owes a considerable proportion. The wildest cats sometimes by the wildest chance turn out to be the richest mines.

The conservatives in Sultana realized that with Staley's advent the camp was to be put to the test of the acid. The promoters were concerned, too, for with the success or failure of Rawlins' Sultana prospect hung their fortunes. Their ventures could be launched and their stocks peddled. The result would be more far reaching, down to the most remote of the prospectors, for with one or two good mines in the camp his claims could be sold no matter how remote they were from the more valuable locations. There would be men who would take a chance.

Staley had not been in camp for half an hour when his presence was generally known. Friends and acquaintances hailed him. Promoters endeavored to buttonhole him and elicit his opinion of the camp's prospects, even before he had formed the opinion for himself. Bar tenders paused in the service of their numerous customers to comment upon the chances of Staley's putting his stamp of approval upon the camp. Gamblers stopped spinning their wheels or turning their cards to speculate upon the outcome of the real game, for if Staley put his O. K. upon the camp their games would thrive. Merchants, restaurant keepers, hotel and townsite men were all concerned over what this one man would say. Even down the red light line, which was one of the camp's first attributes, the word of Staley's arrival had gone, and the denizens there knew that the volume of

their future trade would be set by this man's opinion.

Here was a country rich in bunch grass and plentifully watered, cut up by cattle and sheep trails, over which man had ridden for more than half a century with no thought other than of his stock. It was now transformed into a hive of buzzing mining interest, in which no man but the butcher or restaurant keeper thought of the price of beef or mutton.

Men talked of claims, sales, and bonds; options, dips and strikes; ledges, stringers and what not; unintelligible to the layman's ears, and they talked in fabulous fancies. Small sums were not mentioned, save by the ones who had located their claims far out under the wash. These were the men who peddle their claims about the saloons, where they find ready buyers, willing to take chances for a few hundred dollars. The majority of these wild cat claim purchasers were gamblers, who reasoned that what could be had for nothing was worth taking. Most of the money paid out came back with the spin of the wheel or the slip of the card from the Faro case.

STALEY was accosted many times as he made his way up the main street of the camp. Friends and acquaintances came out to greet him or to offer their services as guides to the Sultana claims, but he diplomatically refused their offers. He met them all with genial though reserved good nature and good manners. Staley was one upon whom it was not easy to force one's presence if he had reason for not desiring it. With all the directions he had received by word and gesture he found little difficulty in going straight to the tunnel where Jimmy Rawlins was at work. Rawlins came trundling a wheelbarrow of rock out of the tunnel as Staley climbed to the top of the dump. He let the handles of the barrow drop and stood for a moment regarding this stranger whom, in his surprise, he did not immediately recognize. It was Staley who spoke.

"Hello, Jimmy," he called, and stepped forward more rapidly now he was upon the more nearly level going of the dump.

"Bill, by golly!" exclaimed Rawlins, who strode to meet his former employer, "Well, I am sure glad to see you here, Bill. I want a miner's opinion of what I've got and you're the man to give it. I think I've got it, but I am not sure. I've had enough chances to sell, but if I've got the thing I think I have I don't want to sell."

"Say, who brought you, Bill?"

"Shorty Dain," replied Staley. "He's down at camp. We'll see him later."



"The old son of a gun," cried Rawlins, whose big, good natured face broke into a smile of pleasant recollections at the mention of Shorty Dain's name.

"The old hard shelled son of a gun. Why, Bill, Shorty and me used to batch together in Goldfield—and he's here?" He added this with surprise, almost incredulity.

"He is," affirmed Staley.

They talked for a few moments, Staley felicitating Rawlins upon his successful strike, the latter inquiring for news of the Southern mines, which he had left more than a year ago to venture upon his prospecting trip that had ended so propitiously. Then Staley turned and stood silently regarding the nondescript collection of shacks and tents below.

"It's the finest site for a town I ever saw in the sage brush," he remarked after some moments. "I take it from the abundance of water that the snow must fall rather deep here in winter."

"Yes," replied Rawlins, "I got in here in March, and there was a good deal of snow left then, and it was cold, too. Not much like the Southern desert, Bill, where water is next to gold in value. We've got the water, and I think we've got the gold. Come on in and have a look at the face."

"Presently," said Staley, and he resumed his survey of the surrounding territory, adjacent to the mine. This done, he went over the dump carefully, picking up pieces of the broken rock, examining them, and casting them down. With patient care he was beginning the diagnosis of the case before him. His knowledge of the subject was made up from years of practical mining, enhanced by much study of the technical side after he laid the foundation of his fortune. He did not comment upon his first observations, nor did Rawlins venture any suggestions. Rawlins was not a man who would give suggestions or advice to another man, whom he thought his superior in the ins and outs of this game. He knew that any such would be useless. Moreover, he had confidence in his prospect and had no wish to resort to the usual methods of the claim peddlers in order that he might dispose of it.

While Staley went about his scrutiny, Rawlins ran the loaded wheelbarrow to the end of the dump and emptied it, then trundled it back to the mouth of the tunnel, where he let the handles drop, and stood waiting for Staley. The latter soon finished his examination of the dump, and came near Rawlins. Here he stood, looking up the mountain side at the line of small dumps, which marked the course of the ledge.

"The formation is different from what we have in the South," Staley at

length remarked, "but it's good. More like the mines of California. How many claims have you on this vein, Jimmy?"

"Four, end to end on the ledge. Gives me six thousand feet along its strike. Ought to be enough."

"Plenty," affirmed Staley. "One is a plenty, if it is good enough. Has ore been opened upon any of the claims around you?"

"Some," replied Rawlins, "but only in a few small stringers. Nothin' worth getting excited about. It looks to me like this ledge was the mother lode of the country."

STALEY did not comment upon this but announced that he was ready to go underground. Rawlins took a candlestick from the wall, inserted a candle, lighted it and passed it to Staley. He took down his already lighted candle and started to lead the way into the untimbered tunnel.

It was at this point that Staley became aware that Rawlins was not working alone. He caught ahead the steady clink, clink of hammer upon drill. He knew that Rawlins was not able to employ many men and approved of the modest and business like manner in which he was going about the work of development. They went on slowly, Rawlins now and then adding the light from his candle to that of his visitor, that the latter could better examine the vein of quartz along the tunnel's roof. From this Staley occasionally chipped small pieces with his prospector's pick, examined them and cast them aside.

In this manner they were several minutes making their way along the seventy feet of the tunnel, and were at the face before Staley realized. He had given no attention to the miner, who continued his drilling. Now this man, a big fellow, stripped to his undershirt and overalls, threw down his hammer and turned. His eyes, accustomed to the dim light, allowed him to inspect the visitor more quickly than the latter could appraise him.

"By the saints that run all the snakes out of the old country, if it ain't Bill Staley!" joyously cried the miner, who was a brawny armed, hairy chested old fellow. He wiped his horny hand upon his muddy overalls and extended it to Staley, who stepped forward to grasp it cordially.

"Terence, I'm glad to see you again," said Staley. Terence Tierney had worked in Staley's Domination mine for a long time, and it was said that if a man worked for Staley that long, he possessed two qualifications. He was honest and a worker, and was accorded the respect due him. Staley never assumed terms of intimacy with his employees. He knew many of them would

take advantage of his attitude, but he had learned that if he treated them as their ability demanded they accorded him due respect.

"Not half so glad as we are to see you here, Mister Staley," replied Tierney with sincerity. "There's been a raft of tin horn minin' engineers and promoters pesterin' us, but with no more rock sense than a bunch of sage hens. Now we've got a miner what knows rocks. Excuse me, sir, till I step back and give you room to proceed with yer examination." Tierney spoke with the air of proprietorship, and squeezed past the other men, in order that they might get to the face of the working.

Staley smiled at the old miner's compliment, and deprecated it with, "One man can see about as far into the earth as the next, Terence. It's when the ground is opened that counts."

"There may be somethin' to what you say, sir, but," Tierney shook his head in doubt, "there's men with sense, and without it."

"Thank you," said Staley, who could not repress a secret satisfaction at the experienced old miner's approbation.

The vein, which at this point was not more than a foot in width, stood at an angle of approximately seventy degrees. It lay against a foot wall of reddish brown porphyry, while its hanging wall was of a black graphited slate, known technically as argillaceous. Staley in his examination of the dump had ascertained the natures of the enclosing wall rocks, and now he merely located them, giving his attention to the narrow band of whitish quartz they held. It was of the hard, granular variety, known in the miner's vernacular as sugar, and lay in bands of variable width, all more or less parallel to the enclosing walls.

His attention was finally centered upon a narrow ribbon or rather a slim wedge along the hanging wall. This streak at the roof of the tunnel was not more than a knife blade in thickness. Seven feet below, at the floor, it had widened to nearly an inch. Even in the dim light of his candle Staley could make out colors of gold in this streak of quartz. The visibility of the gold was made more difficult by the bluish tint of the ore.

He broke off a small piece of the quartz, and his face lighted as he examined it more closely. He laid the piece upon a rock in the bottom of the tunnel and tapped it with the pole of his pick, but he had difficulty in breaking it apart, though it cracked easily. Taking the rock between his fingers he twisted it. Finally it gave way, and he saw that it had been held together by a filament of yellow gold.

(Continued next month)



# Trades Union or Open Shop?

**M**R. GEORGE BELL whose opinions I next sought in helping the readers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY decide whether or not the American Plan is beneficial to San Francisco, is a young man who, in spite of the handicap of years, has had very wide experience in arbitrating labor controversies. He calls himself an industrial expert, and is at present acting as consultant for the Industrial Association of San Francisco. Both workers and employers have turned to him in their difficulties, and he has served on many boards of arbitration. He talks well and fluently and probably makes a delightful public speaker. He plunged right into the subject:

"You remember the situation in 1921," said Mr. Bell. "There was a general decline in business prosperity; many men were out of work, and the very high wages paid during wartime, could not be continued when depression set in. The controversy centered around the building trades in San Francisco. The contractors felt obliged to reduce wages. The unions resisted the attempt. It looked as if a strike were imminent. It was at this point that the Chamber of Commerce intervened at the request of the unions, and tried to arbitrate the question."

"You were one of the arbitrators," I interpolated.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Bell. "I served on the Board of Arbitration together with the archbishop of San Francisco and ex-Justice Sloss. After very serious deliberation, we decided on a seven and one-half per cent. reduction in wages. This award however satisfied neither side. The employers wanted a fifteen per cent reduction, while the trade unions argued for an increase in wages. And although the trade unions had promised to abide by the judgment of the board of arbitration, they deliberately repudiated the award and went out on strike."

"And was that the beginning of the open shop policy?" I asked.

"The Builders' Exchange decided then and there to make a stand for the American Plan," Mr. Bell answered with special emphasis on the American Plan.

I noticed during the interview that whenever I used the term "open shop", Mr. Bell looked annoyed. I got the impression that the idea of the open shop was obnoxious to him, while that of the American Plan appeared to him

By ANNA DONDO

*(Continued from last month)*

a right and high minded policy. I did not argue the point with Mr. Bell, mainly because it is not easy to contradict Mr. Bell. He has an air of authority and self confidence which completely squelches the timid interviewer. But deep down in my heart were outraged those patriotic feelings that had been impressed on my mind in my early schooldays when, in unison with other children, I raised my right hand and said solemnly: "I pledge allegiance to my flag. . . ." At that time, I hadn't the slightest notion what the word allegiance meant, but I caught the spirit of the ceremony nevertheless. I was to revere the flag and all that it represents. And it is that spirit that now revolts against the use of the word "American" as a trade mark for any group of individuals.

"The Builders' Exchange," went on Mr. Bell, "after four months' of struggle with the unions succeeded in establishing the American Plan. Carpenters and other workers in the building trades had been brought from other cities to take the place of the strikers. Finally the Building Trades Council realized the uselessness of continuing the strike and advised its members to return to work. The Industrial Association of San Francisco was organized with the main purpose of taking care of the interests of both employers and workers. The association is just as severe on an employer who is unfair to labor as it is on a trade union that attempts to use unfair tactics."

"But is not the policy of the Industrial Association anti-union?" I interrupted.

"Not at all," Mr. Bell replied most emphatically. "On the contrary, we favor the unions. Take the case of the carpenters for instance. During one of their strikes, we secured carpenters from other cities to the number of about 300. After the strike was over, practically every one of these men had joined the carpenters' union. So you see that in a way, the Industrial Association is helping to increase the membership of the trade unions."

I could not help wondering whether the Industrial Association and the Builders' Exchange were particularly happy over the fact that their imported carpenters had joined the union. That incident, at least, does not prove the partiality of the association toward trade unionism. Importing strike breakers is

not the choicest manner of showing favoritism to the unionist. If, according to trade union philosophy, scabs can be shown the error of their ways, has the Industrial Association the right to claim that its specific intention was to swell the ranks of trade unionists?

**I**FELT it useless to continue plying Mr. Bell with further questions as to the policies of the Industrial Association. I somehow got the impression that Mr. Bell put all references to the association in the rosiest of hues and assured me that the association was the one and only boon for the benighted trade unionist; that no other organization in the world had such highminded and patriotic motives, such absolute regard and solicitude for the workman as the Industrial Association of San Francisco; no matter how insincere American Plan organizations in other cities may be, that of San Francisco was beyond and above reproach. When I mentioned the verdict of the federal court, Mr. Bell was visibly embarrassed and felt that its verdict will probably be reversed.

On the subject of San Francisco versus Los Angeles, Mr. Bell spoke more convincingly and interestingly.

"No doubt," he said, "the fact that San Francisco became widely known as a union stronghold, kept some manufacturers from establishing their factories here. And in the same sense, Los Angeles advertising itself as an open shop town might have attracted some industries there. But really I do not see any special virtue in numbers, do you?"

I quite agreed with him. He then went on at length to discuss the various phases of a city's growth, and came to the conclusion that it is difficult to place one's finger on just one cause for the development and growth of any particular city.

"Do you believe that the inauguration of the American Plan will tend to make for a larger and better San Francisco?" I asked as a parting shot.

Mr. Bell looked at me deprecatingly as much as to say, "Can't you ask me something simpler?" but he was saved the necessity for further discussion by the insistent ringing of the telephone bell. When a lengthy telephonic conversation ensued, I felt that my presence was superfluous, and off I went in search of Mr. Frederick Ely.

As former labor editor of the Bulletin,  
*(Continued on page 181)*



# Little Studies in Ill-Temper

By INA CLAIRE

ONE of the elements which helps to make things interesting in this interesting world is ill-temper. In these days when everything is being analyzed and amplified almost anything may be made the spring-board for a plunge into deep and sometimes muddy currents. These various types of small ill-temper and exasperations which ruffle the surface of daily living may, for purposes of description, be grouped loosely into six types:

The electrical storm; the trade wind; the whirlwind; the picnic-shower; the typhoon, and the climatical type.

The electrical storm type of ill-temper is brief but intense; it clears the atmosphere and prevents more serious storms. To the owners of electrical tempers an outburst is a small matter, soon over, and they display a bewildered innocence at the excitement they have aroused. They are perfectly serene again; why should anyone else feel any resentment over the affair? In fact some people seem much more expansive and genial after a brisk fit of temper, as though the clouds that had gathered had spent their force. The storm is over, and the air is clearer because of the disturbance.

People who indulge in the trade wind type of emotion use their gales of ill-temper to blow to themselves various advantages, privileges and immunities which they could not secure otherwise. When friends and family sense the approach of such a storm they reef sail and scud before the gusts. They even anticipate the occasion and yield the desired point before the squall begins. This is possibly the most useful and effective of all types of ill-temper, and the most easily acquired. It flourishes in childhood and even in babyhood. The whirlwind type of temper belongs to the people who habitually speak sharply and angrily. They speak roughly, though without much emotion in their feelings until the reaction is set up by their own speech. Like the child who, William James says, does not cry because he is frightened, "he is frightened because he cries," they are angry because they have spoken angrily. Their speech stirs the anger of others, in turn increasing their own; still growing in intensity and constantly turning in upon itself it carries devastation to unex-

pected places. It is this type of ill-temper which sometimes sweeps a whole neighborhood, filling the air with dust.

THE picnic-shower type of temper seems designed chiefly for the purpose of producing discomfort and disharmony on pleasurable occasions. It arises so suddenly and unexpectedly that it can seldom be provided against, and often is seemingly caused merely by the contentment and happiness of others.

The typhoon type, on the other hand, has its origin at a distance, in affairs quite unconnected with what is apparently the exciting cause. It comes from

block farther on, delayed by a stalled truck, she rose in a frenzy of emotional zeal which was one-fourth impatience at the delay and three-fourths oil-stock indignation. The conductor was standing in the exit leaning out to watch the progress of the truck. Impatience and civic fervor culminated in direct action. She planted a compelling hand in the middle of the broad blue shoulders blocking her path, and gave a vigorous shove.

The conductor descended the steps rapidly to the street, throwing out his arms wildly to retain his balance. When he had steadied himself he turned with a look of resentful bewilderment on his face.

But I am merely telling this as it was told to me. I was not there—I was hurrying back a half-block to keep an appointment at which I was already overdue.

The climatic type of ill-temper is very common, due to surrounding conditions and sometimes largely to a sense of elevation. It is the type of irritation which makes people treat the stranger who serves them with an asperity never used toward a social equal. They slam the telephone receiver or shriek at the operator, or rebuke the clerk who blunders. Perhaps you do not, but some of us do.

This seems to be a type more commonly feminine than masculine, and it may be due to women's long seclusion in the home, or perhaps to the fact that she has been less subject to the attritions of daily life in childhood. In Little Girl Land it is quite according to the rules of the game to make faces or to call names and then to decide that you won't play, and go home. In Little Boy Land you can't do that unless you want to be a "Sissy"—horrible fate! You've got to stay and take the consequences if you offend your fellows, and you have it impressed upon you through your nose or your eye, or some other mutilated feature if you have not been polite. These results are no doubt helpful in producing a habitually genial demeanor in your contacts with the outside world.

This is totally apart from any question of amiability at home. That is a matter of training, largely accomplished in the past by mothers through the lay-

*A thoughtful man remarked the other day, in my hearing: "Women have a lot to answer for. They bring men in out of the open and shut them up in offices to work for them. They make life artificial, because they must have things soft and easy."*

*"Men, as a rule, prefer the open. They do not mind hardship if it gives them a chance for achievement."*

*"Plenty of men in the penitentiary today were sent there by women who insisted upon crowding into cities, and who demanded more luxuries than they could give them honestly."*

*I listened and wondered. Is he right?*

## WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

*For the best reply, from man or woman, received before May 1st, Overland will pay \$5.00. Replies must be of less than 300 words. Address Ida Claire, Care Overland.*

unexpected causes and often produces astonishing results.

Perhaps I can best illustrate this type by the experience of Mrs. X. who is a small mild-mannered person, rather colorless and complacent. Mrs. X. is, however, deeply interested in civic and social problems. On one occasion she was hastening to an afternoon meeting where she was to read a paper on the evils of permitting the sale of bogus oil stocks. The suburban street car of ancient model was traveling very slowly. As she read over her paper the moral indignation expressed in it at the frauds practiced mingled subtly with her irritation at the delay. She aroused from her absorption just in time to discover that she was being carried past her street where she was already over-due.

When the car came to a stop a half-

(Continued on page 190)



# Etching in California

John W. Winkler

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

WHILE the first article in this series treated of the beginnings of etching in California and less of California etchers than of those who first used the West coast region as a subject for their plates, there is no intention of continuing in chronological order. Some of those who first experimented with acid and copper plate, bringing to the Institute before the fire an expensive press from the East, lost interest and produced nothing of consequence, or removed to other scenes before they could properly be claimed by California. Altogether, it seems best that the series should treat of those of today who are known as California etchers, for as a matter of fact the really important plates produced here have all been produced by this contemporary group.

It is comparatively easy to name those who should appear in this group as representing the important California etchers, but aside from one or two, perhaps three, there might be dispute as to the relative ranking. If we should, however, first make an arbitrary division of the group as between non-painter and painter-etchers there would be less of question. In the first division will come, of course, such men as Winkler, Partridge, Millier, Scammon, Haskell, Stoll and Toddhunter; while among the painter-etchers must be placed Armin Hansen, Benjamin Brown and Loren Barton.

If the non-painter etchers, as being specialists in the art are first approached, and this would seem a perfectly logical procedure—there could be little controversy should the name of John W. Winkler head the list.

Winkler's art found birth in California. California, and particularly San Francisco, gave it inspiration, and though he has been for three years away from here he is still under the influence of the California atmosphere. It was during the Panama-Pacific Exposition that Winkler became inspired with the idea of transferring to the copper plate the colorful scenes of San Francisco's Chinatown and the Latin Quarter. Having had no previous experience with the

etcher's needle it is a source of wonder that he was able in his six years of work here to accomplish so much.

Confining himself almost entirely in his choice of subject to Chinatown, Telegraph Hill and the waterfront of San Francisco and Oakland, he produced a series of more than fifty plates. Scarcely a one of these but has definite value, showing as a series the sure and steady progress he made in developing the technique of the art.

They are literal things, these plates of picturesque San Francisco. They would be excellent as historical documents, for



"Awnings and Balconies" from the etching by John W. Winkler

he has put into their making conscientious and painstaking work. Certain of the plates depicting the Chinese shops show in minute detail the objects arrayed on the shelves and tables, yet so clean is the workmanship, so carefully is the composition handled, that there is no feeling of heaviness.

AS his work developed there seemed to come a certain elimination of unessentials, until the prints gained a delightful looseness, but it is a looseness without a trace of incoherence. The composition is firm, the design good, and with it a most pleasing lightness.

There is in Winkler's plates, too, an elusive humor. He retains the "humaneness" of things to an extent that is, I think, equalled only by the painter-etch-

ers. And these quaint Chinese which throng Winkler's prints were to him, of course, parts of his everyday life. They were his neighbors, his friends.

I am told that Winkler dislikes mention of this phase of his life, this period which he spent in Chinatown. I do not know why he should object. That he was willing to take work which brought him daily in close contact with the things he desired to etch seems to me eminently natural. The Chinaman of that day was a shy and suspicious creature—he is most sophisticated now—and disliked to have his lineaments transferred to paper or plate. Winkler secured the job of lighting the lamps of the Chinatown section and

for several years traversed the quarter each day, becoming so familiar a figure to its denizens that he was given unequalled opportunity for their study.

That he saw them in their own lives is proved by such of his plates as the "Chinaman and Turtle," his "Shrimp Wagon," or his "Oriental Shops." The first mentioned is a small plate, a splendid example of elimination; every line clean and definitely required. The second is unusual in that he has taken one subject, the wagon and its attendant Chinaman, as a frame in which he gives a careful sketch of the street beyond as seen through the open top of the wagon. There is in this print a delightfully humorous quality, impossible

of description.

The last mentioned print, "Oriental Shops," is interesting when compared with one of his more recent plates, produced during his Parisian sojourn, "Le Petit Brocanteur." The composition of each is almost identical; a background of shop fronts, an open doorway, a sitting shopkeeper. But in one the atmosphere is entirely that of Chinatown; in the others it is that of Paris. And of the two I am inclined to place the plate of California origin as the best.

Seeing these plates, it is not difficult to understand why the French masters of etching have been forced to accept Winkler as their equal. He has attained to the art of making the unaided line express not only subject matter but emotion. As one of our American authorities

(Continued on page 189)



## A Page of Verse

### SUPPOSE LOVE WAITED?

Suppose Love waited till Life's seas  
were calm,  
And every cloud had vanished from her  
skies,  
Till every breeze blew fresh o'er pine  
and palm?

Would Love be wise?

Suppose Love would not watch and  
wait awhile,  
Nor stay to help, nor reach both arms  
to save;  
Nor bear the sad earth's discords with  
a smile?

Would Love be brave?

Suppose Love held his beautiful proud  
head  
Life's common ways and daily needs  
above,  
Till hope and faith and courage, all  
were dead?

Would Love be—Love?

—Jeania Peet.

### ROAD TO ROMANY

Since I have gone away again to Romany  
Searching the world in its green and  
gold and blue,

I have learned a splendid, still delight  
of you

That I could never learn at all when tea  
Came every afternoon at three.

Since I have gone away again to Romany  
Searching the world in its budding and  
its bloom,

I have learned quietness of hearth fires  
in the gloom

And the warm wisdom of humility  
That I could never learn at all when tea  
Came every afternoon at three.

—Vernon Patterson.

### DAY'S END

Crouching tigers against a fiery sky,  
The folded hills of Santa Barbara lie;  
The pink and silver glitter of the sea  
Under the cliff glooms to obscurity.

—Ellen Coit Elliott.

### UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

These be two wanderers: ships and men.  
Even the weary bones of ships  
Ghost-frail, foam-frothy, find burial  
there,

For clean, shining grave-sand is every  
where,

And everywhile comes the sun-mellowed,  
soft-soothing murmur  
Of cool-lapping lips.

Even the scarlet tongues of men  
Are pierced by the pale-fingered roots  
of the grass,

And their life-customed quiverings  
weaken and pass

Into silence and peace that is better than  
songs fully sung

Or than words fully said.

These be two wanderers: ships and men.  
Here where the earth takes her children  
to breast

Even most tireless of wanderers rest:  
Even the wandering ships,  
Even the wandering men.

—M. E. Colby.

### WAITING

I saw the morning  
Sunlight spilled  
Into a great basin of the hills  
When dawn  
Had drained it of the night—  
And it was filled  
With the mystery of trees.  
And light.

So many thousand years  
The hills and sun—  
And trees  
Have waited for this morning  
And for me.

—ooo—

### CLOUDS AND RAIN

A sunless sky  
Sags in folds  
That drag along the range;  
And clouds, like dirigibles  
Broken from their moorings,  
Drift toward a mist of plum trees  
White upon the mountain's breast.

And then  
In gray-blue monotone  
Thin shades of rain come down  
Along the silent way  
And shroud the trees  
That wait the resurrection of the sun.

## My Hills

By ETHEL BRODT WILSON

—ooo—

### A WHISPER OF COLOR

APPLE trees that are pink and  
white in May—  
In the hollow, down the hill,  
Are as a pool of green in August.  
In November they fill the mountain-  
bowl with yellow  
And in December have stepped naked  
from their leaves.

Strange, that for so long, I saw only  
bare apple trees—  
They seemed gray and dull;  
Now I see only soft lilac-blue  
Like a breath whispering through the  
stripped branches  
To the same blue across the line of hills.

Apple-bloom,  
Cool-green,  
November's gold,  
Will never seem so lovely  
As the lilac maze of bare branches—  
A whisper in the apple orchard  
In the hollow, down the hill.

### POSSESSION

NO other shares with me  
The pungent silence  
Of this after-sundown hour,  
No one could take it from me.  
Afield, are many mountains  
And little valleys,  
Holding light  
As fragrance in a cup.  
A pear-tree thicket  
Spreads colored awnings  
Of autumn hues  
In a quiet glade.  
Wild pigeons fly  
Between gray trees and mist,  
And in gray mist are lost  
As birds at sea.

—ooo—

### SLEEPING OUT

BEND low, sky,  
As darkness settles down.  
By the stars' light  
Keep the vigil. Orion.  
Blow, soft wind,  
Across my face  
And in my hair.  
Touch my eyelids  
Sweet breath of rain.  
Make music, pines,  
Over my head  
On invisible strings.  
Mountains, outline  
The cradle's rim  
That holds the night—and me.





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### THE ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION

**T**HIS, by Francis L. Wellman of the New York bar, a book now in its third edition, is one of the surprises of a reviewer's life. It looks so staid, so solemn, so exclusively a book for the dignified members of the legal profession, so utterly beyond the average reader's capacity, that one hesitates to open it, and thinks: "Put it on the shelf beside Coke and Blackstone."

But nothing could be more informative, more amusing or better reading than "cross-examination of witnesses." Begin, if you like, at the first chapter, famous examples from everywhere, such as Joseph H. Choate's handling of the Martinez Del Valle case, the examination of Richard Pigott before the Parnell Commission, the Bellevue Hospital case, Samuel Untermeyer's cross-examination of Henry L. Doherty, and many others.

On the historical side, we have apt stories of the methods used to bring out facts by Lincoln, Jeremiah Mason, Charles O'Conner, Benjamin Butler, Lord Erskine, and many others. Portraits of most of these worthies add to the book's value. The cases and the illustrations are all real, but many of them have not been known before by the general public, or even to the profession. The book will rightly receive long reviews in the law journals, but when a modern judge or attorney in England or America wants an hour of solid enjoyment, he will turn to his "Art of Cross-Examination," particularly to the chapters on "Experts," on handling "perjured witnesses" and on "Fallacies of Testimony." He will also find the deeper life tragedies, as when Pigott, being driven to the wall by Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination, goes to his room and kills himself.

This is a Macmillan book and its price is \$4.00. CHARLES H. SHINN.

James H. Crook's "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," reviewed in the February issue, is published by the Yale University Press, which failed to receive credit for the book.

C. H. S.

### BACKBONE

**H**ERE is a book which has more than everyday values for parents teachers, and all who wish to understand the spirit of revolt against established usages which every generation of ardent young men and women feel so strongly. The author is Dr. Samuel S. Drury, Headmaster of St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire; the sub-title to his book is "Development of Character," and his twenty chapters go straight home to the mark:

Our author begins by asking: "What is the matter with John? He continues this way:

"Yes, John, what is the matter with you? You seem like a pleasant sort of boy. You smile out at life in a friendly fashion. Your traditions, too, are high-minded; your surroundings should breed purpose and power. To be sure, John is but fifteen years old, having plenty of time to change. Yet already John in the family is something of a liability. His father frowns and fidgets when the envelope with his monthly report from school comes in, murmuring: 'I wish that boy wouldn't be such a drag. He doesn't quite make the team; he doesn't quite complete his work. What is the matter with John?'"

But there is hope ahead, as we are now told: "All the Johns and Jims and Toms (yes, and all the Emilys and Emmas and Ediths, too) who are in life's second decade—from ten years old to twenty—have this powerful asset; they are in the making, the grooves in their brains are not discouragingly deep, their habits are not settled. These words are addressed to all sorts of boys and girls in the second decade; to the popular leader as well as to the shrinking follower. We all can grow; we all do change, up or down; and especially can those who are under twenty daily increase in backbone."

Then the "backbone metaphor" is explained on its physical side, and is deftly developed into the moral backbone idea. Who wants to be spineless? Let us think true thoughts, do good deeds keep on the move. In other words, let us "increase," go from well to bet-

ter, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Before long, our author has a laugh over what he calls the pitiful doctrine of self-culture, for one's own material benefit. "We are," he says, "the product of gifts, influences, spiritual power which came from outside ourselves." Before long, he is talking to his readers as if they were the fourteen-year-old boys in St. Paul's School. This is how he tells it: "The belief that God is too almighty to care, and too busy telling the number of the stars and calling them by their names to bind up the broken-hearted and call *us* by our names, is no belief in God at all. If a boy is cranky and spineless, some elders insist that the only course to pursue (where such a dreary notion of education prevails) is either to punish him into frightened conformity or to closet him with a psychoanalyst. The obvious privilege for the young backbone grower is to put his problems into his prayers, and make his prayers expectant enough to solve his problems. His marks, his doubts, his friends, his temptations, his fears, his poor language, all are to figure in the growing creed of the growing boy. There are in the gospel these two superb imperatives, *This do*. The one points to the sky, the other *This do* makes a broad gesture to the earth. These are the twin great duties, for like Wordsworth's "Skylark", we must be "true to the kindred points of heaven and home." Nor can anyone suppose that in the world of human contacts and thronging duties we can neglect a just and noble behaviour towards the world about us."

The book goes on with intense earnestness, giving us plenty of plain talks on such topics as "Faddism in Food," "Six Days for Work," "Breaking the Proverbs," "Words, Words, Words." There is much about the great addresses made by Washington, Webster, Lincoln and other Americans. The book is full of such sentences as this: "The goal of education is the soul's nobility." Then comes this, on "Keeping Fit:" "One of the least creditable fears that can get lodgment in a boy's mind is fear about



## With California Writers

**DOCTOR MARY McKIBBEN** HARPER who offers one of the Bookfellow prizes, is returning to Chicago after a trip to this coast in the interests of the Dickens Foundation. The various centers now being established will call many back to read again the novels of the incomparable story-teller and will introduce others to a new world.

The drawing power of Dickens is not gone for old or young. One who recently read most of *Old Curiosity Shop* aloud to a youthful audience and read a much praised recent novel to herself remarks on the regret with which she laid *Curiosity Shop* aside when her visit ended. As in Bret Harte's *Dickens in Camp*, she and her young audience with Nell in English meadows wandered and lost their way.

The unfinished new novel she closed without an impulse to ask how it came out. It seemed a forced and artificial piece of work beside that of the immortal Dickens.

Those who are interested to know more of the Dickens Foundation may communicate with Doctor Harper's friend and fellow worker, Mrs. Emma E. Skemp of 425 Sixty-first Street, Oak-

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

land, or with Doctor Harper at the Bookfellow headquarters, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago.

**DAVID CHURCHILL** has for years made friends of the people who read *Century* and *McClure's*. Her Alaska stories live in the minds of many readers. When she returns this month to New York, she will leave many new friends who have had through her a view of eastern publication centers. Mrs. Churchill has had an active participation in magazine editing that enables her to speak helpfully to those who wish to receive small light letters from publishers instead of those long envelopes that fall with the sickening thud described by Professor Adams in his delightful talk before the California Writers' Club in March.

As a relief from editorial work Mrs. Churchill spends much time on her wee farm just out of New York, where she is a specialist in the growing of pansies.

Her daughter, Lois Atkins, is a writer and literary agent who is increasingly helpful in placing Western writers in Eastern publication and who goes East

soon to spend a few months in editorial offices.

**MRS. EDWIN MARKHAM'S** visit to California recalls the coming of Edward Markham in 1915, when all California delighted to honor the poet. Mrs. Markham, too, is a poet in her own right. As a lecturer she is much in demand in and around New York. Her presentation of Women in Poetry before the California Writers' Club was a charmingly informal talk on a subject that might tempt the speaker into prosy paths—so opposite may matter be to manner.

Virgil Markham, the only son in the gifted family, is a University instructor, writer and player in the Wheeler Hall productions, which are being broadcasted.

Speaking of Markham, have you read his poem beginning:

"We men of earth have here the stuff  
Of Paradise—we have enough"

Or another brief wisdom-filled poem, beginning:

"Defeat may serve as well as victory  
To shake the soul and let the glory  
out."

—Laura Bell Everett.

disease. If we should adopt for our motto the old legend: 'Fear nothing but fear,' we should place next to it Christ's counsel, 'Fear not them that have power to kill the body.' The person of wholesome mind who earnestly covets the good gift of backbone, ought not to shun death or those agencies that sometimes bring it near. Fear of disease is unmanly and unchristian."

Then we are told that it often is the part of heroism to incur disease. Such were the Red Cross nurses in Serbia, the men who endured the yellow fever tests in Cuba, and Father Damien among the lepers in Molokai. But with regard to developing backbone in health, and the moral obligation to keep fit, we shall think of those preventable ills, half of which are follies and half of which are crimes.

After reading the whole book, we come to the conclusion that the wise (and amusing) chapter on "Life and Letters" is about the best one of the twenty and the very best thing in that chapter is the page that tells about splenetic old John Adams and his wise comely wife Abigail.

The Macmillan Company publishes this much-needed book for \$1.50 net.

—CHARLES H. SHINN.

### THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

**IS THERE ANYONE** the world over who does not thrill at the mention of treasure? It is little wonder then that this first authoritative account of Carnarvon's famous discovery in the Valley of the Kings is finding enthusiastic reception, both by the Egyptologist and by those who read for entertainment as well as instruction.

Howard Carter, for six years Lord Carnarvon's assistant in the search for hitherto undiscovered Egyptian material, tells of the events leading up to the finding of the tomb and treasure chamber, and of the invaluable objects which have so far been taken from the crypt.

Carter tells the story, simply and graphically:

"Slowly, desperately slowly it seemed to us as we watched, the remains of the passage debris that encumbered the lower part of the doorway was removed, until at last we had the whole door clear before us. The decisive moment had arrived. With trembling hands I made a tiny breach in the upper left hand corner. Darkness and blank space, as far as an iron testing rod could reach, showed that whatever lay beyond was empty, and not filled like the passage we had just cleared. Candle tests were applied as a precaution against possible foul gases, and then, widening the hole a little, I

inserted the candle and peered in, Lord Carnarvon, Lady Evelyn and Callender standing anxiously beside me to hear the verdict. At first I could see nothing, the hot air escaping from the chamber causing the candle flame to flicker, but presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room within emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold—everywhere the glint of gold. For the moment—an eternity it must have seemed to the others standing by—I was struck dumb with amazement, and when Lord Carnarvon, unable to stand the suspense any longer, inquired anxiously, "Can you see anything?" it was all I could do to get out the words, "Yes, wonderful things." Then widening the hole a little further, so that we both could see, we inserted an electric torch."

The volume contains as an introduction a biographical sketch of the late Lord Carnarvon by Lady Burghclere. There are profuse illustrations both of the tomb and of its treasure. It is a chronicle as fascinating as any romance.

**THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN**, by Howard Carter and A. C. Mace. George H. Doran Company, \$5.00 net.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, have an especially delightful edition of Alice's *Adventures in Wonderland*. It has eight glowing color-pages by Gertrude Kay, and above everything else, all of the original drawings by John Tenniel.





It was in this peaceful setting that Clarence Mulford wrote "Rustler's Valley," his new tale of the tumultuous old West

### MAHATMA GANDHI

A REMARKABLE STORY of a remarkable man, this chronicle of India's great teacher by Romain Rolland. It is a book which could only have been written by one of sympathetic understanding, for it is more than a chronicle of events—it is indeed but slightly that; it is an interpretation, a setting forth, of those characteristics which make the Mahatma the world-important figure he is today.

This greatest leader of modern times has become almost a legendary figure, a creature of unreality, so much of mystery has cloaked him, so much of God-hood has been attached to him through the love of his followers. Rolland makes Gandhi a real figure. He brings us into close contact with the motives which lead the Mahatma, giving us almost the thought processes of the man. We come to know Gandhi's purity of thought; his love for India; his devotion, pure and unselfish, to principle; his abhorrence of violence in any form.

Expressed with keen yet restrained feeling, and written with beautiful simplicity, it is a biography to be valued whether one fully sympathizes with India's peaceful revolt against her masters or not. And if one's sympathies have been with Britain it is difficult to justify her handling of Indian matters in view of such statements as this:

"Four thousand took up their abode in the Golden Temple of Amritsar, ten miles away. Every day one hundred from among the four thousand, most of them men of military age, many of whom served in the war, left the Golden Temple, after taking the vow of remaining true to the principle of non-violence.

"Not far from the sanctuary the British constables waited at the bridge with iron-tipped rods to stop the manifestation. And every day a gruesome scene took place.

Andrews, Tagore's friend, describes it: 'The Akalis arrived silently before the constables, and at a distance of about a yard they stopped and began to pray, silently, motionlessly. The constables, in order to drive them away, prodded them with iron-tipped rods, jabbing harder and harder till blood began to flow and the Sikhs fell unconscious. Those who could get to their feet would begin to pray again, until they were beaten into unconsciousness like the others.'

And this was as late as August, 1922, with Gandhi in prison. Truly a remarkable man to inspire devotion such as this to his teachings.

H. N. P.

Mahatma Gandhi, by Romain Rolland. The Century Co., \$1.50 net.

### THE GAY YEAR

IT'S A STORY of the "younger married set"—a story of today, with Jerry Lancaster as heroine.

Jerry has sold newspapers on the street corners and has been an entertainer in cafes. She enters war work and meets Philip Lancaster. Love—marriage—entry into the gaieties of Eastport's society.

Philip is older, steadier, wiser. Because she loves him Jerry curbs the "free and easy" manner of other days.

Elsie is the villainess—oh, yes, there must be a villainess in every up-to-the-minute story—and aids in further complicating the situation for Jerry. And there's a villain, too; but Jerry wins them both over and all is once more serene for her.

But Elsie's punishment comes in the final tragedy, which the reader infers permanently reforms the giddy married folk.

It's a readable story, and well written, even if somewhat unconvincing.

THE GAY YEAR, by Dorothy Speare. George H. Doran Co., \$2.00 net.

### THE SENSE

By George H. THE AUTHOR

Offers here the personal experience in the effort to "preserve youthful strength and elasticity of physical and mental powers, beyond three score years," which in his case has been highly successful.

Briefly, his attention has been given to proper exercises, taken with unflinching regularity; plenty of outdoor life and well-selected foods. There is nothing new about all this, but the present author gives the rules in vivid and convincing language and with force of immediate personal result. Many a man or woman of middle age, or thereabouts, whose muscles are sagging and whose energies are flagging might read this book and practice its precepts with profit.

M. M. W.

### STREETS OF NIGHT

STARTS no place—college boys—chorus girls—sex—cats chasing around a lamp post—suicide—ouija board—arrives no place.

STREETS OF NIGHT, by John Dos Passos. George H. Doran Co., \$2.00 net.

### RUSTLERS' VALLEY

WHO DOESN'T LOVE a western story? Of course the real West laughs, for the days when these story folk lived and rode and swung guns from their belts passed long since—but there isn't a doubt that as many of these stories are sold per capita in the western states as among the Atlantic seaboard. And some of them, written by men who know the country of which they write, are decidedly worth reading.

Clarence E. Mulford is one of the few who write understandingly, conservatively and well of the old days when the great herds were still a fact, and cattle thieves were an accepted if regretted factor in the business. In this latest book of his, Mulford leaves the reader not a dull moment. There are complications a-plenty, hard riding and fast shooting. The story starts with a fight, and would undoubtedly have ended with one had the author not seen fit to introduce a heroine. Not that she was needed for the interest of the story, but being there she must take her place in the fade-out.

Mulford knows his country; evidently he knows his characters, for the story is convincing as well as entertaining.

Rustlers' Valley, by Clarence E. Mulford Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00 net.



# Long Distance Interviews---Irvin S. Cobb

By TORRY CONNOR

**T**HE *Passionate Interviewer*, facetiously, to Irvin S. Cobb, America's Foremost Humorist:

"Mr. Cobb, a lot of people out here on the edge of things would like to express their approval of your inimitable "Siwash College" stories, of your "Bunker Bean," of "Fables in Slang," "Grey's Elegy," and of that other masterpiece of yours, "Huckleberry Finn." They realize that the odds are against their achieving the honor of shaking the hand that wrote "Laugh and Grow Thin;" but if you'll tell them how you do this sort of thing, year's end on year's end, and get away with it, they'll forego the hand-shake.

*Mr. Cobb, in New York, exercising the inalienable right of the professional humorist to be serious:*

"I have no recipe for writing my so-called humor. I think of something, or hear something which to me seems susceptible of being treated in a light-hearted way, or at any rate, a good-natured way; and then I sit down, pen in hand, and endeavor to do so. Sometimes, I hope, I succeed. Sometimes I know I fail.

*The P. I., in California, nudging the F. H. with a jestive elbow:*

"When did your downward course begin?"

*Mr. Cobb, in New York—a shade remotely:*

"I got in the habit a good many years ago, and have never been cured."

*The P. I., in California—bent on starting something:*

"Are you funny by nature, Mr. Cobb, or how do you go about it?"

*Mr. Cobb, in New York, with an added shade of reserve, and neatly sidestepping the attack:*

"I write alleged humor for two reasons:

1. Because I like to.

2. Because it pays.

*After having proceeded thus far in the interview without incriminating himself, Mr. Cobb allows himself to contradict himself:*

"Personally, I prefer writing serious stuff, but there is a demand for humorous stuff—even for the kind of humorous stuff that I write; and since it is easier for me to write than serious stuff, I write a good deal of it in the course of a year.

"With all good wishes for your success, I am

Sincerely yours,

—IRVIN S. COBB.

## THE MAGIC MIDLAND

**T**HOSE boys of any age up to eighty who remember the lure of twin ribbons of steel running off into the unknown; who remember the thrill as—ear to track—they caught the humming of the oncoming express; those who knew the indescribable charm of the clamorous, cinder-strewn yards, will delight in this latest tale by Harold Waldo.

The Larry of Waldo's creation is a real boy. I don't know where Waldo knew him, but somewhere he has lived; of that I am sure. Self-conscious, awkward, a real specimen of boyhood. Larry was a preacher's son, held to an over-narrow path by his widowed father. Revolt, when it came, was the result of a natural working out of the laws of boyhood, and so well has the author delineated his characters that the reader sympathizes both with Larry in his rebellion and with the Reverend McGraw in his distress at the breaking away from the parental rule.

Through it all is woven Larry's love for the big mogul, the "1200," and its engineer; together with his half-understood affection for the engineer's daughter. But the love element is so cleverly subordinated that it remains a real boy's story of a real boy. Waldo comes definitely into his own in this story.

H. N. P.

*The Magic Midland, by Harold Waldo, George H. Doran Co., \$2.00 net.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**N**OT a "life" of Lincoln, but a collection of sketches from the intimate associations with him of one of his few surviving contemporaries. Henry B. Rankin, who as a boy studied law in the Springfield office of Lincoln and Herndon, tells of the great Captain in his everyday life in and about his office.

There is no attempt at sequence in the sketches. They are reminiscences, rather, uttered somewhat at random, reflecting that love and loyalty which Rankin the boy had for the country lawyer with whom he worked. The simply written sentences bring us face to face with a Lincoln we had not known.

Is this the Lincoln of sculpture, of painting, of anecdote and biography? "Lincoln had no coarse, boorish, or awkward manners. He possessed a nameless grace of deportment that kept him self-poised, self-sustained in any and all new and unexpected situations. He was master of himself on such occasions, as far as his mental powers were necessary to control his physical movements. . . . Under the most unusual and trying circumstances he showed no embarrassment in his countenance, bodily movement, or deportment, be the occasion a public or private one. He maintained, without visible effort, an even serenity and composure. He was the master of Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Rankin, too, gives a glimpse of a Mrs. Lincoln which is new. He de-

votes a chapter to setting before the reader a Mrs. Lincoln far apart from the scheming, ambitious, somewhat unloveable woman which most biographers have made her out to be. For this reason alone the volume would be worth while.

*Intimate Character Sketches of Abraham Lincoln, by Henry B. Rankin. Lippincott, \$3.00.*

## FROM A ROSE JAR

**T**here's many and many a lyric poet who sings unheard save by the few, until suddenly there comes a burst of song and we awake to the realization that we have with us a new poet.

Miss Doran comes to us with her first volume, a modest, gray covered little book which is evidence of her undoubted gift of song. There is little attempt at serious verse; it is rather the light singing of one who but tries her voice. There will be greater power when the poet is more sure of her gift.

## DREAM SHIPS

Full many ships sail on the sea  
With treasures in the hold;  
With diamonds and the sheen of pearls,  
Or massive chests of gold.  
And some are stocked with ebony,  
With ivory or jades;  
Within some dingy holds the glint  
And shimmer of brocades.  
My bark brings neither silver bars,

Mahogany or jade;  
It is not stocked with bales of stuffs,  
Rare perfumes nor pomade;  
I do not need the pilot Luck,  
Nor Fortune on my prow;  
A tender friend holds fast my heart—  
My ship's in harbor now.

—LOUISE DORAN.



# Women In Business

By MARY MILLS WEST

SOME of the most interesting women at work in California are those of foreign birth or parentage, many of whom are still hidden from general acquaintance behind the veil of a strange language. It is a pity, for many of them are artists, and the friends and associates of artists in various countries of the world.

In Berkeley some of these women are becoming known—at least to a small group, through their artistic work in pottery, metals, textiles, or in the graphic or creative arts; an artistic creation made available to the public through the Berkeley Arts and Crafts shop, where a varied collection of objects of beauty and value may be seen.

This shop is the outcome of a move made by the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce to foster the artists within the city by exhibiting their wares. It is the beginning of the creation of a market for them, to the end that artists may live and support their families through their artistic work, without the necessity of carrying on a "bread and butter" occupation which consumes most of their time and strength. In accordance with this idea, visitors are shown the wide variety of beautiful and valuable articles made by these local artists, from

## CREATING AN ART CENTER

paintings and sculptures to handiwork in leather and wood, which they may purchase if they like, and through which acquaintance may be made with these workers.

Gently-bred women, with a rare craft at their finger tips, who might otherwise be compelled to try to earn a bare living at some form of manual labor are thus able not only to make a success of their special talent, but give to us a craft or art which we would otherwise miss entirely. At the same time, they are able in a wholly self-respecting way to establish themselves in their proper place in an alien society.

The shop is managed by Mrs. Nanna T. Boedker, herself of Norwegian birth, and an artist. For a number of years, Mrs. Boedker owned and managed a shop in Chicago which served as an outlet for the handiwork of the foreign-born in that city. Each year Mrs. Boedker went to Europe, visiting the Scandinavian and other countries and bringing back with her patterns, models and materials for the use of the local workers. She, therefore, brings a wide experience and accurate knowledge to her present position combined with a very

discriminating sense of values.

Among the textiles workers are women of Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Armenia, England and Scotland. There are exquisite French laces, embroideries of every sort, including that done on linens for the table, or for hangings, and on clothing. One Russian girl student at the University has been making blouses heavily embellished with Russian embroideries in many colors, and selling them through the shop as a means toward her education.

A notable collection of pictures adorns the walls of the shop. Oils, water-colors, pictures in tempera, etchings, wood block prints, and photographs are all shown. Many, if not most of the subjects are California scenes, with their characteristic beauty of wind-torn seashore, or rugged and romantic mountains.

Altogether, the impression left upon the visitor is that a beginning has here been made of an enterprise that has a value and a significance much deeper and wider than may be seen on the surface,—the creation of a genuine art center which will mean fame for Berkeley, and for its individual artists.

"THE PANTRY" they call it, —Miss Molly Feil and Miss Margaret Jones,—and like any proper pantry, the little shop is filled with goodies of many kinds. There are golden brown pies from California pumpkins, creamy yellow ones flavored with California lemons, juicy red ones filled with California berries, all with crusts so light and flaky you feel at once that the pastry must be home made. To your question, Miss Feil smilingly responds that it is indeed home made, made right there in this amazing little "Pantry", which when one looks into it is a glorified bakery. It stands in Berkeley, almost under the shadow of the State University, and is run and owned by these two enterprising young ladies. Miss Feil brought her training in home economics from the University of Iowa, by way of the Food Administration in which she worked through the war, and Miss Jones her business training from responsible work in the telephone service of the war period.

But although both are adopted daughters of California, "you couldn't pry either of us loose!" they declared in unison. They take pride in the fact

## TWO GIRLS AND A BAKE SHOP

that California furnishes them practically everything that is made or used in their establishment. Oranges, lemons, pineapples, apricots, prunes, berries, figs, dates and nuts come to them straight from the groves of the south, or nearer. Walnuts, for example, are raised commercially within a two-hour drive of the "Pantry", in Walnut Creek. Eggs might come from Petaluma, only a little ways up the Bay and one of the greatest of the egg-producing centers of the world; shortening, baking powder and flour are all local products.

"We do not need to send east for special flours when we can make a cake that looks like that with the flour that is made right here." She cut down through two tender delicious layers, separated and crowned by a thick filling of frosting containing cut figs and walnuts and showed the cross-section of fine-grained cake, of exactly the right texture, moisture and consistency.

Besides the cakes and pies which are the principal output of the shop, there are jellies and jams of every sort, and

various pickles and relishes, made through the seasons when the markets are full of fruits and vegetables, and a few special sorts of bread, such as bran and nut, and tea biscuit.

The "Pantry" is decorated in a scheme of gray and orange, with orange and white checked gingham curtains outlining the broad front windows. The hand of daintiness and the artistic eye are visible everywhere, but it is not alone the outward appearance that is made to please. Miss Feil and Miss Jones boast with pride of the fact that their establishment is just as clean at the back as at the front. The shop is rated at the very top of the list for its sanitary condition by the inspectors for the Department of Health of Berkeley.

The big kitchen is equipped with every modern device for efficient and rapid work. The huge square oven is considerably higher than the heads of the two owners, and into any one of its four ovens can be put twenty cake pans at one time. A fascinating machine driven by electricity does all the mixing and stirring without ever getting tired.

(Continued on page 190)



He joined the San Francisco Art Club, composed mostly of amateurs many of whom later achieved fame. But in those days, Thomas Hill, Wilhelm Hahn, Virgil Williams, William Keith, H. R. Bloomer and numerous other members of this art club were all eager to learn and striving for the goal. They helped each other by criticising and suggesting as they saw fit.

The San Francisco Art Club after-

wards became the Hopkins Art Institute of San Francisco and is now affiliated with the University of California.

Virgil Williams who was quite active in the San Francisco Art Club, was persuaded to come to this country from Italy by Woodward of "Woodward's Gardens" in San Francisco, where for a long time there was an exhibition of his pictures. He was the first president of the Hopkin's Art Institute, a very

popular man with a host of friends.

Chris Jorgensen was a boy in Virgil Williams' studio and did chores like washing brushes, etc., in exchange for lessons. He worshipped Williams and afterwards named his only son for him.

Welch described Thomas Hill as "an amiable Englishman, who said he painted the Yosemite, not as it is, but as it ought to be."

*(Continued next month)*

## Trades Union or Open Shop?

*(Continued from page 170)*

and as editor of Organized Labor, the official weekly newspaper of the Building Trades Council, Mr. Ely is regarded as the best informed spokesman for the trade union. Curiously enough, both Mr. Bell and Mr. Ely are alike in their temperaments. They are wide awake, keen, analytic, conscientious, and doing their level best for the organizations which they represent.

When asked to discuss the influence of the Industrial Association on the membership of the trade unions in the building crafts, Mr. Ely said:

"The building trade unions have certainly not suffered in membership since the inauguration of the American Plan. Of course, the situation in 1921 was quite chaotic. But the trade unions pulled themselves together and today the Building Trades Council is in better condition than it has been in many a year. Prior to the organization of the Industrial Association, there had been no labor difficulty in San Francisco for at least twenty years. Now the Industrial Association attempts to force the so-called American Plan into every industry in the city. If the least controversy arises in any shop, the Industrial Association undertakes to furnish strike breakers on the condition that their American Plan be inaugurated."

"Then the Industrial Association aims to destroy the unions," I remarked.

"That is not their avowed intention," replied Mr. Ely. "But they certainly desire to curtail its power and membership to a great extent. How else interpret their demand that the proportion of union men employed on any job must not be more than fifty per cent, and that the foreman must be a non-union man? Now take the instance of James Rickett of the carpenters' union, who had been a foreman for years. The Industrial Association insisted that he be demoted. He could not continue his job as foreman, for no other reason than that of membership in a trade union. Rickett however has a lot of spirit. He

refused to work under the supervision of another man; he offered his services to the carpenters' union and put all his energy into the building up of his union, with the result that the carpenters of San Francisco are nearly one hundred per cent unionized."

IT is interesting to compare the reasons given for the size and influence of the carpenters' union by both Mr. Bell and Mr. Ely. The former claims that the bringing of carpenters from other cities, and the tolerance of the Industrial Association helped to swell the ranks of the local union, while Mr. Ely asserts that the dismissed Rickett, in a whirlwind campaign, managed to gather in practically all the carpenters in San Francisco into the ranks of trade unions.

"The Industrial Association," continued Mr. Ely, "is not content with its attempt to control the building industry. When the cloak makers went on strike, the Industrial Association offered to furnish strike breakers and to aid the manufacturers on the stipulation that the American Plan be inaugurated. And the American shop is not the open shop as we understand it, that is, where no discrimination is made against either union or non-union men (although in practice an open shop soon becomes anti-union), but it is a shop where at least fifty per cent of the workers must be non-union, and where the foreman is not affiliated with any union. The taxicab companies were induced to adopt the American Plan, and for a while they displayed a little sign "American Plan" on their taxis. But recently the swing of the pendulum is the other way. The placards have been done away with and one of the taxicab companies is operating under the union shop basis."

"Is it not possible to have open shop conditions and yet observe the principles of collective bargaining?" I asked.

"It is rather difficult," admitted Mr.

Ely. "In order to have collective bargaining, it is necessary to have group representation. Otherwise the employer is dealing with individuals, and the result is that every workman competes against every other."

"Then you would say that collective bargaining is at a standstill in San Francisco?" I asked again.

"Oh no, such is not the case," was the prompt response. "Most of the trade unions in San Francisco today are working under contract, that is, they have written agreements with the employers as to wages and conditions of labor."

"Do you agree with Mr. Kuhl that 85 per cent of the workers in San Francisco are working under non-union conditions?"

Mr. Ely pondered a moment and then said very reflectively:

"Perhaps. You know there are any number of industries where the trade unions have never made any headway. It is difficult for instance to organize women. Very likely, Mr. Kuhl is quite correct in saying that eighty-five per cent of the men and women earning their livelihood are not members of trade unions. But then they never had been. The Industrial Association has had nothing whatever to do with the situation."

"San Francisco," Mr. Ely continued, has received an enormous amount of publicity as being a closed union town. As a matter of fact, Los Angeles has more flourishing trade unions than we have. Many of the crafts pay higher wages than are paid here. But Los Angeles deliberately advertises itself as a non-union town. It is all a matter of reputation, though the facts do not tally."

Mr. Ely in parting gave me a copy of the decision of the United States Court against the Industrial Association of San Francisco *et al.*, a summary of which will appear in the next issue of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.



# The Traveler

(Continued from page 165)

venturous conquistador and the hardily pious padre. The Southern California one sees is that of the Anglo-Saxon; but at twilight the land remembers its romantic lover of other days and The Traveler senses its remembering.

## TIA JUANA

The Traveler slid somewhat surreptitiously across the border to Tia Juana. He did it surreptitiously because it is considered to be a bit wicked. He is telling about it now, since to have our badness go unsuspected is to rob it of its piquancy.

The Traveler went to Tia Juana. He saw the races, visited the Mexican Monte Carlo and wandered about Old Town. Whether what he saw is very bad depends upon one's point of view, and whether it is very exciting depends upon how much of that sort of thing one has seen before.

Tia Juana is very much what the once wide-open mining, cow and oil towns were. Mexicans, Chinamen, professional gamblers, racetrack followers, the restless, excitement hungry ones and curious tourists crowd the grandstands and mill about the streets, the gambling halls and cafes. Most of these are seeking money and all of them are seeking a thrill. And it is probable that the tourist who is unfamiliar with the places where the restless grow reckless, gets about the most genuine thrill this sort of thing has to offer.

The Sutherland Stages, immense comfortable cars, which seem always to be filled to capacity, leave San Diego for the border every few minutes during every hour of the day and night. The trip requires about thirty minutes.

It is not only as a vehicle for the exploring tourist, or as a commuter's convenience, or as a means of reaching the inland town where the rickety mail stage with its sidewise seats and skeletonized horses was once the only public transportation link with the world outside, that the automobile stage now does service in California. The traveler doubts if there are a dozen towns in the state that are not served by a main or branch line of at least one of the auto stage companies. These companies have their stations with the conventional ticket offices, waiting and baggage rooms; they have their "train dispatchers," "Chinese puzzle" time-tables and de luxe limited "trains" with de luxe names. The traveler would not be surprised if in a spell of absent-mindedness he should find himself asking some stage line ticket clerk, "Is the diner on the 'Oriole Limited' open between Los Angeles and Santa

Barbara?" or "Does the 'Metropolitan' carry a barber?"

The Traveler rode the Pickwick Stages' "Blue Jay Limited" over the coast route from Los Angeles to San Francisco. The time-table informed him that there were stages on which he could go "through in a day" and others on which he could go "through in a night." On the "Blue Jay" he left Los Angeles at seven o'clock in the morning and reached San Francisco at midnight.

During the day we saw the resorts where the rich play, and the jolly beaches that are the sporting places of those who travel hither in their Fords. We passed through numerous towns that are in the building, trade centers for fast developing agricultural areas and through ornate cities of magnificent residences and luxurious hotels. We passed over spots dedicated to the momentous past and places where the historic is in the making.

Los Angeles is reaching out to the North with all the avidity with which she is building to the south. The San Fernando Valley is peppered with new towns in the midst of many acres of truck gardens. Beyond the Valley are the Conejos—pastoral mountains of homely scenic beauty. In the early morning sun, we saw San Buenaventura Mission, located in the little city which, in our Twentieth Century hurry, we call Ventura.

About a mile north of Ventura we came to the ocean. Much of the highway between Ventura and Rincon is built on causeways over the sea where the hills crowd the roadway from the shore. It was ebb-tide; and the sea, which had left the highway damp with the spray it restlessly cast in the night, was lying bright and sportive in the sun, leading the Traveler to soliloquize, "How young the sea is this morning—the sea which is the most ancient of ancients."

At Summerland we saw the unique oil wells at sea; derricks industriously pumping oil from beneath the surf. At noon we came to the "Land of Millionaires," Montecito and Santa Barbara.

The Traveler wonders at that characteristic of man which results in his surrounding himself, whenever his wealth will permit, with an artificial world—a world of his own making—in the midst of the most alluring of nature's handiwork. Is it his egotism, which desires to improve on nature, or is it the artist in him that is inspired to self-expression by nature's best; or it is, perhaps, his restless spirit demanding an ad-

ditional something to satiate an unsatisfied hunger. Whatever has inspired it, there is much of real beauty about the architecture and landscape gardening, about the palatial hotels and homes of Montecito and Santa Barbara.

The Franciscan order still maintains a monastery within the century old buildings of Santa Barbara Mission. Here is the noted "forbidden garden" to which women visitors are denied access by the rules of the Franciscans, and we were told that 4000 Indians and 500 whites lie buried in the consecrated ground within the mission walls.

North of Santa Barbara our car passed through Gaviota Pass, a natural cleft through solid rock, where General Fremont frustrated an ambush during the Mexican war, and captured Santa Barbara.

Further north there is the land of oil and beans. It is the boast of the little Santa Maria Valley that 50,000 bags of beans were harvested there last year.

A little before three o'clock we reached Pismo Beach—Pismo, far famed for its huge clams and its beautiful strand. This is the playground of thousands whose flivvers would shy at the magnificence of Del Monte or Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Next was the horticulturist's paradise, miles of hills covered with gardens of dazzling blossoms. The Traveler learned that these were seed ranches, producing flower seeds for markets in all parts of the world.

San Luis Obispo is a modern business city in mid-Victorian garb; so to speak. That is, to The Traveler, who the reader will have discovered has a habit of seeing cities as people—San Luis Obispo is the gentleman who still wears a stiff shirt and detachable cuffs but who is, nevertheless, an up-to-date business man.

The fifth of the mission of the Padres is at San Luis Obispo. But it has been so often altered and remodelled that it has small resemblance to the early San Luis Obispo De Tolosa.

Beyond San Margarita the highway runs for fourteen miles through attractive five and ten-acre gardens and fruit ranches of the Atascadero Estates. Here is the Twentieth Century method of community building—all well planned, and executed according to blue print, as against the old method of natural community evolution. In the center of the tract is a stately group of community buildings. We are told that credit for this well planned settlement is due to E. G. Lewis, one of the foremost of that new profession of community building.

(Continued on page 184)



# Poets and Things

THE Poetry Editor has been wondering if possibly he isn't a bit too conservative, even narrow, in opposing this modern tendency to throw into the discard the purples and scarlets and blues, the rosy dawns and golden sunset skies, which have been sung since the first poet rolled from his bed at two o'clock in the morning and sought pencil and paper—or was it stylus and wax?—that he might inscribe his immediate inspiration.

And if he has been too conservative, he is anxious to make amends. If poets must be strictly up to the minute in their diction, why not—instead of the outworn adjectives—use the terms which are attached by milliners and other purveyors to the season's colorings. There's a wonderful possibility in this for the poet who is awake to opportunity. Here are adjectives fresh, virile, poignant. Instead of the triteness of "rosy dawn" it will be—this week only—the "maya dawn." He will no longer speak of the green fields; they will be "yu chi fields." (That Chinese touch is especially effective and modern.) The "brown eyes" of the love lyric will emerge as "terrapin eyes"—oh, the possibilities are really tremendous. But, of course, this is offered merely as a suggestion.

THE Step Ladder, organ of the Order of Bookfellows, has had the privilege and pleasure of discovering a hitherto unknown poet, Mr. Merridew Flickinson, author of "Green Slats Slithering in the Sunlight." The Poetry Editor finds a delightful freshness about this title. The smooth rhythm of its melody reminds him of the deft passing of oysters down an eager throat; possibly something of the idea which permeated the author, as indicated by the bit quoted. This latter—if Louise Ayres Garnett, retiring poetry editor of The Step Ladder, will pardon the statement—is better than anything she includes in her department for March:

## RHYME TO A COUGH DROP

*We met in the dark  
You were very sweet  
You pressed lovingly against me as you  
passed  
Loth to leave me.  
I too was reluctant to let you go.  
My but you tickled  
Down there in my dark  
Throat.*

POETRY, A Magazine of Verse, finds its way to the Poetry Editor in the March number. If free verse is far on its way to oblivion as Mrs. Edwin Markham intimated during her recent visit to the coast, Harriet Monroe hasn't yet learned of its passing for Miss Monroe takes the first eight pages for some free verse of her own, and the atmosphere of the balance of the number is likewise quite, quite free. Not that some of this isn't good, very good indeed. The Poetry Editor likes "Flying Years" by Loureine Aber immensely. Witness this extract:

*"When a man dies, he carries with him  
down the Great Black way, memories  
of white laughter, work and play.  
When a woman dies, she carries with  
her bodies of unwhispered dreams,  
frenzied prayers, and tears.  
Trees grow from the dust of men—wild  
oak trees,  
Flinging their black gnarled branches to  
the sky.  
But oh, the little nameless things springing*

*from the dust of women, sleeping,  
sleeping, sleeping through a million  
years!"*

The Poetry Editor doesn't care so much for Hildegard Flanner, in spite of the fact that she hails from California. Hildegard inscribes this:

## TO A DEAR FRIEND

*My heart is full of arrows,  
Yet I rise and stand  
To welcome you with singing,  
Doves astride my hand.  
Strange it takes so many  
Wounds for killing me!  
Great Caesar died completely  
Of only twenty-three.*

Great Caesar! And this is poetry as expounded at Berkeley's university. Or is it?

But it is again impressed upon him that it is never fair to judge a poet on the basis of one, or even several, poems. Miss Flanner appears twice in the Lyric West for March; a sonnet of no little beauty—and this:

## DUMB

Silence braided her fingers in my hair  
And put her ankles close to mine in bed.  
She hushed a silver sparrow in his song  
And laid against my throat her fragile head.

"I conquered today," she said, "as yesterday,  
And now we two shall rest as one tonight."  
A girl with silence in her arms,  
(Lie quietly!) is a lovely sight.

And so I rested with silence in my arms  
Her hair across my breast when I would  
weep.

I cannot even force my tongue to pray  
That she will leave me in my sleep.

The Lyric West has in this issue many names of poetical prominence, though the Poetry Editor finds names unknown to him attached to verse fully as lovely as is the product of these better known writers. Fame is, so far as contemporary poets are concerned, a matter largely of accident—or design in the way of clever and persistent advertising.

PEGASUS is out in a new cover which, fortunately, is not an index to the quality of the contents. Mathurin Dondo is present with one of his characteristically rhythmical things. Margie-Lee Runback fills three pages most acceptably with her "Epic."

*"There was a day  
When my power  
Intoxicated me.  
I drank the poisonous  
Champagne of success  
Till I was mad with power,  
Even God was smaller  
Than I  
That day!"*

But will some student of the occult please tell the Poetry Editor what Samuel Putnam means by this:

*"The madness-wombing drop, drop  
of unfulfilled surprise,  
the pendulous drab return  
of plundered tears."*

THE Poetry Editor has sometimes—on occasions when the flooding tide of verse inscribed to trees and flowers and dickie birds had somewhat more than surfeited him—suggested that poems might be written on the things of everyday life.

Usually his only reply is silent scorn, but now comes this:

## MY ANSWER

*I can't find any poetry  
In sweeping dusty floors,  
But when I hear a blue-bird call  
Unto his happy mate  
I quickly lay my broom aside  
And hurry out of doors,  
For dust will last a long, long time—  
The blue-bird might not wait.*

*And washing dishes? Ah, my friend,  
It does bore me to tears,  
For I've washed pots and pans galore  
And many a cup and plate.  
I know I've handled quite enough  
Of china in my years  
To make a pathway from this place  
Out through the Golden Gate.*

*I've never written poetry,  
But I am quick at rhyme,  
And when I'm washing window panes  
Or sweeping cobwebs down,  
I keep my heart from heaviness  
Amid the dust and grime  
By singing of the birds and flowers,  
Or autumn woods of brown.*

*These daily tasks that fill my time  
Are done with willing hands,  
But steaming suds can never thrill  
My soul to ecstasy;  
And though I try to gladly do  
The work this life demands,  
My heart's attune with out-of-doors,  
With Nature's melody.*

—Georgia S. Couch.

THE Lariat in its March number holds many a bit of lovely verse well worth the quoting. Joy O'Hara is there, and Omar Barker; Cristel Hastings, Nannae Neal Springer—all Overland contributors. But the Poetry Editor quotes only one poem, a bit from the group which stands as a tribute to the beautiful soul of the late Claudius Thayer, poems which are contributed from the volume of verse of his which remained unpublished when he left us:

## THE STREET CORNER

*Lead me, I pray you! I who led  
When wine and blood and life ran red,  
I, agile once as panther's whelp,  
Now beg your kindly hand's good help  
Across the crowded city-way.  
Lead me! Your turn will come some  
day.*

THE Poetry Editor has hurt someone's feelings! He ventured to say that he didn't like so-and-so quite as well as this—and that, and apparently his opinion was taken seriously, as a matter of import. It isn't. No editorial opinion is worth an iota of mental disturbance. It is at best one person's opinion—and even the best qualified critics disagree.

In poetry circles disagreement is always rife. Each poet has his own definition of poetry—and if his verse is of any lasting value whatever he is going to stick to his own ideas of what constitutes poetry in spite of any editorial broadside, no matter what its source. No, the Poetry Editor does not assume to be an arbiter—there are too many pretenders to the throne now.



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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(Continued from page 182)

On to the north lies a rich cattle and grain belt; Paso Robles; San Miguel, where is located Mission San Miguel Arcangel, the Salinas Valley and Soledad. To the west, by the sea, are Monterey, with its historic Bay, the first settlement of Northern California, Del Monte and Carmel-by-the-Sea; all fashionable cosmopolitan resorts of the first class.

San Jose is another city of the "old school." It is a city of beautiful homes

and well shaded streets. It has the conservative dignity, coupled with business aggressiveness of a New England city.

Late in the evening we came up the Peninsula through Burlingame, San Francisco's aristocratic suburb, and The Traveler was once more on Market street. Market street, throbbing with its midnight life; a different life from that of its noon-day clamor, but a life which always fascinates The Traveler, who confesses that of all California, with its variety of appeal, this is his favorite city.

## THE CAPITOL CITY

THE Traveler watched a grizzly old timer from Placer County as he stood at the corner of 10th and K in Sacramento, viewing the blocks about, with their splendid hotels, theaters, stores and state buildings where used to stand the residences of not so many years ago. Here was all the pathos of Sir Bedevere standing alone on the shores as Arthur drifted out to sea, crying in his loneliness, "What am I to do who am the last of the Knights of the Round Table, which was an image of a mighty world." Sacramento illustrates the truth of Arthur's answer, "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new—"

Of the California cities which belonged to the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," the Capitol City has been the most reluctant to accept the new order. But within the last few years it has cast off the clinging semblance of the once most rough and reckless of the "gold seeker's" communities. Sacramento, where the gold-frenzied hordes gathered to outfit themselves for the last lap of their journey to the "diggings," where the first transcontinental railroad had its birth; Sacramento, the terminal of the famous Pony Express, has become a city of skyscrapers, industries and beautiful homes.

CALIFORNIA'S variety has never received its due. It cannot be said that California is an empire of this or that; she is a domain of empires. Such was the thought of The Traveler as he journeyed out of the "Citrus Empire" into that Central California kingdom of the San Joaquin Valley.

This valley has neither the characteristics of the playgrounds which belong to Southern California nor of the lingering romance of the '49 camps which is to be found in the foothills of the east. To The Traveler, its spirit typifies man's persistent and elemental struggle for bread. For the most part, its people are those who, of necessity, have as their greatest concern the making of a living; and that by the sweat of the brow. The oil fields about Bakersfield constitute one of the largest and most reliable oil producing territories in the United States. Scattered through the fields there are numerous bustling towns throbbing with the uncouth energy which is always to be found in the towns of "producing" fields. Large pay-rolls, liberal-handed promoters and the local expenditures of thriving corporations all go to make for "good business" in such towns as Taft, Fellows, McKittrick and Maricopa.

Bakersfield is an alive industrial city, a division point for both the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific railroads, the leading commercial center for the oil

(Continued on page 192)



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CRISTEL HASTINGS  
Author of "Horseshoes for Luck"

(Continued from page 145)

ceptance in such magazines as Harpers, Forum, Poet Lore, and others. "Vagabond" is her first contribution to Overland.

GILBERT MOYLE is an adopted Californian, prominent in Berkeley musical circles. His song lyrics have found acceptance by the best of the American composers, and an operatic cantata "The Sunset Trail" is now receiving a musical setting by Cadman for a next winter production.

LILIAN AMY POWERS writes from St. Louis: "I appreciate your request for information—but I usually find myself so particularly uninteresting I fear others would also."

HELEN VERNON REID is a well-known name in California literary circles, being one of the increasing number of writers who find inspiration and happiness in the blossom-filled country about Los Altos. Her interesting biography of the famous painter, Thad Welch, is attracting wide comment.

CHARLES H. SNOW is a new arrival among Western writers, for it was not until an explosion of molten metal cost him his eyesight—this in 1914—and four years of effort had proved that the injury was permanent, that he began to write. A native of Lake County, California, and born of a family of pioneers, Mr. Snow inherited a love of mining which led him at the age of eighteen to British Columbia, and later to South America. It is evident to anyone who reads his "High Graders," now appearing in Overland, that the author knows the mining regions of the West.

J. WILLIAM TERRY is a recent addition to Overland's staff. He is an American journalist who has for fifteen years written and lectured extensively on travel, world problems and current events. Three published volumes stand to his credit.

MARY M. WEST is nationally known as active in Child Welfare work, for which she has written many pamphlets widely circulated through Government agencies. She is both a writer and professional critic of short stories and plays.

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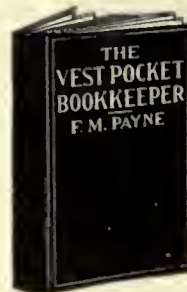
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Since Miss Cooper is supervisor of English in the University High School of Berkeley one would expect to find more California poets represented in the volume than she has given place. It would seem that exclusion of certain other names might well have given space for the work of more of the contemporary Western writers, for scarcely half a dozen find place in the list.

However, local pride aside, the collection is a splendid one, and deserving of place in the home library as well as in the schools.

*POEMS OF TODAY*, edited by Alice Cecilia Cooper, published by Ginn and Company.



## The Editor's Brief Case

THE editor received the other day an envelope bearing on its face an Eastern postmark, and with its back covered with those stickers issued and occasionally used by the I. W. W.—“Boycott California Canned Goods,” “Boycott California Fruit,” “Tourists Boycott California.” And on the inside was one of those familiar pink cards which the Government provides for change of address; nothing else. Inasmuch as the card was blank it may no doubt be taken that the sender conveys to Overland a veiled threat, though upon what motive or to what end it is difficult to say.



SHE was fifteen when she was married; her husband eighteen. That was six months ago, and now they find that there is to be an addition to the family. The husband is working for one of the country's wealthiest corporations, receiving \$60 once each month. The girl is working, learning a trade, and adds to the family's resources \$9 a week.

Two can exist on less than \$100 a month—if they are young and healthy and very much in love; they can't manage on sixty. It will be sixty soon, unless something is done. They are already inquiring for a doctor, the sort of doctor they think they need.

Write your own moral, if one is needed.



OVERLAND is going home, back to the color and life of that district which lies between historic Telegraph Hill and scarcely less famous Russian Hill. On the top floor of the Sentinel Building, standing at the gore where Kearney runs into Columbus avenue, the Grizzly Bear is ready to welcome both old friends and new.

Portsmouth Square and the location of the original Overland office lie but a block away, within sight of the windows of the new home. The gaily colored flags of Chinatown flaunt almost beneath, and the signs along the shopfronts of the neighborhood bear French and Italian names. There are odd little restaurants—dozens of them—where the floors are sanded and the tables covered with oilcloth; where the prices are low and the cooking heavenly. The faces of the folks who pass are animated, expressive. It's the heart of the foreign quarter, the real Bohemia of San Francisco.

Peering in at the window across the shoulder of Russian Hill is lordly Tamalpais, above the blue of the Marin shore, lovely Alcatraz floats midway, a fairy island on a mystic tide. Belvedere, Tiburon, Angel—and then across the low, tree-covered slopes of Yerba Buena the hills of Contra Costa. The slender needle of Berkeley's ivory tower, the Campanile, lifts through the dim haze; and the streets roll down and down to the south and Oakland and the estuary which runs as a silver ribbon in the sun.

To old friends and new, the open door and friendly greeting. Come in and see us. To out-of-town friends, the Bear extends the invitation to make Overland your headquarters when in town. Have your mail addressed in Overland's care if you wish. The Bear is home!

JUST to prove that Col. Hofer and his “Lariat” have no monopoly in this matter of encouragement to the literary output of the writers of the Northwest, Overland's May number will feature the verse of the Oregon poets. The best of these northern lyricists have contributed of their poems. There will be a few names of national reputation, but for the most part the expression is that of the younger poets.



THE Standard Oil Company issued orders for the removal from the California highways of the bill-boards bearing its advertising. Not a few will be grateful, for there are those who prefer their scenery as Nature produced it, undiluted and unmarred. The unorganized boycott which exists among nature lovers against those products thus advertised may now be lifted so far as it concerns Standard Oil.



MR. McCLATCHY'S splendid article in March Overland on California's Japanese situation has brought forth a flood of comment and not a few replies. Curiously enough the replies come, not from the Japanese, but from those of the white race who sympathize with them. There is no attempt to controvert Mr. McClatchy's statements; the replies emanate altogether from sentiment and appeal to sentiment. There is something incongruous in the picture of a healthy American weeping over the woes of California's Japanese residents while the little brown brothers stand stolidly looking on.



BLANCHE DILLAYE, mentioned in March Overland as having etched two small plates after drawings made by R. D. Yelland, writes that “---my etchings have all of them been my own. I have never etched from other people's drawings. ---I studied the process of etching with Mr. Stephen Parrish at the same time that Edith Loring Pierce and Jo Pennell worked with him.”

An interesting letter from the former of the two artists she mentions, now Edith Loring Getchell, says of the plates etched for Mr. Vickery: “Remarques” were then the vogue and with the names etched on they had somewhat the effect of the present Christmas cards. They (the plates in question) were *Mt. Hood* and *Donner Lake in the Sierras*. Then I etched a large plate of *Carmel Mission* from a sketch of Wm. Keith, and in 1886 another large one of *Windy Day Near Santa Cruz*, and a small one of *Mt. Shasta*. Mr. Vickery bought these plates outright. The last ones after 1886 were signed “Getchell.” ---Of course there is a great change in etching as in painting from 1882 to 1924 and we, who were pioneers in the art in America, have grown in our knowledge of the art and its technique.”



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## **Horseshoes for Luck**

(Continued from page 147)

**A**MONG legends, as among flowers, there are favorites, and when I see a Snow Plant along the high roads of the Sierra, I think only of the Indian lore which tells us that these strange red-flowered stalks mark the place where the blood of a moccasined warrior was once shed in mortal conflict.

About noon we reached the Inspiration Point Control. Here was another opportunity to view at leisure the wonders of a valley reproduced times innumerable on canvas and film.

Bridal Veil Fall, sad and lovely, fluttered like a gauzy white ribbon down a granite wall far toward the right. The Spirit of the Evil Wind dwells eternally in the whirling madness of this waterfall which the Indians named Pohono (Spirit of the Evil Wind), and it is probably the evil spirit of legendary origin which renders Pohono almost mesmeric in its fascination.

On the left of the Valley's entrance, guardian of the 1,125 square mile kingdom of the Yosemite National Park, loomed gigantic, straight-shouldered El Capitan. From the legendary lore of the Yosemite we learn that evil spirits of stone-throwing tendencies lurked on the lofty, cloud-kissed brow of El Capitan in the days when the uneven struggle began between the Yosemite Indians and the white man for possession of the valley.

And farther up at the head of the

valley the queen of all Yosemite peaks, Half Dome, smiled welcome. The day was clear and warm. Fragments of feathery cloud drifted high over distant peaks. Probably clouds have a way all of their own of seeing the arms of Clouds' Rest on the far horizon stretched out high to gather them to its breast, for they drift there unfailingly.

The clear green ribbon of the Merced River, born of the thunder of waterfalls, accomplished dragondary twists and turns down the 7-mile length of the valley, reflecting in its shaded depths the rugged height of Sentinel Rock on one side and the Royal Arches on the other. Here and there one glimpsed an inverted bit of Cathedral Spires, the Three Brothers, or El Capitan. There are many others among this brotherhood of towering peaks bordering the north and south walls of the Yosemite Valley who look at themselves in the clear mirror of the Merced when dawn comes, their solid bases resting among meadows of fragile green, amid the nodding heads of bright wild flowers.

Arriving on the floor of the Valley shortly after noon, the full roaring beauty of Yosemite Falls, with a sheer double drop of 2,565 feet, came to view. This is the highest waterfall in the world, and the most picturesque. In the season of fast-melting snows, when the falls are loaded to capacity with unused water power, the thunder of falling waters seems to shake even this rugged world of granite.

It has been said that the Yosemite National Park contains every wonder of Nature except an active volcano. One of its most striking features are the many waterfalls which are found in the most surprising places. Following the Merced Canyon from the Happy Isles, upward along the spray-drenched, fern-bordered, slippery Mist Trail, we found Vernal Fall plunging its roaring way down a 317-foot granite wall.

**F**ARTHER on and upward lies Emerald Pool, placid and lovely; the silent, swiftly-flowing Silver Apron, and the Diamond Cascades are just above. Nevada Fall thunders down a sheer drop of 594 feet far above Vernal, and yet farther away in another direction, hidden almost shyly in the granite, tree-fringed wilderness, the gauzy white lace of Illilouette Fall flutters downward, only to emerge again in the laughing waters about the Happy Isles.

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Days lengthened into weeks and I was hardly conscious of their flight, so at one had I become with the everlasting mountains and their kin. The mere reckoning of time was as nothing.

But the inevitable day of departure came, and one night as I watched God light all his star lanterns one by one and hang them in the sky so they, too, could peep over the high cliffs of the Yosemite, I bade a silent farewell to this cleft of wondrous beauty in the Sierra. The moon shone full on every peak and overhanging crag, bringing them out in relief. The granite cliffs were vested with an ethereal white beauty which made them the walls of an enchanted fairyland. Where a pitiless sunlight had disclosed only the towering, unscalable heights of granite, supremely indifferent to man, unyielding and cruelly relentless in their enormity and strength, the kindly moonlight suffused all with a pale, unearthly glow that made strange new pictures of beloved scenes which had grown familiar enough by day.

This, then, is the rare picture I treasure in memory's album. To have seen the Yosemite on a still, clear night when even the stars seemed near enough to have touched them—to have looked on the ineffable loveliness of its high moon-

bathed walls—to have known its legends, its history, its romance—to have heard the roar of its waterfalls and the laughter of its waters—to have waded through its meadows of wild flowers—to have looked upon its groves of ancient Sequoias and to have wandered among them—to have felt the caress of the sun and the night wind—these, all these are the things worth while—the things that enrich the world, for they are beyond all price.

### ETCHING IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 172)

says, "After you get through being amazed at the perfection of Winkler as an etcher, you will still remain caught by the subject matter that his line has carried to you; you do not merely say that this is a very great physical performance of transferring subject matter to copper by means of line, but that it is a very great artistic performance of selecting, choosing, eliminating and transferring the essential, putting it on copper and of getting it across to a third party."

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## WOMEN IN BUSINESS

(Continued from page 178)

Metal cupboards keep cookies and other small cakes fresh and tender and store rooms and refrigerators provide for the safekeeping of fruits, milk and butter and many other things.

But there is one ingredient that goes into everything made and sold in the "Pantry" which is not kept in any store room visible to the eye: enthusiasm. It may be this is the one that does most to give flavor and color to all the output of a truly "going concern".

## LITTLE STUDIES IN ILL TEMPER

(Continued from page 171)

that good custom family bad manners have tended to increase.

Of course the exercise of these various types of ill-temper of which there are doubtless numerous other classifications and cross-classifications has a beneficial effect. It checks that crude Pollyanna-ish joy of life and the easy optimism which are apparently the bane of our modern national life. So why worry?

## THOUSAND AND FIRST NIGHT

A story of love and mysticism, of adventure and death. It would have made a splendid short story; as a novel it seems inexcusably extended. And the reader is left wondering why the author thought it necessary to carry his theme through such involved complications. A straightforward telling would better have served the purpose of holding the interest.

Thousand and First Night, by Grant Overton. George H. Doran Co., \$2.50 net.



(Continued from page 155)

tering cascade of visible, tangible wealth fell by the handful on the bar at his side under the deft ministrations of Jesse, his fidus Achates.

And again there were sounds of revelry by night.

THE sequel was a matter of official record, for when "Number Four" had attempted to halt a ghostly apparition crossing his post earlier in the evening, his shot had aroused the Adjutant from troubled slumbers. Eliciting no satisfactory results by interviewing the Sergeant of the Guard, his suspicious footsteps led directly to the telegraph office, thence to the corral, and subsequently a quick trip to Spanishtown in a hospital ambulance solved the problem. The recreant McStunts was promptly apprehended, together with a score of other absentees, and driven home still bound to the cot and slumbering in infantile innocence.

"Beats anything I ever saw" muttered the Adjutant, glancing at the recumbent piece of statuary. "Five miles through the bundux and sand with that thing on his back! Don't unbind him, Sergeant. Want to show him to the Colonel in the morning. He's the limit, the academic limit!"

For a week McStunts, the repentant, was honored as was only the C. O. in person, inasmuch as the constant presence of an "Orderly" in his office manifested, while general charges were being prepared. And then the climax materialized.

It was high noon—the hour of the siesta—and hot, unbearably hot as only a breathless tropic noon can be. The shadows were not; and everyone sought the secluded comforts of darkened interiors, pajamas, and the ice-chest; but, while the fronds on the tall palms and bananas surrounding the headquarter

shack hung in limp, lifeless clusters beneath the burning, brazen sun, the Adjutant still toiled alone at his desk over a belated return.

"Orderly! Orderly!"—and as that functionary appeared "My compliments to the Quartermaster—with these papers, and—yes, bring my horse up also."

"He's at the rack outside, sir," the man responded, saluted, and would have withdrawn when he was recalled.

"Just stop at the telegraph office and tell the operator to stop in here a moment—that's all."

A moment—two—five—and no response. The Adjutant arose with an irritated frown and strode to the door, flung it open, crossed the porch, and peered into the realm of dots and dashes. The instrument table was deserted and silent, and the faithless "orderly" slumbered quietly at his post in a comfortable chair, a brace of empty but eloquent bino bottles at his side. Diogenes McStunts was absent. He had once more asserted his prerogative as an American citizen in pursuit of the illusive happiness of freedom unrestrained. And likewise the caballo of the Teniente Gore was a minus quantity.

Weeks later vague rumors came in from distant mountain barrios of an "Americano Jefe Politico—muy sumpatica" from the great Estados Unidos, travelling in state on a wonderful caballo blanco, who was feasted and baile-ed by all the Presidentes along his route;—but that was the last ever heard of Pvt. Diogenes McStunts, and the Adjutant's favorite mount.

"Don't you think, Colonel," said Gore to his chief, in talking the matter over one day—"don't you think that Diogenes case was a pretty eloquent plea for the canteen?"

"Eloquent? Why, damn it, Gore, it was not only eloquent, but—academic, Sir,—academic!"



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(Continued from page 184)

fields and for the fertile agricultural lands that are irrigated from the waters of the Kern River.

Traveling north from Bakersfield, we discover that not all of California's orange groves are to be found in the southern part of the state. In fact, oranges are grown successfully as far north as Oroville, well toward the northern end of the Sacramento Valley. The San Joaquin Valley boasts of individual groves not inferior to the best of Southern California's, and takes pride in their earlier ripening, but its chief pride is in the vineyards. San Joaquin is the "Valley of Raisins," Fresno the "Raisin City." Riding from Bakersfield to Fresno we passed through what seemed to be infinite miles of level valley land covered with orderly battalions of vines. It is safe to say that at one time or another every American housewife has raisins from these vines in her pantry.

The smaller cities of the Valley are young and growing. They have the business and somewhat of the physical aspects of the towns of a new country. That is, they hustle and are unfinished. The Traveler is of the opinion that they hold excellent opportunities for the young business man who must build from a modest beginning.

**V**IEWING their business sections, both Fresno and Stockton have the appearance of the average commercial city twice their size. It seems to The Traveler that the people there move about their business with greater briskness than do the people of any other California city. Business is everywhere in the air; the kind of business that seems always to require that those who are about it shall be going somewhere or coming back from somewhere in great haste. They have the polish of the up-to-date American business cities. Looking at their rows of business blocks The Traveler thinks of the glistening oak furniture of a prosperous business establishment. They are new, clean, orderly and well-kept; everywhere there is the tone of efficiency, the aspect of thriving for the utilitarian more than for the aesthetic.

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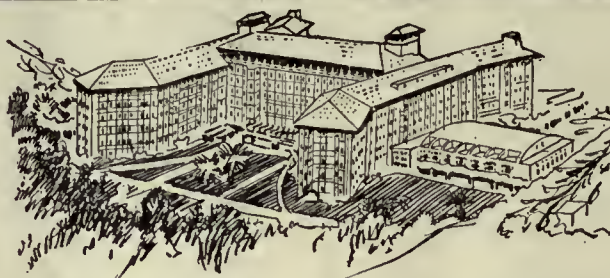
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## OUR MAY CONTRIBUTORS

This is the "Oregon Poets' Number," consequently the poets represented in May Overland are all either now resident in Oregon or have at some time called it home. Prominent among them is

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES, president of the newly organized Northwest Poetry Society and numbered among the foremost women poets of America. She has won many poetry prizes, is a member of the Poetry Society of America, and her verse is known and loved wherever periodicals are read.

GRACE E. HALL is not yet as well known as she will be. Staff poet on the famous Portland "Oregonian," her verse is now being given country-wide syndication. Her first volume, "Homespun," was published by Dodd, Mead & Co., who also bring forth shortly Miss Hall's latest collection of poems under the title of "Patchwork."

ADA M. HEDGES, also of Portland, tells us merely that she has not been active of late in verse writing, having had to "abandon verse-writing for stories; verse is a luxury that I can scarcely afford."

CLARA VIRGINIA BARTON is a native of Saranac Lake, N. Y., and a graduate of Syracuse University in 1903 with degree of Ph. B. Her verse has appeared in a number of periodicals. A resident of Salem for ten years past, Mrs. Barton has been active in the organization of both the Oregon Writers' League and the Northwest Poetry Society.

ELLINOR L. NORCROSS says: "It goes without my saying so that I was born in the nineties. I think that there must have been at least a million literary aspirants born from 1890 to 1900, don't you? I live in Portland and if the "nineties" hadn't predestined me to longing for a literary career, my environment would have done it. Beside writing my favorite amusements are: first, making auto trips to California; second, sitting around and planning auto trips to California. I have published verse in a large number of magazines in the East and West."

(Continued on page 232)

# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

MAY, 1924

NUMBER 5

## Contents

Our May Contributors.....	193
Traumerel—Frontispiece.....	194
Sarkis Beulan.....	

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

Planting Lumber.....	195
Charles Caldwell Dobie.....	
Ynnkee Captain and Southern Pilot.....	199
Harold Waldo.....	
Madge Morris Wagner.....	204
Henry Meade Bland.....	
A California Poetess—As I Knew Her.....	205
Frona Eunice Walt Colburn.....	
"Her Pen Is Stilled".....	206
Ella Sterling Mighels.....	
Climate and Man in California.....	207
James F. Chamberlain.....	
Trades Union or Open Shop.....	219
Anna Dondo.....	
Etching in California.....	220
Harry Noyes Pratt.....	
A Man Who Loves Children.....	226
Mary Miles West.....	

### BIOGRAPHY

Thad Welch—Pioneer and Painter.....	209
Helen Vernon Reid.....	

### FICTION

The Drums.....	197
Grace Jones Morgan.....	
With Reluctant Feet.....	202
Torrey Connor.....	
The "High Graders"—A serial, part three.....	213
Charles H. Snow.....	
Art in the Ultra-Modern—A Monolog.....	218
Linda Lee.....	

### VERSE

Dreams.....	Harry Noyes Pratt.....	194
Finality.....	Grace E. Hall.....	198
Foreboding.....	Audred Bunch.....	202
College Memories.....	Viola Price Franklin.....	203
Rocking the Baby.....	Madge Morris Wagner.....	204
Under the Grass.....	Madge Morris Wagner.....	206
Oregon Forest.....	Mary Carolyn Davies.....	212
Comrade.....	Mildred Hudson Ammons.....	213
The Cry of Gaudaharl.....	Eleanor Allen.....	215
The Unforgiven Fool.....	Jay Roderic DeSpain.....	217
A Page of Verse.....		221
The Magic Carpet.....	Percy Prescott Reigelman.....	
I Have Been Glad.....	Verne Bright.....	
Oregon.....	Clara Virginia Barton.....	
Oregon Pheasants.....	Mary Carolyn Davies.....	
I Love You.....	Ruth Fargo.....	
Fantasy.....	Ellinor L. Norcross.....	
A Song for Barbara Blomberg.....	Gertrude Robison Ross.....	
Homeland.....	Ada M. Hedges.....	
Undreamed.....	Howard McKinley Corning.....	
Restless Wind.....	Emma Bennett Miller.....	228
Shadows.....	Ruth Fargo.....	229

### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers.....	222
Plays and Players.....	232
With California Writers.....	234
Laura Bell Everett.....	
With Oregon Writers.....	237
Viola Price Franklin.....	
Editor's Brief Cnse.....	235
Poets and Things.....	238





## Dreams

*Dreams are men's winged souls of fetters shorn  
By Night; unshackled, free, by Life up-borne,  
Finding new worlds and higher breeds of men;  
Are free—and then by Dawn are bound again.*

*by Harry Noyes Pratt*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

MAY, 1924

No. 5

### Planting Lumber

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

**I**F you were a farmer, would you be content to plow and harrow and seed a field against a harvest sixty-five years distant? Not likely—And yet this is a fair measure of what the California Redwood Association is preparing to do in its attempt to re-clothe the cut-over hills of Mendocino and Humboldt counties. For it takes sixty-five years for a redwood tree to mature to the point of being merchantable lumber, and already there are 1,500,000 redwood seedlings started in the California Redwood Association's nurseries at Fort Bragg, Mendocino county and Scotia, Humboldt county.

And, if you were a farmer and looked upon a field of ripening wheat, would its beauty, rippling in the breeze, beguile you from its harvesting? Not likely—And yet this is what lumbering interests are being urged continually to do by sentimentalists. Ah, but you say: The grain is ripe and ready for the sickle. So are the trees, if you think properly about them. But the farmer will plant another crop next spring and there will be blades and ears and full corn in their season. Assuredly. That, you continue, is not the way with the lumberman. It has not been, but it *can* and *will* be the way of the lumberman in the future, if the efforts of the California Redwood Association are a fair example of the trend of the times. But, sixty-five years! you cry out. We shall most of us be dead before a new forest of trees is ready for

the axe. Perhaps. But everything is relative, and the greater the harvest, the greater the years between. And the greater the years between, the more altruistic the movement. That the yield will be lumber instead of grain does not rob the performance of either its poetry or its utility.

So far, Nature, herself, has been the only one concerned with reforesting the cut-over areas, and she has done it indifferently well. Redwood stumps are brimful of energy, and for every tree felled a ring of saplings springs up in a circle from the parent roots. In some instances, a seedling finds its way to maturity; but, on the whole, conditions are not favorable for a redwood seed unaided to achieve life. Then, for the best timber results, the forest floor should be thickly covered with young trees in the first years. And this is not always the case when nature is left to herself. But nature, supplemented by man, accomplishes wonders.

The replanting of the seedlings from the nurseries to the hills has been under way since December 4th of last year. This year will see 1,000 acres replanted; next year 3,000 acres, and so on until 1930, when a scheme will have been perfected whereby the replanting will keep pace with the area annually logged, and provide an excess looking toward covering the acreage cut in former years.

Thus does the California Redwood Association plan to make perpetual forests and lumbering activities in its territory.

But, this is only the surface benefit to be derived by the preservation of the redwood forests. As everyone knows, the destiny of races is bound up in the hills and streams of a country. Water is the greatest factor in the life of any community. And, without forests, the streams would dry up. The farmer, waiting for his annual harvest, therefore, will be dependent on the success or failure of the reforester, looking toward *his* harvest sixty-five years hence. It would be a sorry thing if California should find itself in the position of much of the agricultural territory of Spain—arid and waste by reason of the annihilation of its forests.

**P**ERHAPS this calls up in your mind the question of why the virgin forests should be cut at all. The replies are obvious. Firstly, the trees are "ripe" and secondly human comfort demands its share of what nature has to offer. The proper use by man of any natural resource, is his just due. Let us keep always in mind the analogy of the ripening grain field. If you have been shocked at the appearance of torn and blackened hills immediately following their cutting, remember that relatively a stubble field is not a thing of special beauty. But—another spring and its beauty is revived. Obviously it takes longer to repair the hills, but, to







"Planting Redwood Seedlings"—Note the new growth from redwood stumps cut three years ago

any who have seen a denuded hillside five, ten, fifty years following its logging, the results that nature achieves unaided, are little short of marvelous. There is a grove of second growth redwoods, owned by the Albion Lumber Company in Mendocino county, and cut within the memory of some of its present employees, which is so completely reforested that a layman has hard work believing it was ever logged. True, there are no sensational specimens of trees, harking back to the dawn of the race, within its borders, but it has all the essential beauties of an older growth. There are streams and birds and game in abundance and the trees have a slender virginal beauty.

After everything is said and done, age does not command all the beauty of the world, even among trees. The towering redwood is majestic, awesome, incomparably lovely in many ways, but the striplings of the species have their charm also. That there always should be abundant examples of older trees goes without saying: they have a unique character and history. The movement to preserve such examples is being assisted by the California Redwood Association, which is engaged in providing

new timber for a future generation. There has been much virgin timber already set aside along the state highways and more should and will be reserved for parks.

With a new consciousness born of the fitting use of the timber wealth of California, lumbering should become less and less a matter of lament and more and more a matter of rejoicing. For, when idealism and utility form a

compact, one has a combination hard to beat.

More power, then, to the members of the California Redwood Association who had the vision to be first in the field! For it takes vision to wait at least sixty-five years for a harvest. And patience and faith and, last, but not least, *cash!* What other industry is ready to invest all these factors in a reward which only posterity will share?



The men carry the redwood seedlings in bags slung from their shoulders



# The Drums

By GRACE JONES MORGAN

THE town had grown away from the Devil's Half Acre in the quarter century of industry that succeeded its old content.

The new Main Street strayed from the old one like a daughter who marries well and builds a new house out of sight of the old cabin which sheltered her childhood. And among those fine stores and banks and new civic buildings was a plate glass front with the name 'O'MALLEY, Chapeaux' scrolled in gold letters. Behind it Miss O'Malley received her customers in a gown of draped canton and a marcelled crest, the black glitter of jet beads on her neck and dangling from her ears. A fine lady, Sally O'Malley, if you remembered the bare-footed Sally of the old town, living at the edge of the Devil's Half Acre.

Behind the velour hangings which separated the display of stylish modes and pattern hats and the case of widow's weeds from the work room, Sally's apprentices giggled and gossiped and twisted wonders from silk and ribbon and wire shapes, the while they wrung the heart of Sally with their talk of sweethearts and good times and their disdain of old maids. Though they did not say this last in her hearing, she knew it. She knew too that they talked about her and would not have exchanged her fine shop and the four figure bank account for this riot of youthful hopes that came with a new beau and gave promise of taking them from her work-room to a home of their own.

Nor could Sally blame them.

For Sally's youth and happiness and her dream of love lay in the old town. She had not forgotten it. The field where bread and butter daisies held their faces to the sun like little neophytes at their first communion; where tansy and burdock and mallow grew pungently rank in the noon sun brew lay vivid in her mind. She could look across it from her own step to the house of Leonard Allen, maker of drums and tinker of sorts. A house weathered to soft grey, ruffling at the moss fringed eaves, settling slowly deeper into a hedge of hollyhocks which shot bare-stemmed into sky-rocketing balls of color and winking sparks of red and pink and yellow buds.

Under the eaves where birds' nests hung until the winter icicles tore them off and left a chink for next year's building, was a room of enchantment to all childhood. There, old Leonard made his drums and tinkered clocks, a

wizard's den with bits of wood ripening and goat skins pearling on stretchers, and shavings curled in nests on the floor, and tools shining in rows. Where little clocks and big ones practiced ticking and tocking until they learned to keep step, little pulses of time throbbing off the minutes left to the old man, and the budding years of youth. A room whence came the rat-a-tat-tat and purling of kettle and snare drums, and the boom of the Bass as Leonard tuned them to a paean of deeds to do and lives to live.

And they needed a march step, those rowdies whose devilment the slavery of pulling Canadian flax all day could not abate. The leader in mischief and rowdyism was Leonard's own boy, the second one, the lad they called Duke and named "Duke of the Devil's Half Acre;" the one with the freckles and shock of wiry red hair and wide-toothed grin. Not much of his Dad's dreams or industry lingered in him for all old Leonard tried to beat it in with drum and drum stick, the soldier stuff that had made him stick to his gun at Gibraltar and Tel-el-keber.

DEVILTRY! That was all that came out of the Half Acre. Tying tin cans to a pup's tail. Snaring suckers in the creek when they should have been at school. Riding pastured horses to a lather on raids that ended in green apples and, next day, colic. Hiding in the old mill to scare prayer meeting congregations with cat-calls and ghost moans. Frightening little girls with gartersnakes and dead mice. Setting the stubble afire with their corn roasts, after stealing the corn and butter, and bringing out the fire brigade with its buckets and hand pump.

SALLY had not forgotten how she would sit on her own steps and listen to their shrieks and laughter. For Sally was one of eight brothers and sisters then, steps of stairs of which she was the middle one, just big enough to inherit the dish-washing and dusting and minding the baby, from Mary who did the cooking and had a beau calling to see her.

Sally hated dishes. But when they were done and she sat on the steps holding the baby as dusk sagged down, her little soul took wings and struggled to try them. Night dissolved the walls of a day streaked by bars of school and work, and the world stretched out and

beyond trees and fences to a tinted infinitude that made glossy colored blotches of oceans and continents like the map of the school wall, over which happy birds flew south and west.

Sally longed to be a bird. Or a boy, since boys could go out to the starlight and escape for a while into the void. It seemed to Sally as if by some magic of the night, boys changed at dusk from grimed, grinning freckled nuisances into winged things. She could hear them running from the Devil's Half Acre to the mill, voices wailing from creek to woods. Sometimes they swooped near enough for her to hear the thud of bare feet on sun-baked roads.

Sally shivered ecstatically then, as if they were bats or owls waiting to pounce.

Wonderful to be a boy. Most wonderful of all to be the Duke. The leader was he in mischief and the boldest in carrying it through, but his gift of gifts was his skill with the drums.

Sally knew it the moment the Duke's grubby hands wielded the drumsticks. The velvet soft purr of little drums throbbed into her dreams. The boom of the bass set time to her heartbeats. Some inner voice made the tunes, brave airs that called up marching soldiers, or Orangeman's Day with banners streaming and fifes shrilling. "Boyne Water," a heresy she'd been forbidden to watch and for which she had been spanked once a year regularly.

But the darkest moment of her life was when the Duke tried to frighten her with a snake and failed. Sally was not afraid of snakes, nor mice, nor hop-toads, and she proved it and gloated serenely. But Willy James whispered to his brother that Sally hated to be called Mick, and the Duke shrieked it, "Mick, Mick, great big stick, Tee-legged, toe-legged, snubby-nosed Mick!"

Sally flamed. Rage shook her. Tears scalded. "You mean yellow-streak boy. Yellow. Yellow—Yellow."

She made the sign of shame with crossed fingers and ran home, hurt to the heart; hurt to a new interest in the Duke who'd done the thing. For no man can cut his way through a woman's indifference without searing himself into her memory.

That night at dusk, the boy chase drifted far away as Sally sat on the steps recovering from her hurt, wishing terribly to grow up and make the Duke fall in love with her so that she could spurn his love with insolent hauteur and send him away with a broken heart and a blasted life. Then as she warmed



to sweet revenge, came the purr-r of a little drum. The Duke was waking the throbbing dusk with vagrant, whimsical tattoos and Sally's blood leaped as a tune rose in her throat. She knew the thing he played. She sang it softly, words they'd tormented her with, the Duke and Willy James,

"Oh, those days in old Half Acre,

We wuz happy as we cud be-e,

I was courtin' O'Malley's sister,

O'Malley's sister was courtin' me."

SALLY tip-toed to the hedge of hollyhocks. Starlight. Soft fragrant dusk. And the Duke marching up and down the Devil's Half Acre, singing the "Kerry Dancin'", trilling the time in a crescendo that quickened the pulse and quivered in the throat. Old Leonard began on the big drum, filing in after the Duke. And Willy James caught the tune in the middle as you catch a girl's waist and swung ahead, his fife tiptilted as his nose. The three of them, marching up and down, marching up and down, practising for Orangemen's Day.

Sally hung on the fence rail and steeped herself in the lilting tune until she was a vibrant, responsive palpitation, winged to fly if only she could.

Perhaps she clutched the hollyhocks in her mad desire to climb skyward, and the Duke saw the shadows bend and float over the silver sheen of dew-wet grass. For he dropped out of line and came to the fence, swinging atop it with never a trip in the steady pur-r of his drum. And there he sat.

Freckles do not show in starlight. His thin face was lifted, his pointed chin out-thrust. His shock of hair caught star-gleams on every wiry strand, and shone. Drumming the lilt of youth and of primal things he sat, until with a smart finale, the boom of the bass, the skirr of fife, it all ceased.

Sally turned to fly, but he was beside her in one leap, his hand clutching her dress. "Sally, I'm sorry about today. Honest. It was yellow, but don't be mad."

Tremulous things shook her, like the drum throbbing, "I guess I ain't mad now, Duke."

He kissed her. Suddenly. Without warning. Sally ran across the field and slumped on her own step, hugging herself with restless arms.

It was true. Night did change things. By day boys were freckled, red-haired torments, born to be beaten and nagged at. By night they were winged messengers of fate softened by the gloaming into potentialities of romance. Ruffling the calm of a girl's content like silver-sailed ships that leave a wake in life's sea and set a girl to dreaming of a bridal veil and altar candles long ere she pictures the face that awaits her.

Sally never forgot that night. She was

sixteen then, and Mary was married a few weeks later. Sally wondered at the wedding why the groom had lost that power of black magic which had once spun wings of the night to transform him. He had graduated from the Devil's Half Acre before the Duke reigned there with his ragged band; but he railed now at the Duke's following, tying tin cans and a dead cat to the wedding carriage. The bride's brothers, shined for the occasion, were wriggling to get away, and the groom mentioned that they ought to be shamed to death of their friends.

Sally did not want her dreams to come to this, this fussy red-faced husband shorn of his self possession, and

### FINALITY

*THE soul of music lingers  
When the sound has died away;  
The twilight lays cool fingers  
On the throbbing pulse of day;  
The love we best remember  
Bears the blur of hottest tears,  
And the snows of late December  
Are the ashes of our years.*

—Grace E. Hall.

of the majesty of a being for whom Mary titillated in the flushed days of courting, dropped like a spent rocket to earth.

Better the devilry of the Half Acre. Better the leader of romantic adventure. Better the drums in the night, and one kiss under the stars.

But brewed in the Half Acre were boy-dreams that balked at the labor of flax fields and garden work, would not bend to the mill yoke, nor quiet to a job delivering potatoes and sugar at back doors. A terrible thing came about. The old crowd of the Duke's followers were drifting down from adventure to steady pull in harness, bucking a little, returning at times to the Half Acre to talk of other days, laughing at past terrors, little old men living again their youth.

All but the Duke.

He would not work, though his gang had scattered and smaller boys had come to play the tricks grown stale to him. Sally viewed his lank adolescence with alarm. His frame gangled in pants that would be long for Willy James, but missed his ankles by a foot.

His voice wobbled uncertainly from high tenor to low bass. His squeak seemed to echo in his joints. The down he should have shaved gave him the look of a chicken just feathering, ragged, unshaped. He had one gift that softened the heart of the old drummer and stayed the inevitable cataclysm. Never was such a drummer. He could have thrilled the soul of a Gordon of Khar-

toum. He might have lifted the spirit of an Alexander sighing for worlds to conquer. He could set the heart of a girl fluttering. Hearing it, the flax workers stood up in the fields to straighten their aching backs and think of deeds to do, some day.

But drumming does not carry a gangling youth far. Sally's skirts were to her ankles and her hair coiled on her neck, and still, because of a kiss in the starlight she was content to sit alone of an evening when even Maggie, two years younger, had a beau and was taking the care of the house off Sally. So Sally went to learn the millinery in Miss Spark's Hat Shop and listened to love talk and had none of her own to tell. But what hurt most was when the Duke went by in his high-water pants and ragged shirt, and the girls rocked with laughter and shrieked:

"Look at the Duke, starving because he won't work! Old Leonard ought to beat him out of the Half Acre and let him make his own way."

And one day that happened.

HE was fiddling that day with a clock brought in to have a minute hand put on. The clock fell and, like the One Hoss Shay, it went to smithereens. Old Leonard snatched a drum stick, the padded knob of the big drum, and swung with all his might, crash after crash, sputtering the pent up rage of his disappointment at the boy's worthlessness until the Duke fled across the Half Acre and did not come back.

A way-freight bumper carried him to Toronto, penniless, hungry, in an old shirt and ragged pants that flapped farewell to his shoe tops. Starving, he strayed from street to street, earning a dime for carrying a traveler's grips, humbled by the stare of stranger eyes. Sleeping where he could, in lumber yards along the lake docks, he was a worthless bit of flotsam, a bum, without the nerve to belong to the tramp brotherhood.

He haunted the railroad. The depot crowds hid him as they spilled out and were sucked into trains. He seized grips and was tossed a dime or a quarter, whichever came uppermost. Until the morning of Orangemen's Day, when the first band of celebrants came, middle-aged men who wore sashes and carried banners; the hired band of young men who didn't care about the occasion so long as it was a day's fun, a trip somewhere, expenses and pay.

The Duke cared little about the day. He smiled as he remembered that Leonard and Willy James would be marching as he too had marched in the dusk on the Half Acre, fife shrilling, drums purring like velvet, the night he caught Sally and kissed her.

(Continued on page 226)



# Yankee Captain and Southern Pilot

THE name of the boat is lost. But she will be memorable always for the passenger she carried to Havana in December of '29—a boy of Maine, Josiah Angier Mitchell.

It was just five years before Richard Henry Dana shipped for California that this other New England youth—destined to fame for his heroic part in a terrible sea drama rather than for his written record—put his chest aboard a schooner bound for the Antilles. Yet he has left us some few writings, treasured letters in which the spirit of a "noble, simple-hearted man," as Mark Twain called him, speaks freely to his family and friends.

Remarkable it is that the fates of these two, the Freeport boy cast for an ocean command and the Hannibal lad bound for a pilot's berth on the Mississippi, should have been so interwoven, should have brought them to so strange a rendezvous. For it was the cask of varnish and the unguarded candle, the holocaust at sea and Captain Mitchell's matchless Odyssey, these and Cleman's long night of writing, which converted a discouraged Grub Street scribbler into a literary personage known and honored throughout the world.

But let the Freeport boy, young Mitchell, speak for himself. His trunk has been stowed, the boat has hauled out into the stream and stood away to sea, and the varied days of his voyagings begun:

Havannah, Dec. 29, 1829.

Dear Parents:

Supposing you feel some anxiety concerning me I will endeavor to write you a few lines. In the first place you must all excuse me for not bidding you Good Bye. But how could I?—my feelings wouldn't let me do it. When Pomeroy brought me the dollar I could not say good bye.

I was rather homesick the first day or two, and come to turn in at night how I felt! Then it was I thought of home, tears supplied the place of sleep, but soon these feelings wore away. I was seasick but very little. We had very pleasant weather until the Sunday after we came out crossing the gulf stream—in about two hours before when the mate called the Captain and told him it was blowing very heavy—I went upon deck. The seas were running mountains high. At one moment the ship would ride upon the top of the waves and the next plunge into the abyss beneath. The scene was awful but grand.

Every few minutes the sea would break

By HAROLD WALDO  
*Illustrations by the Author*

over her, it carried away a barrel of new cider and a half barrel of tongues and rounds lashed strong to the deck, and if the pigs hadn't known how to swim they would have been gone too. Then I would have given anything to be at home, but I must say that I like the sea fully as well as I expected.

We arrived here Christmas Day after a passage of sixteen days. I ate my last apple yesterday, my cakes I have some of them

Mitchell.

Tuesday evening.

P. S.—I must tell you again that I like the sea very well, think I shall follow it for a living if my health continues good.

Good Night Adieu,  
I should like to see you.

IT is evident that the unco canny spell of the ocean is working its will on the frail Yankee lad with such a magic as Dana claims has sent more youths to sea than all the press gangs in the world. "There is a witchery in the sea," he says, "its songs and stories—in the mere sight of a ship—and in the sailor's dress."

When young Mitchell assumed his first greenhorn sailor outfit it was precisely the costume worn in Dana's day—a gallus red or checkered shirt; a black tea-plate of a hat, varnished up to beat an amen corner, exactly the hat that Cap'n Cuttle wears in the immortal drawings of Phiz, with its fathom or so of black ribbon; wide flaring duck trousers and black or colored kerchief. All fair-weather togs to be sure, and bound to give place in making "the Horn" to heavy seaman's slops of tarred and icy dungarees, a clumsy armor to go with sleeted beard and frozen bleeding hands.

In spite of bitter hardships and toil which came to salt and drench the new life at sea, "blue water" and rigorous usage built upon the slender frame of the Freeport lawyer's boy a staunch young ship's officer. And sometime between young Dana's return to Harvard College and the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, Josiah Mitchell won his Master's Ticket and, with all the masterful address of those glorious clipper days, laid his new ship on for San Francisco!

We see him in his pictures—and through the eyes of his little

daughter Florence—(living in California today)—standing out a man of firm straight bearing, of square shoulders, heavy brown hair and resolute deep blue eyes.

Suppose he had returned from his first voyage to enter the law as young Richard Dana did? He came of just such stock as Dana's—the intellectual New England type, high of forehead, thin of nostril, keen of eye—fairly predestined to bar or bench or pulpit. How remote then would have been his



HAROLD WALDO

yet. Captain Maxwell, the mates and likewise the crew have all been very kind to me.

There is now in this place two frigates and about 6 men of warships. I should like to have you hear the music they make. They play every morning and evening, it is delightful. They all fire a gun at sunrise and sunset and every flag in the harbor lowers at once. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Give my love to all my brothers and sisters and likewise inquiring friends. Kiss Su for me. Excuse my writing, it is dark, my pen is poor and I have no knife to mend it.

From your affectionate son, Josiah A.



wildest dreams from a scene of shouting crowds at Bristol on Severn—and from that pillar of fire upon the lonely Pacific which marked such a climax in his life and such a turning point in Samuel Clemens'!

The Captain's daughter, Mrs. Florence Hudson, who lives now in Alameda County, writes: "I have a letter from his father addressed to him as *Captain* written in 1849 just before his sailing for San Francisco, with many of the hometown boys in his crew—bound for the Land of Gold—and expecting to be away two years—" So the counsellor's boy of Freeport "cracked it on" his big ship, to transport his boyhood 'townies' on that 15,000 mile Argonautic sweep to California!

*"Ho, Sussanah, don't you cry for me,  
I'm going to Californy  
With my banjo on my knee!"*

We have a letter from him written shortly after this time (in November of '53) to his daughters Mary and Abby. Something about the gentleness of it tells us more of the heart of Captain Mitchell than a volume of tertium quid descriptions.

Island of Saboga, Nov. 28, 1853.

My Dear Little Abby:

I received your kind little favor written all in capitals, and could read every word of it without any trouble at all. And I'm afraid if I shouldn't answer it right away you would feel hurt and not write me again, so you see I shall reply to it this first opportunity, thanking you again and again for the pleasure your letter afforded me. You can learn much from mother and sister Mary this winter, and when you go to school in the spring you can go into the second class perhaps. You did not say one word about sucking your thumb or looking cross-eyed, so I suppose you do neither now. What grand times you must have with Mr. Reid's piano. Often times I imagine myself listening to your music and wish it was really so. You must give my love to all your little friends—Emma, Willie and all of them. And be a good little girl till father comes home.

Your loving father,

J. A. MITCHELL.

*"Till Father Comes Home!"*

Magic phrase! And what wonderful times those were when father came home to the large square house under the great elms! "I remember," his daughter writes, "when a little girl in the house at Freeport we had a little King Charles spaniel, and when father would come home from his long voyage—sometimes over a year—that little dog would be so delighted to see him, would climb all over him and couldn't keep away—and we could actually see him laugh with joy!" From these words, written this year of 1923, how easy to picture once again the wind-bronzed figure, and to feel the breath of romance he brought from the corners of the globe to the snug old, big old white house in Freeport!

"Once father brought me a big china doll. I can just see it as I came into

the room, sitting up on the high mantel. Another time he brought a box of French prunes big and flat and a glass cover to the box. Prunes were not as plentiful in New England in those days as with us at the present time. It was a great treat to be allowed to go to the china closet and have one prune from that wonderful box."

Observe that these prunes came from France, and not California. The Captain's cargos from California these days were of grain, which he sometimes carried to Europe, returning from thence with emigrants sometimes; loading in New York with general merchandise for California; from there around the Horn once more, in California grain or in ballast to Pabillon D'Pica off the coast of Chili where a load of guano might be waiting him. And thus this kindly Captain, so different from the bully, bull-



necked type that protrudes so formidably in legal records and in fiction, moved on through the years, with their long voyages, drawing ever nearer and nearer that pillar of fire on the desert bosom of the Pacific—and to his meeting with the pilot.

These were, perhaps, the happiest days of the Captain's life. On nearly every voyage now he had with him his beloved son, Harry. And then, to crown his loyal service, came the Captain's splendid great command—the fire-new "*City of Brooklyn*"—one of the finest clipper ships that ever cleared from New York harbor—a topnotch entry amongst those great white racehorses of the sea which showed their heels to every known cut of vessel in the world and snatched the American colors across the finish miles to the fore—"and going away!"

AND now comes little Sister Mary's prodigious treat—such a treat as comes to few girls anywhere—to sail with a captain father in the queen of

the seas on a long trip to old England! And this is the way her father writes home about it:

Bristol, March 29, 1861.

My Dear Wife:

In Mary's note to Abby I informed you of our safe arrival at King Roads in sixteen days from New York. Arrived safe in dock on Monday the 25th inst. and such a turning out of the people to see the great American Clipper (she is the largest ship that ever came up the river) you would never believe if I were to tell you. The banks of the river were lined with people from the very entrance up to the dock gates—and as we approached the town became one dense mass of people—ships, pier heads, docks and houses completely covered.

Talk about the excitement produced by the Great Eastern's arrival at New York, or the ovations to Mr. Lincoln, why 'twas nothing compared to it. Mary was perfectly wild with excitement and wonder at the novel sight, and no wonder at it. The Ship was in very fine order and looked well, lying in the roads so long gave us ample time to put her in tip-top condition. The consignees are young men and very proud of the consignment. They put a piece in the paper respecting her passage across, her size, immense length, etc. etc., and the whole town turned out en masse.

Mrs. Ward the consul's lady took charge of Mary the moment she arrived and says she cannot leave there until the ship goes—but I cannot consent as I want her company on board, beside Mrs. W. will induce her to make more bills than I shall be willing to pay. Already she has told her she must discard her winter hat, and get a new straw. Also selected a silk for her and got a dressmaker at the house. New boots and gloves. I told Mrs. W. last night I shouldn't stand any more such work as that, I should be ruined before I knew it. Mary says she, Mrs. W., don't allow her to have anything to say about it.

They are very intimate with the family of the French consulate and others of like order. So Mary will have the opportunity of seeing something of life abroad, and I hope will improve from it. Last night she went out to a family dance, and tomorrow evening Mrs. W. has one at her house. She is a very accomplished lady, has been in all parts of Europe. Sings and plays beautifully. Speaks French, Italian and German. House is full of paintings, portraits and copied from the oldest painters. All by her own hand. Is nearly fifty years of age, the mother of three grown-up children and altogether is the most remarkable American lady I have ever met. But I think you must be tired of our reception at Bristol. I only wish My Dear Wife that you were here to be with Mary and to give me the pleasure of your society when I go home nights.

It's Good Friday today and a great holiday. The ship is crowded with visitors, and since I have been writing all of 100 ladies and gentlemen have pushed their way down here in the cabin to gaze and stare—and my ears are constantly saluted with, isn't it elegant; how beautiful; splendid, and every manner of expression. I write on without looking up.

Quite evidently the Consul's lady impressed herself upon the captain's imagination as an Al Manager, Lloyd rating. She would allow Mary "nothing to say"—so poor Mary must bear up against the orders of new finery with what cheer she could summon up. Sister Mary was the tippetty-witchety mem-



ber of that happy circle of four young Mitchells.

Time came for her and for little Florence to go away to boarding school. And then Harry, immensely to his father's regret, gave up the sea. The saddened and lonely man writes home:

"Have been out from Valparaiso five days, lonesome and homesick enough. I have no Harry to talk with now. I miss him every hour of every day, and never felt the absence of any person so much in my long experience of partings and leave-takings. I hope they are nearly over now."

The space which separates the kindly captain from that catastrophe and terrible adventure on desolate seas is very narrow. He, with his helpless crew of mixed aliens, will soon be close upon it. "Those men" would "not survive by any merit of their own, but by merit of the character and intelligence of the captain," said Samuel Clemens. *"They lived by the mastery of his spirit."*

"Mary thought quite seriously of going with Father on the voyage of the *Hornet*", says her sister, Mrs. Hudson, the "little Fody" of his letters.

"Thank God she did not come!" must have been his inward cry again and again, great as had been the longing for the companionship of his family—a longing that made him write home: "What would I not give to see you all this fine day—and have a good long chat with you—some music with Abby—a walk and race with Mary—and a good nice time with Fody—and such a pleasant evening with you all. My home never appeared half so dear to me as now."

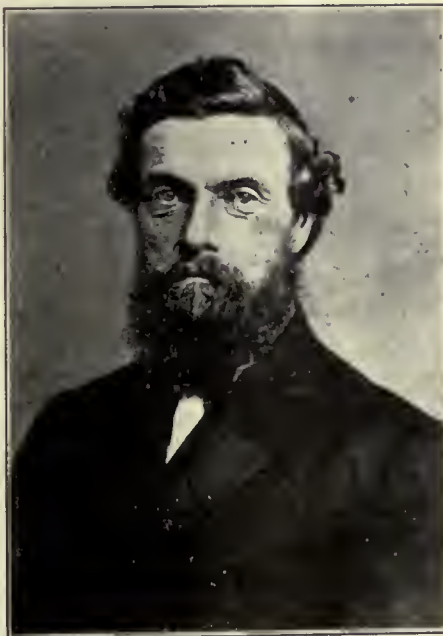
The *Hornet* sailed from New York in the year of Lincoln's re-election; rounded the Horn in fair weather, and came streaming up to the line in glorious style—"a Cape-Horner under a cloud of canvas." On the morning of May 3rd, in a blistering haze of heat, there came a cry of fire. A nameless sailor had tried to draw some varnish from a cask by candle-flare. An instant blaze was the result, and all the ship—the proud Cape-Horner which had stepped in such regal style—was soon trembling with the furious reverberations of the blaze. Smoke and flame cut them off with short provisions, and the three ship's boats, two quarter-boats and a long boat, put away under command of the captain in the long boat. There began then the unparalleled trip—forty-three days in the tropics in an open boat on ten days rations—a traverse in all of four thousand miles.

How the captain scaled down the rations, made sail on the long boat, towing the quarter-boats behind, how necessity compelled the boats to separate, how the long boat, alone, with its fifteen crazed and haggard men came through

terrible tropic storms and survived the long crawling days, passing above the islands they had hoped to find, getting down to the last bread crumb and sucking sustenance from boots and greasy rags and socks and handkerchiefs,—all of this Mark Twain has told in his amazing account entitled, "My Debut As a Literary Person."

Through hunger and fear the men's minds broke down, they fancied that the captain had millions in gold hidden from them; they plotted to kill him, to murder and eat each other. They had become madmen. In these terrible straits Captain Mitchell had use for all the iron resolution, all of the sympathy and faith that had made him so remarkable a captain of men.

An entry in his Log for June 5th says:



Captain Josiah Angler Mitchell

*"Nothing left but a little piece of ham and a gill of water, all round."*

And one thousand five hundred miles yet to crawl!

June 11, *"All food gone."*—Captain's Log.

On June 14th a magnificent rainbow arched the evening sky, and the captain said: "Cheer up, boys—IT'S THE BOW OF PROMISE!"

"They lived by the mastery of his spirit!"

ON June 15th — "LAND IN SIGHT" wrote Sam Ferguson, the captain's companion. "Two noble Kanakas swam out and took the boat ashore." They had struck the isle of Hilo in the only possible landing spot in a stretch of thirty-five miles—a small breach in a precipitous reef rising stark from forty fathoms of dark water! "There is nothing of its sort in history," Mark Twain wrote, "that surpasses it in impossibilities made possible. The in-

terest of this story is unquenchable; it is of the sort that time cannot decay, for by some subtle law all tragic human experiences gain in pathos by the perspective of time."

The whilom Mississippi Pilot was in Honolulu at the time, writing weekly letters to the Sacramento Union. When the long boat's crew were brought to Honolulu, Anson Burlingame, Lincoln's minister en route to China, had the sick and discouraged newspaperman carried on a stretcher to the hospital where the crew lay, and there Clemens took down their story, labored on it all the night through, and in the early hours of the morning had it carried to the wharf and tossed by a stout arm across the widening waters to the departing packet, San Francisco bound.

From Hawaii Captain Mitchell wrote home, under date of July 3rd: "Bid farewell to the kind people of Hilo and with tears running down our cheeks embarked for Honolulu. Here, as at Hilo, everybody seems to feel that they cannot do enough for us. Mr. Burlingame in particular has been exceedingly kind and attentive to me. Says I am one of the great men of the age, that the voyage in the boat from the time we left the ship to the time we landed was the greatest exhibition of moral power in the government of men ever heard of—I could only tell him what was perfectly true—that it was no credit belonging to me, that I felt from the moment we got into the boat that we were in God's hands and there was no hope but perfect trust in him.

"Where are the girls? How much I have thought of you every day since I got into that boat! I shall know everything when I get to San Francisco and see Harry. Darling little Fody I suppose is with you. Think I shall enjoy my home more than ever—God grant it."

Once on board the boat for San Francisco, the Captain and the pilot, prototypes each of that grand, extravagant heyday of American commerce on ocean and great river, tramped the decks together for twenty-eight days. There Mark Twain gathered the materials which he wove into the new *Odyssey* which was soon to make him a literary figure in the United States. Already the country was ringing with the news contained in his brilliant newspaper "beat."

In those days on deck the Southern Pilot came to know the Yankee Captain well. "A bright, simple-hearted, unassuming, plucky and most companionable man. I remember him with reverent honor!"

The story of the Counsellor's boy who went to sea hastens on to its close.

(Continued on page 233)



# With Reluctant Feet

By TORREY CONNOR

I was on the back porch, tying up blue strands of morning glory that the wind of the night before had loosened.

The blossoming vines made a pretty frame for the pretty picture that seemed a part of the June garden—a California garden decked as for a festival of love. There, leaning over the low white fence, was Ruth DeLacey, of the solemn grey eyes, talking to Paul—my son Paul, heart of my heart. And somewhere in the house daughter Janice, returned from boarding school but three days ago, raised a bird-clear voice in a song that was all of love.

Into the picture strode John Smith, father of Janice and Paul—for twenty-five years my "Johndear." I do not often call my husband by this pet name, nor show him my sentimental side. A peacock in our poultry yard would be no more incomprehensible to him than is "Henrietta" in a poetical mood. At John's side, suiting her step to his, came Enid Boyce, our house-guest, a new friend of daughter Janice. The "riding-togs"—breeches, a mannish coat—announced her morning program.

I may be a bit old-fashioned; but I don't like mannish things for women. Contrasted with Ruth, in her crisp house dress of blue gingham, the girl—really beautiful—was at a disadvantage. I was sorry that Paul should see Enid in this get-up, for I wished him to be pleasant, at least, to our guest—and already her unfeminine ways had jarred his sensitive soul. Ruth's low, sweet voice brought me out of my abstraction.

"—and right now our garden is full of the big-gest, red-dest strawberries! I'll make a strawberry shortcake, with thick cream on top—"

And this, from my son:

"If it's as good as that quarter section I had over at your house the other day, I'll write a poem to it."

John, as usual, had his say:

"Oh, you women! Isn't it enough that the boy's mother coddles him half to death? Miss Ruth, this will never do!"

Ruth gave Paul the shielding, maternal look with which she had regarded him since she was six years old, and he a diffident boy of eight; but before she could speak, Enid Boyce had entered the fray.

"Strawberry shortcake! *with* cream!" she protested, though with a flashing smile that was like sunlight in a dark place. "And you take practically no exercise! Mr. Paul Smith, do you know what will happen to you? You'll get

fa-a-at. And—"

The damage was done! My poor, sensitive Paul! I waited to hear no more—I had no time to wait. Tonight we were giving a coming-out party for daughter Janice. I worked hard, that day, that the party might be a perfect success.

In the pink light of the pettiskirted lamp, with the coming of evening, the room bloomed as did the old-fashioned cinnamon roses that spilled fragrance

## FOREBODING

*GRAY are the mountains,  
All, all around;  
Gray the wet sky,  
Grayer the sound.*

*But grayer than these,  
Than sky or sea,  
Is the old, cold thought  
In the heart of me.*

—Audred Bunch.

from a wedgewood bowl set atop the piano. The brown pottery jar on the library table held white roses—they always make me think of bridal wreaths; and on the broad ledges of the two open windows that overlooked the garden I had set tall vases of eglantine. Half the young folk of our little western town were present to welcome Janice.

How pretty, the blue-eyed girl! Changed, yes. But—in spite of bobbed blonde locks, skirts shorter than short, a bewildering vocabulary of slang—still holding to that delightful freshness that can only be compared to dew on spring blossoms, or to the breeze of early morning.

I had just heard her say to Enid Boyce:

"Don't expect to see *Paul*! He's very likely writing a poem; and wild automobiles wouldn't drag him from it."

THEY crossed the room arm in arm, daughter Janice in something pale green and clinging that made her look as if she had come up out of the sea; Enid in russet-red, an astonishing gown, with economical distribution of drapery both above and below the waist-line that marks the fashion of the times. In my day—But no! I should not be critical of my children's friends; I had determined that I should not. And if I were young and pretty and slender—

who knows? I'm not, though. I am fat and fifty; and no one calls me pretty but my little neighbor, Ruth DeLacey.

I repeat: I am not unduly given to criticism. To be up and coming with the new generation, to be alive to their interests, their pleasures, a companion to my daughter, my son's confidante—this was the duty I had set myself. But I could not always follow in the paths which they footed so fleetly. Sometimes, when my mental and spiritual breath gave out, I was glad to sit in the green shadow of the lilacs (people don't grow lilacs any more) in our back yard, and read Tennyson and Longfellow (who have "gone out," I'm told) with Ruth DeLacey. Or we would embroider, or plan little surprises in cookery for our respective families.

I was thinking that I shouldn't have so much time for Ruth, now that daughter Janice was home again. And at that moment, Janice, catching my eye across the room, blew a kiss to me from the bunched tips of her rosy fingers. Under the cover of humming conversation, laughter, I leaned and whispered to John:

"Standing with reluctant feet

Where the brook and river meet."

The head of thick curls feathered with silver turned slowly my way; under serene silver brows John's blue eyes, as young as the eyes of his daughter, laughed into mine.

"*Stand!* Why, Henrietta Smith! *That girl stand?* She wouldn't hesitate a minute. She'd kick off her pumps and wade right in."

I saw, then, that he had been watching Enid, not daughter Janice. The girl, dark, thin, moved with an effortless grace that surprised. This was the secret of her charm. She surprised. And not least among her surprises, her elfish face, under a mop of dark hair, cloudily fine, now and then warmed into passionate beauty.

"I wonder—?" I said to John. He grunted, which meant that he listened; so I floundered on: "I fear that she isn't—the sort of intimate for Janice. Her—her language—I distinctly heard her say—well, she swore this morning when she snagged her riding breeches. And for a girl to wear—breeches! She's so much older than Janice—"

John, slewed sideways in his chair, checked my whispered confidence.

"Wore 'em in France, most likely. Got used to 'em. Do you remember? No? Well, I read it in the paper at the time. She was driving an ambulance; and she came to a field cluttered



up with dead and wounded men—not a nurse or a doctor or a stretcher-bearer in sight. And what does she do? Grabs a tin cup and carries water from a river half a mile away, the night long—the whole night long, with shells falling—”

The DeLaceys, Ruth's aunt and uncle, with whom she lived, came in, and I lost the rest of the story; but I was glad—afterward—that John had told me.

All eyes were drawn to our guest, Enid, as she went the rounds of the crowded room. But no! I was mistaken. Paul, who had slipped in, was devoting himself to quiet, gray-eyed Ruth, who wore a white gown made over from one that her aunt had worn the summer before. I had realized that now, more than ever, Paul would avoid Enid. He had never cared for girls—though he was friendly with Ruth. But this—this new devotion—was something more than mere friendliness. Could it be that—?

Paul, my shy, golden-brown godling, my boy, as Janice was her father's girl, who would do the things I had planned to do—Had I lost him? Was Ruth the girl that my incomparable son would choose? I told my jealous heart that it had nothing to fear, that Paul had thoughts only for the messages of beauty which he wrote, messages which the world would one day read and be glad that he lived.

And yet, if the magic of youthtime, of the June night, with the moon hanging like a silver lamp over the perfumed garden where bride roses were bursting into white song, with pink, yellow, and crimson roses for a bridal chorus—If! Ah, Yes! If love-time had found him, I should rejoice that Ruth would go hand in hand with him down the years. She would be a devoted wife, as she had been a devoted daughter to the childless couple who claimed her service.

My glance wandered unseeingly from one to the other of the gay groups. I had been aware, but a moment since, that the general conversation had taken an unusual turn. Now I heard the startling declaration of Enid, our guest:

“Why of course you should get one-piece bathing suits for your swimming club, girls. There is no freedom of movement in any but the one-piece garment. I'll show you tomorrow. And really you know, one-piece suits are prettier.”

“Hear! Hear!” cried daughter Janice, her white hand flashing upward in salute. “It's a grand idea, if you don't weaken.”

Mr. DeLacey, Ruth's uncle, drawled amusedly:

“We thought that we were getting citified when we began to have neighborhood dances in the school house. A

moving picture theater in our midst confirmed our belief. It remains for Miss Boyce to introduce the one-piece bathing suit—the last metropolitan touch.”

Enid turned her slim back to his intent gaze—a look that would have bruised her spirit had she seen it—and with the swiftness of swallow-flight her nimble mind was away on other conversational quests.

As it chanced, my roving glance stopped at Mrs. DeLacey. For once I recalled with satisfaction—since my son showed an interest in her niece—her proud boast of blue blood. She sat, now, as always, leaning impetuously forward, her lips parted childishly, her eyes wide and wondering—an ineffectual woman. She would have been called “shif'less”

### COLLEGE MEMORIES

COME back ye days of inspiration sweet,  
When argent sickle harvests rich  
o'erspread,  
And thirsting minds to cooling brooks were led  
By masters wise who laved Minerva's feet.  
Those days of yore my heart o'erflows to greet  
When bright ideas burst from fettered head  
As velvet wings from chrysalis; when tread  
Of Homer's men thrilled souls with rapture meet.

Sweet “as remembered kisses after death,”  
Sweet as blue violets fresh with morning dew,  
Sweet as the honey sipped from clover's heart,  
These college memories are; a perfumed breath  
From some Elysian past touched with heart's rue,  
Yet sacred as the muse to poet's art.

—Viola Price Franklin.

by an older generation; but to me appealed as rather a helpless person. A distinct talent for club work had brought her in contact with the best people; none the less I felt myself superior to her. There was not such another cook in town as “Aunt Henrietta.” The Smiths are good liver. I did not neglect my home for club work. Neither did I smilingly shift the burden to younger shoulders, as she had done with Ruth.

WHAT a stay and a comfort Ruth had been to those two irresponsible persons, her aunt and uncle!—for he was, if anything, the more impractical. He never “accepted” a position that a “gentleman” could not take. Sometimes he would be idle for weeks. I had no patience with him. Yet for once, I respected his opinion. I resolved that my daughter should never wear a one-piece bathing suit.

I reflected—perhaps ungenerously—that it would be a come-up in the world for Ruth when she married my son. The John Smiths did not put on style, as witness Johndear, at this moment wear-

ing his slippers—a fact I had just discovered. Nevertheless, we were accounted wealthy in that community, and enjoyed ourselves in our own way.

At the instant of recalling these things, I saw that Ruth and Paul had wandered over to the window. A moment later they disappeared, going by way of the side veranda door into the garden. I lost all interest in things of the moment. My thoughts bridged the years—back to the night when I had found life and love in a June garden.

The evening passed—somehow. I was relieved when it was over, and everybody had gone home. Strange emotions stirred me as I moved about in my room. I had shut the door between John's room and mine, for John is a light sleeper, and I feared that my restlessness might disturb him. Out of that restlessness grew determination. I would help Ruth to win Paul. She should know that I was on her side. I turned on my desk light, and looked for pencil and paper; and in my loose, comfortable dressing gown, sat there and wrote the things that were in my heart.

“Little girl with the solemn eyes, and the mouth that was made for smiles—and kisses, I feel very close to you tonight. Just why did you drop into the wrong cradle? Why aren't you making strawberry shortcake for me in my old age?”

“I should like to have you, selfish creature that I am, all for myself, to wrap you 'round with love, and rock you in the big chair, and sing to you. Alas, my voice is not what it once was! A little thin, maybe, and wavering. But never fear; my heart does not waver.

“As I sit here in my room, in the cheerful light of my reading lamp and with the curtains drawn, I think what a cosy place it is for love and us. But I couldn't hold you any more than I could sing to you, for I haven't any lap!

“Forgive me, dear, that I did not know you sooner. Now I see with eyes no longer blind. You are my child, my other daughter that was not born of my body. Could you manage, in the next incarnation, little daughter—that-I-never had, to be mine entirely?”

I folded the note and laid it on the desk, to be sent over in the morning; and lifting the curtain, for a time I leaned from the window.

Perhaps I was over-tired. Perhaps mother-love reaches out to meet the Things to Come. All night I dreamed of Janice—of Janice in danger. As unrefreshed as when I lay down, I arose, in the early morning.

I went about the preparation of a picnic luncheon which the young people were to take to Leaf Lake. Paul would not go; he was writing a poem. At nine

(Continued on page 230)



# Madge Morris Wagner

By HENRY MEADE BLAND

THE next time you pilgrim up to Joaquin Miller Park, pause awhile in front of the Chapel, and then wander along northward down the Rose Path. No roses grow there now, for the acacias have overshadowed them. But go on down the Rose Path, and when you are at the Park boundary you will be in plain sight of the Madge Morris Wagner Lodge.

This sheltered spot in Joaquin's forest was where Madge Morris, in some respects the most unique of California singers, lived in the prime of her life, and drank of poetic wisdom at the hand of the Bard of the Sierras.

The heavy shade of the acacias, which, the year round, envelope the cottage with the fine poetic spirit, born of those other days; though the cottage has now passed into other hands, and Madge has gone from her old haunts.

Madge Morris' early work in verse was begun in San Jose. There she served as reporter and special writer on J. J. Owen's Daily Mercury, and many was the occasion her stanzas appeared on important pages. Her fame really dates to an order given her, half in jest, by Owen to go to the top of the hundred-eighty foot electric tower at Market and Santa Clara streets, and write a poem on the panorama of Santa Clara Valley to be seen from that dangerous height.

Madge took her chief seriously. In these days there was a big bucket run with a windlass which took the electrician up to inspect the great lanterns on top. Climbing into this bucket, she was hauled up the tower.

Here, undismayed by the dizzy height, she wrote:

"I stood on the topmost tower,  
And never again till I die,  
Shall I glimpse such a wondrous dower  
As came in that vision high."

Other verses are buried in the long-ago files of the paper: and I am able to give these only from memory, as I heard them recited once on a visit to Montara.

Madge Morris reached the acme of her fame when, in 1893, because of her poem "Liberty's Bell," she and William McDowell, who conceived a great bell for the Chicago Exposition, were voted by the Chicago authorities the freedom

of the city. Taking his idea from the Liberty-Bell poem, McDowell headed a movement to mould a great bell from historic metal relics. He immediately began to collect them; and securing over two hundred fifty thousand medals and coins—bronze, silver and gold—the bell was cast, and immediately became a great feature of this the World's Columbian Exposition. "Liberty Bell" is

## Rocking the Baby

*I hear her rocking the baby—  
Her room is just next to mine—  
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms  
That round her neck entwine,  
As she rocks, and rocks the baby,  
In the room just next to mine.*

*I hear her rocking the baby  
Each day when the twilight comes,  
Oh! I know there's a world of blessing and love  
In the "baby-bye" she hums.  
I can see the restless fingers  
Playing with "mamma's rings."  
And the sweet little smiling, pouting mouth,  
That to hers in kissing clings,  
As she rocks and sings to the baby,  
And dreams as she rocks and sings.*

*I hear her rocking the baby,  
Slower and slower now,  
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss  
On its eyes, and cheeks and brow.  
From her rocking, rocking, rocking!  
I wonder would she start,  
Could she know, through the wall between us,  
She is rocking on my heart.  
While my empty arms are aching  
For a form they may not press  
And my emptier heart is breaking  
In its desolate loneliness,  
I list to the rocking, rocking,  
In the room just next to mine,  
And breathe a prayer in silence  
At a mother's broken shrine,  
For the woman who rocks the baby  
In the room just next to mine.*

—Madge Morris Wagner.

now a part of the nation's patriotic literature.

A quest for health, and a love for the grimness and wildness of western arid lands finally took the poet to the Colorado desert where again and again she wrote deeply emotional song. At any rate her lyrics, burning as the desert itself, caught the ear of the editor of "Lippincott's" Magazine of Philadelphia, and she was persuaded to write for this periodical. Among her contributions was "The Colorado Desert."

For fierce, overwhelming picturing of the desert as it is, before tamed by the arts of man, this poem is unequaled. Could the lost dead men of Arizona sands be portrayed with more power than in this line:

"Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and hands"?

And again the solemn judgment:

"God must have made these in his anger and forgot!"

Madge Morris was to the poetry of California what Gertrude Atherton is to its fiction. Neither has even an approach to a duplicate: both are 'expressional syndicalists'.

In technique "The Colorado Desert" is not conventional verse—it has no symmetry of either line or rhyme. Nor is it free verse. In construction there is a single-alternate rhymed quatrain, then a rhymed couplet. But this scheme is not continued in the succeeding six lines. A blank couplet follows after this. Here a line shortens to four accents: there another draws itself out to six. The whole is as wierd and broken as the desert it portrays. Yet who shall say the reference to the mescal is not beautifully poetic? and is not the whole powerful.

Nor can the Morris verse be called 'vers libre,' at least not as the modernists would have it; but I believe I am right in the judgment that her art is a prophecy of the strange dissatisfaction with the conventional, which reveals itself in the free verse of today. I call attention to "Sappho to Phaon," and to "Genesis" as further evidence of

Madge Morris' unique position in early western literature.

The tragic Madge Morris aside, it must yet be remembered there are stanzas of extreme beauty in her poetry which will survive when the literary historians after the manner of the miner come to pick up the particles of gold. There is "Under The Sea," which reminds one of the "Three Fishers" by Kingsley; and there are the lines entitled "Ah Me" which to my knowledge have no duplicate in the poetry of loving sorrow—the sadness too beautiful to die.



# A California Poetess---As I Knew Her

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

**Y**EARS ago there were three of us—Madge Morris Wagner, a newly wed, Clara Shortridge Foltz, a fledgling in law, and myself, at the beginning of things, who formed a friendship that has lasted a life-time. One of the trio, Madge Morris Wagner, has passed on, leaving a gap none other can fill.

We three were still in the rose-garden of life, looking through romantic eyes at an unknown world! each bent upon beating a pathway to success in our chosen fields of endeavor. And what a toilsome, rocky road it has been for each of us!

Midway on the journey fame found Madge Morris Wagner, in her "To the Colorado Desert," to my mind the best poem ever written by a California woman. It has the primal swing of the universal, the grand melody of a Psalm. The thoughts expressed are so magnificent that the language, rugged and virile as it is, seems meagre and inadequate. The sparingly used adjectives are a mosaic in word picturing; each line contains a sermon or an essay.

## "TO THE COLORADO DESERT"

Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,  
Hot Sphinx of nature, cactus crowned, what hast thou done?  
Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos turned  
Thy naked burning bosom to the sun.  
The mountain silences have speech, the rivers sing.  
Thou answerest never unto anything.  
Pink-throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;  
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;  
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,  
Steals to some brackish stream and laps, and prowls  
Away, and howls, and howls and howls and howls,  
Until the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness.  
Thy sharp mescal shoots up a giant stalk,  
Its century of yearning, to the sunburnt skies,  
And drips rare honey from the lips  
Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies.  
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and hands  
And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands,  
Mark here and there a gruesome graveless spot  
Where some one drank thy scorching hotness, and is not.  
God must have made thee in his anger, and forgot.

Here is Joaquin Miller's splendid tribute to this shy, silent woman, while the world of letters was busy with her name and fame.

"Not since I can remember have I heard a voice so true as this. It is like the sublime and solemn bass of St. John. It is even John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. Indeed, I doubt if you will find anything more terribly truthful and

fearfully sublime this side of Job, than this one lone, lorn cry from the desert. A photograph, even if such a thing were possible could not be more ghastly and ghastly exact."

Ambrose Bierce, on the other hand, took the line where the coyote is made to howl and howl and howl, and worried it like a dog with a bone. This



poet of a warped and twisted pessimism could write "Black Beetles in Amber" and the "Devil's Dictionary," but it was not in his mental make-up to sing of the sublime or of the eternal verities. Sharp, biting criticism, the expression of an ingrowing egoism marred the product of the scintillating wit and fine appreciation of the value of words, possessed by Ambrose Bierce. He simply could not understand Madge Morris Wagner's viewpoint, nor had he the generosity to felicitate one who achieved in his chosen field, even when the result was in nowise an encroachment on his thought realm. But what Ambrose Bierce failed to recognize was amply repaid in the unstinted praise of Joaquin Miller in his estimate of Madge Morris Wagner—the woman. He says:

"I shall proceed to say what this strange, strong woman of the desert has said from out her heart of hearts. For she is a woman, a very human, tender woman. You will concede before you have done reading the little bits of her sweet soul which I am permitted to give you that it is a great impertinence in me to say much when she is singing."

Surely it was worth while to have inspired such an appreciation in a poet of such timbre as Joaquin Miller! Ambrose Bierce's fierce opposition was another angle of appreciation, too, but scorn and ridicule scorched and withered a sensitive soul like Madge Morris Wagner.

**I**N contrasting the "Colorado Desert" with the familiar "Rocking the Baby" Joaquin Miller says:

"Here are the two extremes of song, the solitude, nakedness, desolation, mystery and awful death and dearth of the boundless desert, and the crooning cradle song, the baby whose utmost bound and limit of life is its mother's encircling arms. Madge Morris Wagner has pictured life and death. You can hear the mother rocking, rocking. You can see the dead men lying in the sands in her song of the Colorado Desert as you rarely see shapes in any song."

Madge Morris Wagner was born in Oregon where the evergreen woods and gentle rains attuned themselves to her gentle, refined nature. Her forebears were Virginians and she had the indescribable charm of the old-time high-bred Southern lady. Self-effacing to a marked degree Madge Morris Wagner thought more of the welfare and interests of others than of herself. She was singularly susceptible to surroundings and the moods of her associates. This trait was her greatest weakness, and was the source of her shyness and retiring disposition.

Only once in all her life did she assert herself, and that was when her poem "Liberty Bell" brought her to Chicago to face the multitudes on July 4th, 1893, during the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America at the International Exposition. It was this poem which inspired the collection of hundreds of metal relics of Colonial Days which were used in recasting our great Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. The triumphal tour of the bell through the United States kept the poem fresh in mind, but Madge Morris Wagner kept well in the background because she could never overcome a natural aversion to crowds, noise and the acclaim of the rabble.

Three masterful poets—Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, and Madge Morris Wagner have taken on immortality in its final form. Each has a distinct place in contemporaneous achievement; each has added a quota to the lasting fame of Western letters.



# Her Pen Is Stilled

"HER pen is stilled." This was the announcement of the San Francisco Press of February 27, 1924, when the vital spark of Madge Morris passed from earth.

There have been other women poets of the Pacific Coast, poets of beauty and of strength, but with the appearance of the name of Madge Morris in the Argonaut of the early Eighties came an electric spark to startle and surprise.

When I met her, in 1884, she was a flashing-eyed, slender young woman with a wealth of black tresses. There was about her an atmosphere as if she carried memories of the Alhambra from a previous existence.

Whether she had had material food of earth or not, she had supped with the gods as had those earlier poets of ours who but a short time dwelt with us. And hers might have been the same fate as theirs had not a new element come into her life story.

Harr Wagner, editor of the Golden Era, was a reborn Californian. He came again to life here, adopted overnight by California and with a love for her traditions and history second to that of no native son.

Among the many women poets who sought to supply the needs of the Golden Era came Madge Morris, with her mysterious, veiled eyes and her appealing personality. She had already obtained local recognition and her strength of mind, her far-reaching imagination, made her a fitting companion to the young editor who was but newly born to the ways of California. She was a young widow then, with a beautiful little girl to provide for, and she brought her poems that they might be sold to that end.

A small edition appeared first, under the title of "Carmel," followed by "Debris." And soon after the young editor annexed both herself and the daughter to his first love, the Golden Era. When the magazine was transplanted to San Diego Madge Morris Wagner became assistant editor. Thereafter her paths lay in pleasantness and peace, brightened by the coming of another daughter.

If in the later editions of Madge Morris's work there are found no glowing poems of new significance in recognition of this great change, it is because marital love is too sacred a subject for utterance. The last edition of her poems, entitled "The Lure of the Desert," is dedicated to this husband whose devo-

By ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

tion so prolonged her years in spite of long-continued invalidism.

When her poem to the Liberty Bell was given forth it inspired the creating of a new bell, called into being to ring only for great occasions in memory of great deeds. I was present in Chicago at the great Columbian Exposition in 1893, when the daughter of the Hon. Irving M. Scott—later the builder of the Oregon—led the young girls who pulled the rope which rang the bell on

## UNDER THE GRASS

AND I must lie out there under the grass.

The wind ripples over the hill.  
In dewy green, or in dusty brown.

Must lie there, and lie there, and lie there still

When the winter rain beats down,  
And down, and into my slim white bones  
Dissolving the dust of me.

And filtering through to the sun and the dew

And the light of the stars, will pass  
Again to the roots of grass.

And somebody, someday, will plant him a tree

And a grape and a rose in the dust of me.

—Madge Morris Wagner.

that day set apart in honor of Balboa's discovery of the Pacific Ocean. They gave Madge Morris a reception that day in the California Building, where her beautiful young daughter recited those eloquent lines that had brought into being the glorious bell which tolled for poor forgotten Balboa.

Her home-coming, too, was honored by receptions and gatherings of friends, amongst whom was the master-poet Joaquin Miller, who kissed her hand in recognition of her greatness.

Later, seeking the desert for an abiding place, "in the country God forgot," she struck again a ringing note which remained marked on men's minds. It was the force of her work which attracted the attention of the great critic and poet Ambrose Bierce, and set her forth as a foeman worthy of his vitriolic pen.

Some years ago James Wood Davidson, A. M., issued a tiny volume entitled "The Poetry of the Future," a prophecy regarding the coming forms of English verse. I was so greatly in-

terested in his analysis and his predictions as to the form which our verse would take that I sent him a copy of the poems of Madge Morris. I had noticed the great originality of the verse-forms she had used, and it seemed to me that she was already an exponent of the future as prophesied in Davidson's volume.

In response I received the following letter:

"Please accept my special thanks for the copy of Madge Morris's book. I have looked through it with great interest; and I am pleased to find in it a vigor of expression and a rhythmical resonance of word-music that are altogether too rare in recent poetry. There is also, as your inquiry suggests, a forward step in escaping from the shackles of artificiality of our Procrustean prosodists. The poet has caught some of the spirit of freedom that 'breaks' in the glorious climate of California, doubtless."

Best of all do I remember her quatrain, "Tolerance," lines which are cut into my brain as fire-etched.

What know you of my soul's inherent strife  
By that calm faith that wells, untried, in  
thine?

How can you from out your life  
Write out a creed for mine?

The late George Wharton James, in his "Course of Lectures on California Literature and its Spirit," included Madge Morris with the "Poets of San Jose," for it was there that she first became known as a contributor to the press. The editors were at once aware of the power and worth of her contributions. James speaks of the silence, of the weakness and the frailness of the author when first she presented her poems to J. J. Owens, editor of the Mercury.

As typical of her originality I select one stanza-outburst that brings a vivid picture, a word-painting:

*THE WHEAT OF THE SAN JOAQUIN*  
A thousand rustling yellow miles of wheat,  
Gold-ripened in the sun, in one  
Vast fenceless field! The hot June pours  
its flood

Of flaming splendor down, and burns  
The field into such yellowness that it  
Is gold of Nature's alchemy, and all  
The mighty length and breadth of valley  
Glows with ripeness.

Then a rolling of machinery,  
And tramp of horse and scream of steam  
And swishing sighs of falling grain  
And sweaty brows of men; and then—  
The Samson of the valleys lieth shorn.





## Climate and Man In California

By JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN



WHEN, in 1848, James Marshall discovered gold in California, the population within the state, exclusive of Indians, numbered about 12,000. The "rush" which followed the discovery increased the white population to nearly 100,000 persons in 1850. Because of the isolation of California in those days, due to the fact that there were neither rail nor wagon roads west of the Mississippi River, this movement of people is still unequalled in the history of our country.

Today the trails of the Argonauts are followed by railroads and every train brings visitors and permanent settlers to the Golden State. Across the prairies and plains and over the deserts and mountains, auto roads now lead to California. Where patient oxen drew the prairie schooners at two or three miles per hour, automobiles now swiftly bear their loads of tourists and settlers.

During the decade ending in 1910, the population of California increased 60 per cent as against 21 per cent for the United States as a whole. The increase for California during the decade closing in 1920 was 44 per cent; for the United States 15 per cent. Our rank in population was twenty-first in 1900, twelfth in 1910 and eighth in 1920. Between 1910 and 1920 we gained 1,049,317 persons or three and one-half times as many as we gained during the ten years following the discovery of gold.

While no one factor is responsible for this remarkable influx of people, climate is the chief magnet. It is and will continue to be the most important of our geographical influences. Our growth in population is largely a human response to a physical condition which confers pleasures and material gains not possible in areas less favored climatically. This magnet will continue to attract, and for many years the population of California will increase.

California is a state of varied topography and therefore of varied climatic conditions. There are extensive areas in which frost seldom occurs and there

are other areas where winter reigns for several months each year. In much of the southeastern part, true desert conditions obtain, while along the northwestern coast and on the western slope of the Sierras, precipitation is very heavy. In spite of these conditions the climate in a large part of the state is characterized by mildness, uniformity and a high percentage of sunshine.

It is to the beneficent influence of the Pacific Ocean that California is largely indebted for its attractive climate. San Francisco is in the latitude of St. Louis, yet the former very rarely has snow, and flowers bloom out of doors during the winter. Eureka and Boston are

Many who have not experienced a practically on the same parallel. The mean January temperature of the former is 46 degrees F; that of the latter is 25 degrees F.

summer in California believe that the temperatures are oppressive. The mean July temperature of Eureka is 55 degrees F. while that of Boston is 70 degrees F. In San Francisco the mean July temperature is 58 degrees F.; in St. Louis it is 80 degrees F. Los Angeles, although much farther south

than Chicago has fewer days on which the heat is oppressive and hot nights are of rare occurrence. On the desert and in the Great Valley the summer temperatures are higher, yet because of the low humidity, people work out of doors without serious discomfort and sunstroke seldom occurs.

Off the coast of California the mean annual temperature of the surface water of the Pacific is 55 degrees F. It varies little from season to season and from year to year. The prevailing westerly winds carry the ocean temperatures to the land. Freedom from large seasonal temperature ranges is a characteristic of the climates of west coasts in the temperate zones. Because of the climatic influence of the ocean, California produces millions of dollars worth of fruit yearly which otherwise she would be unable to grow.

During the winter these relatively warm and moist west winds are chilled as they come in contact with the cooler land and precipitation results. The rainy season extends from November to April inclusive, but there is some variation locally as well as from year to year. In Los Angeles and San Francisco about



"There Winter Reigns"



95 per cent of the mean annual precipitation occurs during the rainy season. In Eureka about 85 per cent falls during the same period.

There is much variation in the amount of precipitation received at different points within the state. In general, precipitation increases from south to north and from sea level to altitudes of several thousand feet. There are places in the southeastern part of the state where there is practically no rainfall; and locally in the Sierras the total precipitation is in excess of eighty inches annually. At San Diego, the mean annual rainfall is about nine inches, Los Angeles receives a little more than fifteen, Santa Barbara nearly seventeen and Eureka forty-two inches annually.

**A**S summer approaches, the westerly wind belt shifts northward. During the summer, California is in the Horse Latitude Belt, a belt of descending air. This descending air is warmed by compression as it approaches the surface of the earth. Moreover the land is warmer than the sea and conditions are therefore unfavorable for precipitation.

During the summer, rains are of rare occurrence and the humidity is low. Grain can therefore be threshed as soon as cut, but in humid regions it must go through a sweating process between cutting and threshing. This climatic condition in California led to the use of the combined harvester by means of which, under the most favorable conditions, one hundred acres of wheat can be cut, threshed and sacked in a day. The harvesters are drawn by tractors which are also used in plowing and pulverizing. Because of the nature of the summer climate, it is safe to leave the sacked grain in the field for several weeks after harvest. This gives the rancher ample time to haul his grain to warehouse or railroad.

California is the leading peach and prune growing state and she produces practically all of our apricots, figs, olives and raisins. Once more we turn to climate for the explanation. Winter and spring conditions are such that fruit buds are seldom seriously injured and the warm, dry summers are ideal for the drying of deciduous fruits and the production of raisins.

The Franciscan fathers laid the foundation of the citrus industry in California and from this has developed the great industry of today. The early plantings were made in the South and for a long time it was believed that oranges and lemons could not be grown

in other parts of the state. As has been shown, California received her prevailing winds from the Pacific Ocean. Destructive cold waves are therefore of infrequent occurrence.

The successful cultivation of both dates and cotton in California grows out of the nature of the climate. Dates will mature wherever there is a sufficiently high temperature for a long enough period of time, but only in a very dry climate can the crop be cured without artificial heat. The production of cotton, both in the southeastern part of the state and in the Central Valley, is quite an important phase of agriculture.

Climatic conditions in California make irrigation necessary in large areas. Irrigation means intensive agriculture and as a rule small farms. Irrigated areas are usually relatively densely populated. The increased likelihood of good crops under irrigation and the larger returns due to the fact that the same land often yields more than one harvest per year, results in giving agricultural land a high value.

In California life out of doors is highly enjoyable at all times of the year. This has been and is an important cause of the rapid development of paved highways. These now lead into every part of the state, making accessible the most wonderful mountain scenery. In number of automobiles California ranks first among the states of the Union.

Climate plays an important part in the development of the motion picture industry. In 1921 approximately 75 per cent of the total number of motion picture plants in the United States were located in and near Los Angeles. Millions of dollars are invested in the industry in the state and a large number of persons are employed.

Contrary to popular belief, changes in climate as applied to one or even several centuries are insignificant. The belief in rapid change is based upon recollection, not upon records kept by the United States Weather Bureau Service. That there is marked variation in

precipitation from year to year is a matter of general observation, but this does not indicate that the mean annual precipitation is either increasing or diminishing.

**T**HE writer has made a somewhat extended study of the records kept by the Weather Bureau Service in California. This study shows that the changes in both precipitation and temperature are in cycles rather than being continuously or even generally in one direction. With very few exceptions the mean annual precipitation for any ten-year period during which records have been kept, varies little from the mean for the entire period. For the years 1894 to 1904 inclusive, the average annual rainfall at Los Angeles was 11.25 inches, or 73 per cent of the mean annual precipitation for the entire period during which records have been kept. Like Los Angeles, Eureka has had one long period, the years 1913 to 1922. The average for these years was 35.68 inches, or 84 per cent of the mean for the years 1877 to 1922. It is highly probable that the mean for the last fifty years departs but slightly from that for the last five hundred years.

Intending settlers may purchase land in the assurance that the state is not drying up. Orchardists may plant trees, confident that climatic conditions will continue to make this one of the leading fruit growing areas of the world. We may continue to encourage growth in population, knowing that the Pacific Ocean will not fail to supply us with the water needed for domestic use, irrigation and the development of hydro-electric energy. Business men in all lines may, so far as constancy of climatic conditions is concerned, invest, plan and expand. The health seekers of generations to come will find here the same genial and invigorating conditions that we of today enjoy. Climate is based upon factors so fundamental and so relatively fixed that it is characterized by stability rather than by changeableness.



Fruit may be dried out-of-doors in California



# Thad Welch--Pioneer and Painter

By HELEN VERNON REID

(Continued from last month)

AS California had been the dream of his boyhood, now Europe with its facilities for instruction was the dream of his manhood and the desire to go abroad to study was tinging Welch's every thought and amounting almost to a passion. While assisting J. W. Ogilvy in his studio in exchange for a little instruction, Thad met the fairy god-mother who was to make his dream come true.

Mrs. Dennison frequented the various studios in San Francisco and around the Bay and was a patron of the artists. Unlimited wealth allowed her to follow her inclinations and give assistance where it was much needed. While in Ogilvy's studio she was struck by the masterful strokes of the quiet young man who always went on with his work, (apparently unconscious of her presence,) while she chatted with Ogilvy. Repeated visits convinced her that this was no ordinary painter, but one who would make a name for himself if he had the proper instruction. She resolved to send him abroad.

Nothing could equal Thad's astonishment when the offer was made to him; his head fairly reeled and he was hardly able to stammer his appreciation to his benefactress. However, she was not concerned with that, only with the results she plainly saw would accrue from such a trip, and before he had fully recovered his senses she had gone.

"Four years in Munich with all your expenses paid!" It seemed too good to be true. In a letter to his aunt, Marie Marsh, he speaks of this event. He had often written of his longings to go over to Europe to study "when my ship comes in." Then this letter came, beginning: "My ship has come in." On the margin he had pictured himself as astride a calf, going down hill and bareheaded and frantic.

After his first joy had subsided, the startling fact became overwhelmingly apparent that the expenses of the voyage across were not mentioned. He would not tell his benefactress that he was without funds and just managing to exist by repeated returns to *The Bulletin* printing rooms.

For days he felt dispirited and oppressed, for how could he save enough money for the passage with his living expenses going on. He went down to the steamship office to inquire the fare. Even steerage was seventy-five dollars. Finally he confided his perplexities to his friend Nelson Hawks, who advised him to set type.

The Hawks family were living in

San Francisco at that time, and upon talking over the situation with his wife she suggested that they ask Welch to paint a picture of their little son who had recently died. This money, added to what he could earn on *The Bulletin* might be sufficient. Soon Welch was painting the portrait in Hawks' foundry on Clay Street. A dim photograph of the child was all Thad needed to produce a delightful study of this little boy. He pictured him lost in the woods and resting against a huge tree, his head pillowed upon his arm and a dreamy innocent expression in his childish eyes that was most appealing. In the distance one could look into the interstices of the forest.

One day while painting this picture, J. Tunstead came into the foundry. He, too, had lost a son and he determined that he would like a picture with his favorite dog. Welch was naturally more than willing to secure the order and each morning for several days Tunstead brought the dog to the foundry

"I cannot express the strange and mingled emotions that contended for the mastery in my heart as I saw fast fading in the hazy distance the scenes so intimately associated with all my dreams and aspirations, my happiest and most miserable days.

As we passed the Bar, the most loyal among the passengers suddenly lost all interest in ordinary topics of conversation and busied themselves in paying the customary tribute to Neptune, which like all unwilling contributions, were given with a very bad grace and an equally wry face. Became somewhat acquainted with several of my fellow passengers and found that many of them were on as strange and extraordinary errands as myself. One young man about twenty-five years of age was communicative enough to inform me that he was then on his way to New York, there to take the Oriental Steamer to China, in the interior of which country he was to take upon himself the duties of some official position under the Chinese government. Some were bound to different parts of South America, some to Central America, and two to their homes in England; while one good-natured and garrulous old German informed me that he was then on his way to Stuttgart, and that I had 'Shust petter coom right along mit him' by the way of Hamburg. As I am not likely to meet any others going through who speak the language, I shall accept his kind proposal."



Through the Golden Gate

and Welch returned the dog in the evening to his home on Russian Hill. When the picture was finished, Tunstead was very pleased and asked the price. Welch replied, "Whatever you please," his voice never betraying the seriousness of the occasion.

Tunstead handed him fifty dollars. Nelson Hawks had given him twenty-five, and with fifteen which he had saved there was enough both for the ticket and for a suit of clothes which he needed badly.

At noon on June 18th, 1874, Thad Welch boarded the *Constitution* and half an hour later she swung into the stream, passed the city and Alcatraz and out through the Golden Gate.

Of this eventful day he writes in his brief journal:

A few days later he writes:

"QUITE a sensation caused among the steerage passengers by the first number of a literary bantling, fathered by my friend the ambassador to China and a vivacious little Frenchman who was one of the teachers of the French language in a San Francisco school. It contained quite a number of stereotyped witticisms, which seemed to afford the editor more pleasure than his readers. The second number of the *Constitution* was issued today with one illustration by T. W., of the 'gilded halls of vice' as viewed from a 'constitutional' standpoint, being a group of Frenchmen playing monte—"

The same week he writes:

"Another sensation was produced by the illustrations in the last numbers of the *Constitution* and one sensitive individual to whom no reference was made took one caricature all to himself and threatens to 'put a head' on the artist if there were



more illustrations of a kindred character brought out. So that now I go on deck with great fear and trembling. I have just finished some illustrations in which the poor artist is placed 'hors du combat' by the pugilistic knight, which may probably appease him, although he may be satisfied with nothing less than blood, and as I have not enough for my own use he will have to forego the enjoyment of such a luxury for the present, at least. I await the effects of the last dose with great anxiety.

"Last night every one was sick and one excitable Frenchman swore that we had been poisoned by some cabin passenger, or by eating food cooked in a vessel used by the same. He was ripe for a mutiny and immediately proposed getting up a remonstrance to the Captain. Today's *Constitution* contains a comical allusion to our midnight mishaps and with other equally interesting matter created a great deal of mirth among the passengers. The two editors of the *Constitution* have been assigned to more comfortable quarters aft, and have also through the same means procured fresh water for the steerage passengers to wash in. The paper today will probably cause a commotion among the lady passengers as I contributed a sketch of a group of them on the hurricane deck in divers picturesque attitudes, in which striped stockings were very conspicuous. There was great nervousness among the ladies when they found out they were being sketched and one impudent puss had the courage to demand a sight of the drawing, but I was equal to the emergency and firmly declined and informed her that she would find it in today's *Constitution*. Since then, the ladies look on me with distrust, very much akin to dislike. I made a water color sketch of ocean and sky, and also one of our Frenchman."

An incident happened during the voyage which though small in itself showed the kind and sympathetic nature of Welch towards strangers as well as friends. He relates it in his casual way

with no thought of the humane part he had played.

"Today a poor Norwegian boy, almost dead with consumption, lost his purse containing all the money he has in the world—about ten dollars in gold, and his mother's picture. If he does not find it, I intend to get up a subscription among the passengers for him. He has an uncle somewhere in New York and he had only the ten dollars to take him there after his arrival in New York. He is quite a simple, girlish looking boy, two delicate for the life of a sailor which he has been following for the last few years." Later he writes:

"I made up a subscription for the poor Norwegian boy, and succeeded in getting him twenty-five dollars and a half. It gave me great pleasure when he gratefully wrung my hand—more than if he had made me a millionaire, and I truly hope our little help will be the means of getting him home. Last night just before retiring we saw a comet a little West of North and later in the night the light of some lighthouse in Cuha.

"Last night some of the cabin passengers had a great scare, on account of some steerage passenger having been seen prowling about the cabin at the dead hour of night. The Purser, supported by a posse of cabin passengers and waiters made a descent upon the steerage hut could not find out who the passenger was who had created such a disturbance. It was no doubt only a hoax, and reminded me very forcibly of an incident in some novel I read when I was a boy, in which some mischievous students having created a disturbance in the boarding school were being examined very closely by the janitor as to who it was struck him with a pillow as he ascended the stairs, when one of the boys, in a sepulchral voice replied: 'The ghost of the boy who died in the spare bed.'"

Welch was very chivalrous to women, not in the effusive courtesies which are apparent among the Latin races but a

protective chivalry that was more effective and always sincere. In a few instances this brought upon him criticism greatly undeserved. Therefore his account of the following incident on ship-board is characteristic of the man:

"The voyage is becoming monotonous and I shall be much relieved when the trip is ended. About the only things that have any interest for me now is writing in my journal and watching the efforts of several low characters to take advantage of a poor and uneducated English girl, who is going to her mother. She has I think two disinterested friends in another young man, a countryman of hers, and myself. Although she is ill-hed and is terribly willful about taking advice, I think she is a virtuous girl and it shall be our utmost endeavor to keep her so. One of the young Englishman's chums tells him that he is a fool for not taking advantage of the friendship she reposed in him, but I counteract his influence by just the opposite advice and I flatter myself that it has just the effect to be desired."

"ON September 24th we arrived in Liverpool," writes Welch in his journal, "and were hustled on board a ferry-boat, like so many helpless sheep, and from thence to the hotel. We were at the mercy of Customhouse officials and hotel-runners.

"It seems all the steamship lines have a particular hotel which they pretend to own, but which in reality holds about the same relationship to the steamers as our sailor boarding houses, except that, instead of furnishing sailors, they furnish outgoing passengers, and the Companies return the courtesy by throwing stray 'bits' in the shape of unsuspecting travelers into their capacious maws.

"The hotel keeper who pounced upon our party corralled our baggage saying, 'Here Johnnie, show these gentlemen to Number Thirty-six' and forthwith Johnnie gave the



"SUNLIT HILLS"

—from the painting by Thad Welch



order to 'fall in.' Our guide looked like a picture of last year's scarecrow and I thought if the house is in keeping with this individual it must be down among the slums. He conducted us through the narrowest, filthiest and most dismal lanes and alleys that I pictured Number Thirty-six a kind of stable and this bundle of rags was one of the 'hostlers.'

"It was Sunday and the streets were swarming and you may guess how comfortable I felt as we ran the gauntlet of all those eyes as they looked with pity on our unsophisticated appearance and my comfort was considerably augmented by the remark made by an imp of a bootblack who was sunning himself on a curbstone, 'Hello, Yanks, be you lost?'

"Finally we arrived at Number Thirty-six Erle Street and as soon as we 'remembered' old rag-bags, we proceeded to order dinner from the buxom landlady, and flattered ourselves that we would now have an opportunity of testing the qualities of the 'roast beef of old England.' But Madam coolly informed us that the markets were closed and there wasn't a mouthful of meat except 'salt horse' in the house. We concluded to 'dine out for the nonce'.

"Two days later we were in Hamburg. Although I was there the greater part of two days, I did not learn or see much of the city, as my German acquaintances from the steamer carried me off to see an uninteresting Zoological Garden. It was notwithstanding, a splendid affair but I was so anxious to go and see the Picture Gallery that it spoiled my appreciation of the wild beasts and we hurried through it only to find the Gallery closed."

Leaving Hamburg by rail for Munich, the last remaining fellow passenger who spoke English, changed cars for Heidelberg and Welch was then thrown upon his own resources with a very slender stock of German words at his command. The conductor called out "Wagenwechseln" and Welch looked on his folder to see what station that was and did not find out for fifty miles farther on that it meant "change cars." He had to get off at the next station to await a return train. In the interim he saw a man who looked like a professor and he asked him if he knew when the next train would return; the man tried to tell him in German, then tried French, Italian, Spanish and finally Latin and Thad Welch shook his head to all these languages. English was the only language that the professor did not know and the only one the Hoosier could converse in.

"I am going to make Munich such an honor to Germany," declared Ludwig I., "that nobody will know Germany who has not seen Munich." This prophecy was fulfilled and in 1870 Munich had taken the place of Dusseldorf as the leading art school of Germany. Her art galleries are unique. The old Pinakothek containing in nine large salons a wonderful collection in which Durer, Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Ruysdael, Raphael, Perugino and Titian are conspicuous. Next to Vienna and Antwerp, Munich offers the best oppor-

tunity of becoming acquainted with Rubens, there being eighty-nine of this master in this gallery alone. Then Count Schack's Gallery of modern artists is the most complete of its kind in all Germany.

was given on rather old-fashioned lines and by men of no great skill or wide reputation. Those who did not go to Munich went to Antwerp where the instruction was excellent, the life quiet and simple, though the methods taught were



A Munich Painting by Thad Welch

New ideas were germinating in the art world in the Sixties. It was a period of transition; there was a wave of enthusiasm for color in Paris, where Delacroix, Meissonier and Vernet were attracting attention. The superb portrayals of feminine beauty Cabanel and Baudry and serious stylists like Chasseriau, Flandrin and Chenavard accelerated these ideas. Then there were the revolutionary realists with Courbet as their leader; while in a place apart stood two of the Barbizon artists, Corot and Millet.

It is difficult in these days of advanced art, of continual departures and changes, to understand what radical changes meant when revolt against the academic caused utter withdrawal of official patronage and ostracism so far as the Salon was concerned.

A fusion of these ideas was reflected in Munich and influenced Wilhelm Liebl and Wilhelm von Dietz instructors in the Royal Academy there. Resisting the artificialities of the older painters, their art had been inspired by an intense study of nature. Liebl represented in Munich what Couture did in Paris. Dietz was considered one of the radicals of the faculty and became a professor in 1870.

This was the beginning of the migration of American art students to Germany; previous to this they had gone to England but not to the Continent. American art was first influenced by the English painters, thence successively by the art of Dusseldorf, Munich and Paris.

It was difficult to procure training in America; for though drawing-masters were numerous and there were some fairly efficient schools, yet the instruction

without the dash and brilliancy of the school at Munich.

Therefore, as Munich was the home of the new school, to Munich consequently trooped the majority of American students, so that it succeeded Dusseldorf as a place of study with all the kindly, gracious tone of the older city but on a larger scale, with a brighter and more aggressive inspiration.

THE Royal Academy of Munich had once been an old monastery and was "divided into stalls for the students. Munich was a small city then still retaining its ancient walls of which now only the gates remain." At this time the picturesque King Ludwig II was ruler of Bavaria, Richard Wagner was creating quite a furor in the world of music and could be seen often in Munich.

Welch procured lodgings on the Dachauer Strasse about eight or nine blocks from the Academy. For the munificent sum of sixteen marks (four dollars) a month, he had a cheerful room, his clothes mended and brushed and his shoes shined. Here also lodged the artist Henry Raschen, who became his lifelong friend. They dined directly across from the Academy and for twelve cents obtained choice cuts of roast beef, while ten cents would procure a delicious omelet of three eggs. Munich was Thad Welch's first experience of real artist life and the first actual contact with art atmosphere that he had ever known.

When a new student wished to enter the Academy, the students made him try the different charcoals and then told him if he wished to receive much attention he must conciliate the professor and give



him a dinner; but as they knew his tastes it would be better for him to give them a dinner first, to see if it would suit the professor, and this Welch was obliged to do before entering the Academy.

He immediately enrolled at the Academy and began to work; Dietz was his first teacher, though he later studied with the famous Piloty and Liebl.

The bold brush work of this new school of Munich appealed greatly to Welch at that time, as did the rich bituminous backgrounds with their resemblance to darkened time-stained old masters. This technique was adopted by most of the Munich students, who retained their training at the Academy as a solid background upon which lighter and more individual touches were later blended.

About a year after he entered the Academy Welch wrote to his friend Nelson Hawks saying that he had received the first prize, a medal. The drawings were finished crayon sketches from life, as no landscape instruction was given in the Academy. The entire school of several hundred competed for these prizes; there were Poles, Swedes, Finns, Americans, and of course many Germans, besides Italians, Austrians and Swiss.

"It was not because mine was so good," Welch wrote, "but the others were so damned bad." This medal of course was a great incentive to future endeavor, if incentive were necessary, and Welch applied himself assiduously to his work.

The Munich artists painted out-of-doors to some extent but most landscapes were painted in the studio from sketches made in their notebooks. The French were the first to paint in the open, as students do today, for Manet's study of sunlight started the vogue and men began to paint out-of-doors. They aimed to look at nature with eyes unblinded by traditions.

One day Welch was sketching an old dilapidated farm house on the outskirts of a small Bauerndorf and had made considerable progress with the painting when the farmer came out and accosted him saying that he did not like to have his old house painted.

"You would not like to be painted if you were old and decrepit for other people to make sport of," he explained.

"But," remonstrated Welch, "I have my picture nearly finished and if you do not let me finish it see what a lot of time I have lost."

The man was obdurate and turned away.

"But I will pay you for it," offered Welch.

After walking a few paces the man turned around.

"How much will you pay me?"

On being offered four marks, the farmer was jubilant and later boasted at the nearest Wirtshaus that the greatest painter in Germany was making a sketch of his house.

Frank Duveneck was one of the first American art students to study in Munich. Welch was soon attracted to this genial countryman and the jolly circle which surrounded him. In the summer many of the students, "The Duveneck Boys" as they were called, went to Rome under this artist who, though a student himself, showed such marked ability that he criticised the work of the others. Whistler was in Rome and these young men paid him frequent visits.

Welch was asked to join one of these summer excursions but could not go be-

### OREGON FOREST

There is rain on our tent  
There is rain in all the world.  
We are very safe  
Looking out into the green shimmer of  
destruction.  
The raindrops  
Are speaking in our silence.  
Up the trail  
A blue jay creaks  
Like a rusty door.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

cause his funds would not permit any trip so extensive. It was a sore trial, for the close contact with this choice little group of art students was a great advantage and the wholesome frolics they had together were well known. However he contended himself with tours to Innsbruck and the Tyrol, walking with Phelps, a fellow artist. On one occasion he went to Oberammergau, and saw a presentation of St. Elizabeth.

The American art students at the academy formed a club which they called "The Allotria" in imitation of the famous club by that name, the derivation of which is—to raise the devil! There were about one hundred members, and they met and talked art, had festivities when money could be raised and had a very good time altogether. When they could not afford club rooms they met at the Cafe Danner on the Karlsthor, where they played chess and checkers and cards. Mark Twain made an address at one of their Fourth of July celebrations, which is said to have abounded with his quaint, original humor.

THE people of Munich are very friendly and the genial atmosphere of the life there naturally appealed to the art students. The Muncheners are not posers as are the people of other parts of Germany. This may in part be due to their peasant origin, for it is said that the majority of the population of Munich have peasant blood in their veins.

That Munich brews more and better beer than any other city is well known, and for many centuries the quality of the beer has been jealously guarded by the law. Although the entire population drink this beverage there is little drunkenness.

In the Seventies, the students from the Royal Academy used to repair to the Brewery of St. Augustine to spend the evening, gathering in groups in the rooms adjoining the larger hall and while sipping beer discussing the various art problems which confronted them.

These rooms were called "Monkey cages;" above the entrance of each was a small stuffed monkey with a string attached. A student was requested to pull the string, causing a small bell to ring and the treat then being on him. When a German has taken more beer than is good for him they say he has an "offen"—a monkey. It was the custom for pedlars to go around with tiny stuffed monkeys and pin them on the students while they were drinking beer.

Then the student's balls which occurred every six months were gay affairs. They rented a hall, usually the Coliseum, and attended in costume. As this was purely a "high jinks," no ladies were ever present. There were students tickets issued which entitled their possessor to admission to the theatres, and Welch always took advantage of this when there were any operas given. He often wished to visit the Ruhmeshalle, Hall of Fame, to see the much talked of statues of Bavarian notability; however the fee was forty pfennigs and while a mere trifle, one tutored as he had been hesitated paying an entrance fee when there was so much to be seen free.

While in Munich Welch met Toby Rosenthal. Both coming from California they were naturally drawn closer together, thus meeting in a foreign land, than would have been the case had they met at home. Toby Rosenthal was already quite celebrated and Welch was just beginning to study. He said that during his sojourn in Munich there were more students from California than from any other state in the Union.

William M. Chase had a studio of his own in Munich and there he and Duveneck often painted together. Duveneck was quite interested in Welch and repeatedly expressed the wish to paint his portrait. Welch finally agreed and sat for about a week's time in the Chase studio. The picture was life size and done in those dark warm tones in which the artist delighted at that period.

On leaving Europe, Welch was at a loss what to do with this large canvas, and not wishing to leave it behind he solved the difficulty by cutting out the head and shoulders. Fortunate it is

(Continued on page 224)



# The High-Graders

By CHARLES H. SNOW  
(Continued from last month)

"HIGH-GRADE," he remarked, turning to Rawlins, "it looks good, Jimmy."

"It's about the best thing I ever saw at the surface," replied Rawlins, "I'm glad you like it."

"There's none better," put in Tierney, who had been waiting expectantly for Staley to finish. "Mister Staley, we've been waitin' for you to come and put your O. K. on the camp before startin' the real boom."

Staley made no other comment upon the merits of the prospect, yet the old miner took the approval as complete. Old though he was, the fires of romance still heated his blood.

"I'm glad for the sake of Jimmy, there," he continued, "he's had stiff pluggin' to get this. Follerin' a jackass over this desert for more than a year ain't just what I would call a pleasant time, not to speak of diggin' a hundred or so worthless holes, and it should have its reward, the same as all virtue."

He turned to the owner of the prospect and said:

"No doubt, you two will like to be alone to talk over old times and the times to come, and if ye will be givin' me a few dollars on my wages, Jimmy, I'll be goin' down to town. I feel not at all good today and a little layoff will not do me harm."

STALEY smiled significantly at Tierney's sudden indisposition. He knew the type too well to believe that the old miner would not be cured by a two or three days' spree. Rawlins took a small canvas wallat from his pocket, and extracting a twenty dollar piece from it handed it to Tierney, who lost no time starting for the mouth of the tunnel.

"The excitement was too much for him," Rawlins said, when the old Irishman was out of ear shot, "but he's been steady for more than two months. He'll spread the news when he gets half full. Had I better call him back and tell him to be quiet?"

"No," said Staley, "It would get out any way. Besides, it won't do any harm. The boom is started. You've got enough high-grade there in that seam to make it run a good course, so what's the use trying to stop it?"

They sat down upon the small pile of broken rock and talked over the prospects for some time. At length Staley came directly to the objective of his visit.

"Jimmy, do you want to sell? he asked.

Rawlins replied that he had received many offers for the mine, but that he had refused them all. He would sell, of course, for a price which he considered reasonable. Staley inquired what he considered reasonable.

"Half a million dollars," answered Rawlins with as much equanimity as if he had been saying "fifty cents."

"Now look here," Staley began in a tone which had as much reasoning power as had his words, "that sum is

## COMRADE

I remember how I found him,  
Just a mustang lean and grey,  
In the mesa's purple shadow  
Where the lizards ran in play.  
Head adroop, he watched the sunlight  
Spilling saffron on the sands,  
With the dusty manzanita  
Reaching out like blackened hands.  
And I wondered why he stood there,  
In the golden-dripping vale,  
Till I saw a mound beside him  
At the ending of a trail.

He was just a little mustang,  
Waiting for a man that slept  
By the solitary mesa  
Where the drowsy rattler crept;  
And the ozone of the desert,  
Drifting through the misty glow,  
Bade him seek the southern hamlets  
That the peon riders know.  
But he would not leave the canyon  
With its grave beside the way,  
Till I coaxed him to the sunlight,  
Up the trail that led away.

Comrade was the name I gave him;  
Down the long and happy years,  
He and I were comrades always  
On the desert's wide frontiers.  
And today, as on I wander  
Out across the shining sands,  
I am sure that he is waiting  
In the upper mesa lands;  
Waiting in the spangled distance  
Where the desert blooms grow pale,  
And the solitary mesa  
Marks the ending of the trail.

—Mildred Hudson Ammons.

ridiculous. Of course the mine may prove to be worth it, or many times that, but at present, it is a prospect with a small seam of high grade ore and less than a foot of shipping ore, all told. Now it has always been my method of doing business that if I could not buy the controlling interest in a mine I didn't buy any of it, but I'll tell you what I'll do with you.

Candidly, I like this prospect. I'll buy a half interest if you will take a hundred thousand dollars for it. I'll pay you ten thousand down, ten thousand every three months till the interest is paid for. If I fail to make any pay-

ment, I forfeit my interest. In addition, I will advance ten thousand dollars for the development of the mine. It's in no shape to be worked economically. Will you take it?"

"But I've shipped over two thousand dollars worth of ore from this work alone, with another shipment out, and this seam of high grade is coming in," Rawlins expostulated.

"A seam of high-grade does not necessarily make a mine, Jimmy," Staley countered, "and a hundred thousand dollars is considerable money, think it over."

"Bill, I'll take it," Rawlins cried with quick change of mind. He had to this moment entertained no thought of accepting such a small sum for half his prospect. His had always been the dream, the fantastically exaggerated dream of the average prospector. Now he yielded to calmer judgment.

"I've got an old mother back East and a sister that needs something she ought to have," he concluded. He extended his right hand to Staley.

"Shake on it."

Staley wrung the hand heartily. For the moment he was exultant, for he thought he had struck more than an ordinary bargain. He quickly reverted to his usual normal attitude of cool deliberation, and saw instantly that there might be many obstacles between him and the mine's fortunate development.

"We can talk over the details later," he said, "now come, let's go down and find something to eat. I just remembered that I have had no lunch."

"You bet," agreed Rawlins, "I'm bustin' to meet up with Shorty, and to get a real check off to Mother. Gosh," he added thoughtfully, "won't she think I'm the non-prodigal son, when she sees the little piece of paper; and for little sister Madeline, why she'll sit down and weep. Come on, for Shorty and the eats."

"Jimmy," said Staley soberly, as he laid a hand upon the big prospector's shoulder, "I like you better for your sentiments toward your mother. I had one, but I didn't do quite the right thing by her. It's hard trying to make up for a thing when it's too late.

It was late afternoon and the camp was beginning to stir in anticipation of night. Men stood about the street in twos and threes and small groups, all talking, as if what they had to say was of momentous interest. Pros-



pectors were coming in from their claims on the hills, and the pungent smell of burning sage brush made a savory combination with the food they cooked at the open fires before their tents. Smoke curled from the shack chimneys and floated idly on the cooler air. The saloon doors swung more frequently to admit or to let out the thirsty or the assuaged. More men, however, entered the saloons than came out. Many sought the saloons first and thought of their camps and suppers later. It was in the saloons that they got their news of events that had transpired since they left the town in the morning.

The Northern Saloon was a square fronted structure, unpainted and unbat-tened, but in spite of its unfinished appearance it was doing a thriving business. Across its glaring front was the identifying placard and beneath this in red letters, "Cassidy and Haines." Within, a glittering bar and back bar of mahogany finish and bevel plate glass extended more than half the length of the house. Before the bar ranged a crowd of men, some in their working clothes, while others were men of business as their garb indicated.

In the crowd were gamblers, men, without purpose or profession, and human parasites. At the rear of the room a croupier stood behind his wheel and spun the ball temptingly. At the nearby faro table the dealer slipped the cards swiftly from their case, catering to the two piking players who stood one at either side of the case keeper, while the lookout sat and supervised the game through sleepy eyes. The crap table, close by, was yet uncovered. There was a buzz of animated conversation, and while the place was one of liquor and chance, the talk was for the most part about mines. In this talk occurred the frequent repetition of Bill Staley's name. His arrival was the event of the day, for it marked the epoch upon which the camp's genuineness was certified or condemned.

Old Terence Tierney came down the mountain side with a speed entirely incompatible with his avowed indisposition and his age. He paused at the restaurant where he boarded long enough to leave his dinner pail, and headed straight for the Northern Saloon. Entering, he made a place for himself at the bar.

The white coated Cassidy gave him a nod, and shoved a bottle of whiskey and a glass across the bar. Tierney poured a brimful glass and drank it at a gulp. He sighed with satisfaction, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hairy hand. He tendered the twenty dollar piece in payment for the drink, received his change and an invitation to take one on the house, which he accepted without argument.

"Staley up at the Sultana?" inquired

Cassidy, who joined Tierney in the drink.

"He is, Tom, and he thinks the mine is the goods," replied the miner, "and who wouldn't with this sort of rock in sight, widenin' every foot?"

Tierney took a piece of rock from the pocket of his overalls. It was a lump of bluish, white quartz about the length and thickness of his hand. Its sides and edges were literally specked and splotched with gold. Cassidy examined it with wide eyes and a half incredulous smile.

"It's the stuff, Terence," Cassidy commented, "How long have you had this stuff in the drift? The camp's made, my lad. Will you have another one on the house, and let me keep this for a while?"

"I will have the first with you," agreed Terence, "but you may not keep the high-grade, not yet. I will keep it till it wears smooth. The pocket polish will improve its looks. Besides, it is comfortable carryin' about non-negotiable wealth. Give it to me."

CASSIDY did not comply with this request till he slid the bottle once more across to Tierney, and presented the lump of high-grade for the admiring inspection of the group before the bar. The comments upon its appearance were many, mostly profanely commendatory. The piece did not again reach the old miner till it had passed the gamut of the gambler's scrutiny.

Tierney became loquacious. After the fifth drink he was garrulous, and announced among his other wild boasts that the Sultana mine was the best thing struck since the Mohawk. It was better than the Mohawk, and he had heard Bill Staley with his own ears offer a cool million dollars for the Sultana just as she stood, ore on the dump and ore in the face; and Jimmy Rawlins had turned it down cold. Staley had lifted the ante to a million and a half, and Jimmy was taking time to consider.

Tierney's imaginative enthusiasm was infectious. The drinks came swiftly, some paid for by members of the group before the bar, others on the house. The lump of high-grade passed back and forth many times through the crowd, who seemed unable to confirm its reality without touching it. Cassidy and Haines moved swiftly at their work, supplying the wants of their customers with no noise other than the clink of bottles and glasses. Old Terence was straight as an arrow. His talkativeness was the only symptom of his heavy indulgence.

At first glance it might be thought that Staley had exhibited more of the qualities of a plunger than of a conservative business man when he had offered a hundred thousand dollars for a half

interest in the Sultana mine, or—more definitely—prospect. This was far from the case, however. Though his examination had been rapid, it had been with the eye of an expert that he went into the possibilities of the situation.

Should the mine prove what he thought it, there would be no occasion for apprehension. Should the high-grade streak be nothing more than a gash in the ledge of lower grade ore, there were more than ordinary chances that sufficient tonnage of this ore could be developed to make the venture a success. Lastly, there would be many opportunities to sell, should the future exigencies require this course. He had not insisted upon purchasing the entire interest, because he was convinced such a course would be useless. Besides, he held a very high opinion of Jimmy Rawlins' ability and integrity. It was, in this instance, a case of half a loaf being better than no loaf at all.

Contrary to their announced decision, Staley and Rawlins did not descend immediately into the camp. When they had regained the open air and Staley once more took up his survey of outside conditions, the row of small cuts along the vein's course up the mountain caught his attention. He suggested that, as sufficient time remained before dark and as he had gone without lunch this far, they might defer their meal until another hour or so had been spent in running over the surface, inspecting the showings in the shallow cuts, and making notes of geological conditions.

As the result of this reconnaissance, which was prolonged beyond their first time estimate, it was nearly sunset before they once more entered the camp. The news that Staley had come to buy the Sultana and that he had offered a fabulous sum for it had rapidly permeated through the camp, and as the two men most in the town's thoughts made their way down the irregular main street they attracted much more attention than any other event since the camp's discovery.

Staley and Rawlins made their way directly to the hotel, where they discerned Shorty's car, but inquiries informed them that its owner was nowhere about.

SHORTY'S triumphant re-entry into camp, escorting the rescued girls, had occasioned nearly as much comment as Bill Staley's appearance.

Shorty tactfully refrained from asking for accommodations for the two young women at the tent hotel, where there was little privacy. Instead, he requested them to wait in the car while he ran over the camp's personnel for some married friend or acquaintance who would no doubt have his pioneering spouse with him. Rounding the corner of the North-



ern Saloon in his search, Shorty ran full tilt into Pete Carson, who was just coming out of the saloon.

"Hello, Pete," cried Shorty, "You're just the man I'm lookin' for. How's the missus? Why, Pete, I haven't seen you for a coon's age. Let's see, the last time was in Rawhide."

"You're right," responded Carson with geniality. He was a rough looking customer, yet only superficially. "The missus is fine, Shorty. We got a big tent shack up the gulch. You gotta come up and see us. Come on up, and eat."

Shorty refused the offer, and quickly relieved his mind of its uppermost subject, while Carson listened silently.

"Sure the missus will fix 'em up a bed," he said when Shorty had explained, "That tent hotel of Old Lee's is no place for women of the sort you connive with, Shorty; it's got nothin' but cots and canvas partitions. Come on and let's take them up to the old lady. Company, especially respectable female company, doesn't come in bands here, and she'll be mighty glad to have 'em."

The girls were presented to Carson, and their faces registered relief at the thought of dropping into congenial surroundings presided over by one of their own sex. They were tired. They were more than a little frightened, and Ann Dorr, practical though she was, and stoical, had difficulty in preventing herself from flying to the buxom, tanned faced Mrs. Carson's arms and enjoying the great relieving luxury of a good cry. Mrs. Carson welcomed them warmly, as she would two wandering daughters of her own, apologizing for the crudeness of her quarters, but leaving no doubt in the girls' minds as to the sincerity of their welcome.

Mrs. Carson greeted Shorty as a long lost friend, or brother, perhaps, throwing her arms about his neck and administering a kiss upon his dirty cheek. Then, even though the enticing and combined odors of frying bacon and hot biscuits pervaded the air and announced that supper was waiting, she shooed the men away with, "Now you two get out. We three've got somethin' to say and do. Come back in an hour and supper'll be ready." They obeyed without protest and started to retrace their steps to the main section of the camp as soon as they had unloaded the girls' baggage from the car and deposited it inside the door of the tent house. She recalled them, however, and said, "The young ladies tell me that there is a man named Staley with you. If it's Bill, bring him along. He's et worse grub than he'll get here, and," she concluded, "if you run across Jimmy, bring him along too. The Carson family is flush; Pete peddled a claim last week."

She watched the men depart. Then she re-entered her home and faced the two strangers, who stood a little expectant. Noting that they were ill at ease, Mrs. Carson reached forth her capacious arms and the two girls allowed themselves to be folded in their comforting, strong grasp.

"Now, you poor kids," she said with motherly tenderness, "I know you're worn out, and not used to this sort of life. You just take your things off, and lie down on the bed till it's time to get up and wash for supper. No, don't say nothin', it won't do any good. What's that? You promised Mr. Shorty? Mister Shorty?" she repeated incredulously, "Mistering him? Why in two days you'll be callin' him Shorty. Everybody does. You promised him

### THE CRY OF GANDAHARI

THE moor fowl cry in the canebrake  
With an eerie, dismal wail,  
The golden moon is hidden  
By a silver, misty, veil.

My heart cries out in answer  
For Shiva, my Love, is dead,  
Tonight, I shall wear his dagger  
The canebrake shall be my bed.

—Eleanor Allen.

that you would go to supper with him and a friend of his, and so you will, right here in the Carson castle, and not in one of them fly-ridden joints down town."

PETE CARSON and Shorty took their dismissal gracefully. They strolled back down town, talking over past times, and hazarding ventures into the future. The saloon was their natural objective, for it was but natural they would felicitate their meeting with a drink, even though it be thus delayed by attending to the comfort of the two young women. Quite naturally too, they chose the Northern, or rather Pete chose it, for he was money ahead of the game. As they neared the swinging doors, the sound of a noisy harangue met them. They paused to listen. Some one inside had the floor and was making the most of his opportunity. Pete smiled as he recognized the orator's voice.

"Who is it?" inquired Shorty, "It seems to me I've heard that voice before."

"Old Terence Tierney," replied Pete, "you know him. Come on, let's slip in and hear what he is about."

They pushed noiselessly through the double doors and beheld Terence standing in the middle of the room. His attitude was somewhat histrionic, but steady, for he was one of those men who can consume inordinate quantities of al-

cohol without giving more than vocal evidence of its effect. His listeners were ranged with their back to the bar. At the rear the gamblers sat idly at their games, giving their attention to the speaker, their money left upon the tables.

"Listen to me, you bull-faced terriers," shouted old Terence, driving home the word with one gnarled fist into a horny palm. "Ye've heard of mines; at least, ye think ye have. Ye know what high-grade is, at least ye think ye do, but ye don't. Ye've seen the Mohawk and the Florence and the Combination, piker's prospects," he sneered, "but ye've never laid yer fish eyes on a rale mine. I'm tellin' I have; it's the Sultana. Why, when a man like Bill Staley offers five million dollars, cold cash down, for a mine with a tunnel seventy feet long and some badger holes, it's a mine. I heard him with me own ears. I saw him wit' me own eyes, say to Jimmy Rawlins, 'Jimmy, I gives ye five million bucks for this Sultana mine of yours, d-ye take it?' and Jimmy says to me, 'Terence, I'll think it over,' then Bill Staley comes over and whispers, confident like, 'Terence, if he don't take the bet, I'll raise it a million or two.' Bah, ye pikers, ye'll see a mine, but," he let his voice assume an advisory tone, "I'll warn ye that Bill Staley'll never get the Sultana for less than ten million and,—"

Pete Carson was forced by the absurdity of the statement to laugh. This mirthful interruption caused Terence to face the door belligerently.

"What'd y' mean by that, ye-rat?" he demanded. "When ye know nothin' about minin' beside peddlin' sage brush staked claims. Pete, if it was not for the respect I have for yer old woman, I'd—" he hesitated, and let his glance rest upon Shorty. "Who's yer friend, Pete?" he asked, "his mush looks familiar, but I'm no hand for recognizin' faces."

He began to advance cautiously, crouching a little for steadying effect, his hands clenched at his sides, his head forward, as if to better scrutinize the intruder. When within ten feet of the two he shouted, "Ye devil, ye devil of an autymobile man, if it ain't Shorty Dain, I'll drink every drop of hooch in this dump."

Shorty put out his hand to meet the outstretched one, "Ye devil of a autymobile man," reiterated the miner, "now when a man in this camp wants to go somewhere and be dommed sure of gettin' there, he'll do it. Shorty, I'm sure glad to see ye. Are ye goin' to stay with us? Have ye got that old red bus what ye rode me from Manhattan to Tonopah in that day when I was in such a hurry to get the train to Reno?"



Shorty, it was important business I had in Reno that night, but ye caught the train. Will ye be havin' a drink for old times sake?

Shorty agreed smilingly.

"Line up, ye pikin' terriers," cried Terence, "the drinks is on Terence Tierney, the champeen miner of the entire world. Step up and meet me friend and pal, Shorty Dain, the devil with the autymobile."

SHORTY was not an entire stranger here, and the ones who did not know him crowded about with the ones that did, eager to form an acquaintance so propitiously recommended. The greetings over, the crowd lined up once more before the long bar. Shorty and Pete Carson stood at either side of the garrulous miner, intent upon making their escape as soon as possible. The bartenders moved swiftly, taking the orders of the men. Cassidy stood before Shorty and asked, "What's yours," as he smiled his recognition and held out his hand.

"A small glass of beer," replied Shorty.

"The same for me," put in Pete Carson.

"Nothin' doing," bellowed Terence, bringing his fist down upon the bar with a thump of finality, "ye'll not be takin' that Dutch belly-wash. It's not fit liquor to cement an old friendship wit'; give 'em whiskey, Cassidy, or you'll have to settle with me."

Knowing the futility of argument with a drunken man, Shorty and Carson agreed to the change. Each poured a small drink of what was labelled 'Bourbon.'

"Here's to the greatest camp since the world was discovered, and to the best autymobile man what ever drove a car into it." Tierney raised his glass to the crowd in general, then lowered it to toast Shorty in particular. The pledge was heartily affirmed down the length of the bar. Another round of drinks was coming and in the interval Terence remembered the piece of high-grade. Taking it from his pocket, he displayed it before Shorty's eyes.

"Look at that, will ye, Shorty," he said, "did you ever see the like of that anywhere?"

Shorty gave an exclamation of surprise as he took the rock. He examined it with widened eyes.

"Been high-gradin'?" he smilingly suggested to the old miner.

"Nothin' of the sort," denied Terence, "I just tuk it, at least I shows it to Jimmy and he says, 'Terence, it's yours, 'Tis nothing; there's a thousand tons just like it in sight. What's a small lump of such stuff as that? Put it in yer pocket'—an' I did. I'm intendin' to have it mounted on a stick

pin, Shorty. It will look fine with me new green tie."

The glasses had been refilled, and the men once more turned to see their images in the ornate mirror. At this juncture, Shorty slipped the piece of ore into his own pocket. A moment later he gave the signal to some friends to close in about old Terence, and with Pete Carson, he made a hasty exit. After another drink, Tierney discovered the loss of his specimen and bellowed menacingly, "Who the devil stole me high-grade?" He looked the crowd over

"I hear you got the Sultana," said the promoter as he offered his hand to Staley, "I want to congratulate you. You were one jump ahead of me this time." Staley smilingly said that he regretted the outcome of the race, but that all was fair in love and war and mining. Bullard did not know Rawlins, and was introduced. They were still chatting when Pete Carson and Shorty espied them and came to join the group.

Bullard made a hurried excuse and retraced his steps to the office of the townsite company. Staley saw Shorty



"Cowboy Race"

—from the painting by H. W. Hansen

angrily, and apparently sure that the thief was not among them, faced the bar tender.

"Cassidy, will ye be handin' me back that piece of rock?" he demanded. "Ye had it last. I saw ye. Hand it over, or I'll wreck this dump." He threw off his coat and rolled his sleeves back from brawny arms.

At this point Cassidy explained that Shorty was the last man seen with the lump of ore. Tierney accepted this explanation with "He'll bring it back. Now I recollect him speakin' to me about borrowin' it, and for accusin' ye falsely, Cassidy, I'll set 'em up once more for the house. What'll it be, boys?"

STALEY and Rawlins had returned from the mine but a few moments after Shorty and Pete Carson had entered the Northern Saloon. As the inquiries of the former pair for the chauffeur brought no certainty of his whereabouts, they set out in search of him. They had gone but a few yards when they were hailed by Joe Bullard, from the door of the townsite company's office. They paused while Bullard crossed the dusty, paper littered street.

and Carson coming, and did not announce it to Rawlins, who stood with his back to the approaching pair. Suddenly a hand fell upon his shoulder with such violence that the force of it whirled him around. Instinctively he knew the owner of the hand that had smitten him, and as he faced Shorty their countenances lighted with the peculiar expressions of men who are fast friends.

"You old sourdough eatin' savage," cried Shorty, "you lucky son of a gun!" To emphasize his words, he struck Rawlins a hard blow upon the right side of the chest. Rawlins, though the blow was a stiff one, took it in the spirit in which it was given. They grappled, and in the scrimmage, their right hands met with a strong grip of joy at the reunion. Shorty pulled his friend close and whispered something. Then he stepped back a pace and said aloud, as if trying to alleviate the look of incredulity and lack of understanding on Rawlins' face, "No joshin', Jimmy. Sure, there's two of 'em, one with blue eyes, and one with brown, and they're up to Pete's house with the missus, and we're to come up for dinner. I invited you. You're to come along too, Bill," he turned with the afterthought to Staley.



CARSON shook hands with Staley, with whom he was acquainted, and added, "That's right, Bill, the old lady took these two girls under her wing. She wouldn't trust 'em with Shorty, and she says we all got to come up and eat to celebrate the arrival of you folks in camp. I sold a claim last week, and you know the old lady, Bill. When we got the coin she's just got to have some action. Will you come on? It'll be about ready now."

"It will be a pleasure," replied Staley, "but I fear it will discommode your wife. Perhaps it will be better if you and the young people make up the party."

The combined and emphatic dissent of the other three made Staley cut short his excuses. Rawlins suggested that he be given time to go to his own shack, in order that he might be more presentable to the ladies. This offer was unanimously vetoed. They walked slowly up the gulch trail in the direction of the Carson tent house. As they went, Shorty, at Rawlins' request, narrated briefly the events of the past few hours.

"Uh, huh," commented Rawlins when Shorty had concluded, "I see why Bullard beat it when you hove in sight. I noticed that red blotch on his jaw, and his neck seemed to need a little oil. You must have landed hard on him, Shorty."

"He's a big guy, and I couldn't take a chance," replied Shorty. "Besides, he kind of made me sore."

They went on slowly and silently for a few yards, when Carson, who was in the lead, stopped and turned upon a rise of ground where the trail crossed, and looked back over the camp to the dotted hills beyond. The others followed his lead.

"Pretty good little camp for a young one," ventured Carson, in justifiable pride at the town in which he had played the role of pioneer. The others agreed that it was.

"I just heard that Joe Bullard had bonded the Roarin' Annie claim from Walker over there on Coyote Hill." He indicated a small mound some distance beyond the town. Pete Carson followed his announcement with a short dissertation upon the merits of the Roarin' Annie. Condensed, this opinion was that the Roarin' Annie was a roarin' out and out wildcat of the wildest variety.

"But you never can tell," objected Staley, "Sometimes a wildcat will make a mine."

"Sometimes, on a fluke," partially agreed Carson, "but Joe Bullard ain't carin' whether she does or not. He makes money out of it, whichever way the cat jumps. I'll bet a twenty that right now he's got McHarg, down at the townsite company's office, drawing up the corporation papers and he's

standin' in the door figurin' whether he'd better have the stock engraved on green and gold paper, or on red henna. The old lady says henna is the rage now. She ordered her a new silk dress of that color out of the Wind River Bible last week." A laugh ensued at this reference to the reliable eastern mail order house catalog, and to the susceptibility of even the women of the sage brush country to the prevailing modes. Carson, upon a question from Staley, explained that McHarg was a shyster lawyer, associated with the townsite company.

#### THE UNFORGIVEN FOOL

THEY did him evil, did him ill,  
Yea, did him wrong, great wrong;  
But this did not suffice to still  
The sweetness of his song.

She pledged eternal faith to him,  
And then betrayed his name;  
But still his heart, 'mid tumult grim,  
Made music just the same.

She taught his children to despise  
His presence and his gift;  
Till from his broken heart there flies  
Soft music through the rift.

Abuse and woe and scorn are tools  
To tune the heart's harp-strings;  
But crush the hardened hearts of fools  
Where unforgiveness clings.

—Jay Roderic DeSpain.

WHEN Mrs. Carson had bestowed her comforting, motherly caresses upon the two girls, she became all animation. First she saw the two young ladies to the bed, where she forced them to lie down for a short rest. This had no more than been done till she saw a neighbor boy passing the tent house. Out she flew to hail the urchin. She gave her orders quickly and he ran for the butcher shop with instructions to purchase two "whoppin' porterhouses, a inch and a half thick;" and with further instructions to the boy to pre-empt for his trouble half a dollar out of the five dollar piece she had given him. Her genial face was tanned by many years of desert sun and wind, but even under this thick armor it shone with the light of a great happiness, for she was one of those rare creatures who are most happy when making others happier.

It took Mrs. Carson less than three minutes to slide out of her calico dress and slip into another, which rattled noisily from the excess starch in it. Next she made some sleight of hand movements that transformed her heavy graying hair into symmetrical shape entirely in harmony with her clean frock. A touch of powder before the mirror which hung over the chintz covered dry goods box that made the dresser, and the job was done. She had been caught unadorned by her unexpected guests. This would

not happen again. She turned to see if the girls upon the bed had yet slept as she wanted them to do. Miss Conners was breathing softly and regularly, and her long brown lashes made her a pretty, tired picture as she slept. Miss Dorr, however, was wide awake. She rose gently, so that she would not disturb her companion.

"Do you care if I kiss you?" she asked the foster mother, pro tem. "You look—well you look as though I'd like to kiss you. I feel a little lonesome, to tell you the truth."

"Honey, come and do it," responded Mrs. Carson, and held out her arms to the girl, who in this time of loneliness had again become a child, begging sympathy and encouragement at the breast of an older woman. There was in the embrace that indefinable, intangible thing we know as mutual love. In it there was nothing material, nothing hypocritical.

"Won't you let me help you?" Ann asked at length.

"If you think it will do you more good than a rest," was Mrs. Carson's answer, "you can come into the kitchen and peel the potatoes."

The Carson home was not commodious, nor were its furnishings elaborate, though they served the purpose for which they were intended. A frame structure had been built and floored. Its walls were about four feet high and over the rafters of the skeleton structure a large tent had been stretched. At the eaves the elevation was about six feet. The two foot interval between the rafter plate and the uppermost board of the siding had been screened with fly netting. This, combined with the cleanliness of the place gave a most pleasing effect. The tent flaps could be rolled either up or down as the requirements of ventilation or sun dictated.

The tent house had been partitioned across the center, dividing it into two rooms. In the front one, which was a living room and bed room, the tent flaps were rolled up, allowing the cool summer evening breeze to gently fan the sleeping girl. The other room, to which the two quietly repaired, was kitchen, dining room and pantry. Its principal furnishings consisted of a gasoline stove and rude dining table. Its accoutrements were a practical supply of cooking utensils and dishes, both scattered and in a box cupboard upon the corner wall.

ANN was seated at the table where she was supplied with a pan of potatoes and a paring knife. Mrs. Carson set about the mixing of a large batch of baking powder biscuits. As she worked, she glanced approvingly at the girl, whose knife flew rapidly, taking

(Continued on page 236)



# Art In the Ultra-Modern

By LINDA LEE

(Note: Public rendition prohibited except by permission of author)

Scene: An art gallery, holding an exhibition of "modern" art. Some of it is ultra-modern; even ultra-ultra modern. There is a sprinkling of artists, critics and would-be critics about the room, but the long seat at the center of the gallery is for the moment vacant. A woman enters with that supercilious air which seems the best cloak to utter ignorance of art and glances briefly about the room. She holds firmly with one hand to a catalog and with

the other grips with equal firmness the hand of one of those undisciplined, utterly spoiled girls of six or seven whose over-dressed selves are displayed all too obtrusively about the corridors and reception rooms of our best—and second best—family hotels. The brat is chewing gum violently and expressively, and holds in her hand the poor remains of what was once a perfectly good all-day sucker. The woman makes for the seat, still dragging the child, and sits with an audibly-eloquent sigh of relief. She looks about:

WELL!—Hm!—This don't seem such an important show—showing; hardly anybody is here. I'm sure I don't see anybody that looks as though they had any money. Awful frumps, those women. Must be artists, I guess. Hm!—I wonder who that skinny man is over there in that yellow shirt. Some painter, I suppose. What's that, Ermintrude? No, not that man, *that* one—can't you see? Look, over there! No, no! And *don't* point! Hasn't Mamma told you *never* to point? It is very ill-bred and Mamma wants Ermintrude to be a refined little lady—What's that? I pointed? No I didn't! Well, if I did I had to. Anyway, that's different. Now, Ermintrude, never mind! I said *nev-er mind!*

Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Pearson! I didn't expect to find *you* here; I didn't know that you were at all artistic. Me? Oh, yes indeed. I'm very artistic. My husband, Mr. Jones, says I have *so much* temperament. I've always been that way. Beauty so affects me, you don't know! Mr. Jones says sometimes he wishes it didn't affect me so much, but I don't know—Life is Beauty, don't you think? If we can only see it, of course. And I seem to see it in so many, many places where the ordinary person doesn't. But I've always been that way.

Do I paint? Why, what do you—! Oh, I see what you mean! No, I'm not an artist, that is, I can't express myself, if you know what I mean? I *feel* it, here, but—I should have been an artist. *Everyone* used to tell poor dear mother that I'd surely be an artist when I grew up. I had *so* much talent in drawing when I was a girl in school. Pa-pa had one of my charcoal drawings framed, it was so good. An artist saw it once, a very *fine* artist, if you know what I mean? And he said it was most remarkable, really extraordinary. He told Pa-pa that I really should be trained. A bunch of grapes it was, on a plate. I do love still-life, don't you? I think it is so refined to have a still-life in the dining room, don't you? We have a perfectly lovely one in our's—What's that? Oh, yes! *My, yes! Hand-painted*, of course! I wouldn't have anything else.

Well, I suppose we'll have to look at the pictures. Dear! I'm so tired I hate to get up! I always say that the nicest thing about these exhibits is that there's so few folks here it gives you a chance to sit down and rest. Not but what I enjoy the pictures, too. I do think it adds so to one's refinement to be conversant, as it were, with art. That is why I bring Ermintrude. I do want her to be truly refined, and one can't start too early, you know. You see what I mean?

WHAT'S that, Ermintrude? Tired chewing your gum? Well, for goodness sake stop, then! What? No place to put it—well—Oh, for goodness sake stick it on the seat and come on, do! Mamma wants you to see the pictures. Oh, *good* afternoon, Mrs. Aaron! Lovely show—showing—isn't it? What? Oh, no, I quite agree with you. It isn't so *terribly* good. Yes, isn't that awful; the values are so—so—if you know what I mean? And this one, don't you like this *just awfully*—Too sweet? Yes, *isn't it!*—Oh!

You mean—Oh, yes! Quite! I quite agree with you! I always say you are *such* a good critic. You so seldom find a picture that comes up to your standard.

Oh, do pardon me! Mrs. Aaron, Mrs. Pearson! I thought of course you knew each other. But of course, Mrs. Pearson, your not being artistic—. Mrs. Aaron is *such* a splendid critic, if you know what I mean? She can find something wrong with *even the best* pictures. I do rely so much on her judgment.

Hm-m—For goodness sake, look at that? What a *mess!* Great mobs of paint that don't look like anything. I wonder what the title is—number seventy-six—hm-m—Oh, yes, here it is: "Country Lane," by Charles Avery. Well, I don't think *that* looks like a country lane, do you? Unless it was an awfully muddy lane—. We have the loveliest picture of a road and an old house and a tree—you know?—Mr. Jones, my husband, got it with something or other as a premium, and I had it put in the most exquisite gold frame. It is *so* refined.

I beg your pardon, sir? See the picture better if I stand further back—Why, how dare you! I shall stand where I please! The very idea. Ermintrude! Ermintrude Violet! Where has that child gone?—Oh, there she is. Look! Standing perfectly entranced before that picture. I always say that she has inherited my artistic temperament. She is *so* refined. Ermintrude! Tell Mrs. Aaron why you like the picture, darling. Looks like a dead person! Why!—Now, Mrs. Aaron, look; I do believe the child is right. It does, doesn't it? Look at that green flesh! I'm sure no living person ever looked as corpselike as that. Now you, for instance—turn your head a little; just a little more—Now, your flesh doesn't look—well, I declare if it *doesn't* look a little green; just a little, you know? Maybe you're bilious. Are you? Sure you don't feel bad at all? Paint does affect some folks, you know. Now I had an aunt who never would have her house painted, the smell—odor, I mean—affected her so.

Oh, must you go? Well, I think I'll stay. I haven't seen half the pictures, and I always say what's the use of coming if you don't see everything. What is that, madam? The little girl is rubbing her candy against your coat. Well, I'm sure it won't hurt her if the dye doesn't come out. I'm always so careful what she gets in her mouth—What? Worrying about your coat? Well, I'm sure it is very clean candy! Well, aren't some folks touchy!

Why, how do you do, Mr. Gray! Present your friend? Of course you may—How do you do, Mr. Powell! You are a painter? Oh, how nice. I always say painters are the nicest people—Ermintrude! Ermintrude Violet! Come here, darling. Mr. Powell, this is my little daughter. She does so adore pictures; inherits it from me, I suppose. She has the loveliest picture books. And the first thing she does on Sunday mornings is tease her pa-pa, Mr. Jones, you know, to show her the pictures, the funny ones, if you know what I mean?

(Continued on page 231)



# Trades Union or Open Shop?

By ANNA DONDO  
(Continued from last month)

IF YOU WERE to peep into my garret study, you would find my desk, my sewing table, even invading the sacred precincts of my husband's worktable, stacks of magazines, newspapers, clippings, pamphlets, typescripts—donated by trade unions, Chambers of Commerce, and kind hearted individuals—all pertaining to the one subject of the American Plan versus the trade union shop. It was while delving into one of the pamphlets entitled "Judge Dooling's Decision" that I made the very serious mistake in the March number of the *Overland Monthly*, a mistake kindly pointed out by Mr. George L. Bell, of ascribing words to Judge Dooling, which were really written by the attorney general or one of his assistants. In other words, I mistook the case as presented by the United States through its representative attorneys for the decree itself. Mr. Bell is extremely annoyed at my mistake. He shakes his finger at me as much as to say:

"There, there, young woman, if you are going to sit in judgment on the American Plan, the least thing you can do is to be accurate."

With which sentiment I heartily agree. The disordered state of my desk is my excuse, an inadequate one, I admit. To make proper amends, I hereby quote from the opinion handed down by Judge Dooling himself on November 9, 1923, which document was generously donated by Mr. Bell. If there be any mistakes in that typescript, I am hereby absolved. This is what our federal judge has to say in part:

"The defendants are acting in concert for the purpose of putting into effect and maintaining what is by them designated the "American Plan" in the building industry in San Francisco and some of its neighboring counties. The American Plan contemplates the employment of Union and Non-Union men in equal proportions with a non-union foreman on each job. And this brings us to the second fact that the evidence clearly shows, and that is that the so-called permit system is the principal means by which the concerted action of the defendants is rendered effective. Under this system no one can purchase the building materials covered thereby without obtaining a permit from the permit bureau of the Builders' Exchange and no one can secure such permit who will not pledge himself to run his job on the American Plan."

Now that Mr. Bell's request is complied with, I hope that all is well once more. The main issue I tried to bring

out in my previous articles, namely that the backers of the American Plan were exceeding their authority, and that they, in turn, were using arbitrary and autocratic methods in carrying out a policy which was antagonistic to general welfare and to trade unions in particular, is borne out by the facts. An error in quotation does not invalidate the truth of existing facts.

The American Plan or as it is better known, the open shop policy, is bound to arouse friction among employers and employees because it violates the cardinal principle of industrial democracy. And that principle is collective bargaining. The workers in any shop must act as a unit in bargaining with their employers. It is, of course, to the interest of the factory owner or manager to deal with each worker separately. But the workman is not always a complete fool. He is beginning to see that the competition of one man against another, each underselling the other, is not good tactics. It did not take very long for our corporations to find out that unrestricted competition is not possible in the business world.

THE workers as organized in their trade unions demand not only uniform wages for the same type of work, but a voice in the determination of the conditions of labor. As a voter, the worker has his say in governmental regime, so in industry does he wish to decide on the number of hours per day that he should work, the number of days per week; and, if it were possible, he would like to arrange affairs so that there would be a minimum amount of unemployment. There are other matters that interest the worker a good deal, such as safety devices, fresh air, light, elimination of dust, gases, and poisons.

We are apt to stress cost of production and cry aloud against competition of other nations. The worker, however, is rather interested in his own welfare. If he refuses to sell his labor cheaply, if he refuses to part with his energies and his productive ability for less than a certain amount—who can blame him?

True enough, the worker may go too far in his demands. San Francisco still shudders at the memory of trade union arrogance and domination. A goodly proportion of its citizens would like to have trade unions completely annihilated.

Labor in this country has not always been blessed by the choicest leaders. But

are we justified by that fact in desiring the destruction of trade unionism? Any more than we would be justified in desiring to do away with a republican form of government and make of these United States an empire, because, forsooth, there is an oil scandal in Washington? Our local and national government officials are not always paragons of wisdom and virtue, and yet we do not proclaim that democracy is a failure, and that it were best to go back to the old days of kings and queens. The obvious remedy is not the destruction of institutions, but the choice of better men to be at the head of those institutions.

Thus by the process of reasoning by which we sanction political democracy, do we give our stamp of approval to industrial democracy. Try as we may we cannot go back to the good old days. The cure for our bungling democracy in the shop and in the state is not autocracy, but more democracy.

I have strayed far afield, however, in my philosophizing. The specific problem that I set about answering is whether or not San Francisco is better off under the open shop basis. The Chamber of Commerce and the Industrial Association of San Francisco emphatically proclaim that industries from now on will be attracted to the western metropolis since the domination of the local trade unions has been broken. The trade union leaders, on the other hand, are just as emphatic in declaring that the San Francisco trade unions are as strong as ever, that they exert just as much influence, and the proof of the pudding, they say, lies in the fact that wages are higher today than they were in 1921. Now comes a third voice with a brand new theory as to why San Francisco cannot be any more populous or prosperous than it is. An editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle* on February 23, 1924, makes this assertion:

"We must provide for the expansion of our industries or they cannot expand, for we have about reached the limit of our facilities and our accommodations.

"To maintain our place as a great center of trade we must develop terminals where rail and water meet and we must create sites for manufactories. Unless we offer inducements for industrial enterprises to locate here they are going elsewhere.

"First among the improvements necessary to provide for the future is an adequate system of terminal warehouses and wharves, where raw material and manufactured goods may be handled

(Continued on page 239)



# Etching In California

*Herman Wendelborg Hansen*

IT IS, perhaps, an unusual procedure to place among the foremost etchers of California one who is unknown save to a few as a follower of the craft. Under ordinary circumstances it is probable that the story of H. W. Hansen's work in etching would have followed that of a dozen others; even been entirely excluded from this series to appear where it would seem logically to belong, among the California painters. Hansen has produced few plates—he took up the needle only a few months ago—whereas his fame as a painter extends over many years and is international in extent.



Yet there is reason at this time for giving space to his story, for he has started out on his last pilgrimage, has undertaken the greatest adventure of all. And there is important reason in the last plate he made for giving him prominent place among California etchers. His "Winter in the Northwest" in its conception and execution holds the element of greatness. Seeing it I am convinced that he had potential ability as an etcher which, had he lived, would in a short period have given him greater fame than his painting.

Herman Wendelborg Hansen was born in the Ditsmarschen district of Germany June 22, 1854. An inclination toward art was given opportunity for development under the best of the masters then resident at Hamburg, not far distant from his home. It was a thorough training which he received, a painstaking grounding in the essentials of art which gave him that later absolute command of his medium.

There was in him, latent then, a spirit of adventure which perhaps received its awakening when he was associated as a pupil with Professor Simonsen, the famous painter of battle scenes. But it

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

was Fennimore Cooper, with his stirring tales of the life of America's un-tracked prairies which definitely set his feet in the wanderer's path. He left the home country for England in 1876, and a year later arrived in the land of his dreams.

His pilgrimage was always westward. He left the Atlantic Coast shortly for Chicago, where he received a commission from the pioneer of the great north-western railways to go out to the "end of steel"—then in the Dakotas—and paint for them. With his first glimpse of the then boundless prairies and the colorful life they held, Hansen knew he had found his own. There was begun then that series of drawings and paintings, both in oil and watercolor, which brought him fame and which continued

Mexican border. He "roughed it," months at a time, in the Indian country of the southwest and the northwest. He knew the range, with its wild residents, its riders and horses, thoroughly and well. He added to his knowledge an enthusiastic love for his subject, together with a draughtsmanship seldom surpassed.

Artists of a younger day, a generation less carefully trained in the fundamentals of art, have somewhat slightly referred to work such as his as "illustrative." True—but why not? In that lies one quality, though not the only quality, which makes the work of H. W. Hansen an invaluable contribution to pictorial art. His paintings and drawings are historical documents. When Hansen painted a Crow Indian, it was a Crow; correctly dressed, in the environment and with the manner of the Crow. His Sioux, his Apache, was that, nothing else. His Pony Express riders were men of the old West, accounted exactly as were the riders of that day.

This painstaking attention to detail was one of the features which placed his work ahead of that of any contemporary in his line; and yet after all it was but a minor thing. Correct as were his details, carefully executed as were the anatomical features of his animals and men, these were never allowed to burden or to interfere with the spirit of his painting. He knew his men and his animals, inside and out, and used their outward seeming merely that it might express that which was transpiring within.

He loved horses. It was the horse which formed the prime motif of his work. It may be that he some time painted a canvas which did not hold a horse; if he did I have not seen the picture. It was the horse which afforded him the real means for telling his story—what a short-coming that is in the mind of today's generation of painters, to tell a story!—and it was usually his pleasure to tell a tale of some sort, dramatic, tragic or of the every day. And how he could tell it!

He was an indefatigable worker almost to the end. His work retained



"Winter in the Northwest"

—from the etching by H. W. Hansen

until his death early in April, 1924.

FEW painters of our time have had such wide reproduction of their pictures as Hansen. His Pony Express riders, his stage coaches with their plunging teams and following Indians, his cowboys, have found many a strange haven; have known appreciation in many an unexpected place.

He knew the West of the old days more intimately than any painter of his time, with the possible exception of Remington. He lived up and down the cattle country from the Canadas to the



# A Page of Oregon Verse

## THE MAGIC CARPET

I walked the hot, reeking streets—  
Reeking with odors of tar,  
Of gasoline, garbage, and grease,  
Nameless nauseating smells.  
I walked the hot streets—  
Babies gasped, cried, suffocated—  
The hot air quivered—  
The buildings glared  
In the hot sun—  
Life  
Was sucked from my veins.

In the railroad yard  
There was a train of cars,  
Rumbling, clanging, clanking—  
Cars lumber-laden from the West.

*Sweet balsam of fir trees—  
Lung-healing odor of pitch—  
Heart-healing odor of pine.*

Winds of the far-off Pacific  
Blew to me—  
My lonesome heart  
Heard the music  
Of the laughing McKenzie;  
Its white, tumbling waters  
Roared in my song-thirsty ears.

I am back again  
On my hill-tops—  
On the crags  
And their eerie trails—  
I am back again  
To the forests—  
To the forests of fir and pine,  
To the songs of the wind  
In their branches,  
Like the murmur  
Of far-off seas.

And I'm home again—  
Home again—  
Home again.

—Perry Prescott Reigelman.

## I HAVE BEEN GLAD

I have been glad of seaward rushing  
rivers,  
And mountains blue against a dawning  
sky  
Wherein soft opalescent fire quivers;  
And wave-washed cliffs, and pine trees  
pointing high.

I have been glad of winds, and wild birds  
singing,  
And brooks that flow, and elfin flower  
faces  
Peeping from out tall grass, and far bells  
ringing,  
Of crickets' songs, and pools in shadowed  
places.

I have been glad of April's green delight,  
And summer's rose, and autumn's golden  
song,  
And the white silence of a winter's night.  
I have been glad of dreams remembered  
long.

I have been glad—but this you do not know,  
I have been glad because I love you so.  
—Ferne Bright.

## OREGON

I love the hue  
of the clouded blue  
When the lingering summer dies  
And the rain's soft sweep  
When the earth drinks deep  
Under the Oregon skies;  
For the rains will cease  
And the sun increase,  
The mists from the valleys rise  
And after the showers  
Will a myriad flowers  
Laugh up at the Oregon skies.

—Clara Virginia Barton.

## OREGON PHEASANTS

*B*ROWN blots against brown grass,  
The pheasants pass,  
Placid, subdued,  
Slow moving in the autumn solitude.

*Purple and green  
Their sheen,  
See! brown long feathers like the  
grasses dried.*

*But all their loveliness  
And springtime pride  
Are veiled in quietness.*

*Here where dead boughs  
No longer the birds house,  
Brown blots against brown grass  
The pheasants pass.*

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

## I LOVE YOU

I love the winsome way you turn your head  
The rose you wear, if white or pink or  
red;

I love your eager eyes, so bright and gray,  
Reminding one of dawn before the day;

I love your voice, your step, your fingers  
bare,  
Your cool, white throat, your brown and  
silver hair;

I love your gown of swiss, or mull, or crepe,  
Love all you do, or see, or touch, or take.

I love you, love you. You will never know  
I love you, but I cannot tell you so.  
—Ruth Fargo.

## FANTASIE

I know the swift white magic of  
The shimmering moon  
When poised like some slim titled moth  
Above a painted June.

I know the luring siren song  
The old seas sing and sing  
Till curved pink shells borne far inland  
Cry out, remembering.

But best I love the fluttering  
White petaled days  
When little eager Aprils dance  
Away to meet the Mays.

—Elinor L. Norcross

## SONG FOR BARBARA BLOMBERG

Turkish ships in Lepanto water,  
Allah scoffs at the fair Christ's might;  
(Sancta Maria, Sancta Mater,)  
Don John of Austria is off for the fight.

Charles was a light love, Barbara a wanton,  
Phillip sits safe in the chair of Spain;  
Candle and book may perhaps be forgotten  
If Don John of Austria rides home again.

Pius kneels in the chapel chancel,  
Pale is the Virgin shrined above,  
And when was a virgin known to cancel  
The sin of a harlot and king's light love?

Turkish ships in Mahomet's keeping,  
Christ's wide throne in the balance grim,  
Troubled and light shall be Phillip's sleeping  
While an unblessed brother fights for him.

Unblessed brother, son of a wanton,  
To save the kingdom of Mary's son;  
Mother to mother and sins forgotten  
She smiles from the chancel and doubt is  
done.

Barbara, Barbara, love's white daughter,  
Laugh, an you will, in the teeth of Spain;  
(Sancta Maria, Sancta Mater,)  
Don John of Austria rides home again.

—Gertrude Robison Ross.

## HOMELAND

*S*O many days my seeking heart  
Went roving alien skies,  
When all the while the thing it sought  
Lay hidden in your eyes.

The empty days, the lonely nights  
That I have journeyed through,  
And always—always you were here,  
And yet I never knew!

I did not know—I did not dream—  
But oh, the weary quest  
Has only made more dear to me  
The haven of your breast.

—Ada M. Hedges.

## UNDREAMED

*T*HE trees on this tall hill have never  
dreamed  
Of seas and all the ecstasies they know;  
Their great cupped arms, their breast-plates  
where have gleamed  
The brittle stars, the sun-flame, and the glow  
Of silvern moons. They do not know the beat  
Of fretted combers or the sting of spray;  
They have not tasted salt and known it  
sweet;  
They know alone the wind's and the rain's  
way.

Yet some day, who can tell, these same  
sad trees  
That stand in holy clusters in this wood  
May by these winds be borne across wide  
seas—  
Great-masted ships, with fog blown through  
their spars;  
Oh then, mayhap, they'll think of nights  
they stood  
On this tall hill and dreamed among the  
stars.

—Howard McKinley Corning.





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### "PRINCIPLES OF REAL ESTATE PRACTICE"

Dr. Richard T. Ely's  
"Land Economic Series"

THIS BOOK is for students who wish to know the whole field of real estate at its best—in short as a profession—and it marks an important movement in research and education. It is meant for practical business men who wish to know more of land economics, renting, leasing, the right management of properties for others, insurance, salesmanship, taxation, city planning, legal considerations and much more besides.

Here we have all this in a volume of something over three hundred pages which also gives us a two-page list of other books worth study, and contains many standard forms for real estate men to use.

From the last chapter, "Requisites to Success," we quote several impressive points made by the author of this book who is Ernest McKinley Fisher, a prominent worker in the National Association of Real Estate Boards. He tells us: "No one challenges the right of the manufacturer of the cheapest automobile on the market, or the greatest inventor of his age to a fortune beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind; their contributions to society have been greater than their compensation. In other words wealth accumulated must be matched by dollars' worth of satisfaction given, with something more for good measure. So long as he thinks in such terms, the dealer's ambition may be unbounded.

In the first place, obvious as it seems, it is necessary to have a clientele. An experienced and wise merchant once said that the most necessary thing for the merchant to possess, and the easiest for him to lose, is a customer. This needs no argument; how is the real estate dealer to secure his clientele?

The real estate dealer is in the same position as other professional men. He has nothing to offer his client but his service. He deals in real estate, and he can only secure patronage by making his sales in such a manner as to win the confidence and esteem of both parties.

The second requisite to success is confidence in his community and adequate vision of its possibilities. The dealer sells his community; he must be brimming over with enthusiasm about its advantages. His confidence, however, must not be unfounded, blind allegiance. He must be able to give a reason for the faith that is within him. His vision must penetrate beyond the surface and see the things that are invisible to the ordinary man."

The reader lingers lovingly over the book and finds knowledge of a new, much-needed sort on every page. It is published by The Macmillan Company, and the price is \$3.50 net. Other volumes in what is called a "standard course in real estate practice" will follow this one.

—CHARLES H. SHINN.

### AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

THIS volume by S. L. Davis seems less a history of the Klan than an exposition of the reasons for its being as presented from the purely Southern viewpoint. The book gives a picture of conditions in the South which is practically unknown to those whose knowledge is obtained only through school histories. The days of reconstruction brought to the devastated South a horde of politicians, carpet-baggers. Even those who possibly should not be included in this category brought with them an accumulated bitterness and hatred which placed them beyond any sympathetic understanding of the problems which the Confederate states must meet. But if our school histories err in passing lightly over the mistaken policies of those who governed the conquered territory in the years immediately following the Civil War, it is possible that Miss Davis errs in emphasizing only the shortcomings of those who came from the North. Yet it is a valuable contribution to our historical records.

*Authentic History of The Ku Klux Klan*, by Susan Lawrence Davis. American Library Service, New York. (No price given.)

### THE ENCHANTED MESA

THOSE who seek to find in poetry a singing beauty, added to color of word and strength of thought will find in this recent volume of Glenn Ward Dresbach delightful satisfaction. Dresbach is not one of those who, for one reason or another, have wandered far from accepted form. He has been for the most part content to express his vision of beauty in the established forms. In the present volume he has included many poems which have given pleasure to the readers of contemporary magazines. They are light lyrics for the most part, with but a hint, an undertone, of deeper feeling. And there are pictures of splendid beauty—

*"Like some mesmeric sea of rippled gold  
The wheat fields spread upon the level  
lands  
Reaching for miles until their edges  
rolled  
In haze upon uncertain shores of sky."*

That there are still untouched themes for poetic expression is evident in this:

#### A WILLOW DAM

*Just the right touch of beauty needed  
here  
In this flat meadow of the close-cropped  
grass  
Is that swayed group of willows leaning  
near  
A little brook, like pagan dancers caught  
In some old mood of quiet ecstasy,  
Swaying their flowing hair above a glass  
Of gliding magic, soon to tire of thought  
And dance again.*

*The farmer said to me:  
"One rainy spring the brook, there on  
the right,  
Cut deep into the land and so I turned  
The water off by building up a pile  
Of sods and willow poles. I made it  
tight enough to hold washed soil.  
The current churned  
A deeper channel where it ought to be,  
And I forgot the dam till afterwards  
I saw each willow pole turned to a tree.  
The Enchanted Mesa, by Glenn Ward  
Dresbach. Henry Holt & Co., publishers. \$1.50 net.*



## New Bust of Bret Harte

THERE is in the new Overland office a splendid bust of Bret Harte, the work of a young San Francisco sculptor. Slightly more than life size, the head looks out across the room as though the famous writer were again presiding over the destinies of Overland.

The sculptor, Andrew M. Lakey, is a native of California, born near Santa Barbara some 26 years ago. He has been a student at the California School of Fine Arts, and for two years past has been studying under Henry Von Sabern. Several examples of his work are included in the present Annual at the Palace of Fine Arts, and display marked talent.

The bust of Bret Harte is particularly well handled. The head has both strength and dignity, and meets with the approval of those whose memory of the original is undimmed by time. If the desire of the young sculptor is fulfilled, if he is able to spend the next few years at the Beaux Arts in New York, there is no doubt but that San Francisco will have added one more to the long list of illustrious artists whom she has given to the world.



Bret Harte

—portrait bust by Andrew M. Lakey

## LAND O'MAIZE FOLK

IT is difficult to express just the impression which this latest volume of verse by J. G. Sigmund makes upon the reader. It is a collection of portraits, in greater part; brief, strong, almost crudely rendered pictures of the farm and river and hill folks of the Middle West. Mr. Sigmund has presented, perhaps mistakenly, only the sordid, the barren, the degraded side of the country life of the region; and I wonder if this picture would not have found added strength had he given it contrast with the beauty which is, after all, predominant there.

Sigmund has presented his portraits of the Land O'Maize Folk with purposeful crudity. His manner of presentation, the terse abruptness of his lines, even his pattern, aid in conveying the impression he desires to give. Yet I wonder if he might not have given quite as strong a picture had he varied the monotony of his pattern. Twenty-five poems, all written on the same pattern of three stanzas each, with the same scheme, tend toward a greater monotony than is intended.

Nor will his "Yesteryear Folk"—which composes the last group of the three which make up the volume—find

greater liking. Here is a series of ten poems. Ten characters speak, all in regret of the vanished days of pre-prohibition. Here again seems need of contrast, for any theme must have variety if it would avoid monotony when carried to length.

It is only in his "Hillside Folk" that is found the Sigmund whom we knew and liked in his previously published volumes. There is beauty here as well as philosophy; and beauty with no sacrifice of strength. For instance, his "Age and Autumn":

*The beggar on the corner draws her shawl*

*More closely round her thin, mishapen frame;*

*She feels that frost, which cools the breath of fall*

*And paints the sumach's plume with waves of flame.*

*That old oak, hunched upon my wood lot hill,*

*Clings to its leaves and shivers through the day;*

*It seems to know its limbs will never fill With sap when March returns—nor bud in May.*

In his "Maize Country Natal Day" is one of the notable poems of the year,

a portrait stronger, more poignant, than any other he has drawn; expressing the barrenness of farm life as it still exists in outlying districts, yet holding a beauty which seems absent from his portraiture of the folk of the river and valley lands. It is too long to quote, save in its opening stanza:

*"The doctor rubs his heavy lidded eyes  
And takes his shaggy fur coat from a chair;*

*Above the woodlot knoll the last star dies,*

*A cock's first metal call rides on the air;  
The mid-wife tiptoes down the creaking stair—*

*New day finds voice in raucous barnyard cries."*

Yet "Land O'Maize Folk" is a notable addition to the poetry of the year.

*Land O'Maize Folk*, by J. G. Sigmund. Published by James T. White Co. (No price given.)

ROBERT LLOYD GRESHAM of London sends us the announcements of the awards from the Benjamin Franklin Fund. The major one is to Pierson W. Banning of Los Angeles, on his published work, "Mental and Spiritual Healing; All Schools and Methods; A Text Book for Physicians and Metaphysicians." Two thousand five hundred pounds, Scholarship.



## "WANDERINGS IN NORTHERN CHINA"

THIS book is one which overflows with high spirits, a passionate love of the outdoor world and a very unusual faculty for getting along with everybody anywhere. It certainly makes one of the best books for reading aloud that we have seen for years—perhaps since we read the author's "A Vagabond Journey Around the World." The spirit of Dr. Kane, of Stanley, of Livingstone, of Beatrice Grimshaw making friends with the New Guinea cannibals, and of W. H. Hudson exploring Patagonia is strongly alive in such a book as Harry A. Franck has given his readers. It has the novelists of Chinese such as Mrs. Miln or the sensational Sax Rohmer, beaten to a finish, and even the painstaking historians must take a back seat. For two long years our author made himself a living part of the real China which no one comprehends by merely reading Confucius and Mencius. In his foreword, Mr. Franck tells us:

"The man who spends a year or two in China and then attacks the problem of telling all he saw, heard, felt or smelled there, is like the small boy who was ordered by the teacher to write on two neat pages all about his visit to the museum. Lafcadio Hearn said that the longer he remained in the East, the less he knew of what was going on in the Oriental mind. An "Old China Hand" has put the same thing in more popular language: 'You can easily tell how long a man has been in China by how much he doesn't know about it. If he knows almost everything, he has just recently arrived; if he is in doubt he has been here a few years; if he admits that he really knows nothing whatever about the Chinese people or their probable future, you may take it for granted that he has been out a very long time.' Such men as Alfred Sze are often mistaken in the United States as samples of China. Unfortunately they are nothing of the kind; in fact they are too often hopelessly out of touch with their native land. There has been progress in China, but nothing like the amount which we have been coaxed or lulled into believing, and some of it is of a kind that raises serious doubts as to its direction. China may need more credits, but any fool knows that you must stop the hole in the bottom of a tub before you pour more water into it. At times, too, it is laughable to think of us children among nations worrying about this one, thousands of years old, which has so often 'come back' and may still be ambling her own way long after we have again disappeared from the face of the earth."

The book before us has ten chapters, the first three of which are devoted to Korea. Then our author crosses the beaten track from "Cho-sen," goes up and down Manchuria, sees "Russianized China," goes across the Gobi Desert, scrambles around in "Red Mongolia," keeps right on till he is exploring "bandit-ridden Honan," in fact goes everywhere he pleases in northern China. The book fills 502 pages and is splendidly illustrated by more than 180 photographs and maps.

As one reads through these irresistible pages, not one of which can be skipped, he comes across dozens of passages which he longs to quote. Let this brief glimpse of how the very poor exist in China be sufficient to show the size of the problem of modernizing this ancient land. He is among the coolies who have been working all summer in Mongolia or Manchuria and are walking back to over-crowded China proper, stopping each night at an over-crowded "fang" or inn—as did Franck. Then comes this: "The fixed price of lodging for a coolie in these inns seemed to be five coppers; then there was five 'cash,' or a copper, for hot water for their tea, and not more, probably, for each of their two meals than for their lodging; so that the innkeeper got about the equivalent of one to three American cents from each guest, depending upon whether he stopped at noon or over night, and the total expenditure of each coolie perhaps averaged four cents a day, besides the bit of food some carried with them.

Is there any other glorified vagabond on earth who can see so much and get so much fun out of it as Harry A. Franck?

The Century Company publishes this book, and the net price is \$5.00.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

## THE FURTHEST FURY

THE DOUBLE MURDER which startles the little town, casts its menacing suspicion on one after another of those who knew the victims best, and gives rise to the vast fund of gossip of the boarding house opposite. Carolyn Wells has handled her small town gossip and startling disclosures of carefully hidden heart secrets in a sympathetic and entertaining way, and with wealth of detail which baffles the reader and skill of the detective to the last page. It makes a readable tale for those who like detective stories without gruesome tensi-ty, and that the little maid of the murder victim's menage, really solves the mystery pleases everybody including the indubitable Fleming Stone, Miss Wells well known creation.

*The Furthest Fury*, by Caroline Wells. J. B. Lippincot Co. \$2.00 net.

## THAD WELCH

(Continued from page 212)

that this was preserved for it is a remarkable picture. The flesh tones are perfect and the eyes have a liquid depth as if portraying Welch's very soul.

During the summer of 1877, Ibsen finished his "Pillars of Society" in Munich and could often be seen in the cafes or about the town.

By the time he left the Academy, which was some time in the summer of 1878, Welch was doing excellent work and able to sell quite a few of his landscapes. Of course they did not bring large sums, but it proved to him that people were interested in his work and his time had not been spent in vain. During the interval of study at the Academy he had won three bronze medals in competitive exhibitions.

After leaving the Academy only nature and his own genius had anything to teach him. He formed quite a friendship for one of the "Duveneck Boys" John H. Twachtmann, who was afterwards called the impressionist of America. The advice of Twachtmann was appreciated next to that of Duveneck by the students and Welch was therefore delighted to have been singled out from the rest as his companion, for his comradeship was always beneficial. They conceived quite a novel and inexpensive way of travelling about the country to paint, building a wagon, or cart, which served as a sleeping compartment, studie and kitchen combined.

This cart was seven feet long with sufficient width for two men to sleep comfortably, with glass sides and a top to protect them from the weather. There was a stove in one corner, within which made it possible to paint snow scenes during the severe weather.

When this box-cart was folded up it was only about two feet high. Thus, when wishing to move to another town they folded it up and were able to ship it by rail, many times dragging the wheels themselves when unable to obtain an old horse. Their arrival in a village was usually quite an event, for this novel contrivance attracted the attention of the children and elders as well, and so before they had selected a spot to camp there was quite a populace at their heels, laughing and asking questions of the artists.

On one of these excursions an incident occurred which had a serious bearing on Welch's future life. They were camping on the outskirts of a small Bavarian village, where the farms were scattered but flourishing. On learning that the proprietor of the village inn was a relative of an acquaintance of his in America, Twachtmann persuaded Welch that they put up at his hostelry for a time and enjoy the certainty of



well-cooked meals and a comfortable bed. There were many bits to paint in the immediate vicinity and Welch gladly acceded to the plan. This gave them more time for painting than when they prepared their own meals and consequently these were busy and profitable days for the two artists.

The proprietor of the Inn was a big, surly man, domineering over the gentle little wife who did all the cooking for the establishment; while their daughter, a pretty young girl of sixteen, waited on the table and assisted her mother in various ways in caring for the guests.

WELCH was soon attracted to the refined, overworked wife and the pretty daughter with an understanding bred from contact with similar conditions in his own family. He therefore felt a bond of sympathy with them and an aversion for the dominating inn-keeper. This was suggested one morning when, as he was sipping his coffee in the breakfast room, he noticed that the young girl had recently been crying and was even then having difficulty in restraining her tears.

Welch questioned her as to the cause of her distress. At first she refused to confide in him, but after repeated questions she blurted out in one breath that her father was unkind and made them suffer. Raising the frill of her sleeve above a dimpled elbow, she disclosed an ugly black and blue mark. Welch was all sympathy and told her if there was anything he could do for her or her mother they had but to ask him.

She smiled a wan little smile through her tears but shook her head, comforted, however, by the sympathy of the young artist. Welch and Twachtmann had already stirred her girlish imagination by their pictures, which were different from those made by the daubers who occasionally stopped at her father's inn. Their pictures portrayed faithfully the places which were familiar to her from childhood, and that they were thought worthy subjects for their canvases filled her with delight. Therefore she always hovered about the inn door to catch a glimpse of the new sketches as the artists returned each evening from the day's work. The artists were young and that they were pleased by her honest admiration for their pictures she well knew, for youth has a way of sensing those things.

Welch took keen pleasure in showing her his work and looking for approbation in her beautiful gray eyes. How much he cared for her interest in him he was not aware until one afternoon returning earlier than usual from their sketching they found the young girl seated by the roadside, a quarter of a mile distant from the inn. She was evidently waiting for their coming for she

arose as soon as they appeared and approached them. It could plainly be seen that she had been crying and was somewhat excited, though there was a new determination in her bearing. She quickly told them of added cruelties of her father and of her determination to leave home. That they were leaving the inn on the following morning she knew, as they had hired a horse to draw their cart.

This seemed an opportunity not to be overlooked; could she go with them? They could leave her at any town remote from her home, she said, and she was certain to find employment as she was domestic. She could keep house better than any girl of her age in the village, she ended with natural pride. Sympathy is certainly akin to love but it was anything but sympathy that made Welch's heart flutter strangely in his breast and his voice was unsteady as he assured her that she could go with them.

Twachtmann was not lacking in sympathy but hesitated about taking her as he feared he would be held in a bad light by his friend in America, for abetting his relative in leaving home. However, his opposition was overruled, and they determined to leave on the following morning before daybreak, notifying their host that they would make an early start and not require any breakfast.

They arose accordingly three hours before they were supposed to start, to avoid complications, and left a silent inn at the early hour of two in the morning. Their fair passenger met them by appointment on the outskirts of the village; a small bag containing a few clothes and her mother's picture being all she took with her. Although the horse traveled slowly they made considerable progress, having such an early start, and as the day advanced were far distant from the inn. Of course in these days of automobiles and rapid transit, the distance would have seemed a trifle but to them it was quite a journey.

During these passing hours Welch had been wrapt in thought, and the occasional questions he asked their fair companion were all bearing on the subject of his meditations. It was thought advisable for Twachtmann to procure something for their noon meal from a farmhouse, and during the interval of his absence Welch chatted with the young girl and finally disclosed his plan.

He had little or nothing, he told her, but a good name and the ability to paint, which should eventually provide a good living; she had a keen sympathy for art and if she could reciprocate his affection for her, he thought they could help each other and he had better become her protector for life. She blushing admitted that she cared but there was a

religious difference to be overcome.

Love, however, overcame obstacles and to Twachtmann's surprise they were married by a civil magistrate that very evening, he being the groom's only attendant. Shortly after this Twachtmann parted from them, returning to Munich, Welch and his bride journeying on through the country.

Unfortunately, the dispositions of the young couple were at variance and later proved something to be conjured with. The young wife was a practical, frugal housewife, and the young husband, with a highly developed artistic temperament, was anything but practical and lacked the primal elements of a business man. Therefore, though he did excellent work, he received little for it and there was seldom enough in the larder to keep them well nourished.

The young wife, discouraged by this lack of judgment, developed in consequence an irritable, nagging disposition, which in turn brought violent outbreaks over the slightest trifle.

THEREFORE the following four years were full of suffering for this unfortunate couple. Twice he left his wife for a few weeks, thinking that when apart they could the better see their problem and re-establish harmony on his return, but to no avail.

There were two children born of this union, a boy and a girl; the latter, on reaching maturity evincing decided artistic ability. In fact this daughter, now Mrs. Fanny Welch Pilsworth, supports herself by her art and competent critics prophesy that in time she will make a name for herself, independent of any association with her renowned father.

On learning that his father-in-law was dead, Welch made arrangements for his wife to return to her mother at the inn and there to raise the children, he contributing as best he could for their support. During these unhappy years Welch departed from his temperate ways and formed the habit of indulgence which later caused him and one very dear to him, great suffering.

On leaving Germany for Paris he obtained a legal separation, but continued to send whatever he could for the support of his children. The wagon was sold to the American illustrator, A. B. Wenzell.

Arriving in Paris, Welch worked on an English newspaper, the *Paris Herald*, of which Theodore Childs was the editor. He lived on a houseboat on the Seine, which he built in a shop in back of the newspaper offices, the employees of the paper helping him to launch it. The artist, Richard Pauli, lived with him.

(Continued next month)



# A Man Who Loves Children

By MARY MILLS WEST

**U**SEFUL CITIZENS, really useful ones, are not so common in any community as to pass without notice. And when to usefulness a man adds the element of idealism, that man becomes a decided asset to the life that goes on about him.

Berkeley, California, has such a citizen.

Eugene Sommer, a long-time book man of the university town, has lately removed from outgrown quarters to a new book shop so well-planned, so conveniently equipped, so fresh in stock that it takes immediately a ranking position among shops of similar line on the Pacific Coast. But this isn't the story of the shop, interesting as that is, save as it affords the background for the real story, that of Mr. Sommer's idealism.

Now Sommer is a successful merchant. He is a shrewd and wise business man, but it is not because of these qualities—there are other successful business men in Berkeley—that he stands out conspicuously in the college community. Sommer is a man who has held a vision, a dream that has found its realization in the opening of this new shop.

Business, to Sommer, has held always something more than the element of commercialism. To him a book shop should be something more than a place to buy books. It should be a place where might be formed that initial friendship with a good book, a liking that should blossom into life-long mutual friendship. And it should be something above and beyond this, important as it is.

Berkeley is an art center. Here have gathered and are gathering painters,



Eugene Sommer

sculptors, musicians, workers in the art crafts—and writers, many of them. What more logical, then, than to create a book shop which should be a true literary center, a place where poets and novelists and short story writers should gather for mutual inspiration and help. And, being a business man as well as dreamer, Sommer brought his vision into being.

Back of the shop proper, and above, he planned and built an assembly room so that organizations such as the California Writers' Club might gather and discuss the activities of the craft in its various branches. No charge, mind you! The room is freely turned over to any gathering of a literary or artistic nature, any day or evening—save only Saturday.

Saturday! That is the day reserved for the children, and on that day the room belongs to them.

The genial face of the book man takes on a touch of emotion as he tells of his plans for the children, plans which make a feature of story-telling every Saturday afternoon:

"The kiddies!" he says: "I have made a big department for them right here in the store; and upstairs, every week while I live, there will be something nice for them, something which will amuse them, but also something which will help to keep them going straight."

He turned to look with pride on the long shelves with their orderly rows of books; through and into the juvenile department with its attendants trained to this special kind of book-selling. Then he added, thoughtfully, a word that defines the man:

"It is my pleasure to make my shop a real asset to this town. Most of all it will be my pleasure to feel and to know that at least while the boys and girls of Berkeley are under my roof they will find those influences which will make them better and happier when they are men and women."

## The Drums

(Continued from page 198)

Sally, who wasn't afraid of mice or toads, the little Mick. A stuckup Sally now that she was a woman. But how soft and yielding that once, her breath like sweet clover at noon.

"You there, with the high water pants, carry some of my traps to the park for a quarter!"

"I'll carry them all for a dollar."

"Gad, it's hot enough to take you! Careful with that snare, Smarty."

The Duke swung the strap of the little drum over his head and fell in line, and with a smart thr-r-m, thr-rum,

set their feet in step and kept them, a rag-a-muffin at their heels.

Thrr-r-um. Thrr-r-um. Until they swung off the street and then the beat of "Protestant Boys" coaxed the fifer to carry the air with him. The Duke drummed happily and went on to "Boyne Water" and "Kerry Dancin'", and the park was reached.

"For God's sake, where'd you learn to drum?"

The Duke told them.

"Allen the Drum-maker!" they said. as a fiddler says "Stradivarius."

"And you, what are you bumming for? Lord, you could get a job in a crack band. What a shame. You poor fool!"

The next morning a circus had come and been shunted to one side in the yards, and the Duke ran for a job helping the unloading, and carrying water to the elephants. And he heard the rumble of animal talk from covered wagons and caught the romance of smells and the glory of the thing when tents bloomed and pennants fluttered. And when the chance afforded, he



picked up a bandman's drum and wakened the martial pulse. A drummer, to whom a day off work was a day to the good, negotiated with the Duke to his ultimate disgrace in Sally's eyes.

She heard the whole story as she twisted a bow for a hat.

"What do you think the Duke is doing now, Sally? In a circus. My brother went to it last week in the city and he saw Duke in the band wagon. And afterwards he saw him to talk to and Duke told him the awfulest story of what happened after old Leonard kicked him out."

Sally listened to the awfulest story, seeing the Duke, ragged, unkempt, a bum.

"He's a bum. Never was any good. But this is the worst yet. But my brother said he looked good, for him. Swell uniform with gold lace, dinky hat, and the swagger of a Major General. But he's a bum for all that. No good."

That was it. He was no good. A bum.

And two years later Sally had a shop of her own in the new Main Street block, and the circus came to town.

She lay awake in the early morning listening to the toot of engine whistles as they shunted the cars to a siding.

She heard small boys running past to see it unload. She stood at her shop window and watched the tinselled procession go by, elephants and gilded wagons, lions and tigers pacing back and forth, women wobbling on camels' backs. And the band wagon—

No good. A bum sitting up there on the wagon, the collar of his tunic open and a handkerchief under his chin like a bib, for the day was hot July. The same old grin, but a harder, leaner Duke, restlessness and the weariness of shifting scenes in his eyes. Sally's heart ached for the shame of the thing, that this spirit of joyous boyhood served no better purpose in life than beating his way, the easy way. A drifter. A bum.

The calliope pounded in her ears, crashed on her heart, stayed in her memory all day. She ached bodily and could not settle to work, nor rest. In the evening when her apprentices and their sweethearts went to the circus in summer finery and gossamer of dreams, Sally went again to the Half Acre and sat on the steps with old Leonard, and waited.

THE old townclock chimed ten, and eleven. And then he came winging home in the dusk.

"Hello, Dad."

Then quieter, "Hello, Sally. Lord what a Sally." They talked of little things until old Leonard burst out, "Can't ye git a better job than that, Duke? Can't ye ever git a bit to do with yer hands, honest like? Faith, an' I once thought ye'd make the fine soldier, even if 'twas only a peace soldier in one of them crack regiments of tin soldiers that go peradin' up an' down. I was a soldier once meself. Them wus the days, Lad. An' sich men. Figgers they cut. Women turnin' to throw kisses as we'd pass by, kilts swinging, plaids flutterin'."

Sally and the Duke listened until the old man drowsed.

"You've done well, Sally. I walked by your shop today and saw the gold name on the window."

"Yes, Duke, and I've saved money."

Though she'd have given it gladly for the kiss of old, the heart of the Duke for her own to keep. Dusk had winged him again. The starlight shone on his red hair.

"Good of you to visit the old man, Sally. He'll be lonely now that Willy James is married." He chuckled. "Sally, Willy James came after me today for being a bum. Read me a chapter on reforming. Think of it, from Willy James!"



Children's Department—Sather Gate Book Shop



"He's a good citizen, Duke."

"Yes. He's wide and thick and soft. He can't see beyond measuring sugar and weighing butter."

"That's better than some things, Duke."

"Meaning me? Well, maybe you're right. You called me yellow once, Sally. Remember it?"

Yes. She remembered. Remembered a kiss that night, also. The Duke was rolling a cigarette, hands between his spread knees. He struck a match.

"But that's all long ago and far away. And little Sally is a prosperous business woman now, with a vote and everything."

She waited until he threw the stub of the cigarette away, a spark tossed into the dusk.

"Duke, why don't you settle down, and—and grow up?"

He caught her hands.

"Sally! Sally! You understand after all—and grow up. I never have. But what could I do? I've just one trade, the drums. You see, 'tisn't being with the circus so much as it's that I'm with the drums and it takes me after processions and elephants and lions, and smells that go with it all, aye, and span-gled ladies on fat horses. And I'm ridin' in an Arabian Night's entertainment the whole time. And Sally, I'm happy enough—and what else could I do? There's you, now. You had the grit to stick and make your way. But not me. It's easier to drift—easier to drift—unless—"

"Yes, Duke—unless —"

His arm was around her, his cheek against hers, his voice crooned,

"Sally, now that I'm here, I'd like to stay, with you."

"Then, stay, Duke."

But with kisses fluttering on her eyes and throat and lips, she knew it would never do to surrender without bargaining. Sally O'Malley, the smart milliner, to marry a circus bandsman. What could he do to keep both of them now that she was used to the caress of silk on her body, and money in her purse.

The hands of him! Sally marveled at their soft clasp. Useless hands for a mere man, never toil twisted, nor grimed. He'd never worked. Didn't know how. She thought of his adolescent raggedness and something like fear clouded her heart. Her own hands had needle stabs, work hands surely. Then she remembered Mary. Mary had her baby, and the fine fabric of dreams had blown away in thin air. Mary worked harder than in old days at home. Mary never bothered fixing her hair. Mary's husband had settled into a drudge who found a wife and child all he could manage to support by steady toil, the essence of all homely things.

And if she married the Duke—the

Duke with his useless hands, content to drum and dream his way into a girl's heart—into girls' hearts.

"But Duke, aren't you ever going to do something useful? You can't go on just drumming your life away. I couldn't bear that. We'd starve."

"Well, we'll wait a little, Sally. Maybe something will turn up with the least luck in the world. And in the meantime I'll be back every chance I get."

### RESTLESS WIND

You are illusioned, an unvisioned thing  
Grown selfish in your noisy offering  
Of only restless energy! Your quest  
In earth and sky makes you an unloved guest  
Because you stir up clouds of dust to blind  
Men's eyes and hold o'er them an undefined  
Display of fear. Why can't you set souls free  
Instead of howling tales of misery!

—Emma Bennett Miller.

Sally sighed. Such a lover. Dreams—dreams—dreams. Mischief too, she'd wager. The devil of the Half Acre was in the eyes of him. His kiss was a thing that left a girl quivering and afraid, and afraid she'd wait long for another like him if he did not come back. He didn't learn that on the Half Acre. That first kiss in the starlight was the brush of a rose-petal as it drifted down and lingered askew on one corner of her mouth. She grew afraid as the months went by, that some city girl would find out these things. And for all her cleverness and bank account, when Sally took honest stock of her own assets she found little that would call the Duke from pastures nearer him, to wander with her in the scented dusk and stars.

"Why is it you like me, Duke?" she asked him once.

"Why? You're a gamester for one thing, Sally. And you liked me in the old days when God knows there wasn't much but hellery to see. I'm not much use in the world, Sally. I don't want to be if it means sluggin' like Willy James. I don't like work, but I do like lovin'. And I love you, though the reason of that I don't know any more than I know why you love me."

That stung. He knew she loved him and he counted on it, until for all her love she was ashamed. Ashamed that he was too lazy to work for her, and settled his heart as a honey surfeited bee settles on the nearest flower, droning his love-song, sipping as he would.

"I'd like a home and you, Sally," he said, "You beside me, chirpin' and scoldin', and makin' believe you've had enough kisses when your mouth puckers for more. I can sit the night through star-rovin', but I can't work. It's hard to explain but I wasn't made for that. I only joy in two things, my drums and my lovin'."

SO he wandered afar in summer and stayed in the old house with Leonard all winter, eating up his bit of savings and tormenting Sally with his loving. Not another woman would have put up with him and his good-for-nothingness. But Sally was game. Not afraid of snakes, or toads, or useless circus drummers, or the passion-thralled wooing of the Duke of Devil's Half Acre. If ever a woman could hold on to him and her own dreams, it was Sally. He was yellow. He knew it. Selfish to the core. He took all and gave nothing. Would not even soil his hands to give her a home. But only when she knew people talked about the shame of it did Sally drop her face in her hands and sob.

And devil as he was, brew and spawn of the Half Acre, he knew the thing was blanching her prettiness and spoiling her life, and the next time he went away he stayed.

Stayed, until that August of Nineteen Fourteen, when he sauntered back one day in the middle of circus seasons; and without telling, Sally knew why. It was too late for her ever to have another lover. So she took her pride and dreams in her hands and laid them at his feet.

"Duke, if you'll stay this time, I'll marry you. The shop will do for us both. And you'd be somebody."

"But that's just what I'm not, a somebody. Oh, it's no use, Sally! I saw that when I stayed away."

"But I can't let you go again, Duke. It hurts so."

He was on his knees, his head bent, his body bowed, the glory of him all dimmed, pleading,

"Sally, forgive—but I can't. Love isn't that great, for me. I've got to go. This time there's something for me to do, a tune to beat up—and I've got to go."

And Sally rose.

When next she heard of him, it was from Willy James who walked home with her one evening. Willy James, rotund, prosperous, horn-rimmed glasses, puffing as he walked. Sally glided beside him. Love denied lent her softness. She had come so near the fire, its glory left her dim.

"Duke went overseas, Sally. The first decent thing he's ever done. But he's drummin', drummin' his way to the front trenches."

Then the war was over. But no word had come from the Duke. And he wasn't posted dead or missing. Until one day a card came from a town in New York State. Old Leonard showed it to Sally when she went to see him one evening. His scrawl across it.

"Well, the war didn't finish me, though the heat here in the tents might. How's everybody? Duke."



Sally's heart raced and choked her. He was alive then. But war had not changed him from the old careless, reckless bum—drifting. He had not even sent her a line. Had not made a sign. Sally was shamed. Shamed for the love that had offered itself to him and been refused.

Her business had grown. And her bank account. She wore imported gowns and had her hour set at the hair-dresser's. She went to New York twice a year to buy stock and see style shows.

But Sally would have given it all to be the little Sally with her unspoiled dreams of the Duke. To have been his wife. No matter that he was worthless, no-account according to her standard. She would have forgiven anything but the fact that he never came back after she had offered him her love and herself.

Old Leonard stroked the strings of a drum, beating on its skin with his fingers, feeling out its voice. He had not been well of late, but he did not complain. Only,

"Drat the boy, he might have come home and told me how the war went. I wanted mightily to hear about it. Sally, did you and him have a row?"

"No, Leonard. We didn't quarrel. But the Duke is no good. There was no use going on."

"Sally, when I was young we didn't figure so much about things as young folks does now. We fell in love first and that was the end of it. We fell in pretty often them days, sometimes when we shouldn't. But if there was a sting to it, we had memories. There comes a time, Sally, when the fire dies down and the blood thins. And you'd wonder if ye knew, how thinkin' of old times and old loves, warms a body. An' girls ye'd kissed, and laughin' an' foolin'—I wouldn't have missed a one of them. I've been wonderin' what a woman does in after years if she's had no lovin' in her youth. I've wondered too, if ever was a man without a string of such memories, like button-charm strings the girls make. He was fond of ye, Sally. He used to come often."

Sally listened. The frogs piped from the creek. An owl hooted from the woods.

"Sally, if ye was to ask him if he'd come back, ye might make somethin' of him. 'Twon't be long afore I'm leavin' the work bench and the tools and he could make drums. He's smart if he tries. Maybe if ye was to put it that way. 'Here's yer Dad's workshop' says you, An' here's my kiss. Come along with me. Maybe if ye was to put it that way, Sally—"

NOT even her passionate offer of surrender had moved him. But here was this old man near death; may-

be for his sake the Duke would come back. There was her own longing, her hunger for his kiss. Was she always to go hungry, knowing what lay in the cup of life even though it grew flat and stale in time, like Mary's romance. There'd be the sweet drink to remember down the years like the memories of this old man among his clocks and drums.

She had her shop. She would be bread-winner as other women had done before her. She'd have her taste of love. She'd catch him in a wonderful moment and swing him along with her away from the city to where dreams of old come true, when night-winged they'd float on seas, with kissing winds and brew of starlight, and warmer kisses flicking her soul to poignant bliss.

SO Sally promoted her head milliner to the charge of the shop and packed her grip and went to Buffalo. And there she went about asking questions and seeking to find the saw-dust rings and white tents of "The Greatest Three-ringed Show on Earth."

She found smiles aplenty. It was something to waken smiles, this smartly gowned woman past her first youth, hunting a circus. She never dreamed that so big a thing as a circus could get itself lost in one state. But in the end she did get news of it and came to a town at noon, dusty and weary. She fluffed herself before a hotel mirror and took a trolley to the circus grounds, where bands blared and spielers called their wares, and children crowded the lane before the side-shows.

### SHADOWS

YOU say to warn me is but to be kind—  
Ask that I pencil blue each fault I find.

Dear heart, your follies are but shadows  
cast  
By virtues clear, which to the end will last.  
—Ruth Fargo.

She bought a reserve seat to be near the band, and sat through the long performance with its glitter and noise, tumbling clowns, wire artists, bare-back riders. The sun on the canvas baked the air and burned her face. But she was tremulously happy, fidgetty as a girl in her first party dress.

And when it was over and the crowd had melted away, she beckoned a passing clown to her side and gave him a card to take to the drummer in the band. A moment of shrinking at giving her message to a clown, until she saw through the white-wash, the weary ordinariness of a man, in whose tired eyes was no reflection of the laughter he had wakened that day.

While she waited, the spieler was announcing the concert, the wonders of the performance. She did not hear his words, for the clown was back.

"The drummer wants to know if you'll please step to the stand, Lady."

Color flamed in her cheeks. Couldn't he have come to her, even now, instead of making her go to him, the last few steps.

But she went. He sat among his traps and drums, queer things piled in hills about him, chairs, music stands, ten feet of the raised dias between them. A nigger sat on the edge of it. Cooped up with niggers—could she bear that thought.

"Hello Sally! Lord—to think you'd hunt me up here—Pretty as ever, Sally, how's everything—guess we can't get in much talk—concert begins in ten minutes—good show, eh, and we pull out the minute the night show is over."

Careless. Indifferent. Insulting. A bum.

But she loved him. Still, he had frozen something in the heart of her. It thickened and formed claws as she gave him her message. Shame, taking love by the throat, shaking the life out of it. The poor thing struggled, died hard. She caught herself choking with it, gasping out the words she'd conned over and over until she knew them by heart. Her hands smoothed the folds of her dress flicked a bit of straw from one drooping Canton sleeve.

"So Duke, you see he needs you and you would have the drum making—And Duke, I'm ready to stand by what I said the last time I saw you."

He struck a match. Lighted a cigarette. The smoke came slowly from his parted lips. He stared through it, past her, to where men erected a concert stage with clatter of boards and sharp cries of command.

"No," he said, "It's just as it always was, Sally. I've got this job, and the drums, the only thing I know. I won't clutter up your life with a useless—" his voice broke, grew husky. He cleared it. "No, I won't go back with you now."

Sally turned away. Her heart seemed to stop. His hand had clutched the shoulder of the nigger. His forehead rested on his wrist as he stared past her.

In the ring the spieler was announcing the wonders of the concert.

"Songs by the Tetrizinni of the rings. Music by the famous Veteran's Band, the only band with a circus, entirely composed of heroes. Most of them decorated for bravery. Many of them wounded. Only footless drummer in the world, plays traps and drums with only his hands—only—"

(Continued on page 239)



## With Reluctant Feet

(Continued from page 203)

o'clock the crowd came to our place and gathered in Enid Boyce, Janice and Ruth DeLacey. I stood at the gate and watched them go. Janice turned to wave me good-bye. At three o'clock they brought her home—

I can't bear to talk of it, even now. Janice had dived from a boat; and the skirt of her bathing suit, caught on a sunken snag, held her down. Held her until Enid freed her, brought her—more dead than alive—to the surface. No, I don't care to discuss that incident.

Janice was all right, the next day—lively as a cricket. She and Enid fell into an argument at table. Of all places in the world for *such* an argument, at the dinner table!

"I just dare say you won't go back to the city if that young seven-footer who looks at you so soulfully has his way about it," Enid jested. "You ought to, though, if you're thinking of marrying. A course in baby-tending at one of the—"

"Enid!" Janice protested. "Spare Mumsy's blushes!"

"Well? Aren't you going to have babies? Of course you are. Lovely pink ones. Mumsy Smith had one lovely pink one; but this brown one"—She pointed a derisive finger at Paul, and shook her head. "This one may have been all right—before he got spoiled." Paul's words, spoken dreamily:

John's loud laughter almost drowned "I can see you in a little home. There would be pink hollyhocks. You would wear pink house dresses—not blue, like Ruth's, and—"

Her face flamed into the passionate beauty of which I have spoken; but she interrupted, quite rudely:

"Yes-s-s-s! And though I might scorch my husband's breakfast food, I would wreath his dinner-pail in roses—pink r-r-roses. But never, never, never would I give him strawberry shortcake! Nor thick cream."

The weeks that followed brought changes to our once quiet home. I had often remind myself that Enid Boyce had played a heroine's part in her country's need. When, shocked by her freedom of speech, her ways, which seemed to me bold and forward, I writhed in secret, my mind threw upon the mental screen the picture of the wisp of a girl carrying water to men who died, blessing her. I saw her, working alone in a bloody field, through the long, long night, heedless of death that threatened at every turn. My own daughter could not have done that—nor Ruth—nor any girl I knew. Both Janice and Ruth would have been helpless in the presence of such an emergency.

Ruth came to the house every day. Such a comfort as she was to Paul and me! Paul did not go with the gay crowd that had swept Enid and Janice into its current. He was working hard, shut away for hours in his workshop—his studio, I called it. But he did not show me his poems, as he always had done.

I thought to myself: "He shows them to Ruth, now."

Came the climax to Enid's assaults on our small-town traditions. In some manner not quite clear to me, she met Elsie Cahill. Now there isn't a thing in the world against Elsie, so far as I know; but her mother is divorced. To be divorced, in our town, is to be disgraced. I am not, I hope, a cat-minded woman; but things like that do influence a body against a sister woman. Unconsciously, perhaps, I had been expecting that Elsie would come to no good—and so had the rest of the townspeople.

"She has a wonderful voice," said Enid, "and she hasn't money to have it properly cultivated."

WE were grouped about the evening lamp. John looked up interestedly, his glance passing, finally, from Enid's face to mine. I thought there was a shade of reproach in the look.

"Why, that's too bad!" he said. "What are we going to do about this, Henrietta Smith? You're on the choir committee, eh? Well, why not give the leading place, the only one that draws down pay, to Elsie Cahill, instead of offering it to Betty Jenks, who doesn't need the money?"

I declare, I felt perfectly foolish! I saw at once that is what should have been done long ago. While we townsfolk sat around, waiting for something not quite nice to happen to Elsie Cahill. *It might have happened!* I turned cold all over. I heard Enid say:

"You can help her so greatly, Mumsy Smith, if you'll sort of adopt her into your big family. The whole town goes by what *you* do. You're 'Mother Smith' or 'Aunt Henrietta' to half the young folks—though why their elders stand for it is more than I can see."

"Just wh-what do you mean?" I stammered.

"Well," she teased, "look how you spoil Janice! And as for Paul—" She finished with a gesture that explained all that she had left unsaid. "Older people are prone to give up their lives to their children," she went on, seriously, her voice soft, with a little love-

note running through it. Love! For me! "It's not right. One should not overlook the good of the individual in planning the good of many. You've mothered everybody, and have never taken the time to do what *you* would like to have done."

I sat speechless. With the sin of the neglected Elsie Cahill on my conscience, what else could I do? And there were other sins, I reflected, grimly.

"Each person has a *right* to his life," Enid went on, "to the highest development of it that opportunity affords. If you had not married when you were a mere infant-in-arms, Mumsy Smith, and spent all your time bringing up your family, to say nothing of mothering the town, you would not have pushed Paul into the business of being a poet. I always did believe that the only true test of a good poet is his ability to earn his living at something else."

Paul reddened under his tan, but joined the laugh at his expense.

"You may as well give in to Enid, Mumsey," said Janice. "Everybody does. She's always right. Even when she's wrong she's right. Take the matter of the one-piece bathing suit—I've decided to have one. I ordered it yesterday from the same place Enid got hers."

I had nothing to say.

That night, I went early to bed. I don't know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a gentle tap-tapping at my door—Paul's knock. I started up, very wide awake.

"Come!" I invited.

He entered noiselessly, and sat on the edge of the bed. The late moon filled the room with dim radiance. I could see that his golden-brown hair was tumbled as if he had tossed about in bed, unable to sleep. He sighed; and for moments that was the only sound in a silence that throbbed like a human heart.

He had found my hand—clung to it. Now he pressed his cheek to mine.

"Mother!"

"Yes, son!"

In broken sentences, then, came his story—the story so old, so old, yet ever wonderfully, gloriously new; I had thought to hear it long before this.

"Mother, isn't she the dearest, sweetest—?"

Words failed him. Almost they failed me, for a twinge of jealousy gripped me, as it grips mothers the world over who are about to lose their sons to other women. But I answered:

"Yes, my boy."

"But Mother! She—she—Perhaps she doesn't—care!"



Tears stung my eyelids. He must not see me weep! I cheered him, heartened him. I made some excuse on the score of the late hour, when I could no longer restrain my tears, held him to me, sent him away, happy that I had set the seal of approval on his love. I cried myself to sleep.

Came the evening of the last day of Enid's stay with us. I was glad that she was going, yet I should miss her sorely. I felt, however, that I should like the time for Ruth—for the dear, intimate things that are part and parcel of an engagement that brings closer relationship already close. I heard Enid talking to John. He was half sick with a horrid cold, poor Johndear, and so fussy that I made no remonstrance, though he hung his necktie over the back of one chair, his collar over another, and discarded his shoes on the rug in front of the divan. When she went in—a little black shadow, this evening, in her gown of black, with an Oriental scarf trailing from her shoulder—John had raised his head from my best embroidered sofa pillow and croaked:

"I sure ab glad thad you're here. Ged the yougsder to show you his idved-tion."

So I had failed my children, after all! It proved a bitter pill to swallow. I stood convicted of the "pound foolish" expenditure of time and thought over non-essentials, while big issues remained untouched. Even Mrs. DeLacey, with

her everlasting club work had kept more in touch with the times than I. And this young girl, Enid, young in everything save wisdom, showed me wherein I erred. The hurt was deep. No one had ever mentioned an invention to me. My son's invention! Doubtless he had kept it from me because of my lack of sympathy with all pursuits save the one I had chosen for him. I had determined that he should be a poet. Yet his father knew of this other work of which I had not been told.

We all went into the garden, presently; a June garden sweetly decked as for a carnival of love, vocal with the melody of a night-singing bird. Ruth had come over; she and I strolled through one of the aisles of roses, daughter Janice and the patently infatuated "seven-footer," a young townsman, through another. But Enid and Paul went into his workshop.

I looked at Ruth; she looked at me, then away.

"He has taken her into *his room!*" I whispered.

SHE nodded. Words were useless. Who better than I who had borne him, and who had never been asked into the place where he sat with his soul, knew what Enid meant to my son? It was his love for *Enid* that he had confessed to me.

"You tried to arrange his life for him," Ruth whispered. "But you can't do that, pretty Mama. There's some-

thing more than the call of love to love between them. It's the call of like to like. I've felt it from the first."

"I—I never dreamed—" I gasped; but she kept on as if she had not heard me:

"Because she is a great woman, he will be a great man." Her voice broke on the last word, but quickly mended. "He never said a word of love to me. Her house will not always be in order, because she will be out with him, climbing hand in hand to the top of the tallest hill that she can find, so that they may get the view beyond. Their children—oh, their children will be wonderful!"

The door of the workshop opened and the two of whom we spoke came forth, Enid a step in advance. Her face—I shall never forget her face! Tear-wet though it was, a miracle of joy had made it luminous. And my son, a shy boy but yesterday, had become a man!

Over in that other aisle of roses, my daughter born of my body was—I surmised—getting herself engaged. Remained to me only little daughter Ruth, of the solemn eyes. I laid my arm across her shoulders, swung her about.

"They don't need us," I whispered. "But we must not let them get too far from us. Not by standing still can we keep up with them. Help me, Ruth! I'm

"Standing with reluctant feet  
*Where new ways and old ways meet."*

## ART IN THE ULTRA-MODERN

(Continued from page 218)

ISN'T she a beautiful child? I always say to Mr. Jones, my husband, that she gets it from my side of the family. I think an appreciation of beauty *brings* beauty, don't you? You know what I mean? I feel beauty so; my temperament, I suppose. See her looking at that picture with such a rapt expression? She has such refinement of feeling for a child. You know what I mean? So spiritual. Wouldn't you just *love* to paint her portrait?—You're not a portrait painter—Oh, indeed! I thought *all* artists painted portraits. Oh, I see. Some painters are so clever at painting landscapes. We watched one in a window on Market street the other day, and I declare if he didn't turn them out one after the other! I never saw anything like it. Of course they weren't the *very highest art*, because you could tell which was mountains and which was sky, and so on. But so reasonable; only two dollars. Some painters charge so much. A friend of mine has one, not a bit larger, and she paid fifty dollars for it. Not a bit more paint in it. Of course the frame is nicer—I do like nice frames, don't you? I always say they are so refined.

Would I like to sit down—why, thank you, I guess I would.—My! That is a relief! Goodness! Look at that splotch over there. The second from the end. What is the number, ninety-two? Thank you—here it is: "Late Afternoon," by Everett Powell. Isn't it awful? What can people see in such a mess. I always say, those folks that like such things can have 'em; for me, give me something pretty. I'm so sensitive to inharmony. That picture makes me fairly ill, if you know what I mean—What—*Powell!* My goodness,

don't tell me that is *your* picture—Well, I never. Of course, it isn't so *awfully* bad—what I mean is—Of course, I can't see it very well from here—There. Oh, how much better it looks from here. More—more—You know what I mean? More quality. Really delightful. How I love those mountains at the back! I adore mountains in pictures, don't you? Not mountains? Oh, I see now. How stupid—clouds, of course. Aren't they lovely? I always say there is something *so* spiritual about clouds. You know what I mean?

Why, Ermintrude, darling! Ermintrude! *Ermintrude!* Ermintrude Violet Jones, you stop your crying this instant and tell me what the matter is! Your gum? Well, what about it? Mr. Powell *sat* on it—well—

I must say, Mr. Powell, I don't think that is any way to talk to a little girl. I'm sure she didn't mean any harm, and after all it was *her* gum, wasn't it? She can't bear to be spoken to harshly; she is *so* sensitive, so spiritual. What's that, Ermintrude? *My* fault—I told you to put it on the seat—Why Ermintrude Violet Jones, I told you distinctly to put it *under* the seat. Why, I never!—If your gum is spoiled, Ermintrude Violet, it is your own fault. I'm sure Mr. Powell would not have sat on it if he had known it was your gum. What? Get it off Mr. Powell's coat for you? Why, darling, it won't *come* off—at least I don't think it will—Will it, Mr. Powell?

Well, for goodness sake! I don't think artists are so very refined! Now Ermintrude, darling, don't cry so. Mamma'll get her some more gum.





## PLAYS AND PLAYERS



### LEO CARRILLO

**S**AN FRANCISCANS are rejoicing in the coming of Leo Carrillo to star in Thomas Wilke's stock company at the Alcazar. And Mr. Carrillo says he is mighty glad to get back to San Francisco. But this is no more than is to be expected for, as he pridefully reminded me, not only is Carrillo a native son but his family have lived here for three hundred and fifty years; his grandfather, he told me, was the first provisional governor, and his grandmother made the first American flag of California origin.

Carrillo is very much interested in the preservation of the remaining land marks of the old Spanish civilization in the state. "I have implicit faith in California's future," he declared, "but it will be greatly enhanced by carrying over into it something of the romance of its earliest civilization. It is to be regretted that most of the old adobe buildings of the Spanish days have already disappeared."

"Magnolia," the popular comedy by Booth Tarkington, was Carrillo's first vehicle upon his return to San Francisco. This play was written for Carrillo when he and Tarkington were together in the South going over the ground which is the scene of its action.

In a way "Magnolia" might be regarded as a remarkable achievement. This is in its reconciliation in one personality of every characteristic which could appeal to the varied tastes of the theater going public. Combined in the hero, with a stupendous disregard for consistency or probability, are the poet

and nature lover; the man of action and king of the Mississippi rough element; the timid pacific admirer of Thoreau and Rousseau evolving into the "notorious Colonel Blake", terror of all the black belt; the weakling who would not fight for his sweetheart, and the idol of "the ladies of the Sabines." But much in the way of improbability can be excused in a play of satirical character when its irony is as pointed and the play as well constructed as is "Magnolia."

"Lombardi Ltd.," which apparently is to Carrillo's repertoire what "The Chocolate Soldier" is to comic opera, and fried chicken is to a Dixie menu, an ever recurrent and popular offering, opened at the Alcazar in April with three members of the original New York cast. It is expected that "Lombardi" will run about four weeks, after which Carrillo will present "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," a new play by Lero Clemens. This being in the Italian dialect, which won the actor success as Tito Lombardi and Mike Angelo, there is reason to expect it will follow in the successful footsteps of those two dramatic "best sellers."

### ANGELS FLIGHT

**T**HAT a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people seemed once more to be demonstrated by the small houses that witnessed the San Francisco Telegraph Hill Players' recent presentation of "Angels Flight." This was the first production of the play, a three act

comedy by Miriam Allen DeFord; or Mrs. Maynard Shipley of Sausalito, as she is when out of professional character.

Miss DeFord, not unlike the majority of those connected with the Little Theater movement, is obviously under the influence of the Shavian school of drama. This lack of originality which so definitely classifies the play, makes it fall short of greatness. It is, however, an exceedingly good play; a much better play than a very large proportion of those enjoying a long and spectacular vogue. It has more plot than do most plays of the modern radical school, but its real strength lies in its effective dramatic situations and Miss DeFord's unusual skill at characterization.

The characterization of Francis Cain is the play. Here is a character totally irresponsible, unconscious of the least moving conventional spirit, a lightbearer whose faith in his own message is sublime in its egotism. He plays the cad and villian with the three members of Roderick Leigh's household; the wife, the sister and the daughter. But with these three virtuous women who were so sadly tangled with Cain's past, and through no fault of their own certainly, except natural feminine susceptibility, the part of villian and cad proved to be as unprofitable as the role of torch bearer. At the climax the three women stood opposed to their oppressor, grouped in ironical imitation of Greek tragedy, the Eternally Faithful to the established order of things against the Eternally Persecuted Angel of Light; female conservatism against male individualism.

### OUR MAY CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 193)

**EMMA BENNETT MILLER** comes back to Overland after an absence of some years. She is a resident of Sandy, Oregon. Since she is correspondent for the Oregon Daily Journal and The Timberman, and has a department in the Oregon City Enterprise, beside being a conscientious housewife, she has little time to write verse.

**MILDRED HUDSON AMMONS** is purely a Western product in birth and education. She is a writer of short stories and has taught school in the sagebrush country. Mrs. Ammons writes us from Portland that

"my best accomplishmen is Junior, age three, who helps (or hinders) in my writing."

**AUDRED BUNCH** is a senior at Williamette University, majoring in English and Philosophy. She has appeared in several periodicals, but announces that the most significant happening in connection with her work in verse was the winning of honorable mention in the Poetry Society of America's Undergraduate contest for 1923.

**VERNE BRIGHT** has previously appeared in Overland. Having found frequent place in Life, Smart Set, Lariat and other magazines, Mr. Bright says he has discovered "that there is no money to be made writing poetry." He resides at Beaverton.

**ELEANOR ALLEN** is a native of Oregon, born in Philomath 24 years ago of an old pioneer family, and now resident in Portland. She, too, has found recognition in not a few magazines.

**PERRY PRESCOTT REIGELMAN** holds the degrees of Bachelor of Oratory and Bachelor of Law, from Willamette University. Mr. Reigelman has spent some years in the routine of news writing, together with some short stories and verse. He says, "I am now engaged in horticulture, specializing in filbert and gooseberry growing, which keeps me rambling over 35 of Oregon's finest acres."

(Continued on page 239)



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Ben Legere's interpretation of Francis Cain, in spite of all the serpentine attitudinizing, seemed to bring out all of the subtle combination of the genius and the degenerate.

### LA GOLONDRINA

The Mission Players have closed their season at the old mission playhouse at San Gabriel with the 2300th performance of the Mission play. On May 5th, they open for a four or six weeks' run at the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, in "La Golondrina." This play also tells the story of early California, but of a time several years later than the mission period.

—SARA LAKE.

### YANKEE CAPTAIN AND SOUTHERN PILOT

(Continued from page 201)

Following the war a time of great depression came upon American shipping; the end of an era had arrived when no one watched or knew—the clipper ship was passing.

Our captain sought work in Washington. It was a welcome change to the family, this of living in the picturesque old capitol town. "At the time Boss Shepard reclaimed Washington from a quagmire," the captain's daughter writes, "Making it a city of beautiful streets, my brother Harry was

one of his helpers. He had a coal and lumber yard besides, and here he kept a cow. One of the men at the yard would bring the milk up to the house with an old rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay." Harry, it seems, formed the habit of taking this precious horse out Pennsylvania Avenue for a little "brush" with any horse-fancier who was prone to accommodate.

"He wasn't a handsome animal," says Mrs. Hudson, "nor the surrey one to be proud of—but Harry got a deal of fun out of him—driving on the 'Avenue.' He never drove with a whip, but when he spoke, the old horse would lay his ears back, stretch out his legs, and the swell turn-out with all its trappings would have nothing but our dust!"

"Those were merry days in Washington. Harry had taken a good sized house and Mary was installed as house-keeper. Father was ashore there thinking to find business to occupy him on land and keep him with his family—but he never found it."

So, in spite of the family's happiness, there is a note of sadness in the captain's letter, written to a friend in old Freeport in the autumn of '73—the panic year.

"I am already beginning to have a great longing for the quiet of the ocean. And it would not trouble me to be buried there, after 44 years passed upon its bosom. It is the largest of all cemeteries, and the same waves roll over all—the same requiem of

the ocean is sung to the honor of all.

In all the daily scenes of complaint and distress that I am constantly witnessing my mind travels back to the peaceful, quiet, country village where people know but little of the misery, anxiety and distress caused by money panics. Let others enjoy the cares and disquietudes of city life, but for me, give me the peace and quietness and calm repose of country life, or the sea for the rest of my days."

Thus the sea called him once more,—and Captain Mitchell—destined never again to enjoy the peace of Freeport life—crept home around the Horn on his last passage, in the year '76, and made his final port in New Jersey. Thus passed a splendid type of clipper captain, not a bucko mate nor a "hazing master"—but one resolute and kindly, who governed men through the integrity of a staunch but gentle spirit.

Those "old, capable times" as Mark Twain calls them, are gone. "The wild waves roll over the red sun" of yesterday, where the clipper ships have vanished like silver clouds, "leaving not a wrack behind." But certain imperishable memories live on. And one cannot help recurring to that refrain which passed through the mind of the youthful Joseph Conrad as he bid silent goodbye to the mate of the old *Judea*:

"And may the Great Sea where he lies now rock him gently, rest him tenderly until the end of time."



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#### WITH CALIFORNIA WRITERS

**T**WO recent books, Doctor David Starr Jordan's *Days Of a Man* and Will Irwin's *Christ or Mars* stand in an interesting relation to each other. It is not a strange thing that a pupil of a prophet of democracy should arraign belligerent lands with the question *Christ or Mars?* Neither is it strange that out of a democracy in Arcadia, with its intangible Stanford spirit, which people tried vainly to explain by remoteness and newness, should come Hoover and Kellogg to feed Europe, and Will Irwin in the cause of peace to demand of civilized nations, "Christ or Mars?"

Yet who of the "old guard" would have predicted that Will Irwin was to be the torch-bearer of Stanford ideals? Some of those ideals are set forth in such essays of Doctor Jordan's as *The Blood of the Nations* or *The Human Harvest*, *The Call of the Twentieth Century*, and *The Strength of Being Clean*, originally published under the admirable title, *The Quest for Unearned Happiness*. Undoubtedly Irwin was gifted, and gifted people should be torch-bearers, but he was said not to work much at his trade. We all knew he would be a writer. He would make a new place in society verse—perhaps humor in some new form. Whatever the Irwin brothers wrote would have literary finish and readableness, a bubbling over with the sheer joy of living.

We knew Will Irwin would write, but we didn't know he would go South to make for *Collier's Weekly* an investigation of the sale of liquor to Negroes, an investigation that, as much as any one thing, enabled the South to go dry. What would the paragraphers on the *Chaparral* have said had such activity on Irwin's part been predicted

(Continued on page 236)



## The Editor's Brief Case

OVERLAND MONTHLY seems to hold a place in the affections of its readers which neither time nor distance nor vicissitudes—and the old Bear has known many of them!—can dim. Scarcely a mail but brings to the editor's desk a card or a letter expressing the writer's joy that Overland is once more coming into its own. Only the other day came a letter from 'way back in Oklahoma. It is too long to quote in full, unfortunately:

"Dear friend of my lang syne yesteryears:

"How pleased I am to know that you have survived the vicissitudes of an occasional semi-desuetude put upon you by force of circumstances over which you seem to have no control. Shame on the literati of the great West Coast that they almost permitted you to meet with dissolution! Is it possible that these people forget that you were the very first organ of wide influence at our western gateway to bring into existence a purely individual, characteristic West Coast literature? Do these people forget that you wrought from the rude outposts of civilization a humor and pathos,—in fact, a new *form* of literature which took an English-speaking world by storm—a literature so virile and so full of red blood, and so *human* that, while it has been patterned after from that day to this, it has not been and never will be, improved upon? Where has gone the pride and gratitude of the West Coasters and their descendants that they seem to have sadly forgotten the *debt* they owe you?

They seem to bear in grateful memory the one who begat you; but O, how they have neglected the deserving child of a worthy father!

How glad I am that some apparently able doctors have come across you, armed with pulmotors and other late appliances for revivifying; and seemingly with the determination to restore you to your pristine vigor and virility, and start you down life's road again with the assurance of a long and happy future smiling gladly at you from clear across a continent to the land of sunset—your habitat!

I WONDER if you can remember how we of Indiana and Illinois smiled (and sometimes wept) at you and the one who begat you; and how we welcomed you and the tales you told, as we sat around the old fire-place and heard father or mother read your stories in the light of the back-log's blaze. I wonder if you can remember how we lads were gladly permitted to read your pages when, a few years later, we were old enough to do so—O, for the joy and pleasure of memory and reminiscent things born of the times when father brought the Overland Monthly home from the city and laid it upon the chimney jamb where stood the big and heavy old-fashioned iron candle sticks. Then the evening of contentment and wide-eyed wonderment as father read from the Overland's pages. He read aloud, and right then was born in our minds the great desire to see far-off California,—a desire which we always held, but which we did not find a way to gratify until more than forty years later on.

There have been times since then when we came to feel that you were to be numbered with the many other good things that have passed out of life. But we find it is no such thing; and O, how glad we are for that! Why, the very name "Overland" is inspiring; and it awakens memories of the realest romance this country has ever knowed! Go on, old frien; go on and grow; and I'll keep an eye on ye and lend ye a helpin' hand when and wherever I kin. Hug the grizzly b'ar fer me; but, for the love of "Truthful James," don't let the pesky varmint hug ye back ag'in."

And that is signed by Overland's good old friend Joseph R. Piatt.



AND THEN this extract from another letter:

"Coming home from Mill Valley yesterday, at the Ferry station I possessed myself of the March number of Overland. It was—is—a delight: its personal appearance, subject matter, everything; special mention; articles and poetry—I have not read the stories yet.

The Thad Welches were among my close and interesting friends until they removed to Santa Barbara—so you may know the interest Helen Vernon Reid's well-written paper has for me. Your sketch of Mrs. Spreckles is alluring and is a great satisfaction to many beside myself who had very much wanted to know more of her history than her noble work tells us. Then your "Beginnings of Etching in California" appeals. To be an artist in black and white was my ambition before the newspaper office got me. Then there is my versatile friend Torrey Connor. (What about her artistic "Silhouette" in which she took so much pride, and justly?) And Charles Shinn; we were on the staff of The Star at the same time. How thoroughly grounded he is in the history of the State. And how scholarly all his work.

If San Franciscans (and others "round about" as Charles Keeler says it) give to this dear old magazine in its new life the support it deserves, it will come into its own again THE Magazine of the Golden West.

Fraternally yours,

EUFIMA C. TOMPKINS.



AND THESE are only two from many. Overland's newspaper friends, too, are very kind. The San Diego Sunday Union of March 9 comments editorially under the caption "Hello, Bear:—"

"A sturdy effort to perpetuate California literary traditions—that's the impression conveyed by the recent reappearance of the Overland Monthly.

Certain Californians have undertaken to re-establish this California publication, rich in its tradition, and their fellow Californians can hardly fail to wish them success."





## New Macmillan Books

### WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? - - - Harrington Hext

"Cock Robin" and "Jenny Wren", twin sisters, both met with unexpected misfortune and the death of "Cock Robin" started a train of circumstances which uncovered an amazing mystery. With no little surprise you will learn the truth about WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? - - - \$2.00

### THE DREAM - - - H. G. Wells

This famous novelist has given us another charming story of today as seen in a vivid dream by Sarnac, a Utopian of two thousand years hence. You will be delighted and very much amused with the descriptions of familiar things and will look with amazement at what we do, believe and endure - \$2.50

### BIRTH - - - Zona Gale

Developing characters into real people is one of Miss Gale's accomplishments, and in this story of small town life in Burage, Wisconsin, she presents the little insignificant Marshall Pitt selling jams and pickles, and tells in a sympathetic way how he struggles to overcome his shortcomings and meets the standards of living in Burage - \$1.75

### NONE SO BLIND - - - Albert Parker Fitch

Dick Blaisdell has made a failure of his first three years at Harvard and has lost his self respect. He makes new resolutions in his senior year and with the influence of the daughter of an old Boston family he makes a success of his own life, but the girl who inspired him fails to match his power. It is the kind of novel we have long been waiting for - \$2.50

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### THE HIGH-GRADERS

*Continued from page 217)*

the thinnest possible layer of peeling from the potatoes.

"You've had some experience at that," ventured the older woman. "I know you're from the city. I can tell that from your ways, but you're not one of them 'stuck-ups' that come out to the desert sometimes and expect to find rattlers and Gila Monsters under every sage brush, and gunmen around every

corner." Ann smiled her appreciation of the compliment.

"I was domestic science teacher in the Los Angeles schools," she confessed, "and," she added somewhat consciously, "I think that it might have been better had I stayed with my position."

"Tut, tut, honey," scoffed Mrs. Carson, "You're just a little homesick, that's all. Why, you'll just love this country in less'n a month." Mrs. Carson's brows contracted thoughtfully, "Now

I'm ashamed to ask, but what is domestic science?"

Ann patiently and thoroughly explained the nature of her former vocation, while Mrs. Carson, her hands full of dough, listened intently.

"And I was goin' to show you how to cook," she said, with deep self-dissatisfaction, "The nerve of me. It's awful sometimes, honey, but you'll excuse me this time, won't you? I wanted to make you feel so at home."

Mrs. Carson was very contrite over what she thought her asinine presumption. She felt that sensation of lowliness which the country woman often experiences in the presence of her more sophisticated city sister.

"You must excuse me," she went on apologetically, "When us women live out here in the sage brush so long we get to thinkin' there ain't anybody but us. We're somethin' like burros. They think jackasses are the only animals in the world till they see an automobile come tearin' along. Then they wake up, if burros can wake up." She affixed the qualification, which produced a merry laugh from the girl. This erased Mrs. Carson's self abasement and she was herself once more. The laugh also awoke Barbara, who came rubbing her not yet sleep satisfied eyes.

*(Continued next month)*

### CALIFORNIA WRITERS

*(Continued from page 234)*

then? How could we know that he, more than any other Stanford student, would put into words the real feeling of the American people against war?

My first glimpse of Irwin was at a kirmess held in the Stanford museum to raise money for the purchase of the Hildebrand library. He was a curly-headed youth in spectacles—horn bows had not yet come in. He was acting as speaker for a mirth-provoking side-show that exhibited, among other wonders, a mermaid that had come through the pipes from Sears Lake and had been found in a Faculty bathtub. The Pike and the Zone were yet to come, but he showed forth speilars past and future in a delicious bit of burlesque.

I met him first when at the suggestion of Miss March, gymnasium director, I called on a girl whose plans for college had been ended by an accident. Will Irwin was there, telling her stories and describing his own college experiences with a wealth of spontaneous jollity for the benefit of the shut-in. He did not like science, which he was studying with Doctor W. W. Thoburn, whom Doctor Jordan called "the heart of the University." With picturesque exaggeration Irwin told how heartily he hated any kind of science, and consequently anybody who taught it. The boyish outburst against Doctor Thoburn recalled itself when I read the introduction to Irwin's *Latins at War*, for that introduction sounds exactly as if Doctor Thoburn had written it!



## WITH OREGON WRITERS

By Viola Price Franklin

GOING out alone into a world of struggle, with only her two white hands like delicate bird wings, to help her win in the strife, Mary Carolyn Davies has achieved greatly. Recently, in one short week, two honors came to her; she won the Circuit Rider Contest, a prize of \$100, over five hundred contestants, and she was elected President of the Northwest Poetry Society.

The winning poem was set to music and sung at the unveiling of the statue to the Circuit Rider by A. Phimister Proctor, on April 19, on the Capitol Grounds. The Northwest Poetry Society has been organized at the request of Mrs. Edwin Markham, and will affiliate with the Poetry Society of America.

The beautiful poetry of Mary Carolyn Davies is no more interesting than is the charming personality of the poet herself. All love her. Her birthplace in Washington; her early home in Portland, where she published her first verse; her university days at Berkeley, where she won poetry prizes; her residence in New York, where she attended New York University, and still maintains a studio, have all helped to make her range of observation wide and varied. Then she has roamed the hills and prairies; is a member of the Blackfoot Indian tribe; has romped with children and participated in athletics; and is an excellent horsewoman—in short has been an all-round nature lover.

Her latest work "The Skyline Trail," a book of western poetry, chiefly of Oregon setting, will soon be released by Bobbs-Merrill Co. It is dedicated to the pioneers of Oregon, and the sky blue cover contains a picture of snow-capped mountains in the background seen through a canyon, with a line of covered wagons trailing across the foreground.

Charles Alexander, author of *Fang in the Forest*, and editor of two literary pages in the Albany Sunday Democrat, has scored again. The Portland Library Association

requested him to read from his book over radio, March 3rd. The Standard Catalog Bi-monthly, published by H. W. Wilson Co., Jan. 1924—recommends the book very highly quoting from the Boston Transcript: "Mr. Alexander deserves to be placed side by side with the creator of Mowgli and the Jungle books." High praises, but deserved.

Mr. Alexander tells me that from his stack of reviews, ranging from Honolulu to New York, but one is unfavorable. He added "I have been amazed at the fine reviews; the one in the Boston Transcript especially pleased me, for I had not looked for praise in such conservative quarters. Thus far 'Fang in the Forest' has outsold any book in the Northwest, written by a Northwesterner; and from what little I can hear from the East it is beginning to take hold there."

ARTHUR M. HARRIS of Oregon, author of "Pirate Tales from the Law" had a rather unusual career before being admitted to the Oregon bar. Here are a few high-lights: cabin-boy on a North Sea coaster; art student in London; surveyor in the far West; applicant, while penniless in Montana, for a job of sheep-herding, and rejected in favor of a one-eyed professional; a journey to Chicago on ten cents and a scalper's ticket. Incidentally his earliest advisers counselled him to become a baker.

## RIDDANCE

Some day  
I say I shall be rid of love.  
You will be dead  
And your white hands  
Most half forgotten.  
Old Charon will not hear  
When I slip my love like a worn coin  
Through a crack in the bottom of his boat.  
The Styx  
Never tells a secret.

—Vernon Patterson in "The Occident"

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## ETCHING IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 220)

to the last the delightfully imaginative quality which gave his pictures general appeal. His hand was as sure, his lines as free and virile, his colors as fresh and pure, as a quarter of a century before. Of the almost countless pictures which felt the impress of his touch only a few remained unsold at his death. They were pictures which always found ready sale, even at the prices which his work commanded. They were of the sort which found loved and honored place both with the connoisseur and with the layman.

This has not been intended as a critical discussion of the art of H. W. Hansen. It has been merely a tribute to the splendid gentleman whose sympathy and encouragement helped many, whose faith in his fellowmen persisted in spite of disappointment. It is a farewell to the artist who so quietly, so unassumingly and so sincerely sent forth from San Francisco his message of beauty.

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## Poets and Things

THE poetry magazines of the month display something of a dearth of that ware which is their excuse for existence. There is jingle and rhyme and words a'plenty, but a scarcity of ideas. Poetry is something more than a concord of musical sounds. Of course the greater number of the multitude of contemporary writers are not poets, but even as versifiers it would seem that they might occasionally put forth a combination of words strung upon some new theme.

Of course there is beauty even in old themes, and at times the younger writers present an untarnished facet which flashes a momentary gleam of loveliness from muchly be-written subjects. The Poetry Editor finds evidence of this in the Poetry Issue of The Occident, now in its forty-second year, published by the Associated Students of the University of California.

There are names included in the issue which are becoming more or less widely known among those who read the poetry of the day: Idella Purnell, Roberta Holloway, Hildegard Flanner, Vernon Patterson—yet it is in the verse of still younger aspirants that the Poetry Editor finds a note of greater promise; greater promise because there is in their lines greater evidence of a return to the principles upon which Poetry is based. There is evident, indeed, in the entire number an increasing appreciation of the fact that Poetry is Beauty, and that a departure from the beautiful means an evanescence, a creation which is not of lasting worth.

Here is a very pleasing lyric by one of the associate editors, Jack Lyons:

TO ONE WHO VOWED

SHE WOULD LOVE ME

EVEN AFTER DEATH

*When you go down to Acheron  
And see romantic shadows there,  
Don Juan with his ruffles on,  
And Galahad with golden hair.*

*Or some lost singing troubadour,  
Whose fingers wove a queen's love-knot,  
Or Abelard, or Roland, or  
Elaine's forbidden Lancelot.*

*You will deny the vows you made  
One foolish night before you went,  
And give to some heroic Shade  
Your body's richest compliment.*

*O bind your breasts, perfume your hair  
For Tristan or Endymion,  
And I shall guess the gowns you wear  
When you go down to Acheron—  
When you go down to Acheron.*

And this fragment from *Sans Toi* by Louise Lincoln:

*"I miss you in the clattering of feet  
Along the walk—not yours—  
Nor yours, in voices calling out—  
The old, fat, wadded robe you used to lug  
Sprawls limp across the wicker chair.*

*The closed door vexes, and the ceiling,  
White and blank above—no ward  
To fill the vacant, echoing corral of lamplight  
My books glint dustily from unused shelves,  
And that last one, we left half-read—*

THE University of California "Chronicle" is coming into its own as a literary periodical. It is neither the dry-as-dust pub-

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It has its particular appeal to the Poetry Editor in that it uses no little verse which measures up to sound and sane standards. If the "Chronicle" came out each month instead of quarterly, the Poetry Editor would feel that it more nearly fulfilled its mission.



## OUR MAY CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 232)

**JAY RODERIC DESPAIN** was born in Illinois, but emigrated to the West almost as soon as he could walk. He has been a miner, woodsman, painter, farmer and teacher. Since his first poem, in 1911, he has written about ten thousand lines, mostly of a philosophical trend.

**HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING** is active as a writer, conducting a column of comment in the Albany "Democrat" in addition to his verse. Mr. Corning has appeared in Voices, Palms, and other worthwhile periodicals. His verse evidences a deep love of nature.

**VIOLA PRICE FRANKLIN** has had previous introduction in Overland, and is again presented as one of the group which has been active in the organization of the poets of the Northwest.

**CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE** needs no introduction. Known as the author of "Broken to the Plow," and "The Blood Red Dawn," and placed as one of the four best short story writers in America, Mr. Dobie has a wide and appreciative audience. He lives in San Francisco, not far from the Overland office.

**HAROLD WALDO** is one of that group of younger California writers which is bringing forth work of remarkable promise. Mr. Waldo's latest novel, "The Magic Midland," is meeting with the approval of both critics and reading public. His home is in Auburn, up among the California foothills where were the richest of the earlier gold diggings.

**GRACE JONES MORGAN** is a recent California acquisition, coming here from her native Canada. Her birthplace was Chatham, Ontario, but whether or not she picked out the town because it was the home of Arthur Stringer, Janey Canuck, Robert Barr and other writers she does not say. At any rate, with the encouragement of a scientist father, she early caught the writing virus and filled columns for the local papers with accounts of boating, hunting, digging for Indian relics, etc. She also confesses to occasional verse. Her recent activities have been in fiction, with both short stories and novels to her credit. Mrs. Morgan is among the most promising of the younger writers of California.

**SARKIS BEULAN**, who contributes the frontispiece to this number of Overland, is but twenty-two years of age, a resident of Fresno. In view of the fact that such instruction as he has had in art has been through correspondence, his talent is remarkable. He is, naturally, a beginner in the field of magazine illustration, but whatever success he may gain in that line the prediction is ventured that he will attain to far greater heights. Incidentally, not a few of California's now famous artists appeared early in their career as illustrators in Overland.

## PIQUE

*It's little I care for brown eyes,  
And less I care for blue;  
And devil a bit do I care at all  
For the likes of you.*

*With your green eyes and oval face  
And the lacquer of your teeth.  
I never saw women any place  
But brought a man grief.*

*I'll go my own way now, d'ye mind.  
And it's little I care where I go.  
I'll be hating women of every kind  
For maybe a month or so.*

—Ellsworth Stewart in "The Occident"

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## TRADES UNION OR OPEN SHOP?

(Continued from page 219)

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Here is a clear cut issue: shall we or shall we not favor the trade unions in San Francisco? What are the factors that have retarded the industrial growth of San Francisco as compared with the growth of Los Angeles?

It is up the readers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY to act as umpire!



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## THE DRUMS

(Continued from page 229)

Sally swayed. Mist clouded her eyes. Her hand went out, caught and clutched the arm of the clown, and she turned. So that was it. He had not taken her when he could. He would not burden her now—now that he needed her. Oh, he did love her, he did. He did need her—And it mattered nothing, the rest.

Sally's cry held tears and broken laughter, as her arms went out and she ran back to him.

And over the drums his hands reached for her, and his face was pressed to her palms.

"Sally," he cried, wept, "Sally, Sally—Sally."



**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912**

Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, published Monthly at San Francisco, Calif., for April 1, 1924.

State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Moffitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Secretary-Treasurer and Manager of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco.

Associate Editor, H. N. Pratt, Alameda.

Managing Editor, H. N. Pratt.

Business Manager, Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, Calif.

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Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

MABEL MOFFITT,

Secretary-Treasurer and Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1924.

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25 CENTS PER COPY

Entered as Second-Class matter at the post-office, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1897

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## OUR JUNE CONTRIBUTORS

### OUR JUNE CONTRIBUTORS

Nearly all of *Overland's* June contributors are familiar friends, with more or less frequent appearance in these pages. Among them, however, are a few not so well known, including—

**RICHARD RANSOM**, of Los Angeles. As you will see from his thrilling story of Capt. Matlack's exploit, Mr. Ransom has wielded the sword as well as the pen.

**KATE BIGELOW MONTAGUE** may be claimed by either California or Nevada, as she lives in both. She is a member of that interesting organization, the California Writers Club. We think you will like her story in this number.

**AMY WHITTLESEY HAMLIN** is another member of this organization of California writers, active in its work. She resides in Berkeley.

**LILLIAN AMY POWERS** writes us from St. Louis that "I usually find myself so particularly uninteresting that I fear others would also." However that may be, you will find pleasure in her lyric, "The Little Winds of April."

**PEARL BARKER HART** has been with us before, but she is not a prolific writer and so finds her way to *Overland's* pages but seldom. She is a native of Texas, now resident in Colorado. Because she has been in—and of—the cattle country, her western lyrics have the ring of sincerity. She is a sister of *Overland's* good friend, S. Omar Barker.

**MARY B. EYRE** also has first-hand knowledge of the cattle country, as is evident from her "Stampede," in this number. Beyond the fact that she is a resident of San Francisco we can tell you nothing of her.

**JOHN T. GRANT**, too, is a resident of the Bay region, following along lyric lines in the brief moments spared from professional duties. While he delights in the pursuit of the muse, he is also devoted to the pursuit of the equally elusive trout; and summer usually finds him up on some Sierra stream, at least for a few weeks.

# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

JUNE, 1924

NUMBER 6

## Contents

Our June Contributors.....	241
"Los Cerros—Santa Barbara"—Frontispiece.....	242
Roi Partridge.....	

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

Captain Matlack's Ride.....	243
Richard Ransom.....	
Bret Harte's Daughter.....	247
Mary Weymouth Fassett.....	
A California Spring Festival.....	248
Henry Meade Bland.....	
Juanita.....	249
B. G. Rousseau.....	
William Lair Hill.....	257
Laura Bell Everett.....	
Agriculture in California.....	261
James F. Chamberlain.....	
Bernice Freeland Lott—Explorer.....	264
Frona Eunice Wait Colburn.....	
American Music and Musicians.....	265
Eleanor Everest Freer.....	
Etching in California—Roi Partridge.....	266
Harry Noyes Pratt.....	
New York Plays and Players.....	267
Peggy Gaddis.....	
Long Distance Interviews—"Poet Beloved".....	270
Torry Connor.....	
A Fisherman's Wage.....	271
Anna Dondo.....	

### BIOGRAPHY

Thad Welch—Pioneer and Painter.....	253
Helen Vernon Reid.....	

### FICTION

Northern Dawn.....	245
Kate Bigelow Montague.....	
Barrister.....	252
H. Royer Morse.....	
The "High Graders"—A Serial.....	258
Charles H. Snow.....	
A Dark Laid Plot.....	263
Caroline Katherine Franklin.....	

### VERSE

Eternity.....	Harry Noyes Pratt.....	242
Rainbow Treasure.....	Alberta Wing Colwell.....	245
New York.....	John T. Grant.....	251
No Labor After Death.....	Amy Whittlesey Hamlin.....	254
To a Humming Bird.....	Grace E. Hall.....	259
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep".....	Gilbert Moyle.....	268
A Page of Verse.....	Torry Connor.....	269
Words.....		
The Hour of My Delight.....	Ethelyn Bourne Borland.....	
The Stampede.....	Mary B. Eyre.....	
June Days.....	Pearl Barker Hart.....	
Torry Pines.....	Charles Granger Blenden.....	
All the Blues in One.....	Ethel Brodt Wilson.....	
Mountains.....	S. Omar Barker.....	271
The Little Winds of April.....	Lillian Amy Powers.....	277
A Word at Parting.....	S. Omar Barker.....	281
Insomnia.....	J. G. Sigmund.....	283

### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers.....	272
This Interesting World.....	275
Ida Claire.....	
Poets and Things.....	281
The Editor's Brief Case.....	283





## Eternity

*HERE is Eternity  
Where fold on fold  
The Great Hill lies  
In introspective silence.  
A thousand thousand centuries  
Have rolled  
Recurrent cycles slow  
Along its crest.  
The Great Hill's breast  
Is locked upon the secrets  
Of the years.  
It holds the mysteries  
Of hemispheres—God's curse  
Upon a frail and shaken  
Universe.  
It sleeps nor wakes, but IS—  
Exponent of Creative Harmonies.  
—Harry Noyes Pratt.*



PURE  
MAY 29 1924  
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# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

JUNE, 1924

No. 6

### Captain Matlack's Ride

By RICHARD RANSOM

THE RECENT uprising in Mexico, with its possibilities of a renewal of border unpleasantness, recalls the many interesting complications in the past, especially the rather amusing one of the kidnapping and rescue of the Aviators Davis and Peterson, the famous ransom episode and Captain Matlack's method of solving it.

The true facts in the case have never been told. As I had the good fortune to trail along with Troop "A" 5th Cavalry during their trip into Mexico after the robber chief, I think my version of the affair with the photographs I was able to get may prove extremely interesting, and give a fair insight into the Mexican methods of intrigue at that time.

After the first excitement had simmered down, after the many reports of death by starvation, murder and torture had been run to earth, and the captivity of Davis and Peterson made an assured fact by the demand of fifteen thousand dollars ransom, Texas and the United States Government decided to take a hand.

Captain Matlack got hold of the telegrams regarding the ransom by pure accident. It happened in this way. The Mexican messenger who came across the border acted so suspiciously (and at that time all Mexicans were pronounced guilty until proved innocent) he was detained, questioned and finally searched, and the telegrams demanding ransom were found.

Captain Matlack was deputised to act for the City of Marfa, Texas. He got in touch with old Renteria by means of a messenger. The troops could not make a move yet, because the bandits had notified the border cities that any movement on the part of the troops would mean the death of Davis and Peterson.

So the troops were started moving under cover of darkness and were then held in the hills; no one dared to move on the border roads, so the chance of getting Davis and Peterson alive was to pay the ransom; then as soon as they were safely across the border send the United States troops across the line after the bandits.

Captain Matlack proposed all kinds of schemes to Renteria's agent, but those that suited Renteria did not give any assurance to Captain Matlack that he would get Davis and Peterson after the money had been paid; and the plans that suited Captain Matlack did not give the bandit, Renteria, a long enough start for the interior.

After a lengthy pow-wow, it was arranged that when a light appeared on a certain mountain, Captain Matlack



Davis and Peterson in Mexico

was to cross the border alone and start up a designated trail where he would be met by some of the bandits and taken to the spot where Davis and Peterson were being held.

CAPTAIN MATLACK was then to hand over half the ransom, \$7500.00, and take Peterson across the border into the United States. Then the operation was to be repeated for Davis. Now the fact that the bandits would not receive the whole amount of the ransom and deliver both men to Captain Matlack was in itself suspicious, so when Matlack got back to Candelaria with Peterson he did not wait for the signal light, but went right back to the place where he got Peterson, and waited. Here he almost ran into a couple of the bandits

and overheard them plotting to slip down to the ford, hide in the brush, and wait for the coming of Captain Matlack and Davis. As he figured the matter out the bandits intended to kill Davis and himself on their way back, as the bandits did not like Davis and had always hated Captain Matlack. For some reason they seemed to like Peterson.

When the signal light appeared Matlack rode out into the open, and soon two bandits rode down with Davis. Captain Matlack told Davis to mount behind him, whispering to him to slip the pistol out of his, Matlack's, holster. Captain Matlack had a sawed off shot gun.

When the bandit reached for the money, Captain Matlack said: "Tell that rubber footed devil to go to hell for this \$7500.00" and then made a bolt for the brush. They crossed the river by swimming above the trail where the Mexicans were lying in wait for them.

Captain Matlack has been greatly criticised for not paying the money as agreed, thus placing the government in an erroneous light. The critics have overlooked this fact: The money with which Captain Matlack ransomed Davis and Peterson was raised in a few moments time by the citizens of Marfa, Texas, and not by the government. Captain Matlack did not know at that time that the government had authorized any expedition. He thought that he was simply saving the money from an unscrupulous devil. He could have put the money in his own pocket and said nothing, and no one would have been the wiser—certainly old Renteria would never have told.

At Candelaria, Indio and Ruidosa, the troops were held in readiness to move at a moments notice and as soon as Captain Matlack telephoned that he had Davis and Peterson, the troops went over the border.

Captain Matlack crossed at Candelaria, Texas, with "K" troop of the 8th; "C" troop of the 8th was to follow him as soon as their horses were sufficiently



rested to march. Major Yancey with "A" troop of the 5th and "E" troop of the 8th crossed at Ruidosa, Texas; Major Smith crossed at Indio with "C" troop of the 5th and the machine gun troop of the 8th.

The troops had expected to head off the bandits before they could reach the interior, it being supposed they would try to reach Canizo Springs, Coyame, or San Pedro; but no one unfamiliar with the country there can realize the difficulties of travel. Mules were lost over the cliffs and the troops had a ter-

son." The Carranzistas did not know that, or that all Major Smith would have to say was, "let her go," and they would have been slaughtered like sheep. To any one not knowing the "friendly" attitude of Mexican troops, this may seem rather cautious, but American officers learned by sad experience not to take any chances with troops sent to "co-operate" with them.

The Mexican officer rode up and asked Major Smith where he was going, and Major Smith said "to the T. O. Tanks." The officer then informed

"Of course, if the Major is pursuing bandits he may pass, and the best of luck."

It would have been a crime to shoot, because it would not have been a fight but just—zoom—and no more Mexican troops.

**T**HE MOST satisfactory circumstance of the expedition was the fact that "Old Rubber Foot," Renteria, met his death by a piece of forethought on the part of Peterson, while he was held captive.

In hopes that airplanes were looking for them, Peterson told Renteria that it was very easy to bring down a plane by firing at it. Peterson knew if Renteria should fire on a plane he would draw down upon himself the fire from its three machine guns, which old Renteria did not know they carried. While the troops were in Mexico, a scout plane flying low and searching the mountains sighted a body of four mounted men. Flying lower to see who they were, they were fired upon by the bandits. Then the wrath of God descended upon them; the plane dived at them, turning loose its two forward machine guns and as it passed, the observer raked them with the aft machine gun. The plane circled and came back to finish the job, but there wasn't any job left. Some of the bandits and horses were on the ground riddled and the others had been carried over the cliffs by their horses, thus ending the bandit hunt.

The total number of troops that went into Mexico were "A" and "C" of the 5th Cavalry; "E" "C" and "K" of the 8th; and a machine gun troop of the 8th.



Left, Captain Matlack, 8th cavalry, U. S. A., and, next, Captain Caldwell, 5th cavalry, U. S. A.

rible time getting through the mountains. There are strongholds here that can only be approached on the winding trails; places where a couple of men could hold off a regiment, and reminiscent of the robbers' strongholds of fiction, or of castles of the old feudal days.

The columns converged near T. O. Tanks and a detachment in an early morning raid killed four bandits about twenty miles north of Coyame, two other bandits escaping by hard riding. Mexican bandits when pursued will scatter and ride their horses until they drop dead. With them it is a case of the life of themselves or their horses, and they choose the obvious.

The U. S. troops were soaked to the skin by rains almost daily. They were flooded out of camp by the torrents of water; marched fifty, sixty and even seventy miles a day over the most damnable country imaginable. Only by trying to go through these mountains can one really know what they are. They are just like rock strata turned on end to dry.

The Carranzistas only tried to stop the troops once. They got in front of the Indio column, and as a matter of precaution the machine gun troop slid around on one side of them. The cavalry took up a position in front of them, with their automatic rifles on their other flank, before you could say "Jack Robin-

Major Smith that he would have to have permission from Ojinaga in order to pass. Major Smith said: "Well, I have orders to pass, and that is enough for me."

In the meantime some of the Mexican soldiers slipped around on each flank to get a good position from which to shoot "Gringos," but they came to sudden halt against machine guns. They then proceeded right back and told their Captain, who bowed politely and said:



Rehearsing the exchange—Captain Matlack buying Davis from Pablo



# Northern Dawn

By KATE BIGELOW MONTAGUE

BILL DONOVAN had felt sure enough in his own mind that when he got to Keeler he would take the train for home. Yet now he balanced his heel on the narrow gauge rail, and sent a swift glance northward along the slender track.

"Another week, and I'll be a thousand miles from the desert," he assured himself, lifting his whitened hat to thrust back a mop of fair hair blackened with sweat. "I will,"—he repeated, and swung to the other rail—"if I've got the sand to make it."

All the way from the thin cool sunshine of Cerro Gordo, the cliffs had braided the canon trail behind him as if closing him fast to the resolution that he was going home. And now, at Keeler's red depot, with the clogging weight of the valley heat upon him, he was suddenly pivoting on his heel.

That reluctant half-circling step brought him to MacGregor's store, where a window paraded a row of corduroy suits like those worn by the new owners of the Cerro Gordo. But even as Bill told himself that he must discard his grit-hardened khaki to take the train for home, his long stride carried him past the door.

At the hotel, he found that the news of his sale of the Cerro Gordo had outflown him as if on the wings of the fire-breathing wind. Johnnie Lansing swung forward, his spare dark face chalky with soda dust, to join him over a near beer.

"They tell me you're quitting Cerro Gordo, Donovan. Coming on for a job at the Soda Works?"

Bill sipped the fleeting foam with care as he smiled a negative.

"Going out on the northbound in the morning, Bill?" asked Sheriff Grant, leaning six foot four over the bar.

Bill frowned slowly. "I'm thinking of it."

Ed Sykes squinted away from the lemons he was slicing. "Most men hit for home when they make a stake, but you've never seemed very keen about home and friends," he suggested, with his acid smile.

"Bill never before made a sale like the Cerro Gordo," explained Sheriff Grant, his big, pockmarked face creasing pleasantly.

Bill regarded Sykes with cold gravity, and asked for another beer. He listened, smiling, to Lansing's talk, then sauntered through the glass door into the postoffice, and took a newspaper from the pile on the desk.

THE VOICES in the lobby were hushed but quickened as they drifted to him. Ed Sykes' thin tones penetrated the partition.

"Home? He won't go home. He ain't had a letter or bought a stamp for three years. It pays him to steer clear of the folks who know him."

Donovan shifted silently so that his glance might fall over the newspaper to the glass door. Sheriff Grant's resonant tones could hardly be confined by warped wood and paper.

"Strange cases one meets. I've seen many a man with the nerve to kill a

## RAINBOW TREASURE

Drops of rain from the scattered clouds,  
Diamonds tossed where the high arch  
bends,

Sunshine fingers are flinging gold,  
Into pots where the rainbow ends.

—*Alberta Wing Colwell.*

dirty cur that everybody is glad to have off the earth, but never have I found one with the nerve to go back to the good people he did it for."

"Because the dear good people would set the law on him," came in Johnnie Lansing's drawl.

Donovan saw Sheriff Grant's great head shake slowly. "It ain't the law that hunts a man down. It's himself."

Donovan held the paper erect before his face, and behind it his worn features stiffened into heavier lines. So that was how they had him sized up, he grimly reflected. Afraid to go home? He would show them. Hunting himself down? He would show—them? Yes, and himself, too. He threw the newspaper to the desk, and strode into the glare without, his face set toward MacGregor's store. Castro's burros were nibbling the salt grass in the shade of a box car, but Keeler's wide street was otherwise as empty of life as the soda lake below or the lava hills to the south.

"Ain't this hell?" said Johnnie, coming out of the lobby, as Donovan swung from the sidewalk. "Gee, you look all in, Bill." He pointed to the line of box cars brick red under the drift of dust. "What do you know about it? That end car is loaded with ice going out to Tonopah in the morning. And Ed Sykes serves beer that would boil an egg."

"Ice in that car?" said Donovan, turning impatiently. "Why don't you crawl in and take a nap on it?"

"You've got the afternoon off," returned Johnnie, enviously. "I'm due at the works, but I'll call you for supper." He slouched off, a wavering figure in the whirl of wind blown heat.

Donovan walked straight toward the store, so straight that he ran directly into one of the burros that the Castro children were urging with ineffectual soft cries away from the box car. Their plaintive voices circled him with welcome.

"Mr. Donovan, we *can't* make them go."

Bill smiled into their little dark parched faces. There generally turned out to be time for children along Bill's path, no matter how doggedly his foot was set on it. He led them over to the mesquite tree by the depot, and leaned against the platform to trim the switches he broke for them.

"Are you going home tomorrow to your sister, Mr. Donovan?" asked Juanita, as they crouched in the fragile shade of the mesquite.

"Maybe." He swung to a seat on the edge of the platform, and looked down at their delicate pointed chins and languid eyelids.

"Back to the spruce forest and the snow valley," chanted Miguel, tickling the sand around his sister's bare feet with a twig of mesquite. "I remember everything you told us, Mr. Donovan, all about the hill that you slide down in—what do you say—*toe-bogguns*, and the river where you skate below the bridge."

"Not a bridge," contradicted Juanita, stretching her scant blue skirt over her tormented toes. "Mr. Donovan never said there was a bridge."

"Ain't they?" Miguel lifted surprised, blue-black eyes to Donovan.

He nodded. "Go on. What else do you remember?"

"The railroad runs in front of the house," Miguel drawled, with a side-long glance at the burros who were wandering up the street. "That's why they's got to be a bridge. So you can get to your sister's house."

"His brother's house," corrected Juanita's soft, determined voice. "But his sister lives there. Has your sister no husband, Mr. Donovan?" Her eyes widened at this alarming contingency.

Bill slid from the platform. "He died—was killed—some time ago. Here are your switches."

"It's too bad we have to go," said Miguel, in the tone of one paying a compliment. "Thank you, Mr. Dono-



van." As they rose into the flare of heat he lingered. "Ah, don't you *want* to go back to those spruce forests, Mr. Donovan?"

Juanita turned, panting in the parching wind that met them at the corner of the depot. "He forgot the best of all," she called, "the northern lights above the hill of sparkling ice."

"I didn't forget," explained Miguel, pulling his cap so low over his black head that his ears stood out horizontally. "But I wasn't sure but that was a make-up—like the minachur sleigh and eight tiny reindeer."

They started after the burros, and Donovan watched their skinny little figures springing from the shade of one clump of sage-brush to another.

"Don't I want to go back to those spruce forests?" He echoed Miguel's plaintive chant, but with a wistfulness from the depths of himself. "Don't I want to? Ah, Rhoda!"

He looked thoughtfully after the burros. Castro might hire them, it had sometimes occurred to him, if one wished to take a long prospecting trip out Panamint way. Then he glanced up the track to the faint mountains at the north, and the gleaming rails curved into the old question.

**D**ONOVAN shoved his hard hands into his pockets and the answer to the question squarely before his brain. Sure, he was going home, he coldly affirmed. Once, he admitted, he had said that he could go back only when he had made his stake. Well, now he had money, they all knew that,—gold in plenty. So they thought him one of the spineless fools who might rid the earth of a man everybody wished dead, and yet chill to the bone at the thought of going back to face—well, whatever he would face. Donovan's eyes narrowed as he asked himself just what he would face. Not Albert's friends, for he had had none, nor the law which Sheriff Grant said never hunted a man down. Did he fear that his own family would hesitate to shield a prodigal full-pocketed with Cerro Gordo gold? Was it Rhoda whom he feared to face—Bill's smile grew strained—Rhoda, whom he had saved? Or was he such a weakling that the memory of a narrow bridge should hunt him down? The very consciousness that those childish voices had blurred in his ear the incisive tones of Sheriff Grant's slow dictum turned him angrily toward MacGregor's store.

But he had to pass the box car, where the youngest Castro girl, who had not joined them at the platform, was bending down to catch in her fat hands the dark drops seeping through the cracks and falling on the sizzling rail.

"No place for Carmenita," called Bill, and he caught up the little wrig-

gling figure. The curving wet fingers pressed against his neck as the grimy toes stretched out in the sun.

"Tahmenita hot," said the small voice, as her black eyes rolled around to his face.

"We'll get something cold for Carmenita," said Bill, and he carried her around to the shady side of the car. Setting her on the sand, he shoved the warped door back with a vigorous push, and swung himself on one knee into the box car. He lifted the gunnysack from the block of ice near the door, and broke off with his hobnailed heel a huge triangular chunk. He leaned down from the door.

"Catch it, Carmenita!"

She made a circle of her bare arms, and stiffened her back as the slippery block grazed her upturned nose and chin. Then she trotted silently away, caressing her dripping treasure with assiduous curves of her scarlet tongue.

"Funny little chipmunk," thought Bill.

He turned with abrupt weariness to the black coolness. "There's all the afternoon to buy those corduroys," he muttered, suddenly irritable at the chiding idea. "It's a good time to sleep a bit now."

He worked his way between the gunnysacked piles, the wet hay that was banked around them crunching under his step. Lifting the canvas that had crumpled down into a narrow hollow on the left side, he filled the chink with fresh hay. Then he pulled a dry gunnysack over the soft bed, and curled himself into its hollows.

"Time to sleep now," he murmured, and drew the white sheet over his head.

**H**E NEVER figured out how long afterward, but it must have been some change in the light that after a time drew him again to the doorway. He stood there dazed.

Tall trees swung swiftly past the opening. Donovan clutched the edge of the door, and covering his eyes with his hand swayed against the wall. A shrill whistle rang out and, still holding by the creaking boards, he looked out through the doorway. Against a white hillside, he saw a drift of cloud that puffed like steam. Donovan shoved his hands deep into his pockets.

"Johnnie sure forgot to call me," he concluded, and he tugged at the leather guard of his Ingersoll. The watch was cold and wet when he raised it to his ear, and he could hear no sound. But the dimness of the light on its face made him turn to the door.

Peaks towered, piercing white, and before them, in graded and shifting curves of black, rose forests of spruce and fir, heavily weighted and banked with snow. Moonlight fell over all,

strong as sunshine, but with a curious changing glimmer. The wind raced against Bill's wet neck, like trickling arrows.

"We're a thousand miles from the desert," he mused, and a strange sweet triumph cooled his veins.

A whistle again shrieked, and there was a throbbing as of wheels calmed to sullen grinding along the rails. A light twinkled from a broad sheet of level snow, and the dim square shape of a house emerged. It stood back from the railroad, and a black line of spruces rose behind. Before the house lay an icebound river spanned by a narrow bridge. Bill drew his hand over his face, and stepped out of the bar of moonlight into the shadow of the wall.

A moment later he stood gazing after the departing train. Then he turned and stepped slowly over the firm snow. The light from the house fell on a path that led to the bridge across the frozen river, but Bill veered swiftly to the left, and taking long strides across the ice, joined the path beyond the bridge. When he reached the shadow of the house, his step slackened at the moment that the door swung open.

"Hello, sir!" Bill recognized the thin, nervous voice—even better than the stooped wiry figure. He stepped close and clasped the small shoulders.

"Edgar," he said, gently.

"What—what?" The smaller man stumbled, throwing his head back on his shoulders. "What—you don't mean to say—"

"It's me," said Bill, stepping into the light after a swift glance ahead. "I'd have known you anywhere. And Amy too," he added, as a square dark woman in pink came hesitatingly forward. There were children chattering by the fire, but no one else in the room.

"Well, you're changed," said Amy, scanning him narrowly, as she extended a hard white hand.

"But mighty glad to see you," said Edgar, tardily cordial. "Here, youngsters, who do you think this is?"

"Uncle Bill," came promptly from the rug by the big heater. Bill stooped over three dark-eyed, partly undressed children. They lost no time in returning to their squabbling.

"I knew him first," came with a boastful wave of a lank stocking.

"Yes, when I told you." There was a rap of a small shoe on a bare knee. The smallest girl sat silent, lifting great eyes to Bill.

"Rhoda talks to them of you," said Edgar, scattering a handful of rompers from a chair of twisted manzanita. Bill's glance swept across the supper table and the broken circle of chairs to the stairway at the end of the room.

(Continued on page 278)



# Bret Harte's Daughter

WHEN I was asked a short time ago to accompany Ethel Bret Harte to the office of *Overland Monthly* to inspect Andrew Lakey's new bust of her distinguished father, it was with the anticipation of hearing many anecdotes of Bret Harte's life in California. I thought perhaps I should learn something of the originals of his famous characters, of the inception of the tales which made him world famous; something, certainly, of the birth of *Overland Monthly* back in that golden age of California literature.

But I found that Miss Harte was herself on much the same mission. It was her first visit to San Francisco—she was born after Bret Harte left California, never to return—and she was eager to secure every item concerning her father's experience here. Knowing her father only as of later years, Miss Harte has perhaps less knowledge of the Bret Harte of *Overland* days than the many Californians who lived amid the settings of the stories which formed a standard for Western literature.

And so she eagerly absorbed the atmosphere of San Francisco's "Bohemia," that quaintly foreign part of the city to which *Overland* has returned after many years. As we stepped from the elevator into the offices on the top floor of the Sentinel Building, Miss Hart expressed her pleasure that the setting was reminiscent of "*Under the Eaves*," one of Bret Harte's early San Francisco stories which found locale in the attic of a Montgomery street building.

Miss Harte objects to using the fame of her noted father as a stepping stone to publicity here, and has avoided an obvious use of his name in connection with her own mission. In the *Overland* office, however, where she was welcomed by those who are endeavoring to maintain in the magazine of today the ideals which he formulated in 1868, she freely spoke of the Bret Harte whom she knew, and of that counsel of his which has taken first place in her life. I feel there is propriety in speaking of it here, for I am sure that a 'first hand' account of those underlying principles which made his writings such an influence in the world of literature must interest *Overland* readers.

To those who boast a personal acquaintance with him, it will recall pleasant memories; while to those who know him only through his tales of pioneer

By MARY WEYMOUTH FASSETT

days will come realization of the brief period which separates us from that by-gone time of adventure. We will appreciate more fully the place which was his in the cultural development of this state.

"He lived what he believed," said Miss Harte. "He held that the way to find truth and beauty was to be always himself—to work from within. He was sincere; never a poseur, and with little sympathy for those who pretended to be other than themselves. He based his valuation of others on that which he found within them, not on externals or the valuation which they placed upon themselves.



Ethel Bret Harte in the *Overland* Office

"I remember accompanying him one evening to an affair in his honor at which he was to meet some potentate of prominence. This person owed his place purely to circumstance of birth, and held a greatly exaggerated idea of his own importance. When, during the evening, the host attempted to bring my father and the potentate together, Bret Harte was found off in a corner earnestly conversing with some obscure little woman, and refused to interrupt his conversation.

"On the way home I asked him why he had acted so. He said, 'That man had nothing to give me, or I to give him. But from that seemingly unimportant little woman I had an idea which will live in a story.'

"He found interest even in the uninteresting. As he expressed it once, 'In gathering local color never be bored, in case you may miss some good material. Study the person who bores you; then you can portray that person sympathetically.'"

POSSIBLY that remark in itself may give a better idea of the great amount of labor which Bret Harte put into his characterization, simply written,

effortless, as the portraits seem to be. Possibly his own sympathetic understanding of the men and women of those earlier days may explain the strong demand which his characters, even of the outcast type, still make upon our sympathies.

Miss Harte herself finds in "Miggles" the deepest understanding and most tender compassion for human frailties of all her father's stories. I had held, as do most Western readers, that his "Outcasts of Poker Flat" gave more than any other tale an insight into the character of the author, so in listening to the interesting accounts of this daughter of Bret Harte of his almost omniscient power of getting inside his characters, I quite forgot my desire for anecdotes of Bret Harte's California days.

But I must not forget our mission to *Overland*, to inspect Mr. Lakey's bust of *Overland's* founder: Miss Harte found it most interesting, as portraying a younger Bret Harte than she knew. She found in it, most interestingly, a strong resemblance to the family of the author; a resemblance which the accompanying illustration give vivid expression.

Miss Harte is not idly in California. She is here on a mission which is as earnestly a life work as was the literary expression of her father. Attainment of health through "rhythmic unity of breath and gesture" is the gospel she preaches, a gospel which she has given expression most successfully in England and the Continent, and in our own Eastern cities. She is in her own person a convincing demonstration of the value of her methods. But it is interesting to know that Ethel Bret Harte has not entirely stepped aside from literary pursuits. She, too, is a writer; and has taught and is teaching those whose desire is for the artistic expression of their ideas rather than for the purely commercial product. For Pot Boilers, Miss Harte has neither time nor patience.

And so I hope that it may be found possible to keep here in the city which Bret Harte made famous, the city which gave him material and place for his early work, this interesting daughter who links the old with the new, Ethel Bret Harte.



# A California Spring Festival

By HENRY MEADE BLAND

*A thousand voices from the infinite  
Are heard as long forgotten  
mysteries;  
Scraps of old lilt from youth's loved  
memories,  
Runes of far islands, palm-crested and  
shell-white;  
Star magic woven from old firelight;  
Music, all yearning, out of dim love  
pleas;  
And here they surge in leafy hours like  
these,  
For spring is here in matchless, blossomy  
flight!*

*And lo! here reign the  
flowers fresh as snow,  
Fair as a light that limns  
a dreamy star.  
Softer than foam where  
sea-tides come and go.  
Sharp as the flash of the  
meteor's mystic car,  
Filmy as clouds the sum-  
mery south winds blow;  
Lovely with life, they  
speak of things that are!*  
—Henry Meade Bland.

THE ancient Dionysian revelries, the corn husking merrymakings of the South, and the New England Feast of Thanksgiving were all ceremonies of fruitage. The grape was ripe, the corn was yellow in the sheaf, the apple was juicy, and the turkey was fat for the oven. The harvest season was over; the fruitage prophecy was fulfilled. The logic was that of rejoicing.

But the California blossom festival is a joy in the hues of promise. The fruit of the prune, the peach, the apricot, is yet a mere speck in the bud, which is unfolding its white wings to the soft mid-spring airs. Branches, dormant, and rough, and darkened for long winter months, now burst miraculously into billions of snow-crystals. The most delicate of all perfumes flies on the winds.

The urge and the surge of spring is at hand, winter is past. The human child-heart is a-thrill.

Sidney Williams, Saratoga's and the Santa Clara Valley's high priest of the blossoming year, having caught the spirit of the snowy orchard-wonder, drew his coterie of nature-loving farmers about him and said, "Let us celebrate now, not in autumn; and let us celebrate the birth of the fruit; let us be happy and

merry and thankful with praise and song, because of the promise in the blossom."

And the Reverend Sidney Williams created the blossom-day celebration, the feast now time-honored in flowery central California.

This was more than a score of years ago; and the ceremony verily religious at the same time human in its feeling, has grown from year to year, till now a true orchardist would no more think of failing to lift his heart in musical joy

broad lawns and climbing vines and sem-pervious graced the setting.

It was from among the college students the Blossom Queen was chosen. President Snyder, appointed by the San Jose Chamber of Commerce to choose the sovereign, insisted that hair shorn in the prevailing fashion should be a qualification of her gracious majesty, and that men-students of the college should be the selecting judges.

The queen was not only crowned in accordance with ancient historical customs, but crowned by the Spirit of Spring bodied forth in most striking



A Portion of the Blossom Festival; in the grounds of the State Teachers' College

at the miracle of white petals and odorous winds, than he would forget his autumnal Thanksgiving when harvest is finished.

AT first, the Saratoga feast of the blossoms was mainly for adults, but of late years the spirit of childhood and youth has played its larger spontaneous part; and at the last March function centering in the Santa Clara Valley it was the Spring-song, the Elfin dance, the white-arrayed maiden, that were one with the storm of blossoms and made the mysterious mystical spirit of the flowers a reality.

Elementary school, high school, and college worked together in the blossomy rites which occupied, not an hour or two, as it was in the beginning; but over three full days, the preliminary ceremony being on the *San Jose Teachers' College* Quadrangle and Campus where

series of songs and dances worked out by the State College kindergarten, domestic art, physical education, and music departments assisted by faculties of neighboring high schools; so that the hundreds of youthful girls swayed and eddied about the throne like nymphs and oreads fresh from the forest.

Miss Isobel MacKensie, said concerning the crowning, after it had taken place in the manner of the Spirit of Spring, she believed that this phase of the celebration would from now on evolve till it became the most fascinating aspect of the festival.

The last and the no less important and pleasing part of the blossom pageant was at Saratoga where song and poetic expression in the season's delight were bodied forth in a great chorus of college and high school singers.

\*The State College Committee in charge consisted of Miss MacKensie, Miss Alice Bassler, and Miss Ida M. Fisher.



# Juanita

By B. G. ROUSSEAU

**A**WAY BACK in the early days, when California was still in the formative period of her existence, and had just emerged from the rule of the easy going, pleasure loving Spaniards to take her place, full grown, in the union of states, a grim tragedy took place which for years thereafter left a blot in the fair escutcheon of California's name. This was no less than the wanton hanging of a woman; a pretty little Mexican woman, at once the pet and plaything of the rough miners of the camp among whom she lived. She was known simply as Juanita; if she had any other name history does not recall the fact.

It is true she was a wanton, a Delilah, but she was tolerated with a good natured indifference, as one of the necessary evils of the times. Juanita might have gone her obscure little way unheralded and unsung, but suddenly she was precipitated into the limelight, and became the unhappy victim of an angry mob's drunken lust for revenge. It is true that she committed murder; that, knowing no law save that of her own desires, she had in a moment of unreasoning rage taken the life of a man, a popular miner of the camp, and for that one act she fulfilled literally the old biblical saying: "A life for a life." This is the story:

California in those wild, mad days just after the gold rush was peopled with an heterogeneous conglomeration of peoples from every country on the

globe. The clerk and school teacher rubbed elbows with the red shirted miners and the laborers, or the more picturesque gambler who hailed from down south of Mason and Dixon's line. Out of this cymophaneous gathering some sort of law and order was slowly evolving. For awhile the profane and vulgar seemed to rule, as witness the naming of their mining camps, crude temporary affairs for the most part, villages full of bustle and life today, tomorrow deserted; the stores closed, iron shutters drawn across the windows, iron bars on the doors, while the fickle miners took their departure for more fruitful fields leaving their erstwhile camp to the mercies of the wild beasts of the range.

Among the names bestowed on some of the camps in those early days were Port Wine and Brandy City; both flourishing camps. There was also Hog Plateau and Slug Canyon, not forgetting the flourishing city of Jackassville, named by the matter of fact miners after six jackasses, in more polite parlance, mules, who roamed the plains in the immediate vicinity of the camp in those days.

**D**OWNIEVILLE was one of the larger and more substantial camps. Above it loomed the towering peaks of Sierra Buttes, crowned with eternal snow. The hills were covered with

giant pines and cedar, standing close together like watchful giants, for as yet the ax of the woodsman had not penetrated their virgin fastness. The city itself was one of the most populous camps in the state, a city composed for the most part of tents with here and there a stone or wooden building to break the monotony. Law and order were practically unheard of, and mob law was the rule.

The refining influence of woman was practically unknown, few men caring to take their families into such uncertain, chaotic conditions. The few women in the camp were mostly Mexicans, and between the Americans and the Mexicans waged a deadly feud. California had been a member of the American union since 1846, nearly five years, nevertheless there was a strong feeling of prejudice against the Mexicans, who were regarded by the Americans as intruders and were forbidden by hastily and loosely constructed laws to do many things. Among the things forbidden them was mining, so naturally they turned to gambling for a living. "They were practically aliens in a land once controlled by them; a land, which but for the ceaseless, untiring efforts of Father Serra, would perhaps never have been theirs."

In the midst of all this lived Juanita, half Spanish, half Mexican, a small, frail woman who bore herself proudly and gracefully. She was a creature of moods and impulses. Her large brown



The Blossom Queen and her court



eyes were soft and mild one moment and sparkling with anger the next. She was cursed with a high temper which knew no bounds, but as soon as the vials of her wrath were emptied she did not harbor revenge. She used on state occasions to array herself in the national dress of her country in all its colorful picturesqueness, and was a well known character on the streets of the small settlement.

The day after the nation's birthday was one long to be remembered. Whisky had flowed freely the day before and nerves and tempers were on the ragged edge. Among the miners who had celebrated not wisely but too well was Joe Cannon, a huge Scotchman, hailing from Australia. He was a veritable Hercules, standing six feet in his stocking feet and weighing over 230 pounds, a rough, good-natured fellow; his companions English and Scotch sailors who came to the port and a handful of Australians.

Cannon when drunk became wildly hilarious. With a crowd of his boon companions he rushed through the town after dark had fallen, knocking on the doors of dwelling houses, and when the summons was answered offering the person a drink. In the course of their good

time they came to the home of Juanita, a frail clapboard shanty whose door was fastened only with leather hinges. This fell in no time before the vigorous assault upon it of Cannon and his companions.

Juanita and her reputed husband, a Mexican gambler, were within. The usual formality of offering a drink was gone through with, but was met with a stony silence, and the revellers departed.

The next morning on being told of how he had disported himself the night previously Cannon started out good naturedly to apologize to Juanita for his actions. Accompanied by a companion he reached the shanty. Juanita and her companion were standing talking in the doorway. Cannon had a slight knowledge of Spanish and began speaking to the Mexican. He stood directly in front of the door, his hands on either side of the door posts.

At his approach Juanita had disappeared within the shack, now she reappeared, one hand concealed beneath the voluminous folds of her skirt. Quick as a flash she brought her hand out, for a moment the sun glittered on a thin, rapier point, the next moment she drove the knife with all the strength of her pent up fury, deep in the Scotchman's

breast. So great was the force back of the blow that the knife went through the breast bone and clear into the heart. Nothing short of intense passion could have given her the power to strike such a blow.

With a groan Cannon reeled backward and fell in an ungainly sprawl on the street. His companion fled panic stricken to give the news to the town. Meantime, her anger gone, Juanita gazed in horror at her dreadful deed, then ran screaming to the Magnolia Saloon, where she burst through the door crying out incoherently that she had just killed a man and asking protection.

As soon as the dread cry of "murder" was raised in town and the facts became known, indignation reached a high pitch and cries of "Lynch the damn greaser!" resounded on all sides. The smouldering race hatred flamed forth in a moment. The sheriff took Juanita to the little log jail, while the dead man's body was laid out in the court house preparatory to holding the coroner's inquest.

Soon another cry—"clean out the Greasers!" resounded on the air. Hearing it, and knowing all too well the feeling against them, the Mexicans



Downleville Today—The site of the bridge where Juanita was hanged is near the lower center of the picture



thereupon decamped from the town and down the river out of harm's way. Defrauded of their vengeance the mob then turned their attention to Juanita sitting huddled in a miserable, dejected heap in her bare little cell. They battered in the jail door and seizing the trembling woman, hurried her unceremoniously to the court house.

Here court was convened and 12 jurymen selected. Two lawyers were selected for the prosecution, but no one for the defense until a young man from Nevada, named Thayer, volunteered his services. He entered upon his duties with a heavy heart, well knowing that sentiment was all against his client. Nevertheless he mounted a barrel and in impassioned tones called upon the assembled mob to take heed of what they were doing. He called upon them to remember the women they loved and had left behind them when they came to this rough, wild country, and with tears in his eyes besought them in the name of the mother who bore them to refrain from the awful act they contemplated.

His eloquence failed to appeal to their better sentiments. With growls and curses they kicked away the barrel on which he stood, picked him up, none too gently, and hurled him headlong into the midst of the angry crowd, who promptly rained blows and kicks upon him. More dead than alive he managed to make his way through the mob and fled, his torn clothing streaming in the wind, to the hills, where he remained for the next two days.

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED, the jury promptly brought in a verdict of "Guilty." All through the excitement of the trial Juanita sat like

some Indian warrior, stolid and indifferent to what went on around her. That all the men present were not actuated by a lust for blood is attested by the fact that in a futile effort to save her life, Dr. C. D. Aiken endeavored to prove her *enceinte*. The angry crowd received his statement with hoots and jeers of derision, but as he was insistent they appointed Doctors Kibbe, Chase and Carr to give the woman further examination. In a few moments they returned and reported their colleagues' finding to be false, and like the unfortunate lawyer who had defended her Aiken was forced to hurriedly leave town.

Juanita was sentenced to hang and given four hours in which to prepare for death. She was taken back to her shanty under guard, and there, still careless and unafraid, she made her last preparations. Her few belongings she quickly disposed of to relatives and friends, then dressing herself in her holiday attire, she announced she was ready, and was taken to the bridge which crossed the Yuba.

The bridge had in the middle two uprights which rose at the sides above the floor, and a beam overhead. A piece of scantling was lashed from one pole to the other about four feet from the floor. The rope and noose were placed in position and a step ladder was provided for the unfortunate woman to mount to the scantling which formed the crude trap.

Juanita, accompanied by a number of friends all apparently far more frightened than she, approached the place of doom. Slowly, but with unfaltering steps she came upon the bridge, and stood at the foot of the gallows. She shook hands with her friends, in a calm

voice bade them farewell, and with unfaltering steps mounted the ladder. The last thing she did was to remove from her head the man's hat she had borrowed, and with a deft turn of her wrist send it sailing over the heads of the mob until it reached the hands of its owner in safety. She had arranged her long blue-black hair high on her head, then with her own hands she adjusted the noose around her neck, and exclaiming: "Adios, Senors!" raised her handkerchief as a sign that she was ready.

Promptly two pistols barked out, and two men with axes promptly hacked at the rope which supported the scantling on which the woman stood, but in the excitement only one man's ax cut through the rope so that only one side fell and poor Juanita's body lodged in its fall. There was a cry of horror which went up from the assembled multitude mingled with round Spanish and American oaths at the executioner's carelessness. The mistake was quickly rectified, the rope cut through and Juanita fell to her death.

The rope was new, and Juanita's slight body twisted around and around like a ghastly top. The body was allowed to hang for half an hour then cut down and delivered into the hands of her friends, who took it to her cabin. Rumor ran about the town that the woman was not dead and that her friends were endeavoring to revive her, whereupon with yells and oaths the angry mob again rushed to the cabin declaring they would hang her over again if the least spark of life remained, but Juanita was beyond their further vengeance, lying calm and still and dead before them.

## New York

By JOHN T. GRANT

From a man-made canyon's lonely gorge,  
Alone I hail far home-sick stars;  
While my own sordid fingers forge  
My aching spirit's prison bars.  
O glad stars! guarding cool, still canyons deep,  
Once more bend low and kiss me fast asleep.

The cars, the lamps, the things that blight  
Make mad with life the Great White Way.  
Ill-lighted holes turn day to night;  
Ten thousand things turn night to day.  
In vain I crave the bird-song and the bees,  
The orange blossoms and the olive trees.

From early dawn to dawn next day  
Tense hordes of people seethe and pour  
Out of, into, the crazed subway;  
Mad toiling ants through earthen door.  
I dream of night-birds and the moon-lit dark,  
The owls' "hoo-hoo," the drear coyotes' bark.

O mad mob! whirled in raving dream  
Of fame, or fun, or glittering gold;  
Your hectic souls with joys might teem  
That live beyond the blight of mould—  
If you could see!—but blind, with blood-shot eye,  
You flame, then glow, then burn to ash—and die.



# Barrister

By H. ROYER MORSE

THE little old woman in the rough log and sod ranch house rushed to the only window in the west wall of the building and pulled the curtain aside. The driving rain on the other side of the glass seemed to strike her in the face, but she pressed her brow against the pane in an effort to see the creature whose slushing footsteps she had heard. In the series of brilliant lightning flashes she saw a man, head and body twisted against the storm, riding in the direction of the corrals on a horse whose wet hide glistened in the unnatural light.

She drew back. It was none of the boys. Not one of their horses was so large and powerful as this animal, nor were any of the boys themselves as big as this rider who hunched over his plodding horse. By the next flash of lightning she saw that he had dismounted and was leading the dripping beast through the barn door, which he had opened.

She dropped the curtain and began to build up the fire in the deep, open fireplace. In this new Dakota country of the eighties every stranger was a friend until he proved himself otherwise. Though her secret fear of that new, wild land might have caused her to deny the wanderer entrance, her Virginia hospitality demanded that he be welcomed.

The slush of quick moving feet warned her that the stranger was approaching. For a moment she heard him cleaning his boots on the rude scraper fastened to the narrow porch; then a sharp decisive knock sounded on the door. Slowly Mrs. Hastin lifted the heavy bar, and, as the door swung open, she stepped back out of the circle of light thrown from the fireplace.

The man framed by the doorway was large; against the velvet blackness of the night he seemed almost gigantic. His dark eyes swept the room intently for an instant, then came to rest on Mrs. Hastin.

"May I come in?" he asked abruptly, though not roughly.

"Surely." Mrs. Hastin shook off her feeling of fear and came forward.

The man did not move, however, but continued to regard her as before. "Are you here alone?" he asked sharply.

"Yes." Her fear returned.

He looked at her keenly. "Are you always alone?"

"No, the boys have all gone to town." She smoothed her hair with nervous fingers. "I expect them back any time," she added.

The man looked instinctively over his shoulder, then turned with a shrug. "Is your name Hastin?" he inquired suddenly.

"Yes."

Slowly he turned away, and she thought for an instant that he was about to leave, but instead he pulled off his broad, dripping Stetson and wet overcoat and hung them on the peg outside the door. He kicked off his muddy boots, knocked them against the side of the house, and, carrying them in his hand, he crossed to the fire and placed one on either side of the hearth.

Mrs. Hastin watched her strange guest with a little less apprehension. These were thoughtful acts, not those of an evil man. As he stood leaning his head against the mantel piece, his long fingers stretched toward the blaze, he looked less formidable than before. At last he straightened and stood looking at the daguerreotype hung above the fire place. "My name," he said suddenly, "is Barrister."

Barrister! Had he struck her, she would have been no more stunned. Barrister was in her house, under her roof! Barrister, the upriver sheepman, on whose hands were blamed a dozen cold-blooded murders. Barrister, who had driven out the cattle with his flocks of sharp hooved, blating devils!

Mrs. Hastin was staggered. This was the man who was held largely responsible for the war between the sheepmen of the hills and the cattlemen of the plains. She had had one son killed during the last outbreak. She recalled the words of Bobby, another son, who had been entangled in the trouble. "I got his horse, Ma," he had said, speaking of Barrister. "I saw him going over a ridge and took a long shot at him, and, when we got there, we found blood on the trail, and the tracks showed that he'd had to dismount."

SO THIS was Barrister. Her impulse to flee into the night was checked only by the frequent peals of thunder and the swish of falling rain. Her guest, however, had drawn up a chair and had seated himself before the fire. As he sat there, his light half-coppery hair ruffed against the warm cushion, she was unable to link him with his reputed deeds; yet his appearance confirmed what she had heard concerning his features.

Suddenly he raised his head and looked at her interrogatively. "Any chance of getting anything to eat?" he inquired.

Mrs. Hastin managed to articulate an affirmative. Keeping as far from her unwelcome guest as she could, she began hurriedly to prepare a meal on the little stove, which stood in one corner of the room. Barrister got up and wandered aimlessly about. He examined curiously a long rifle hanging above the door and finally picked up a violin case from the corner. He opened it and half lifted the instrument from its velvet rest. When he raised his eyes, he found Mrs. Hastin regarding him anxiously. "Do you play?" he asked quickly.

She shook her head and turned away. "John did, but he's dead," she answered slowly.

"Ah." The man replaced the violin softly and set the case back in the corner. He returned to the fire and stood quietly there while Mrs. Hastin placed the food on the table.

"It's ready," she announced shortly and was promptly sorry she had spoken so curtly; though she had no desire to say more.

Barrister placed a chair by the table; then, seeing there was only one plate, he looked at Mrs. Hastin questioningly. "Have you eaten?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I was waitin' for the boys," she explained lamely.

Barrister quickly placed a chair at the other side of the table. "They can't possibly get here tonight," he said pointedly. "An hour ago the river was a seething torrent a quarter of a mile wide. It's humanly impossible to cross it. That's why I came here. I—I didn't know you lived here," he finished apologetically.

Reluctantly Mrs. Hastin set another place and seated herself across the table from Barrister, who promptly passed her the bacon and followed it with corn bread and gravy. When he tasted the bacon he smacked his lips with enjoyment. "That's bacon," he said solemnly. "That tastes like bacon I used to eat back home."

Mrs. Hastin looked at him quickly but said nothing. It had never occurred to her that he might have had a home. There was a silence. Barrister laid down his fork and looked at her steadily with his smiling brown eyes. "I see that daguerreotype is marked Wheeling," he said at last. "Are you from Virginia, by any chance?"

(Continued on page 280)



# Thad Welch Pioneer and Painter

By HELEN VERNON REID  
(Continued from last month)

WELCH obtained a permit to sketch in the Paris streets but most of the time he preferred to work along the Seine. This same permit written by the "Prefet de Police" is in the possession of the writer and is an interesting old document. Yellow and spotted with age, the ink faded though legible, it is couched in the polite and extravagant phrases characteristic of the French and so contrary to our concise business epistles.

One day while sketching at Grez, a suburb of Paris, Welch met H. Reynolds Blummer and Robert Louis Stevenson. Stopping at an inn for lunch, Blummer met his friend Fanny Osborne, whom he forthwith introduced to Stevenson and our artist. They spent the remainder of the day sauntering about the old town and at dusk returned to Paris.

On one occasion Welch and his companion Pauli, with William Dannat, visited the studio of a fellow artist in Paris. They were glancing over his collection of studies and the host turning aside remarked:

"Oh, it's no use, I can't paint."

Dannat answered in his high falsetto voice, "Who the hell said you could."

This frankness among artists seems proverbial and in many instances the bonds of friendship are so secure that no offense is taken.

Henry Raschen tells a story of Welch that is characteristic of this bluntness.

On calling at Welch's studio one day Raschen and a fellow artist were looking at his pictures, Welch lay on a couch over in the corner apparently asleep and so they amused themselves making naive comments and scrutinizing his work. Raschen's friend stood most of the time about two feet from the painting concerning which he gave his criticism. Suddenly, a voice from the recumbent figure in the corner shouted:

"Hey there! That's no way to look at a picture, you don't want to smell it!"

Many of Welch's French sketches remind one of Corot; for like his famous predecessor he saw nature as a pattern of masses, softened against the spaces of the sky, ignoring the analytical and adopting the synthetical method of representing nature. Later he was greatly influenced by Daubigny.

Most artists of the Munich school later got more atmosphere and sunlight from the Barbizon Artists and he was no exception. While omitting the high lights and golden sunlight which in after years distinctively marked his work,



Thad Welch at Work

Welch then dealt in the soft gray tones, the leaden sky and subdued landscape, which then accorded possibly with his moods and was the expression of his inner self.

Cattle, which were so vital in his later work, now began to absorb his attention and he unquestionably felt the influence of the famous Troyon whose painting was said to be the most sympathetic of the century. One art critic claiming that "in the painting of animals and their homes Troyon was the greatest painter of this or any other century."

CONDITIONS in the art world were greatly changed when Welch returned to America in the Spring of 1881. Although he had not been iden-

*Note: In the first installment of the biography the statement was made that Russell Welch, after leaving his family on the Oregon farm, was never heard from again. Since this was put in print information has come to hand that the elder Welch, after an absence of years, returned to his family. It was not until 1897, however, that Thad Welch was informed of his father's return. This was during a visit of the artist to Oregon, some time after Russell Welch's death.*

tified with it before his sojourn in Europe, the fact was overwhelmingly apparent that the revolution in art had not been confined to the Continent.

During 1875-1876, a group of young American painters returned from France trained in the newest methods of the French school, becoming in many instances teachers in our art schools and thus spreading the knowledge of the new technique until the French method of teaching has become the basis of instruction in this country.

They met at first with considerable opposition from the older men of the National Academy of Design who regarded them somewhat as revolutionaries, disturbers of almost sacred traditions, troublesome and dangerous and not to be encouraged.

However, John La Farge, the famous landscape painter, without hesitation gave them encouragement and support and by his assistance the "Society of American Artists" was founded in 1877. Therefore when the second group of painters returned to America with all the novel and revolutionary methods of the Munich and Paris schools, they found students at

home had already assimilated the inspiration of the best of the French masters of landscape, but they had assimilated it on a basis of native training and practice.

Consequently, when Welch returned he found the American students and art-loving public fully acquainted with the new school and its achievements and heartily responsive to the work of a student from abroad. This was encouraging, as nothing is so difficult as to be the forerunner in any new movement. People tenaciously adhere to the old, and the pioneer, whether in art or in science, is apt to receive more contempt than approbation.

While in Europe, Welch had corresponded with his patroness, Mrs. Dennison, and on learning that she was living at Sing Sing, now Ossining, on the banks of the Hudson, he directed his steps thither immediately upon his return to the United States.

Mrs. Dennison was delighted with the work of her protege and prophesied that a brilliant future lay ahead of him. Finding a suitable place to board in the neighborhood Welch proceeded to paint a number of pictures for Mrs. Dennison, scenes along the Hudson



which she admired, and upon the receipt of each of these her delight was unbounded.

Welch secured a few pupils, one being William Woodworth, a relative of Samuel Woodworth, the author of the "*Old Oaken Bucket*."

Besides this, he made several crayon portraits for orders. This was before the cheap photographic enlargements were in vogue and consequently there was considerable demand for crayon portraits. By this means Welch was able to live quite comfortably, for his actual needs were small as he early found how much he could do without, an art with which the average person nowadays is unacquainted.

ONE day in September when the Autumn foliage was ablaze with color and great masses of red, yellow and purple leaves converted the steep hillsides into a veritable "garden for the gods," Welch was sketching in a secluded creek bed near the "Devil's Steps." This is a rocky formation in the shape of steps, as if nature, anticipating man's curiosity to see what lay on the other side of this wooded hillside, had devised this mode for his ascension.

There is a legend current to the effect that the devil once lived in this glen and was asked by the water-nymphs to depart, as he caused too much discord among them. Upon his replying that the hillsides were too steep and there was no way out the Naiad of the stream caused these rocky steps to appear so that nothing could hinder his departure. When once on the crest above, all the water-nymphs heaved a sigh of relief which shook the hillside, causing a number of huge stones to fall from the stairway and making it absolutely impossible for the devil to descend again into the glen. However we may doubt the veracity of this tale, suffice it the rocky projections are still there and to this day are called "The Devil's Steps."

On the September afternoon in question, Welch had seated himself at the foot of the "Devil's Steps" and was so busy sketching that he failed to notice a tall young girl approaching who halted on catching sight of him.

She was coming home from school and her usual course was up the "Devil's Steps," but on seeing a stranger painting there she altered her course and seeking a secluded path walked some distance around in order to avoid him. The path, however, led to the top of the "Devil's Steps" and gaining this point of vantage she looked down, just at that moment the painter raised his eyes from his canvas and they exchanged glances.

A few days later Welch returned and sketched the creek with two little girls and a boy he found playing there. He became interested in them, thinking that they were superior to the average country children, and speaking German to them was greatly surprised when they replied in the same language. Later in the day the children brought their mother and elder sister to see the artist who had put them in a picture. Welch spoke German so fluently that Mrs. Pilat thought he was a countryman of hers and bade him come up to the house when he had finished his sketching for

Bohemia. When a very young man he, in concert with Carl Schurz and many other students, tried to overthrow the government and establish a republic. The attempt being unsuccessful he fled to America and a price was set upon his head.

His uncle, Baron von Pilat, was a member of the nobility, but this did not deter Carl in his democratic ideas.

Welch readily recognized in the eldest daughter, Ludmilla, the girl with whom he had exchanged glances at the "Devil's Steps." Ludmilla, however, had nothing to say on the subject, for she was a very shy girl, though tall for her fourteen years. If she chanced to be in the room alone and obliged to entertain the artist before her mother appeared, she would call in her small sisters and play bean-bag, getting Welch to join in.

Welch was always interested in the development of children and the younger members of the Pilat home consequently absorbed a lot of his attention.

He bought Emma Pilat her first good violin. She was afterwards teacher of violin in Vassar College and now makes concert tours of the Eastern States.

THE Pilat family proved to be a talented one; Anna later became Hamilton Wright Mabie's secretary and was for years on the staff of *The Outlook* magazine; while Carl Pilat is the architect for greater Manhattan, besides during the World War laying out various war camps in the United States, the largest of which was Camp Lewis at Tacoma, Washington.

One day after the artist had been a frequent visitor at the Pilat home for about two years, Ludmilla showed Welch a drawing she had made during the interval since his previous visit. He was greatly surprised and remarked:

"If I had known you could do that, I would have set you at it long ago."

From then on he gave her instruction. The first oil she attempted was a bunch of grapes. It was so difficult that she cried.

"Don't you know, Milla," said her teacher kindly, "that oil and water don't mix," at which she was forced to smile through her tears and begin again on the difficult grapes.

Whenever Welch spoke of leaving Ossining the gentle Ludmilla's heart sank and this was her first realization that Thad Welch meant more to her than the other visitors who frequented her home. Welch himself felt the bond which their similar tastes and pleasures

### NO LABOR AFTER DEATH

NO labor after death—Is it the end  
Of strength, of heart, of hope, of  
everything

That makes of Time and of Time's  
offering—

Existence? No more will footsteps wend  
To meet the needed want, or hands  
extend

The loaf, the cruse of oil; the helps  
that bring

From clouds of sorrow, joy and  
comforting,

The earthly love, the handclasp of a  
friend.

No labor after death—and will it be  
No more of toil and honest recompense?

After this busy life, to silent keep  
With folded hands through all  
eternity?

Grant Thou our prayer O, God, when  
we go hence

It be to labor *not* to dreamless sleep.

—Amy Whittlesey Hamlin.

the day, and partake of their evening meal. Nothing loath Welch accepted her hospitable offer and soon formed the habit of frequenting the Pilat home.

It was a large roomy house, situated on a rising knoll with oaks and maple trees at the side and back but commanding a spacious view of the valley and the Hudson from its many windows.

A homey-home with happy children's voices and a constant stir going on, but judiciously governed by the motherly Mrs. Pilat, who was never happier than when extra places were set at her table.

Her husband, Carl Pilat, was an Austrian, having been born at Santa Agatha, not far from the border of



had established between them and this was what urged him to leave, before the desire to remain became too pronounced. However, it was easy to be dissuaded and he stayed on and on in Ossining, dreading when the time should come when he would be obliged to tear himself away from this genial home circle—the happiest by far that he had ever known. Here he was able for a time to forget the sorrows which obtruded upon his mind, like ghosts from the past which he wished to forget.

His evenings in the Pilat home were the greatest joy in his life; the cordial geniality of Mr. Pilat and his wife and the unrestrained admiration and confidence of the younger members of the family did much to counteract the bitterness that his experiences had developed in his kindly nature. Finally, when the time for his departure was at hand, he knew that it was too late, his heart had something to say in the matter.

He made a clean breast of it to Ludmilla's parents, telling them in detail of his sorrowful experience abroad and his subsequent divorce. That he loved their eldest daughter they had seen for some time even before he was conscious of it himself, for mother's eyes see quickly, and that Ludmilla loved the artist was equally known. Therefore, though they regretted the disparity of their ages, she being but sixteen and he thirty-nine, they gave their consent, and on July 14, 1883, they were married at the old home in Ossining. Living there until the following Spring, they left for New York City and afterwards went to Boston.

While in New York, one evening Welch and his bride visited "the Gersons" at their apartment. The prospective son-in-law, William Merritt Chase, was absent that evening but they were much interested in his friend Robert Blum, the artist, who was very entertaining.

Turning to Welch he remarked that if he were considering his pleasure he would go to Hackensack (where the Gersons spent the summer) but as he had to work he would go to Europe. A remark which greatly puzzled Ludmilla for she could not understand how any one could prefer a country resort to a trip to Europe, but the genial company of the interesting Gerson family seemed more than a compensation to the artist.

Through William Merritt Chase, who virtually took New York by storm on returning from Munich, Welch worked for the Art Publisher, Louis Prang, painting the pictures which were afterwards lithographed and used as studies for art students. Likewise, Thomas Hill, George Inness and Thomas Moran, besides many others, made studies for Prang to lithograph. It is



The Cabin in Steep Ravine

said that Louis Prang did more for the art students of America than any one man, as he brought good art before the people. That lithography was also an art is shown by an incident that occurred in the Prang studio.

A certain picture by George Inness was valued in the thousands and a reproduction made by Prang was so like it that when placed side by side people could not tell the difference and asked which was the valuable picture and which the lithograph for seven and a half dollars. One day the art clerk changed the frames and the manager himself did not know the difference. The Prang lithographs were wonderfully and carefully made and even the brush strokes were reproduced. When years later Louis Prang went out of

business and his studies were sold those made by Thad Welch were all disposed of on the first day of the sale.

Her younger sister, Anna, went with them to Boston and studied at the Roxbury High School, while Ludmilla studied at home her French and German and the guitar.

THEY remained in Boston until 1887. At that time Welch received a letter from his Munich companion, John H. Twachtman, to go to Philadelphia and Chicago to work on cycloramas. This they did and he and Twachtman worked together on the "Battle of Gettysburg" in company with Oliver D. Grover. Most of the cycloramas were of canvas fifty feet high and several hundred feet long, made circu-



lar. The entrance for the spectators was through a tunnel and by a stairway which led to the center, in which was a platform where the lecturer discoursed on the surrounding scenes. The foreground was made of earth, with fences, etc., which blended so into the continuation on canvas that the realistic effect was startling.

The remuneration for this work was fairly good and Welch finally signed a contract to paint cycloramas in Australia for Howard Gross. He therefore left Chicago, Ludmilla returning to her home in Ossining.

As there was an interval of a few months before the cycloramas were needed in Australia, Welch stopped in Colorado and New Mexico and employed his time profitably in painting; a brief account of which is found in his interesting and irregular journal.

"August 20th, 1888. Left Denver for Manitou and on the 21st commenced a study of Pike's Peak from 'The Garden of the Gods.' Found a nice flower called the Indian Pink, smaller than the wild pink of Oregon. There is some gold, silver, copper, coal and gypsum in the hill.

In the evening several young men and women from "Glen Erie," the residence of General Butler, president of the Denver and Erie Glen Railroad, came down and had a regular western dance, and the landlord of the hotel played for them on his violin. The landlord is an Englishman but has spent most of his time in America. His daughter paints a little, having taken lessons from MacDaniels. She painted a large picture of 'The Garden of the Gods' which her father values at one thousand dollars. It's terrible, but he thinks it's fine. No letters from Milla yet. Received one from —saying that he thought favorably of my 'Rocky Mountain Panorama.' I feel homesick and not at all ambitious. How I would like to be at home this evening."

Again he writes:

"I finished my large study of 'Pike's Peak.' I saw a wonderful effect of a rainstorm on the mountains. Went to Colorado City and to Manitou this afternoon. The landlord told some stories about Indian fighting. One story was about when the soldiers first used firearms against the Indians; it was a small gun, four or six shooter and they set it on a mule, when it went off it kicked so that it knocked the mule down the mountain right among the Indians. This frightened them so that they all ran away. Another time when they had again put it on the mule's back, they concluded to set it off with a fuse. When the fuse commenced to burn and sizzle the mule got frightened, and turned around so that the gun pointed toward the soldiers instead of at the Indians, every man had to run for his life before the gun went off.

"I think he told me a great many of his stories as original, which I doubt; however old they may be, I have forgotten them so they are just as good as new. He tells about when he was in Minnesota; a flock of ducks being chased by a sparrow hawk, they flew downwards and struck land instead of water, killing six of them."

November 29th, he writes:

"Spent a cold and dismal Thanksgiving, ground frozen hard but the sun as bright as in summer. Finished a picture of Marblehead Neck and hope to be on the way to Santa Fe or Chihuahua, Mexico."

Three weeks later:

"At last arrived in Santa Fe and put up at the Hotel Kopital. The charge is two dollars a day and the food is poor. Roast beef mostly with browned sauce which tastes like cod liver oil. My room is in a long adobe building with the door opening from the street."

A few days later:

"Looked for another room and found one with Senor Ortey, a native and a clerk in one of the stores. He is a good natured man who studied six years in France, speaks English, French and Italian; he has a very interesting family, children that Murillo or Corregio would have liked to paint. Made a voyage of discovery through the Mexican



The "Lone Tree"

quarter and found many fine things to paint; the streets are picturesque and the houses also, being built mostly of adobe or sun-dried bricks. Some resemble the stucco houses of Europe, but the majority are built of plain adobe, without windows on the street, the roofs covered with soil.

"The way the wood is brought to market is very picturesque. It is placed on the sheep and when a drove of them are coming down its steep incline, it reminds one of a drove of camels. Except the foremost ones, one can only see the round piles of wood and the swaying motion of the procession looks like a huge worm.

"Our fireplace is a queer little thing built of adobe into the corner of the room. The bed is fine, with two enormous pillows stuffed with wool. The usual chromos of Christ and Mary with a crucifix hang on the wall. The girl who makes up the room, changes everything around each morning except the bedstead, so that it is almost impossible to find anything. Our food consists of mutton, eggs, chili, bread and coffee and sometimes they buy a cake, but no fruit.

"One afternoon I painted a burro; the boy who brought him came from Aqua Fria, a small village about six miles from here. He speaks considerable English which he learned in the school. I told him to come again when the sun shone. Today he returned but it was cloudy and the ground covered with snow. I reminded him of what I had said before, but the sun just then showed itself through a rift in the clouds and I pointed out to him that it was shining. At last he understood I wanted him to come 'when the heavens are blue,' as he said.

"On Christmas day I did nothing but paint and study Spanish. Commenced a picture of an Indian from San Eledevorzee, also a sketch of his wife. The baby yelled very much when I started to paint his mother, thinking no doubt something would happen to her. Also painted the head of a blind Indian in one hour.

"Washington's Birthday! Painted a portrait of an Indian today which everyone pronounced the best that I have done in Santa Fe. Had only one sitting. Heard a funny story about Mexican justice. A merchant in Los Vegas caught a Mexican breaking into his store and had him arrested. When brought into court, the judge fined him but he said he had no money. The judge turning to the merchant said:

"It seems that this man has no money, so I think you will have to pay the fine," and as the fine had to be paid, the poor merchant paid it for the thief.

"My landlord says the people here are afraid to go to town at night. The deputy sheriff who weighs about two hundred pounds, never goes out alone and when there is any trouble in the street at night, he stays snugly in bed and hears nothing. Last night a drunken fellow broke the windows in his mother-in-law's house but the sheriff was afraid to arrest him."

**B**EFORE continuing his journey to Australia, Welch had an exhibition of his work in Denver which was well received eliciting the following comments from a local daily of that city:

"Among the few good landscapes exhibited in Denver this year none have attracted more attention—and deservedly too—than those exhibited by Mr. Thaddeus Welch, of Munich. After seeing his canvases an intelligent observer will estimate that he is undoubtedly a man of very great technical ability. There is a breadth of handling, a boldness, a self-reliant power in his paintings which command respect and attention at once.

"There is one remarkable picture of a village in Mexico where the salient feature is the sharply drawn line between light and shadow. He shows a characteristic collection of tumbled houses, ancient cooking ovens made of clay—misshapen and seamed by time—and the usual passage, to and fro, of the natives. The primitiveness hints at squalor, but evades it, nevertheless, leaving only the pictorial values in one's mind. Far beyond, lies a mountain range whose beauty converts the subject into landscape, wherein human life and habits serve as an accented note."

Another painting by Welch at this period which caused quite a sensation in Salt Lake City was called "In Holiday Attire," a comment on which appearing in a Salt Lake paper is as follows:

"Thaddeus Welch has just completed a canvas which may be destined to become famous in preserving a touch of the fast-disappearing West as it was in the early days, and passing down to posterity one of the finest likenesses of the Pueblo Indian yet placed on canvas.

"In Holiday Attire" is the title, the subject being a Pueblo Chief, gowned in the richly colored garments of his tribe, decked with earrings and beads and showing the chieftain's feathers. He reclines on a bench inside an adobe house, the fragments of a watermelon on the ground at his feet giving token of the cause for the self-satisfied expression which beams from his face. Under the bench his dog reclines. The painting



## William Lair Hill

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

THE WIDE SPACES of which poets sing and for which those of vision strive, were always in the thought of one man. A hunting trip or a long walk gave William Lair Hill, lawyer, new vistas, not merely of the heartening loveliness of the spacious country "where rolls the Oregon," but also of the men and women and children of the city of the future. The land that he secured for the city-pent people as a breathing place for all time is the main city park of Portland.

From a duck hunt back of Lake Union in the State of Washington, he returned with an idea so compelling that he personally went before the legislature and appealed for a change in the law that precluded the acquisition of land by the University. He thus secured the present campus of the University of Washington at Seattle.

A California city, too, is debtor to William Lair Hill for his unselfish foresight. Before many Oaklanders saw the possibilities of Lake Merritt as a park center, Judge Hill worked tirelessly to prevent the erection of factories not far from where the auditorium now stands.

While William Lair Hill wrote extensively during a long life, and was for a time editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, it is for his legal accomplishment that he is best known. In 1884 he was appointed Code Commissioner for the State of Oregon. Hill's *Annotated Codes of Oregon* was so favorably known that upon the admission of the

Territory of Washington as a state, he was appointed by the legislature to compile the laws of Washington. Upon the completion of the Washington codes, he removed to Oakland where he was associated with William R. Davis in the practice of law.

With Colonel John P. Irish he represented American claimants against the Republic of Salvador, in 1901, before a court of arbitration in Washington, D. C., and recovered a verdict of more than five hundred thousand dollars, which the government of Salvador afterward paid.

Devoted as he was to the study and practice of law, William Lair Hill was notable for the offices that he refused. He resigned the judgeship of the Superior Court of Grant County, Oregon, to return to his private practice. General U. S. Grant, while president, twice offered him appointment to the Federal bench, and Governor Z. F. Moody tendered him the appointment as United States senator from Oregon. Although he shrank from public office, Judge Hill never slighted the duties of citizenship.

IN HIS OWN HOME he was an exemplar of the American husband and father. A Tennessean by birth, he married the daughter of the president of McMinnville College, Oregon, where he received the foundations of his training. To a man of his mind and in-

dustry, life is a long school course. In addition to his Greek and Latin, he had a reading knowledge of French and Italian, besides the languages mentioned by Franklin Pierce Mays, his law partner in Portland, who says of him:

"Hill was the kindest, sweetest man I ever knew. He knew more law than any other man I have ever had anything to do with, and he knew more of everything else than he did of law. He could name every flower and plant he saw in an afternoon's walk. When more than eighty he learned to drive an automobile and to do it well. For relaxation it was his habit to read scientific works in the original German. He read and talked Spanish fluently. He was a lifelong student and a man of the keenest intellect. He seemed to know something of every conceivable subject and to know it thoroughly."

This Grand Old Man kept his interest in life to the last. He was regularly in his law office in Oakland at eighty-four and after, until an attack of pneumonia warned him to lessen his daily exertion, and he and Mrs. Hill went to spend some months with one of their sons in the San Joaquin Valley. He died at his home in Oakland in February of this year.

In an age of specialization we need to keep before us the example of those who live widely and deeply, and to recognize the all-round life as the highest development.

in its details is suggestive of close study of Indian characteristics, and has an atmosphere of the real, old West. In coloring and portrayal the artist has achieved a wonderful success, even the broken window pane, through which the adobe buildings outside can be seen, increasing the general impression of realism.

"The painting was hung for display in the Salt Lake office of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad as it was painted near the Salt Lake Route, where Welch has spent considerable time studying the Pueblo Indians and their country."

Arriving in Australia Welch painted cycloramas of the "Battle of Waterloo," "The Ballarat Riots" and "Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion." The latter was said to be a marvellous production, the lighting of the entire picture coming from the figure of Christ.

Welch remained in Australia nearly two years, his wife living at her old home in Ossining because of lack of funds for the trip. His expenses were paid and at the termination of his stay there was a nice little sum netted from the work.

One morning in the summer of 1889,

Nelson Hawks was busy in his shop on Clay Street in San Francisco. His back was toward the door and he was unconscious of any one having entered until a voice called out:

"Is this the time you get down to work?"

Without turning his head in the direction of the speaker, he replied:

"Yes, Thad."

Welch had just arrived from Australia and was going to paint some large pictures for the Chicago Exposition, of Del Monte Hotel, the Golden Gate from Yerba Buena Island, and Stanford Vineyard.

This latter picture was painted for Senator Stanford and like most orders is not a Welch subject or in his characteristic style. Senator Stanford is in the foreground of the vineyard, a laborer holding up a huge bunch of purple grapes for his inspection, Mt. Shasta is in the distance and a ditch at one side partially covered by a culvert is wonderfully done, the sunlight on the boards

and the shadows beneath being the best part of the picture.

After the earthquake of 1906, this painting was found under three feet of debris in the Stanford Museum at Palo Alto, California and though torn in several places has been carefully restored.

Welch returned to Ossining in the Spring of 1893 for Ludmilla and then left for the Chicago Exposition and remained there six months.

Ludmilla was named for Queen Ludmilla of Bohemia, about whose life Dvorak wove the beautiful oratorio which was given in Chicago shortly after they arrived there. This was one of the few treats they were able to indulge in, for their circumstances became precarious.

AT first they stayed at a hotel but the funds were getting lower and the money for the Exposition pictures failing to arrive, owing to a misunderstanding  
(Continued on page 279)



# The High Graders

By CHARLES H. SNOW  
(Continued from last month)

"WHERE am I?" she asked incredulously, then realizing her whereabouts, she smiled rather sheepishly.

"Ann, you told me you were going to have a nap. You said you were simply dead for sleep," she admonished, "and here you are out here cooking. You simply can't leave it alone."

Ann began her excuses when Mrs. Carson interrupted, addressing herself to Barbara. "Are you one of them scientific cooks too?" she inquired. She was rolling out the dough now and menacingly poised the bottle which answered for a rolling pin.

"Don't throw it. Keep it for your husband," laughed Barbara, who awoke instantly to the levity of the threat. "No, I am—that is, I was—just a plain stenographer. Maybe I had better have stayed one."

"Fraid cat," countered Mrs. Carson with smiling accent, "Now you're homesick too. Just think of it, honey, you might find a millionaire husband up here, and wouldn't have to peck, peck at an old typewriter, except to write out invitations to your swell dinners and parties."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Miss Conners, "I'd like ever so much to, but he must be rich and handsome. Do you think Mr. Shorty has much money?"

"HE may have as much as a couple of hundred," replied Mrs. Carson after grave deliberation, "Maybe sometimes he runs it up to a little more."

"Two hundred thousand dollars," gasped Barbara, "Why I would have never thought he was so rich as all that, and he is so common acting, and so brave and good looking."

"He's mine, Ann, I saw him first." She was all vivacity now.

"Two hundred dollars, not thousands," corrected Mrs. Carson.

"There goes my bubble," moaned Barbara, and she sank limply into a chair.

"Now, I am sorry, but don't give up," Mrs. Carson consoled. "The potatoes are done fine. You girls wash and primp up. The men folks will be along in a minute. Bill Staley is worth a million or two and he's a bachelor."

"I'll vamp him for sure," cried Barbara, reacting to her natural temperament. In her joking remarks and tone there had been what the uncouth, though astute, Mrs. Carson took for more than mere idle words.

For a short while Mrs. Carson pon-

dered over the term, "domestic science." It was a facer. She did not know that such a science existed. To her, sciences had been those exalted things like chemistry, and astronomy and as-saying. Now that cooking and sewing and the like were classed among the exalted, she suddenly determined that she too, was a scientist, and forthwith went to work to prove it. With that magic that is never acquired by the teachings of science, she fell to the task and out of her meager supplies and equipment she conjured up a supper of broiled steak, crisp fried potatoes, hot biscuits and gravy that would have made the grouchiest old dyspeptic say he had never had a pain in his inner machinery. Added to this menu was a frothy custard as delightful in appearance as it was palatable. The spirit of competition was her impetus, more than the idea of making up a good meal. Of course, it was not expected that on this auspicious occasion she would reproduce the fare to which she and Pete sat down daily. It had to be something "gorgeous" as she remarked to herself, and it was, though the articles were not numerous.

The men arrived at the right moment, when the dinner was five minutes from ready. Bill Staley greeted the two girls with worldly lack of self consciousness. Their meeting some hours previously had served as a sort of introduction. Jimmy Rawlins in the company of his sex was able to hold his own, word for word and deed for deed, but in the presence of these two girls he became a good deal of a big school boy who had not had very much schooling.

It had been a long time since he had met girls like these. He thought of his sister, whom he had not seen for more than five years, and compared her with them. In his memory she compared favorably, yet not to the disparagement of the two guests. Madeline must be somewhat like Miss Conners, he thought. She had the same brown eyes, as he remembered her, a slim girl of seventeen. She had the same brown hair and vivacious manner, and irregular though intelligent face. Instantly he conceived the thought that he wanted to see her badly, as much as he wanted to see his mother. His first decision was to go to them, but this was immediately vetoed, for the reason that as the work upon the mine was now to begin in earnest, he could not be spared.

His next resolve was rapid and decisive. He would send for his mother and sister.

AS he hurriedly pondered these thoughts he answered in monosyllables to the impulsive questions of Barbara and the one or two practical ones put by Ann, both of whom had come into the front room to be presented. Staley had gone into the kitchen where he was reminiscing with Mrs. Carson while she put the last touches to the meal. Shorty had pre-empted the only rocking chair in the front room and rocked complacently while he took smiling comfort in his friend's embarrassment.

"Jimmy," cried Mrs. Carson. Rawlins was so relieved by the summons that he failed to excuse his disappearance through the kitchen door. He stood waiting for the rest of what he knew from experience was coming.

"I'm ashamed of you," Mrs. Carson began reprovingly, "without your claw hammer coat and best pants and boiled shirt, and young ladies for dinner, city young ladies, scientific young ladies! I'm sure ashamed of you." She surveyed him with cool criticism and added with a smile, "Go outside and wash up, Jimmy. You're all right. Clothes don't make the man, do they?" Jimmy was outside in search of soap and water before he could have been expected to reply.

At first the spirit of the diners was a little constrained. Mrs. Carson awaited for the decision on her culinary prowess. It came soon, and was volubly approbative. Barbara and Ann were slightly in awe of a man so mighty in the mining world as Bill Staley. They were relieved when they found he was a normal human being, who talked of ordinary things more than anything else. Ann had noticed Jimmy Rawlins' embarrassment and felt a sort of sisterly solicitude for him. Because of it, she was very skillful in putting him at his ease by her display of common sense. Shorty, who was at home anywhere, needed no coddling to make him comfortable in this assemblage. Pete Carson, by virtue of being visible head of the house, assumed a dignity entirely compatible with his exalted station.

It was not a meal of many courses, but of long duration. Before it was fairly begun, every one was getting well acquainted. Jimmy Rawlins announced that Bill Staley had bought half the Sultana, and this elicited much speculative comment as to the price. Neither



Staley or Rawlins, however, gave the figure. Barbara insisted that the price paid for the half interest must have been almost as extravagant a sum as the one run up by Terence Tierney in his alcoholic flight of fancy. Rawlins laughed loudly at this hazard, while Staley answered it with his enigmatic smile.

Gradually the talk drifted from the mine to other topics, reminiscences of other camps in which the girls could take little part. This might have continued indefinitely had not Staley mentioned the object of the girls' presence in camp, the nature of which Shorty had hurriedly explained to him. Ann explained the character and the hopes of their venture. Barbara was concluding a more animated estimate of its possibilities when Shorty interrupted. He had taken the piece of high-grade from his pocket and was examining it, unnoticed.

"WHAT do you think of that?" he asked. He held up the piece of rock and twisted it about in such a manner that the light from the kerosene lamp brought out its effect most startlingly.

"Oh," cried Barbara, clapping her hands, "High-grade! Let me have it, please." Shorty passed the specimen to her and they all watched her examine it with quick impulsive movements of fingers and eyes.

"Oh, it is so pretty," she said at length, "and so valuable. How much is it worth?"

Shorty named a sum which was more than the value, had the piece been solid gold. She accepted his estimate without question, and with a sigh of reluctance she passed the specimen to her companion, who had waited with patience for the opportunity to examine it. Ann, after one look, weighed the piece in the palm of her hand, while her brows contracted in perplexity. She looked from the rock to Shorty, who sat smilingly expectant. Something instinctive, or intuitive, told him that she would be a hard person to lie to successfully.

"I was wondering," she at last timorously announced, "if you are really telling us the truth about the value of this?" In her hand she held the questioned article, "It seems to me that this gold must be very much more valuable than that in our twenty dollar pieces."

"Good for you," Pete Carson heartily endorsed, "You called him. Watch out for Shorty, girls. He never tells the truth when he can get out of it. Now that piece of rock is worth about—" he took the lump from Ann and examined it practically, "about fifty dollars," he concluded.

"Oh," Barbara exclaimed a little

impetuously, but with a tone of disappointment, "That is a lot, but I believe Mr. Shorty, just the same. Anyway, I wish it was mine," A quick glance around the table caused her to add, "and Ann's of course. I would want Ann to have half of it."

"Barbara," said Ann reprovingly, "You shouldn't wish for such things; why it's just the same as if you were asking Mr. Shorty to give you money."

"I wish I had it, just the same," she maintained. Ann did not further remonstrate. Instead, she turned to Shorty.

"Where did you get that high-grade?" she demanded with mock severity. Shorty explained the manner in which the specimen had come into his possession, and gave a lurid account of old Terence and his lavish expenditure of enthusiasm.

"The old devil," exclaimed Rawlins, who had sat a silent but interested auditor, "The only man I'm working and him high-grading on me before my

#### TO A HUMMING BIRD

*YOU are a jonquil  
That grew a wing  
And blew away  
On the winds  
Of Spring;  
While the others stay  
On the stem and sway  
In the old,  
Decorous way!*

—Grace E. Hall.

eyes." A puzzled expression swept over Barbara's countenance as she tried to decide whether Rawlins had spoken in jest or sincerity. "Damn him," Rawlins exploded before she had made her decision. Her mouth flew open at the oath. Rawlins reddened and tried to hide his chagrin with a hurried, though not very effectual apology for his slip. Staley, seeing the manner in which his partner was floundering, came to his rescue.

"I don't think old Terence meant to steal it," he began judiciously, his words and tone restoring the equilibrium of his listeners. "He is, from what I know of him, not that kind, but he might have taken it for keeps. Let's give him the benefit of the doubt and say that his enthusiastic interest in the mine made him take the rock just so that he might prove that the mine really contained such ore." A quick survey of his listeners convinced him that this charitable suggestion had been accepted. "Now without any presumption, young ladies," he addressed his words and looks to both girls, "as half owner of the Sultana, I suggest that you allow us to break this rock in two, and present

it to you as an expression of our interest in your venture, and as the first piece of high grade taken from the Sultana, stolen or simply borrowed."

"Oh, would you really?" exclaimed Barbara beamingly.

"With my partner's consent," Staley looked at Rawlins. His consent was readily given.

"Now, pursued Staley, "It will be impossible to break the piece squarely, "so I suggest that you two draw straws to determine which gets which." He indicated the two ends of the rock which he had taken and now held. "The long straw gets this end;" here he tapped the richer half of the rock.

"I'm going to draw the long straw," Barbara cried gleefully. Mrs. Carson rose and took two straws from the bloom, which stood in a nearby corner. She gave them to Staley, who held them beneath the table while he arranged them. When he withdrew his hands, the briefest ends of the two straws extended from them.

"I want to draw first," said Barbara, with much the manner of a spoiled child.

"Go ahead," agreed her companion with repressed excitement. After a careful scrutiny of the straws and Staley's tightly clenched hand, Barbara selected one of the projecting ends, and withdrew it. The straw was not more than an inch in length. An apprehensive expression crossed her face. Ann drew. Her straw was twice the length of the one drawn by Barbara.

"You just cheated me," the latter said half accusingly to Staley.

The look he gave her made her instantly regret her words.

"I really didn't mean that," she hurriedly apologized.

"I know," said Staley, "The sight of gold does strange things sometimes." At the implication of his words, the conversation began to lag. Ann insisted that her friend take the more valuable portion of the rock, which was now broken by Pete Carson with a skillful tap of a hammer. Barbara reluctantly accepted the generous offer, for the rock had broken very unevenly.

With brusque authority, Mrs. Carson said, "Now you men better clear out. These girls are tired and sleepy; Pete, you can go up and sleep with Jimmy or the coyotes. The girls are goin' to bunk with me. Ann, here, is goin' to be my baby tonight instead of you, and Barbara can sleep on the foldin' cot." This ultimatum was accepted without protest.

A quarter of an hour later, Mrs. Carson cuddled Ann Dorr upon her arm, and whispered, "I just love you, honey, I just do." Half awake, the girl aroused herself to kiss the older woman with a touch of understanding.





The Sacramento River is California's greatest highway. Transporting grain on barges.

Sometime in the night Ann Dorr awoke with a frightened start. The tent house rocked and vibrated before some onslaught. The flaps, which had been let down for the night but not fastened, whipped and snapped with pistol like reports. As her realization became more acute there came a rattle and crash of something metallic above the roar of the wind. A small cyclone had swept over a pile of empty tin cans and was carrying them aloft and dropping them where it would. She realized that a desert storm was in full swing. It seemed that everything not firmly fastened would be torn away. Would the tent house weather the storm, she wondered, or would it be swept from over them, leaving them at the mercy of the hurricane and exposed to the full sight of the rest of the camp?

She lay and tried to collect her senses. Mrs. Carson was breathing heavily. Ann marvelled how any one could sleep in such a din. She wondered if Barbara were sleeping. Barbara had not made a move nor a sound. This thought restored Ann Dorr to her usual practical self. If others could ride out such a hurricane, she reasoned that she could also. A large can, driven with the wind, smashed upon the tent top and bounced noisily to the ground. Still the others slept. There in the darkness Ann Dorr smiled. Beneath her serious side lay one as humorous when the occasion uncovered it.

"The Tin Can," she mused half aloud, "It's a good omen. There may be nothing in a name, but there is something in coincidence."

She decided to get out of bed and go out to see if she could lash down the tent flaps in order that the wind and part of the noise might be shut out. She was slipping quietly from the bed when Mrs. Carson stirred, sat upright

and demanded, "Where're you goin' honey?"

Ann explained and asked, "Is there any danger? Is it a real cyclone?"

"LORD A'mighty, honey, no," answered Mrs. Carson, who had awakened instantly and fully, "It ain't nothin' but a little breeze. You'll get used to 'em like this one. Just wait till we have a sure enough one. I've seen 'em blow a cat through a key hole. This ain't no wind. Now you just crawl back into bed and I'll go out and hitch things down." Ann was very grateful for this change of plans. She huddled beneath the covers while Mrs. Carson, barefoot and clad only in her night dress, went out. The wind whipped the door from her hand as she loosened the catch. It crashed violently against the frame work close by where Barbara's head lay, and she awoke with a startling, piercing scream.

"Where am I? Where am I? Oh! Where am I?" she cried with hysterical incoherency. Instantly Ann was at her side and was saying, "It's nothing but the wind, dear. Don't be frightened. Don't be frightened. Mrs. Carson is outside tying down the flaps."

Mrs. Carson was indeed outside, valiantly fighting the forces of nature as she flinched from the rough ground under her feet and shivered as the wind whipped her scanty clothing about in a manner entirely regardless of all proper procedure; but she persisted and the wind became less violent within the tent. Finally it became almost still when the flaps on the windward side had been fastened. There was another tinny crash; the wash tub had been blown from its moorings upon the rear wall, and went clattering down the hillside to bring up with a crash against the side of another house.

"Some little wind," commented Ann, reverting to the slang she sometimes employed for emphasis when they were alone.

"Oh!" moaned Barbara, "It's awful, Ann, it's horrid, Oh, I want to go home." Mrs. Carson had circumvented the tent house and now came in just in time to hear the girl's lament.

"What's that?" she demanded, out of the gloom. She had come in, unnoticed, "You ain't goin' to be a quitter, just because old Jupiter is sweepin' house. This ain't anything to be afraid of, honey." At first sound of the words, Barbara had convulsively clutched her companion, too frightened to speak. Her senses were clearing when Mrs. Carson said cheerfully, "Come on and pile in with us. The bed'll hold three if we lay jack knife and sardine fashion." Barbara needed no second invitation; in less than five seconds she was comfortably lying between the two other women, shivering with what was part fright, part cold, for the wind whipping over the wide, cold desert had the sting of early winter in it, though it was summer. Barbara had not yet learned that when the summer sun sets upon the high desert regions, there follows a coolness, comfortable and revitalizing, like that nowhere else upon earth. At this moment the clock, which had maintained its balance upon the kitchen shelf, struck two.

"You had better try and go to sleep, girls," advised Mrs. Carson, who must have included herself, for she absorbed her own advice literally. She was soon sleeping soundly, oblivious of the noises about her, which gave the two strangers little chance of rest for the remaining long hours of the night.

It was still early when the four men left the Carson home.

"There's things in this here village that's worth seein'," Pete insinuated to Shorty, when they were alone. Staley and Rawlins had gone to the latter's cabin to talk business.

"I've got eyes," responded Shorty, "It's the time and the place. Let's travel." The alacrity with which Shorty accepted the suggestion acted as a partial damper upon Carson's ebullient spirit. He knew Shorty would not stop at halves.

"Now, Shorty," he hedged, "I don't mean a rip roarin' time like I used to have when I was single like you, but just somethin' to make me forget, for the time, the gallin' shackles of matrimony. You sort of know what I mean, somethin' like bustin' a fargo bank or a roulette outfit or, well, takin' on enough tarantula juice to feel opulent."

Shorty stopped, and facing Carson, became very serious.

(Continued on page 274)





## Agriculture In California

By JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN



THE FAMILIAR EXPRESSION, "Mother Earth," is strongly suggestive of man's dependence upon the products of the soil. Tilling the soil means a fixed abode and it is one of the foundation stones of civilization. Agriculture must ever be the basal occupation of the human race and therefore the extent and the productivity of the tillable lands of a state are of the greatest importance.

When California was admitted to the Union few believed that it had large potential value as an agricultural area. Cattle raising and wheat growing were the leading industries. The ranchers were few and lived upon large holdings. Today practically one third of the population or more than 1,000,000 people live upon farms. So vast is the area of the state that, in 1920, the average density was but twenty-two persons to the square mile. If California were as densely populated as is Illinois the former would have a population of about 18,000,000 instead of approximately 4,000,000.

The plant foods which the soil contains are depleted through repeated cropping unless fertilizers be added. In humid regions the rains of centuries wash out the elements so necessary to plant growth. Because much of the lowland of California receives a small annual rainfall the nitrate, phosphorus and potassium, the three most essential elements, are found in comparative abundance. The importance of California agriculturally is shown by the fact that the last Federal Census gives the state fifth rank in total value of all farm crops. Texas, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and California ranked in the order given.

The breaking up of the large ranches marked a great advance in rural prosperity. In 1850 there were but 872 ranches in the state, the average size of which was 4,465 acres. In 1920 the average farm consisted of but 249 acres, as against 148 for the United States as a whole. To such an extent has division

in California gone on that more than one half of the total number of farms have fewer than fifty acres each.

CALIFORNIA'S growth in population has been phenomenal. Between 1910 and 1920 her population increased 44.1 per cent, giving her eighth place among the states. This rapid in-

crease in population made a corresponding increase in the demand for food. In order to meet this demand the area under irrigation has been rapidly extended. Large tracts, which but a few years ago produced only desert vegetation, now support prosperous farming communities. In 1920 California had 21 per cent of the irrigated land in the United States. Under irrigation the farmer places the water upon his land just when and in the amount needed. Crop failure is therefore practically eliminated.

Extensive agriculture is steadily giving place to intensive tilling of the soil.

TABLE I  
Size of Farms in 1920

Under	Acres	Number of Farms
"	20	34,067
"	20—49	31,723
"	50—99	15,034
"	100—174	13,217
"	175—499	13,671
"	500—999	5,052
1000 and over		4,906
Total		117,670

crease in population made a corresponding increase in the demand for food. In order to meet this demand the area under irrigation has been rapidly extended. Large tracts, which but a few years ago produced only desert vegetation, now support prosperous farming

Diversified farming, rather than the one-crop system, is receiving attention. California offers to the farmer a splendid climate with a continuous growing season, a fertile soil, excellent roads, a market for his crops, and unexcelled educational opportunities.



Typical Foothill Ranch in Alta, California

\* (Figures used in this article were obtained from the Reports of the Fourteenth Census.)



Table II  
Acres Irrigated in 1920

State	Acres
California	4,219,040
Colorado	3,348,385
Idaho	2,488,406
Montana	1,681,729
Utah	1,371,651
Wyoming	1,207,982
Total for above states	14,317,593
Total for United States	19,191,716

The day of low-priced land in California has passed. In 1850 the average value of farm land was \$1.88 per acre. In 1920 the average value was \$116.84 per acre. Climate is the chief factor in determining the value, but as elsewhere, soil, water, roads, markets, distance from towns, social conditions and schools play a part.

Probably many think of California as producing little but fruit and gold. Such is far from being the case. The state is a large producer of wheat, especially in the Central Valley. Consider-

cuttings per year. For the state as a whole the average yield is six tons per acre. There is a constant market for the crop either loose or baled, as it is extensively used as feed for hogs and dairy cattle.

CALIFORNIA is a large producer of beet sugar. The sugar beet does not require so much water nor so high a temperature as is required by sugar cane. The sugar beet is, to some extent, tolerant of alkali, which gives it a wider range than it would

Table III  
Production of Rice in 1921

State	Acres	Bushels	Value	Bushels Per Acre
Louisiana	480,000	16,560,000	\$27,720,000	34.5
Texas	155,000	5,596,000	11,942,000	36.1
California	135,000	7,290,000	9,997,000	54.0
Arkansas	125,000	6,688,000	11,233,000	53.5
United States	1,336,000	36,515,000	62,036,000	40.1

able is grown in the Salinas Valley and in other smaller valleys. The wheat industry is of particular interest because of the influence of climate. Because summer rains seldom occur and because the air is so dry, the grain can be threshed as soon as cut. This resulted in the invention of the combined harvester by means of which, under the most favorable conditions, one hundred acres of wheat can be cut, threshed and sacked in a day. Again, the dry summers mean that the farmer does not need to hurry to haul his grain from the field.

California is not a large producer of either corn or oats but in barley she holds first place in acreage, production and value of crop. This state together with the Dakotas and Minnesota produce more than one-half of the entire crop of the United States.

Many are not aware of the advance which California has made in rice growing. This crop requires an abundance of water and conditions which make the flooding of the land relatively inexpensive. The production of rice in California on a commercial scale began in 1911. The rice growing sections are in the southern part of the Sacramento and northern part of the San Joaquin valleys. A part of the crop is exported.

Millions of dollars worth of alfalfa are produced in California yearly. The long growing season, the high percentage of sunshine, the deep soil and the availability of water make possible several

otherwise have. The crop is cultivated in various localities and a number of factories have been established. At Spreckels, in the Salinas Valley, is one of the largest sugar factories in the world. Among the other factories may be mentioned the ones at Santa Maria, Oxnard, Anaheim and Chino. Table IV shows that, in the year 1921, Cali-

fornia had 15 per cent of the total acreage and about 16 per cent of the total value of the crop.

The value of the product of the truck farms is enormous, millions of dollars worth being sold annually. In addition to supplying the home markets large quantities are shipped to eastern cities. The chief crops are tomatoes, melons, onions, asparagus, lettuce, celery, peas, artichokes and berries. The region near Sacramento, the east side of San Francisco Bay, San Francisco Peninsula, the Los Angeles area and Imperial Valley are all important vegetable growing sections. Thousands of car loads of melons are produced yearly, chiefly in the neighborhood of Turlock in the San Joaquin Valley and in Imperial Valley.

California is rapidly coming to the front as a dairying state. During the decade closing in 1920 the sum realized from the sale of dairy products increased 175.2 per cent. Great attention is given to the dairy herds and to the dairies as well. The industry is carried on in all parts of the state, but Stanislaus and Imperial Counties are especially important.

The climate of California is highly favorable to the poultry industry. A large number of farmers carry poultry as a side line but the chief commercial return is from the poultry farms. These vary from less than one acre to a number of acres in extent. A profit of \$2.00 per hen per year is not unusual.

Petaluma is a noted poultry center and there are many poultry ranches in other parts of the state. In some sections large flocks of turkeys are fattened  
(Continued on page 285)



Agriculture in California is Intensive





An Irrigated Valley of Southern California

## A Dark Laid Plot

By CAROLINE KATHERINE FRANKLIN

**N**EXT TO A FUNERAL, Darktown loves a wedding.

When the sagging, unpainted gate before Sis' Malviny Johnson's "bohdin' house" creaked under Malviny's heavy hand, the street leading to the Colored Methodist Church bloomed like a perambulating flower garden with "best clo'es" and new spring hats, heading in that direction.

Malviny knew that she was late, so she hurried. She had something to do—yas'm! She'd show dat trash—yas-sir! She saw the nudgings, heard the whisperings of those that she passed; but she did not stop.

At the church, she was met at the door by Sis' Chloe Jenkins. Greetings were exchanged. Sis' Jenkins, eyes rolling in fear that was half delight, tried in hoarse whispers to persuade her companion from the course on which she was set. To no purpose. Malviny grabbed Chloe's arm, and steered her into the church.

"Dis heah seat will do, right heah in de back row. Slide in fust, Sis' Jenkins. I'se gwine take de aisle seat mah-

se'f. Yas'm, don' lemme miss seein' nothin', 'specially as dis heah was teh be mah own weddin', which it ain't. Ah' likes de back row. Back heah, a lady kin view de aujence wid greater perspicacity, yas'm."

Chloe Jenkins ventured a remark on the beauty of the decorations.

"Wha' say, Sis Jenkins? Yas'm Ah's boun' ter admit de chu'ch is suht'nly a dignity o' color; but Ah likes mo' refinement mahse'f. Oh, Sis' Jenkins, jes' lookit! Jes' lookit yander at de bridegroom! Lawsy, lawsy, dat dar Alkali Jones! Ain't he de man! Oh, you Alkali! Sis' Jenkins, that Alkali jes' natchully mek yo' feel lak de new moon am hung out 'special fo' yo'—yas'm. Sech a puhsonality—Ma'am? Wha' say? He laks dem heavy?"

"Yas'm, yo is suht'nly right. De bride done mek threfo' of him ef yo' figguhs 'em by tonnage, she suht'nly do. She's jus' three hund'ed poun' o' nothin' a-tall. When Ah thinks huccome dat theah yalluh impudence done wreck mah

mahied life, fo' it done got stahted, Ah jes' lose all mah exaltation fo' weddin's.

"Lan' sake, how mah h'aht do poun'!" moaned Malviny. "Lookit—dat dar Alkali Jones whut done bus' off wid me! See him er-standin' dar, des dat gran' wid his white undahtakah's gloves, an' his bes' man.

Lissen, Sis' Jenkins, de weddin' mahch! An' lookit—lookit—Heah dey comes!

**"S**EE DEM Ames'es twins unroll—in' an' stretchin' dat white crepe papuh fo' de bride ter plunk down huh flat-bo't feet on. An—an'—Ssh! Heah comes de bride.

Lawsy, lookit! Lookit dat Geranium Graham a-prancin' down de aisle on huh pah's ahm! Ain't she de kittenish ice-wagon? Lookit, honey—dat bokay! Hothouse roses an' maidenhaiah fuhn! Dat veil all submounted wid Val lace, three-fo' inches wide—now ain't dat sump'n? White satin—

Ah kain't look no mo', honey. It done blim mah eyes. An' see huh train—yahds an' yahds!

(Continued on page 286)



## Bernice Freeland Lott---Explorer

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

THE IMPULSE which has caused the Aryan race to rise en masse and spill itself over a continent in a single movement sometimes animates an individual representative regardless of conditions or circumstances. Such an instance is found in the self-appointed task of Mrs. Bernice Freeland Lott, born in Knoxville, Iowa, graduated from the convent of the Sacred Heart in Chicago, and shortly afterwards married to Egbert Phelps Lott, son of the famous railroad builder, Uriah Lott, born in Texas of Dutch parentry. Bernice Freeland Lott herself is a mixture of Scotch, English and French. She has the wanderlust in her veins; and her husband's occupation—that of mining engineer—afforded the opportunity of gratifying a desire to see and know American antiquities.

Employed by the Guggenheims the Lotts spent their early married life in Guatamala and Mexico, where both became interested in the ruins of Antigua; but before it was possible work Mr. Lott was transferred to the Atacama Desert in Chile, second only in size to the great Sahara. Here at an elevation of 10,000 feet nothing lives. A compensation for this desolation is the Chuqui Camata Copper Mine of the Guggenheim Company, the largest body of low grade copper ore in the world. It is situated two hundred miles inland from the port of Antofagasta—a choice spot long in dispute between Chile and Bolivia.

It was while staying in this isolated camp that Mrs. Lott began serious work in an old Indian village burying ground on the river Loa, dating from 1630. Here was found much of the crude pottery now in the loan collection in the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park, together with bone and carved wood work.

This tribe was called Mapuche—meaning "People of the Earth." The village itself was built of petrified vegetation which at first glance looked like a peculiar coarse lava formation; the roofs and walls glittering in the full glare of the sun like crusted salt. This petrified fiber was light in weight but firm and hard enough for building purposes.

Life in a mining camp in any Latin-American country is conducted along strict caste lines. The wife of the Superintendent is in a class by herself. The families of the engineers are second in rank, and must keep within their own



social boundaries. When it is remembered that the women of Latin-America do not go about without a chaperone or other escort, and that it is the men only who go to the cafes and drink tea at four o'clock each afternoon, one has some idea of the independence and courage necessary to undertake any kind of work outside regular domestic routine.

In the face of these difficulties Mrs. Bernice Freeland Lott has managed to collect the most extensive assortment of textiles ever brought to the United States. For four years she and her husband labored at Pachacamac, the pre-Inca ruin eleven miles from Lima, the capital of Peru. Here the burial places are terraced one above the other and all are buried beneath a top soil which indicates a lapse of centuries beyond present time.

Mrs. Lott reports five terraces as the depth to which she penetrated. The different strata clearly show that the races preceding the Incas were not metal

workers. For this reason their graves have not been desecrated, and the textiles found are in their original position.

The terraces containing Inca tombs have been rifled of their metal contents. The images and ornament of pure gold interred with the nobles and reigning princes richly rewarded the first comers, but to the true antiquarian the textiles and pottery found at a lower level are of priceless value as indicative of the culture and progress of this ancient people. The tombs yielding the best results were made of adobe bricks with plastered walls and thatched roofs of grass and reeds wove into mats four feet square and laid flat over the tiny rooms. The bodies were in one corner, and were placed in a sitting posture facing west. Above the heads and around the mummies were yards and yards of a coarse white cotton cloth tightly wound.

The burial robes were ornamental in rich colorings woven into bands, all-overs and set designs, indicating family or rank, or symbols of the sun. All the units of the serpent symbol are found in the borlas, or head bands, and in the ornate ponchos, identical with the garment of that name worn by the natives of today.

That there was no difference even in the culture and religious beliefs from Southern Mexico to the Amazon river is amply demonstrated in the burial cloths found in this area. The most exquisite bit of texture in Mrs. Lott's collection reproduces in exact form the color the famous murals of the ruins of Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Lott have loaned their rare collection to the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum, in Golden Gate Park. Here in the new addition now nearing completion will be installed those relics of a vanished civilization. The collection will be used as a nucleus for teaching Americanization to the rising generation and to the aliens who need to know the beginning of civilization in the New World. With the very fine Colonial Room, and the Pioneer and Historical Collections, already installed, the progress of the human family on the Western Hemisphere will be well dem-

(Continued on page 287)



# American Music and Musicians

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

SINCE it is my privilege to write on music in the columns of "Overland," I shall take the bull by the horns at once—so to speak—enter the arena of opera, and throw down the gauntlet in behalf of the American Composer in California. The distinguished men whose names I shall mention are doubtless known to their colleagues; but my intention, or desire, is to have them known to my readers—a vast public—and the very public I wish to reach: Charles Wakefield Cadman of Hollywood

William J. McCoy of Oakland  
John Lawrence Seymour of Santa Monica

Gerard Carbonara of Oakland  
Humphrey J. Stewart of San Diego  
Wallace Arthur Sabin of Berkeley  
Edward C. Potter of Los Angeles  
Surely a goodly list for one State alone when as a Country we are reputed to have "no American operas or writers of opera!" Later, I hope to come to the complete list, and show our public the wealth of ability in our land. What a festival California could have in the performance of its own opera-repertory; and what an addition to the history of its State such a program would be!

Right here, I shall ask a few questions concerning the rights of the American Composer of Music-drama versus the opera company, with the hope that proper action may follow.

Are not our institutions, which are considered as educational and exempt from taxation, civic, state or national organizations? If so, how can we banish from them our language and our music. If a civic opera company, through this exemption of 10 per cent on a million dollars, takes from the government so large a sum, how can it continue to be based upon foreign languages and music, 80 per cent foreign artists, with the inclusion of Americans only at the price of their renouncing the mother tongue and American music? Surely, with all the nations of Europe at liberty to send their opera companies to this country, we can get "culture" through the vernaculars of Europe, if necessary; whereas opera companies incorporated in the U. S. A. cannot be civic, state or national organizations upon their present regime or activity.

The board of directors cannot make them American, it must be the regime. Art is history. How long are we going to forget this and continue to accept conditions as they are in the field of art in this country?

The collaboration of California's Wo-

men's and Music Clubs, and the California Auxiliary of The League of American Pen Women, could create an annual festival of its State composers which would have but one result: it would be carried broadcast by radio—and surely be copied in every state in the union, by a program—if not of entirely State operas—at least, American music dramas. Shall I say, we have a



four-score list on hand? And if every one of the eighty were not to prove a success, it would still give us at least one opera, if not more, for every State to present. We have investigated enough of them to make this statement without hesitancy.

What is surely coming—and without which the Fine Arts of this Country will never have prestige—is Government

*Editor's Note: If Overland readers wish to have Eleanor Everest Freer discuss any particular phase of music in the Middle West and East, a request addressed to her in care of Overland will have response. Mrs. Freer is National Chairman of Music, League of American Pen Women.*

Patronage. But why wait, even a short while—for your State patronage would only assist our government; and in "Americanization" are we not bound to help, in every field, towards a still more perfect nation with its ideals?

My advice to California is: *Do not wait.* Give these splendid works the coming winter in one or all of your opera companies; (in chamber opera or grand opera form) and then when the Biennial of the N. F. M. C. Clubs is to take place, you will have a list to choose from and can offer,—a la *Noble Prize* system,—a fitting reward for work accomplished, the only proper system of prize-giving to follow.

And as to the public and "what it wants:" I can assure you, the public is a lamb! It takes what it gets! But *it prefers the best*; and Americans are intelligent and loyal when they get the chance. They will welcome their own art if it is brought to them with the same prestige and honor with which we favor the works of Europe. When they say "there is no patriotism in Art," the fact that "*Art is History*" disproves the statement, and we must not forget that if citizens in the United States of America prove themselves best fitted for activity in the field of music—as composers, singers or instrumentalists—and we banish these citizens and our language from Opera Companies incorporated in the U. S. A., we are, directly, depriving our musicians of a livelihood. We are stifling the progress of our Musical Art, which is a large factor in our history. The system at present in vogue is at fault and must be changed by these companies, their guarantors and the public, unless we wish to be guilty of an act which is a direct injustice to Americans. Music cannot exist without the composer; the composer cannot exist without a hearing; the artist cannot exist without the opportunity to exercise the profession for which he is by nature, best endowed.

In my philanthropic and artistic work, a few matters have been brought rather emphatically to my attention. In England, foreigners adopt the English language and become English. In our country, they keep the old language and remain foreigners—the sixty or more foreign-language newspapers still in existence being sufficient proof of this statement. One of them in Chicago has constantly increased its circulation in the past thirty years, now having over 100,000 circulation. This is proof that the

(Continued on page 287)



# Etching In California---Roi Partridge

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

**P**ROMINENCE in any field of creative art is not infrequently fortuitous. The happy chance which brings into prominence the work of the poet, the painter, may elevate the one to heights which his fellows may as equally deserve. Often times the place so attained is passing; the fame ephemeral. It is only when laymen and contemporaries alike assent to the honor, and the artist consistently maintains his work at the level which has brought him honor, that it may be definitely assumed that the distinction is deserved.

Among the California etchers the name of Roi Partridge holds deserved prominence. Usually given place as the foremost exponent of the art on the West Coast—a place to which the awards of various juries would seem to entitle him—he is with surety included in that little group which most truly represents the art of etching in the West. And if the work of the California etchers is expressive of all that is most virile in the art today, then Partridge must be given place among the best of present day etchers.

He has been identified with the art in California almost from the beginning of what constitutes the Western movement. Western by birth, though not a Californian, Partridge legitimately inherits that sense of freedom and breadth of vision which his work exemplifies. It was only, however, upon his entry into the California atmosphere that he commenced to express his inner vision with forceful directness. Where he had been hesitant, giving only partial and inadequate expression to his vision of beauty, his plates began to lose all ambiguity, to speak in immediate straightforwardness.

Physical California must, of course, be credited with a portion of this influence toward a higher art. Partridge's native Puget Sound country is a region of forested slopes. The earth anatomy is fully clothed; the underlying truth smothered, softened, in the cloak which Nature has thrown upon it. And just as the nude in human life calls for truthful simplicity of artistic expression,

the unconcealed contours of California's hills—the nude Nature-life—demand that simplicity of expression which is the highest form of art. Partridge responded. Physical California, coupled with that half-believed-in psychic atmosphere which makes the region the great center for artistic expression, commanded a new dignity of expression; his plates gained directness, a new and greater



"Sierra Shanties." From the etching by Roi Partridge

virility and beauty.

The beauty of Partridge's plates is not altogether of line, though his technique demands admiration. It is not essentially of design—the word used as expressive of that "decorative" effect which is, after all, not an essential, however much it may delight the superficial eye—though this etcher's plates are carefully planned in their balance of line, their masses of light and shade. There is present in them a subjective beauty which, however unconscious the spectator may be of it, holds direct and forceful appeal. Perhaps it is in this that Partridge's supremacy may be found; his intense and sympathetic love of Nature gives power of interpretation.

**Y**OU WILL FIND that practically all his plates deal with mountains or trees, usually holding a combination of the two. And you will find, too, that where—as in his *Los Cerros*—(see Fron-

tispiece) the tree dominates in the design, it is actually subject to the mountain beyond. The tree is the accessory, the mountain the commanding personality. This is even more clearly evident in *Sierra Shanties*, where the snowdraped firs almost fill the plate and yet are scarcely evident in the interest which the play of sun and shadow upon the snowy slope induces. Partridge loves the mountains, feels at one with them; for the trees—however close his friendship may be—it is only friendship.

If the chief province of the artist—I lay myself open to dispute in this—is to arouse in the spectator an emotion parallel to that which actuated the creation, then Partridge is justly entitled to his high place among etchers. There is strength in his work; power—but it is a vigor which goes hand in hand with poetry, and finds kinship, a softening influence, in it. It is the combination of these two which gives the strong emotional appeal. A posed Hercules has beauty; it is only his action which arouses emotion. Life is never static; and Partridge's etchings have this life-quality. Each line has strength, but it has too

that rhythm which is life.

I remarked in passing that simplicity of expression is the highest form of art; and it is possible that there, too, I may be open to attack. Yet contrast, if you will, his *Sierra Slopes* with that older plate, *The Cloud*. Now the latter is a splendid plate. It is probable that the etcher would place this as the finer product of the two, judged as an etching and from the standpoint of technique alone. But which produces the greater emotional appeal? Isn't it the former?

There is in this etching nothing of pictorial expression save the bare granite ledges which guard the lonely mountain pass. But note how dexterously the etcher has disposed his few lines to express not so much the physical characteristics as the *feeling* of intense solitude, the loneliness of the region. That lone rhythmic line which sweeps upward across the lower plate seems relatively unim-

(Continued on page 285)



## New York Plays and Players

**N**OW AND THEN a play, unheralded, sneaks into town, has the usual difficulty in finding a theater—and, once that difficulty has been surmounted, proceeds to establish itself as a hit of the first water.

Such a play is Hatcher Hughes' "Hell Bent Fer Heaven," surely one of the most unusual plays not only of this, but of many past seasons. Hatcher Hughes, it may or may not be remembered, assisted in devising a play called "Wake Up, Jonathan," which Mrs. Fiske used for awhile. But Mr. Hughes is going to ride to fame on the new play, whatever the old one may have done for him.

"Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" takes place in the Blue Ridge mountains, among those little-known people, the Southern mountaineers. It deals with the doings of Rufe Pryor, finely played by John F. Hamilton, a mental as well as physical weakling, whose little, creeping, ugly soul has been overcome by a sort of "hell-fire and brimstone religion"—a brand so well known in these old mountains. When Rufe's religious fanaticism gets mixed with his earthly passion for pretty Jude Lowry, the betrothed of Sid Hunt, his reason becomes still further unbalanced. Too much of a coward to fight Sid with his fists, he lets loose a stream of rumors, gossip and half-truths which send Sid Hunt at the throat of Jude's brother Andy—and Andy being a lovable, reckless, happy-go-lucky lad who "loves his cawn liker even when he can't handle it s' good" isn't slow to accept the challenge.

All in all, Rufe Pryor is, perhaps, one of the most despicable characters that the stage presents this season, at least, in New York. The whole play is well written, splendidly staged by Augustin Duncan, who, by the way, plays splendidly the role of David Hunt, a fine old patriarch of the mountains, George Abbot, who so securely established himself last season as "Texas," the

By PEGGY GADDIS

cow-boy in Alice Brady's play, "Zander the Great," has the role of Sid and does it very well; Glen Anders makes Andy Lowry a thoroughly enjoyable young man; and the two women, Clara Blandick as Sid's mother, and Margaret Borough as his sweetheart, are entirely adequate.

Another new play that is playing to capacity business is Frederick Londale's "Spring Cleaning," now running at the Eltinge Theater. The locale of the play is England—though it could just as well happen in America, or France, perhaps. A curious thing about "Spring Cleaning" is that the younger people are "for" it strong, voting it clever, amusing, subtle, and entirely plausible, while the older generation insist that it is absurd, tawdry, impossible and not even entertaining. However that may be, it is playing to capacity audiences of both the younger, and the older sets!

"**S**PRING CLEANING" is the story of a man, a famous novelist, who very much disapproves of his wife's friends—a group of young married women who openly boast of expensive gifts from men other than their husbands, and who consider it "quite smart" to know absolutely nothing of the whereabouts of their husbands. Each woman

has her "tame robin" lover—and when Richard Sones sees the pretty feet of his attractive wife headed in that direction, with a good-looking and very wealthy idler waiting for surrender, Sones takes desperate steps. He brings to one of his wife's smart dinner-parties, a common woman of the streets—and when the wives at the dinner haughtily refuse to know her, Sones says, much puzzled, "That's funny—I never heard of an amateur billiard player refusing to play with a professional." Thus launched, he makes it quite plain that he considers Mona, the girl whom he has brought in, as far superior to the women with whom his wife is surrounded. Eventually, of course, Mona gives both the husband and wife some very frank, straightforward, and perhaps, sound advice on "How to be Happy, Though Married." And all ends well, which is pleasant.

The lines of the play are very clever and amusing, rather breathlessly frank at times, but not offensively so. "Spring Cleaning" is, perhaps, daring, but never risqué—that is, there is almost appalling frankness, but it is the wholesome sort that doesn't leave you with the feeling that the writer was deliberately striving for a "smutty" effect. We found "Spring Cleaning" a thoroughly entertaining play, cleverly written, beautifully staged, and acted by a thoroughly com-



"The Cloud." From the etching by Rol Partridge



petent cast, the three leading roles—that of the wife, Mona, and the husband—being played by Violet Heming, Estelle Winwood and Arthur Byron, respectively, being particularly well played.

What's the matter with Cecil B. De Mille? There will be no loud outcries of "He's *all right*." In response to this question—at least, not by those who have seen "Triumph," for what, in the Satur-

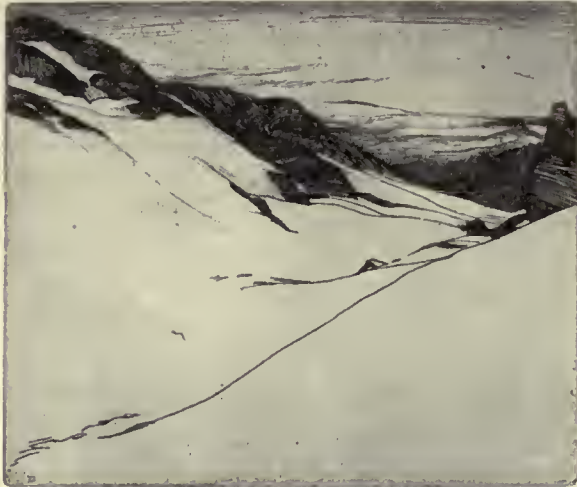
mous opera star, only to lose her voice overnight, and come back to life in the can factory, is good; Rod La Rocque, rather uninteresting and a picture that when he isn't running races with himself, or bursting into insane shouts of laughter, is an acceptable hero. And that's about as much as can be said for the picture.

Harold Lloyd's new pictures are always events of keen interest, and his latest, "Girl Shy," is as, usual, mighty good entertainment. The picture permits Harold more room to show us that he is a real, honest-to-goodness actor than some of his former pictures—those that depend on stunts and thrills rather than acting. Harold does some work in "Girl Shy" that is faintly reminiscent of some of the things Charles Ray won his fame for doing—though we say quite frankly that we consider Harold the better actor of the two—and we don't care who hears us say it.

Lillian Gish's "The White Sister" is beautifully done—but you knew that it would be, didn't you? She is quite lovely, and entirely credible as Donna Angela, and her work is all that one has come to expect of this slight young girl who has been acclaimed by many as the screen's greatest emotional actress. Ronald Colman, a newcomer to the screen, is most acceptable as the hot-headed, tempestuous

young Italian officer, and the entire picture is mighty well worth seeing.

"Wild Oranges," a Joseph Hergesheimer story recently transferred to the celluloid by King Vidor is a picture that will interest all classes and types. The beauty of the back-grounds—the swamp-country of Southern Georgia—grips one. There are only five characters in the picture—which has been hailed as a "psychological study of fear"—the girl and her grand-father, held in the grip of terror by a huge giant of a man, who is a homicidal maniac; the hero, and his trusty servant. Charles A. Post, as the maniac is superb. There are times when the bondage of terror in which the girl and her grandfather are prisoners, almost extends to the audience. The lonely, dilapidated old house, the glimpse of the ruined barn, with its bats, spiders, the opossum hiding in the walls—most of all, the terrific, hideous fight between the hero, and the maniac in the old house, at night—all are thrills that hold you. Frank Mayo is the hero; Virginia Valli a most appealing heroine; Nigel de Bru-lier, that sterling actor who can make even an "extra" bit stand out, plays the grandfather, and Ford Sterling, one of the most dependable men in the business, and who is the sailor, and, of course, Post, as the maniac, are all superb. King Vidor has done a splendid thing in this gripping picture, and his employers are to be congratulated on having his name on a contract!



"Sierra Slopes." From the etching by Rol Partridge

day Evening Post, proved, last season, to be one of the most interesting and gripping serials offered by this enterprising publication, most certainly misses fire when it reaches the screen. There are some very entertaining moments in the picture—but, taken as a whole, it is rather uninteresting and a picture that scarcely seems worthy of the man who made "For Better, For Worse," and "The Ten Commandments." Leatrice Joy, as the girl who begins the picture as forewoman of a can factory, becomes, within two years, an internationally fa-

### "HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

*He giveth His beloved sleep.  
O weary world, O heart oppress,  
He giveth His beloved sleep  
And rest.  
Yea, when the long day ends  
And shadows creep,  
He giveth His beloved rest  
And sleep.  
He giveth His beloved sleep.*

—Gilbert Moyle.



"Out West." From the etching by Rol Partridge



# A Page of Verse

## WORDS

(Called forth by the poems:

"Black Armor.")

An armored soul peers from a hiding place,  
Steps forth to take its one brief hour of grace—  
The hour articulate. The most high gods  
Must heed such words: Round, final—  
periods—  
Words, words! They droop like cedars,  
bowed with snow;  
Or, blown by winds from days of long ago,  
Plead at the casement, tap on narrow pane.

The night is black; the skies drip sullen rain.  
No hint of dawn, yet somewhere breaks the day;  
A white hope lifts, though all the world be gray—  
Words, words! Sheer, fragile beauty  
—pearl and pink  
Of orchard snows that, falling, drift and sink  
In purple pools of shade. A skylark calls.  
And life is free without these narrow halls.

—Torrey Connor.

## THE HOUR OF MY DELIGHT

Most dear, when twilight steals across the hill,  
And every little, wanton wind that teased  
All day the white stars of the blossoming trees  
Has crept away, and day is hushed and still.

When dusk pins on the quiet breast of night  
Her pendant crescent moon, below a star,  
And darkness hides the shimmering bay, afar,  
Then is the hour, most dear, of my delight.

For close beside me, while the night draws near  
You kneel: your tender hand upon my hair,  
While love and longing merge into a prayer  
That Life's Dark find me thus—  
with you most dear!

—Ethelyn Bourne Borland.

## THE STAMPEDE

As night came on, the wind began to blow a bit, and moan,  
The cattle bunched, and tossed their horns; I saddled the old roan  
And loped to help the boys, who worked with bronch and lash, and tongue,  
To keep the steers from crowding in; and as they rode, they sung:  
*"Go.. 'long, ..ye.. little.. dogies,  
Go 'long, ye little dogies,  
Go 'long, ye little dogies!  
What makes you so slow?"*

The herd will do a hard day's trail to that old droning tune;  
I've seen the calves and browsing cows, calm as a day in June,  
When maybe something ailed the steers to make 'em want to break,  
For you can hold a milling herd by warbling,—less'n they take  
A sudden notion to stampede;—an' that was what we feared,  
For cattle's got no use for wind; it gets 'em all high-gear'd.  
A coyote yelps—*Was that a shot, or but a snapping stick?*  
Oh, Lord, they're off; Ride, ride like Hell! and head 'em at the crick!  
The good old roan, he knows his job; he races tense and grim,  
And turns the leaders just this side the steep arroyo's rim.  
And as they swerve and check their stride, the bronchos all jump clear,  
For you might stop the ocean's tide before a crazy steer!  
But now the herd is settling down, and soon the boys croon low:  
*"Go.. 'long, ye little dogies,  
Go 'long, ye little dogies,  
Go 'long, ye little dogies,  
What makes you so durn slow?"*

—Mary B. Eyre.

## JUNE DAYS

*Ain't they blessed, blessed days,  
These sweet days o' June?  
Seems to me my inmos' soul's  
Jes' been put in tune!*

*Seems to me my heart'll bust  
From such happiness!  
Want to sing, jes' like them birds  
Yonder by their nes'.*

*Ain't it good to be alive  
While June sunshine stays?  
With the roses all in bloom—  
Ain't they blessed days?*

By Pearl Barker Hart

## TORREY PINES

Who are these strangers gathered on our shore?  
Seaward they stretch their arms, year after year.  
What fate from unknown region drove them here,  
To rouse our wonder, charm us more and more—  
A riddle unto sages and their lore?  
Like friends, they cling unto the rocks and rear,  
Protectingly their writhen forms; nor fear  
Great gales, yea, dance within them, and adore.

Perchance, in far off time, a storm blown ship,  
From realm remote, was wrecked upon this coast,  
And hardy men were changed to hardy trees.  
Look close and you shall see the bearded life  
Of viking bold, or yet a weathered ghost  
From Tyre or Sidon, yearning for the seas.

—Charles Granger Blanden.

## ALL THE BLUES IN ONE

All the blues of earth and heaven  
Are held in one ravine  
Across the valley.  
There is the blue  
Of all blue flowers,  
Of lupine  
And of wild iris.  
The blue of smoke  
Of forest fires  
That fills the valley  
And half conceals the range  
With many, many screens of gauze between,  
And deeper folds of draperies  
That wrap the trees;  
Or the blue smoke from the chimney  
Hanging low over the orchard in the morning —  
Or in the evening,  
When the sun has dropped behind the hill;  
Or deepest indigo  
In the shadows  
Of the ridges  
And under trees;  
Or overflowing from the wooded depths  
To meet the hazy blue  
Of far ranges and rain-swept mountains  
And the sky.

—Ethel Brodt Wilson.



# Long Distance Interviews—"Poet Beloved"

By TORREY CONNOR

*Comes to the shrine of Ina Coolbrith, "Santa Ina," Poet Beloved of California, the Passionate Interviewer: "Beloved Poet, who am I to question the Singer whose praises have been sounded by the Truly Great? And yet—and yet! The half has not been said. It would seem that one of you, only one, has been interviewed—"*

*The Beloved Poet; countering with a Twinkle: "Which one?"*

*The P. I., encouraged by the Twinkle: "Shall we say, This One? A kindly Poet, who wrote, in answer to 'lines' from a child admirer: 'You take the wreath, dear, from my head, and put it on your own, instead.' The merry Poet, whose obituary, selfwritten—Or perhaps it was not an obituary; rather, a personal post-mortem?"*

*The Beloved Poet; reflectively: "I can't remember which one inspired the obituary-post-mortem."*

*The P. I.: "If you will permit—"*

*Ina died of too high living  
In the season of Thanksgiving;  
—, in this ambrosial slaughter,  
Had accomplice in her daughter—"*

*The Beloved Poet: "Hold! Enough! I was the Other One."*

*The P. I.; producing further incriminating evidence: "Our Beloved Poet, 'Ina of Ours,' evidently is a member in good and regular standing of the Clan of March Hares. The interviewer has here a Nonsense Jingle, rhymed in honor of the March birthday of C——s F. L——s——"*

*The Beloved Poet: "Guilty as charged."*

*The P. I.: "——which the Interviewer takes the liberty of quoting:*

## MARCH HARES

"Here's a paw, Brother!  
Something of a span  
Clear across a continent;  
But I guess I can  
And with tight grasp, too,  
Seeing it's *you*,  
And I just another  
Of the March Hare Clan.  
A mad world, my masters!  
From what I know,  
I haven't a doubt  
That it is so.  
But look at the record  
Of worth-while brain,  
And see what a list  
Old March has had!  
No doubt the rest of it is insane;  
But dear old March  
Is just sanely mad.  
This is the judgment and the law!

*My hand upon it—  
I mean, my paw!"*

*The P. I. harks back to the days following on the Historic Fire. The Beloved Poet, visiting the spot where once had stood her Treasure House, bore away—a handful of ashes.*

*"This is left of half a lifetime of work."*

*Not all of it work of which the public had knowledge. No! The Poet of the Twinkle had dwelt here, with the Other One. "CAP AND BELLS," a book of poems to be published "sometime," had been born of the Twinkle; they danced on rainbow-dust, those poems, they floated on golden bubbles of laughter, they piped merry elfin tunes.*

*The P. I.: to the Beloved Poet: "Where did you find them?"*

*The Beloved Poet: "Thoughts are Things. The air is alive with them. If one came to me, and I took it, the Thought was mine. If, at the moment, I chanced to be the Other One, and sent the Thought away—Who knows where it may be now?"*

*The Twinkle is in Retreat; the Other One has come forth.*

*The P. I.: "And which of your poems, oh, Poet Laureate, has been accorded the greenest Palm of Popularity?"*

*The Poet Laureate; judiciously: "It may be—I don't know. Perhaps—"*

*The P. I.; answering the question: "In Blossom Time," first published in Overland Monthly, since included in many Anthologies of Famous Poems.*

*"It's O my heart, my heart!  
To be out in the sun and sing;  
To sing and shout in the fields about,  
In the balm and blossoming.*

*For O, but the world is fair, is fair;  
And O, but the world is sweet!  
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold  
And sit at the Master's feet.*

*Then sing in the hedge-row green, O thrush,  
O skylark, sing in the blue!  
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,  
And my soul shall sing with you."*

*The Poem of Hope, old, yet ever new; the Poem-Joyous;  
the Poem that points the way to God.*

## A TRIBUTE TO INA COOLBRITH

*Not the lark, its sky-way winging  
Knows the Singer's rapture-song;  
Hark the message she is bringing—  
Golden-throated, trumpet-strong.  
How the music of her singing  
Holds the wonder-hushed throng!*

*Tho' oft-times the music flowing  
To a minor cadence falls,  
Hope speaks in the sunrise glowing;  
Bird to bird ecstatic calls.  
Spring is here! The wind is blowing  
Free, beyond life's prison walls.*

—T. C.



# A Fisherman's Wage

By ANNA DONDO

IN ANTICIPATION of a poorer catch of salmon this year, the Alaska Fishermen's Union is demanding as a wage for its members nine cents a fish instead of eight cents as paid last year. The Alaska Packers' Association refuses to pay one cent more per fish, and the result is that the sailing of the fishing fleet is being delayed.

Non-union crews are being secured and a few of the sailing vessels have left, but it is difficult to get experienced fishermen outside of the union. The season is advancing and if by May 10th the fleet will not have sailed, it will be too late to do any fishing this year. That means that less salmon will be canned this year and you and I will probably pay more per can.

A visit to the Alaska Fishermen's Union on Clay Street led to conversation with the hardy and weather beaten fishermen. One of them gave me this picture of the conditions under which they work.

"When we get to Bristol Bay, small sailboats are manned by two fishermen who go out into the bay, half a mile, sometimes two and three miles away from the big ship and haul in the salmon in nets."

"Do you have union hours?" I wondered.

"No, lady, no union hours in the fishing business. You've got to get the fish when you can. There've been times when I went thirty-six hours at a stretch without a wink of sleep. It's when the fish is scarce that we have to work the hardest. You know we get paid by the number of fish we catch. On this side of Bristol Bay," pointing to a map on the wall, "we get seven and a half cents a fish, and on the other side, where there is less fish, we get eight cents a fish."

"Why are you asking for more pay this year?" was my foolish question—why does anybody ever want more of anything? But the answer was interesting.

"We fishermen, have a hunch that the salmon is going to be scarcer this year. You know, every fourth year there is likely to be a poorer catch. At that, we don't make very much. It's a lucky man who makes \$900 a season. The average is around \$500 for five months' work. Of course, there is no way of spending money. No moving picture shows, no girls, nothing, only a few Eskimos. But to be a fisherman, it sure does take a strong back."

"AND a weak head," yelled a fellow member across the room. Laughter greeted this outburst of witticism. The conversation became general and I learned that the men had no complaint to make against the company as far as treatment goes; that is, food is plentiful and good, and whatever hardships have to be endured are inherent to the work itself and not the fault of the employers. One fisherman was

## Mountains

I have known the prairies,  
I have loved the sea,  
Open air everywhere  
Incense is to me.

There's a lure to islands,  
Neckerchiefed in foam,  
Yet I know this is so:  
Mountains are my home.

Mountain trees are friendships,  
Mountain tops are thrills,  
Sympathy comes to me  
From the warm-armed hills.

I have sailed to London,  
Trailed romance to Rome,  
Oh, but mountain memories  
Bring me, breathless, home!

—S. Omar Barker.

a bit scornful of the hospital service provided by the packers' association, and exclaimed: "The Lord help you if anything goes wrong with you."

Although the Alaska Fishermen's Union is reaching a deadlock in its negotiation with the Alaska Packers' Association, it is not making any attempt to influence the Marine Cooks and Stewards' Association. As a result, the cooks and stewards are signing up and are ready to sail with non-union crews.

A bright eyed young Italian who was waiting outside the employment offices of the association felt that somehow the policy of his union was wrong.

"We all ought to be in one union," he said in his delightful naive way, "then the company would have to give in and the fishermen would get their nine cents a fish."

"That's what the I. W. W. preaches—one union," I ventured.

"We have nothing to do with the I. W. W.," he said in the most scornful way. His philosophy was his own and not borrowed.

"The company," he resumed, "is getting a lot of young chaps who don't know anything about fishing. It takes

a lot of experience to handle those sailboats in Bristol Bay. It gets rough and choppy and it takes a good sailor to manage a boat. Now you know what might happen if two fellows go out in a boat alone, one a trade union man, and the other scabbing on the union."

He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"But," he went on, "the company will break up the union this year; and next year you watch and see—they will be paying five cents a fish and getting all the men they need."

"Do you get enough good food?" a question perhaps unnecessary to ask of a cook.

"Oh, yes, everybody gets fat by the end of the season. The only trouble is that we haven't enough fresh water. We have to make bread half and half; half salt water and half fresh water."

When I asked the very personal question as to his reason for selecting that mode of life, he explained with an eloquent gesture of the hand:

"I don't have to spend a cent the whole five months. I come back and draw my pay of \$600. Then I take it easy the rest of the year."

"Any rough house among the men when they get bored?" I asked.

"You know how it is," he seemed loth to give details to a lady. "Some fellows do get kind of rough, especially the Mexicans that work in the canneries. But a couple of days on bread and water makes them so meek, they say, 'I'll be good.' We've got to lock up some of them and punish them. Six years ago, there used to be ruffians that would just as soon throw a few Chinese overboard as not. But now, no rough house allowed."

Further inquiry developed that on board the sailing vessels bound for Bristol Bay, there are not only fishermen, stewards, and cooks, but also a horde of Orientals and Mexicans who put the salmon into tin cans for general consumption. They are not organized into a trade union.

Perhaps right here there is an object lesson in trade unionism versus the open shop. While the men who belong to the trade unions are receiving fair wages and good food, those who are not members of a trade union receive neither adequate wages nor decent treatment according to their statements.

Not only is there insufficiency of fresh water but lack of food as well. In a recent recommendation adopted by the Association of Pacific Fisheries, it was

(Continued on page 282)





## BOOKS and WRITERS



A NEW VOLUME of Frank G. Carpenter's "World Travels" comes to this reviewer, with its 125 illustrations from photographs. This travel-writer has all his arrangements so systematically adapted to sight-seeing and fact-gathering that he soon makes his readers feel as if they were millionaires, with yachts, motors, caravans, credentials from six dozen governments, and hosts of newspapers running his letters.

Mexico just now is one of the problems which the United States can and will solve, through patience, friendship and neighborly education. Carpenter's "World Travels" series contains no more timely volume than this which in fact extends its studies over as far south as Honduras, and quotes from the records of Toltecs, Mayas and ancient philosophers who deserve to be as well known as Solomon and Marcus Aurelius.

Among the thirty-five chapters of the book we note these: Lost Mines and Bonanzas; Cortez and the Montezumas; The culture of Aztecs and Mayas; Floating Gardens of Xochimilco. Carpenter describes all the principal cities of the neighboring republic, giving special vividness to the City of Mexico, to Guadalajara, Puebla, Jalapa, Toluca and Tampico. The last chapter, "Our Investment in Mexico," says that Americans have put a billion dollars into developing the natural resources of this rich country, especially the oil fields. We come first among investors, the English come next, then French, Germans, Spanish and Dutch. All the land held by the Japanese totals in value no more than \$750,000; the Chinese have much less.

Our investments in Mexico began in the days of Diaz and the record made down there by our men of skill, money and brains seems to Carpenter a very creditable one. It is the few adventurers who refer to the Mexicans as "greasers" that manage to stir up mischief. The better classes often send their sons and daughters to the United States for education, and appreciate such opportunities. Carpenter thinks it is the Peons, suspicious and over-sensitive, who question

our motives and sometimes call us hypocrites. One could wish him entirely correct in his estimate. At any rate, the new Mexican land laws are slicing up the big estates, the new regime is establishing schools, and the peasantry of Mexico will have its chance to develop a real independence and a better outlook.

This is the eighth volume of Carpenter's "See the World" series, is published by Doubleday, Page & Company, and costs four dollars net.

—Charles H. Shinn.

### A NOTE ON ELDERLY MEMBERS OF LITERARY CLUBS

We're panting up the golden stair  
With bonnets all askew,  
We're chasing Old Man Culture,  
We aim to ketch him tew.  
We aim to grab him by the tail,  
Or pin him to the wall,  
But when we reach the place he's  
at

Why! He ain't there, that's all.

—Marion MacCalman in the *Gossip Shop*, May Bookman.

### INDIAN FIGHTING

DAYS WHEN APACHES filled the southwest with terror are brought again vividly to mind in this recent book by Forrestine C. Hooker, "*When Geronimo Rode*." Though the story is fiction, it is likewise fact, for Mrs. Hooker in her own person experienced the colorful days of this last uprising of the Plains Indians. Her father fought under General Miles in this campaign, and Bonita's story—which is the romance around which the story centers—is Mrs. Hooker's own love story. Those who enjoy the thrill of an Indian fight, as well as those who have profit in tales of our own early West, will find the book pleasurable reading.

*When Geronimo Rode*, by Forrestine C. Hooker, Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00 net.

### STORIES OF THE FIRST AMERICAN CRIMINALS

THIS LARGE and handsome royal octavo volume written by George Langford, is illustrated in black and white by the author and also has full-page color illustrations by Ty Mahon. It is a book for young and old to possess and to enjoy from cover to cover; it is full of humor, beauty and scientific knowledge, so balanced and woven together that we are certain it will be in constant demand for years to come.

A careful hunt through all available English and American "Who's Whos" fails to reveal anything about the author beyond his own simple dedication: "To the memory of my father, Augustine G. Langford." But still (such is fame) he wrote "Pic, the Weapon-maker" and "Kutnar, Son of Pic," both of them strongly recommended by the American Library Association.

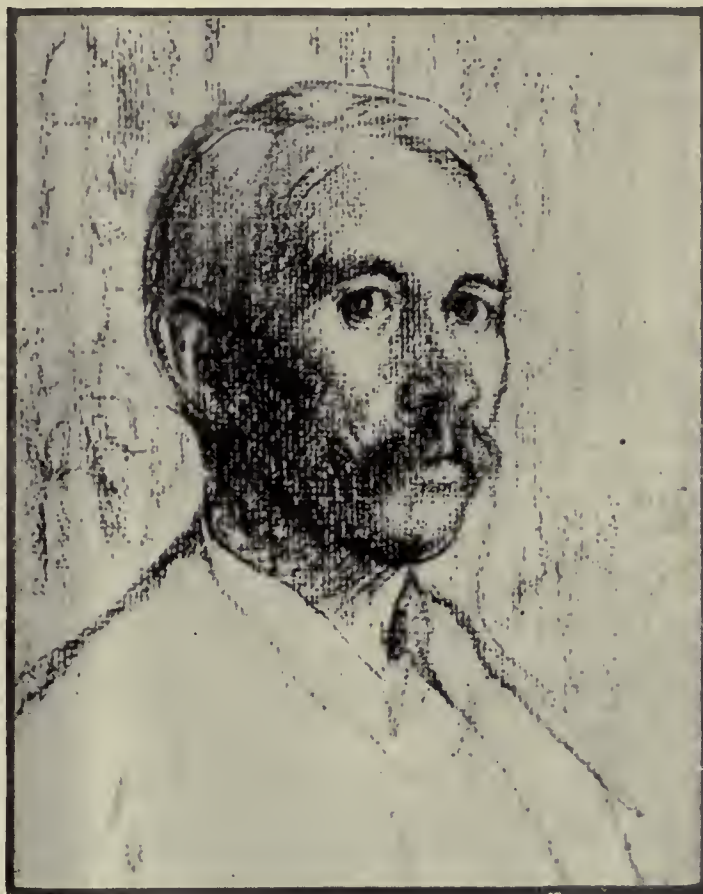
The book is rightly named "An American Jungle Book," for it carries us back into this continent's prehistoric past, millions of years ago; it tells us that the first of the camels roved over the American Desert, and afterwards fled to Asia for safety; it describes the last of our elephants, our dragons, our little horses not bigger than dogs; our sabre-toothed tigers and our earliest toothed reptile-birds.

In his Introduction, our author bids us look back a hundred million years, and study the first signs of animate life on this earth. Then at the flabby molluscs, then at the first vertebrates, then at the waddling land creatures, the reptiles, and in fullness of time, at Man.

Thus he describes the American continent of a hundred thousand years ago, and earlier: "Land-levels, vegetation and climate were different, too. Mountains and great rivers were yet unborn. The arid plains of today were the jungles of old. Could we go back in time and travel over the United States, our country would appear an unknown and remote region. Strange animals were



*A PENCIL portrait of C. E. Montague by the English artist, Francis Dodd. Mr. Montague's wife calls the portrait, "Jungle with native," but the writer himself trusts that the sinister cast which it gives his countenance may be thought intriguing.*



moving from place to place in search of suitable food and accommodations. All of them possessed the inborn power to adapt themselves to various conditions and to live the lives that suited them best.

Every creature had its own way of trying to live and grow. None of them was thrown into the world without resource. All were sown like seeds, with the power to shift their positions to such soil as best suited their healthful development. Every last one of them was given a chance, and even those who failed, lived long lives and their disappearance was most gradual.

The reader is now taken back to the age of the great dinosaurs whose fossilized remains are found in Montana and Wyoming. This introduction is managed by bringing in a little, warm-blooded, inquisitive mammal called "Jock the Jungle Jinx" who starts to travel and see what the world is like. He has countless hairbreadth escapes, but his mind undoubtedly develops. Before long, however, he leaves the scene; Eohippus, the "Dawn Horse," the dreadful Bear Cats, the "Merman of the Chesapeake," "Toto the Non-Progressive," and "Mammut, last of the Mastodons" carry the story along. This certainly sounds youthful, and yet the whole

book rests upon a solid basis of facts for both young and old. The publishers are Boni and Liveright; their price for the book is three dollars net, and we understand that the author has one or two more books in the same field which will soon appear.

—Charles H. Shinn.

#### *A HIND LET LOOSE*

THOSE who derive amusement from the facility with which alleged art, music and dramatic critics juggle words—who recognize their dexterous saying of nothing in the multitudinous flow of words—will be keenly interested in this superb bit of irony by C. E. Montague. Brumby and Pinn are rival newspaper publishers. Fay, Irishman, clever and with a clever wife, writes editorials for Brumby. Fay, Irishman, clever, writes—unknown to Brumby, and under the name of Moloney—editorials for Pinn's opposition sheet. Long practice has made Fay extremely fertile in reducing the labor of his dual office to its lowest terms. He possesses formula which are readily adaptable to the moment's service, and his method of reviewing an exhibition of paintings is to take the catalog and—running through it—append to the various names those stock paragraphs which seem best to fit. (Having

the hint, Overland's readers may glance through the next art review of their favored paper and see of what proportion of words and substance it is made up. The following extract from Fay's writings may be reminiscent:)

"Mr.—has, we are aware, been highly praised by those who know. But what, we would ask, are the qualities of an artist of the first rank? Surely dignity, reticence, ordered spontaneity; nerve in the best sense—the sense of a robust felicity that goes directly, almost brusquely, to the heart of the matter in hand—largeness and simplicity of conception; a sane and lofty positiveness, as it were, of execution; rigor to discipline the unessential; a plastic power not necessarily carried to sculpturesque extremes of cold and austere abstraction; but need we go on? That Mr.—has some, nay, most of these attributes, no one could deny. But has he them all?"

Sound familiar? Try it on your audience of one or two at the next exhibition and see if they don't accept it as readily as did Fay's readers. And the complications which ensue with Brumby's and Pinn's contemporaneous discovery of Fay's duplicity add interest to the author's delightfully whimsical telling.

—H. N. P.

*A Hind Let Loose*, by C. E. Montague. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00 net.



### UNTOUCHED SOURCES

FOR SIXTY YEARS, from the time of Bret Harte to the veriest beginner among today's writers, have been told the tales of the pioneer folk of the West. And yet there's a hoard of unused material still available to the hand of the writer who is willing to search for sources rather than imitate the product of stronger souls.

Rosalie Harrison is one of those who have delved, and she emerges with a little volume of pioneer tales, her "*Stories in Rhyme*." There's a little of the fanciful in the volume, but the greater part is made up of verse founded upon actual incidents related to Miss Harrison by friends who knew intimately the earlier life of the mining camps in California and Nevada. It's homely verse. It's verse for reading aloud. It's verse for loving.

*Stories in Rhyme*, by Rosalie Harrison.

### FOR HOME LOVERS

OLD-FASHIONED SONGS of a House and Garden. Those who love the old houses and the old gardens with their thronging memories, will find pleasure in this dainty volume. The verse is as simple as the affection it expresses.

#### WITHIN MY ROOM

Sunlit, hearth bright or in gloom,  
Here within my own dear room  
All the stirrings of my heart  
Seem of it a very part.  
Oh! its walls my secrets keep,  
If I smile or if I weep;  
Here I need be only I,  
Free to laugh and free to sigh.

Blessings then upon my room,  
Friend in firelight, sun, or gloom.

*Old-Fashioned Songs of a House and Garden*, by Florence Van Fleet Lyman, The Knickerbocker Press. (no price given.)

### THE MUSING WANDERER.

UNDER THIS TITLE Anton Gross has brought out a story of the sea and of the West. There is adventure, color, a wealth of action, strung upon a thread of romance which carries the reader through to the end.

*The Musing Wanderer*, by Anton Gross. Roxburgh Publishing Co., Boston.

#### "NUMBER ONE JOY STREET"

will delight the younger readers of the *Overland*. It is the book that Walter de la Mare, Eleanor Fargeon, Hilaire Belloc, Madeleine Nightingale, B. Kathleen Pyke, Laurence Housman, Mabel Marlowe, Halliwell Sutcliffe, Edith Sitwell, Hugh Chesterman and Rose Fyleman have joined in writing. Appleton is the publisher. They call it "A Medley of Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls," and it is illustrated in full colors and with black and white drawings and decorations.

## The "High-Graders"

(Continued from page 260)

"Pete, I'm sure shocked at you," he began, "temptin' me like that. Now don't you realize that I'm the chaperone of two innocent, respectable young ladies? Don't you see I've got a social position to keep up? Beside, if you mean gettin' entirely polluted, I ain't with you. All at once, Pete, I sort of feel like a full grown father with feminine responsibilities."

"Shorty, you're gettin' old," retorted Carson.

"Maybe I am," agreed Shorty, "and sensible. Now if it's to just have a little razoo around, all right. If it's to raise hell, it's all off. I'm goin' to bed."

"Shorty, you're in love," suggested Pete, "I know the symptoms."

"You're a liar," returned Shorty with good humored emphasis; then he asked, "With which one?"

"The little brown-eyed one, of course," replied Pete confidently.

"Hell!" said Shorty disgustedly, "You ain't no judge. Come on, let's go down to the Northern."

In justice to Jimmy Rawlins, it must be said that he would have preferred going with Shorty and Pete rather than to the business conference with his new partner. Jimmy was not given to extravagant dissipation, but he was young, virile and highly human. He was the virtual possessor of one hundred thousand dollars and still held a one-half interest in the Sultana mine; his exuberant spirit would have made him talk of

less serious things than were to be considered, had he not held himself in.

WITH admirable self control Rawlins sat himself down opposite Staley at the small table upon which a candle had been lighted. Staley began the conference with a short discussion of geological conditions and theories, as applicable to the Sultana mine formation. He talked with the technical ability of a man who has gained his knowledge from rocks as well as books. He had not talked for five minutes before Jimmy Rawlins had forgotten all about the bright lights which had momentarily diverted his thoughts from his main chance. He began to supplement Staley's facts and surmises with practical suggestions.

Gradually the discussion took the nature of practical things entirely, and as the hours passed, unnoticed, the two miners went into plans of development, equipment, and operation of the mine. At last they came to the more intimate details of hiring men, and the like, and into all of these calculations Staley was reckoning with the high-grade of the ore he sanguinely expected to encounter in large quantities.

"Jimmy," he said, sometime past midnight. He had to speak above his usual moderate tone to make himself heard above the rising roar of the wind. "I can't be with you much of the time, because of my other interests. You'll have to take the active superintendency

of the Sultana. I'll give you all the advice I can, but I think you can handle it. Now I'd suggest that you put old Terence in as foreman. Give him a try-out. He knows ground, and how to handle men. Leave that to the Irish."

Here Rawlins interrupted, saying that the fact that Tierney had taken the first piece of high-grade from the mine did not recommend him for a foreman who could be entrusted with tons of such, should the mine prove up to their expectations.

"I know we'll lose plenty of it," Rawlins finished, "but we don't want our bosses high-gradin' on us."

"Give him a chance," protested Staley. "Sometimes the best way to make a man honest is to show him that you believe he is honest. I think that little piece of high-grade Terence took came to a very happy end." The tactful reference to the present owners of the ore caused Rawlins to smilingly agree to Staley's proposal.

At midnight business in the Northern was in full swing. The great barn-like structure was half filled with men. A line stood the full length of the long bar, drinking, while others stood back, waiting for an opportunity to get to the front line. Groups of men stood about the room confidently talking of fabulous sums or indulging in wild, alcohol-inspired metaphors. A big miner, coat thrown aside, stood and boasted of his fistic prowess and invited all comers to

(Continued on page 276)



# This Interesting World---Sometimes I Am Glad That I Live In It

## "WOMAN'S DAY"

(The prize winning letter)

FOR unnumbered ages men ranged the earth, hunting, fighting, discovering, exploring—all for the joy of action. This is the secret of man's soul. No woman is able to understand it.

Woman does things for utility. No woman ever did anything without a definite, concrete object in view. If a woman ever killed a bear it was because she wanted its hide for a comforter. A man kills a bear to prove he is more of a bear than the bear is. He wears its claws for a necklace. To him, the hide is only a by-product.

Woman looks on all these natural joys of man as pure piffle. And down the ages, plodding after her vainglorious, bear-necklaced mate, carrying on her back her comforter and her baby, she never for one day has lost sight of her definite objective—the hour when she could put her man to useful work, and make an end of all his foolishness.

Woman's day is come. Men, millions of them, with sloping shoulders and number thirteen collars, are at useful work—useful because it produces enameled apartments, and shiny cars and silk lingerie.

And the women? Ah! For the first time in the ages they can sit at ease (meanwhile keeping a vigilant eye on certain undersized males, their especial property,) and discuss whether or not they will have it bobbed, and what not.

But man is rapidly deteriorating. The type most successful under the new conditions—the man occupying the swivel chair—is wide of beam, unconsquential of shoulder, plump of face. The survivors of the ancient type—the lean, masculine type that conquered the earth—they among us are most likely to land in the penitentiary.

The future of the race looks dark. Yes, women have a good deal to answer for!

—"Peeve"—Berkeley.

## "WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?"

*Weighted with a heavy burden  
Man, immured, unresting, toils:  
Only thus sufficient guerdon  
Meets the cost of woman's spoils.*

*She or he? The age-old question!  
Which shall outdoor freedom own?  
"Both!" we say, no new suggestion—  
Inequalities have flown.*

(Continued on page 287)

Conducted By IDA CLAIRE

*Let the women get together  
Tyrant Fashion's rule to ban;  
Dress according to the weather:  
Common-sense appeals to man.*

*Charm with comfort—economic—  
More alluring far would be  
Than queer freaks of anatomic  
Rule-clad incongruity.*

*Man—released ere falls the grey night;  
Woman—freed from rivalry;  
Seeking trees and flowers by daylight;  
This Utopian would be!*

*Ida Clair "started something" when, in April Overland, she ventured to repeat a man's comment on women. "They make life artificial," he said, "because they must have things soft and easy."*

*Overland has received, from all over the country, replies to Miss Claire's invitation to say what YOU think about it. Some of the most interesting are re-printed here in whole or part, together with the prize-winning letter. You won't accept its conclusions; neither do we—but isn't it good?*

*Tell us: Do you agree with "Peeve" in his estimate of woman's attitude toward man? Does he deserve the first place given him?*

*For the most interesting reply of 250 words or less received before July 1, a check of \$5.00 will be given. Address Ida Claire, in care of Overland.*

*Add an automobile, maybe;  
Luxury they now may own:  
Then—who knows?—perhaps—a baby  
May for years of waste atone!*

*Are the premises accepted?  
Sometimes surely!—Yet reversed  
Often: carelessly selected,  
Men should be confined—or hearsed.  
—Cecil E. C. Hodgson.*

## "FOR A PRETTY MORON"

YES, the "thoughtful man" is right—women have a lot to answer for. This type thinks that there is such a thing as something for nothing. She is the "give-me" girl, one of the reasons why so many men die around fifty. Heart trouble, high blood pressure, or shock is the diagnosis; but behind the worn-out heart are the years of struggle and over-work in an effort to acquire money—money for the up-keep of some pretty moron who insists on "keeping up with the Joneses."

"My wife wanted that damned fur coat—now she has it!" A young Boston man whom I had known declared only last December before he sent a bullet through his head. His accounts were

short, an investigation was on and he couldn't face the music.

Women have a lot to answer for, and I, for one, think that it is high time that an effort was made to teach the "give-me" girls that they must learn to pull their own weight.

—Mrs. M. A. M. Massachusetts.

## "HIS OWN DESIRE"

(Winner of Second Place)

IS it the fault of woman that man is forced from the open into the close and stuffy office? The normal man goes into his office, works hard all day, tries to get ahead, but this is done for a different reason. In the hidden recesses in the heart of every man that works for woman (and there are few who work for other purposes) there lies the reason for his striving—his love and respect for the woman or women he supports. He does not slave for woman herself, but for his desire that she may have things comfortable. Being a woman myself, I know—and all of my sex know—that there are women who try to get all they can from man. They care nothing for how hard he may labor; they care only for their own personal gains. It is such a woman who discourages a man and leads to statements such as that we are discussing.

But, is it the fault of woman that a man may gain money dishonestly? He may do it in order that the woman he cares for may live well, yet it cannot be held that woman's fault. Her comfort may be the reason for man's striving; yet it cannot be the cause for any degrading acts.

Man is deprived of a life in the open through man's desire that his loved ones may have a life filled with the best he can offer.

—Bona Fida—Minneapolis.

## "IS IT THE WOMEN?"

DO MEN as a rule prefer the open? I think not. Many enjoy auto trips to hunting and fishing grounds—so do their women folks. There are almost as many women "hikers" as men, but the men I know who prefer to live in the country are invalids. Among my able-bodied male acquaintances I can not arouse much enthusiasm for ranching, even in blossom-time. Engineers who must work in the open often deplore their homeless existence.



## The "High-Graders"

(Continued from page 274)

step up and call him a liar by word or action. No one gave him more than a glance by way of attention. In a line of chairs against the wall opposite the bar, several men sat, sleeping off the effects of their enthusiasm. Among these was Terence Tierney, his chin on his breast, silent as the Sphinx save for his heavy breathing, his fiery eloquence quenched by a more fiery fluid.

Men crowded about the faro layout and waited expectantly as the dealer deftly slid the cards from his case, or watched the case keeper as he snapped his colored beads across their wires, denoting the cards which had been dealt. There was the rattle of chips, the clink of coin as bets were paid or lost. Above it all, the lookout sat silently in his raised dais and watched the move of every man, the turn of every card. The air of the place was surcharged with excitement, obscenity, tobacco smoke, and the smell or whiskey.

It was about the roulette wheel, however, that the crowd was most densely packed.

Shorty Dain and Pete Carson stood near the corner of the table nearest the bar, in such a manner that their identity could not be clearly made out. They had started playing with a stake of five dollars each, which by a remarkable and consistent run of luck had been run up until a huge stack of chips and coin lay before each of them. Both were entirely sober, for their talk of painting the town red had been but bluff. They played with the nervous tension which characterizes the non-professional gambler, yet for all their trepidation the amount they had staked was small, and they would not be over-disappointed if luck went against them to the extent of losing their original stake.

Opposite the croupier stood three men, who had been plunging heavily and losing steadily. When the last bets they made were lost they called down the wrath of Providence upon the game, the dealer, the house and their luck in a wild burst of profanity. This got them no more attention than a supercilious smile from the man behind the wheel and some jeers from the crowd. Still muttering curses upon their luck, they broke backwards out of the crowd and were forgotten. Their places filled automatically by the pressure of men from behind.

One of the players who reached the table was Joe Bullard. His countenance wore a scowl which characterized him when he was slightly intoxicated. He tossed a twenty dollar piece upon the table and said belligerently, "Give me a stack, Slim, and move up. I'll bust this layout in about three turns of the wheel." The lithe, dark, ferret-faced

man behind the wheel smilingly complied with Bullard's request. As he shoved the stack of chips across to Bullard, Slim Daly quickly appraised the new player, whom he knew well.

"WHAT'S the matter, Joe?" he asked. "Somethin' riled you? Poor frame of mind to play in. Say, what's that lump or your jaw? Somebody plantin' one on you?"

"Shut up, you pikin' tin horn," belowered Bullard, "and play. It's none of your damned business who soaked me, but if you want to know, Shorty Dain did it. He had a couple of tarts with him and I spoke to them and it insulted him. I'll get that——" he finished his threat with a string of oaths.

The vehemence of Bullard's words caused a tenseness to instantly fall upon the crowd. Many of them knew Slim Daly was not the man to let even this affront pass without resentment. His head went forward as his black eyes focused upon those of Bullard. His right hand was going swiftly under the edge of the table. It was not quick enough, however, to command the entire attention of the crowd even if they could all have seen the movement. With the instinct for impending trouble and a desire to be out of it, the mob swept back, but not entirely under its own impetus. Shorty Dain had heard Bullard's insult and was breaking back through the crowd like a mad bull.

Before he could half comprehend the nature of the exodus his action had precipitated, Bullard was left alone at the table. He whirled as he heard, "Don't draw, Slim, I'll attend to this. It's my pie," and Shorty Dain, white-faced, crouched before him. The next instant Shorty sprang forward, and his open right hand smote Bullard viciously upon the face. With a quick reversal of his form, Shorty duplicated the smack with his left.

"Fight, you dog," cried Shorty, as his feet went firmly to the floor and his body set itself for the next move. Bullard's right hand went clumsily to his hip pocket and he was withdrawing a small automatic when he stopped the movement at Slim Daley's calm "Put that up, Joe, or I'll have to bore you. Shorty never carries a gun, and besides shootin' don't go here, unless I'm in on it. Put that gat on the table!" Bullard turned, and influenced by the unwavering muzzle of Slim Daly's Colt, laid his pistol on the table.

"Now go to it," ordered Daly, who came around the table with gun in hand and took a position beside the spot where Bullard's pistol lay.

Seeing that shooting was not immi-

nent, the crowd closed in, forming a half circle about the three men.

"Fight, you pup, or swallow what you said," repeated Shorty, as once more he took his stand, after delivering two more slaps on Bullard's anger-puffed face. Bullard struck out clumsily and missed Shorty's head by a foot. Shorty landed a hard right on Bullard's swollen jaw, and before the promoter could regain his balance Shorty's left rocked Bullard's head the other way. Bullard was a large man and muscular, and not easily floored when he was on his guard. He lunged forward and though Shorty hit him twice more, the force of the blows did not prevent his grappling. The fighting became vicious, with Bullard raining blows with his free hand upon Shorty's stomach and Shorty uppercutting repeatedly with his right. His fist was crashing into Bullard's nose and eyes with telling effect, for the blood spurted from the latter's nostrils. The silence was broken only by the noise of battle and the scant comment of a few onlookers, when from somewhere behind came a loud, "Whoopee!"

In his dreams the noise of the conflict came to old Terence Tierney as the crash of a cannon, the rattle of musketry, the blare of bugles, the smashing of army against army, the thud of irresistible force against immovable objects. He woke, standing upright and yelling. Instinctively he located the scene of battle, and like a berserker bull he burst through the rim of spectators to the fight which raged furiously, with Shorty slowly gaining the ascendancy.

Once inside the ring, old Terence took in the situation at a glance. An expression of utter scorn swept over his features. He turned his back upon the fighters. "I thought there was somethin' doin'," he said in loud and deep disgust, "and it's but two hens a fightin'. Is there a man present who would like to step forward and meet Terence Tierney for the champeenship of the camp? If there is, he can step out. The bout will be limited to one round only." Terence threw his coat into a corner of the ring and struck his pose.

At this moment the crowd began to give way directly before Terence, and the miner who had previously defied all comers stepped into the cleared space and faced the old timer.

"You!" cried Terence, with high disdain, when he had identified his accepted adversary, "You mud hen! I thought some man would take me up for one round, but come on, if you're the only one." The boastful champion lunged and struck wildly, and the force of his own momentum carried him almost upon Terence, who delivered a short arm jolt



which caught the miner fairly upon the point of the chin. He went down like a catapult thrown into the crowd. This saved him from striking the hard floor, but it took out of him all his pugilistic aspirations. He slept peacefully, oblivious of the commotion in which he had participated. Shorty had fought himself free from Bullard's grasp, and almost as the miner went down, he swung hard for Bullard's solar plexus and made a perfect score. Bullard crumpled up and sank limply to the floor. Terence stepped up to Shorty and grasped the latter's hand.

"I come up to see if you needed any help," he said, "and you didn't, so I had to defend the champeenship of Sultana. Will ye come on and have a drink?"

"No thank you, Terence," replied Shorty, puffing hard after the strenuous fray, "I think I'll go home to bed, if I can find a place to sleep. I think he'll be good now." He indicated Bullard, who still lay upon the floor where he was being given first aid by some of the spectators. Pete Carson came up to Shorty's side and the crowd parted to let the two make their way to the door, and out.

IT was past one o'clock when Staley and Rawlins completed their plans for the opening of the mine. The wind was beating violently against the cabin, rattling its rough boards and occasionally ripping a shingle loose, which whirled away with a droning sound, audible even above the noise of the gale. Inside, the single candle sputtered and cast fantastic shadows on the walls, and on the rafters above. The fire, which for the past two hours had been kept going in the sheet iron stove had burned out. The occupants were beginning to feel the chill and fatigue that comes with early morning when there has been no sleep.

"I guess that's about all for tonight," Rawlins at last ventured, after a shiver and a yawn.

"Yes," agreed Staley, "if there are any details we have overlooked, they'll be brought to our attention by their absence. I think I had better go down and turn in. Shorty or Pete will be along here at any time to bunk with you."

"I'm sorry that I can't find you a place, Bill," Rawlins apologized, "Now if you will take my bed here, I'll go and look up the others. We can find a bed somewhere." Staley rejected the generous offer, with thanks, explaining that he had a bed of a sort at the hotel. He had grasped the door latch, and was holding it, while he amplified a trivial detail regarding the mine, which they had not thoroughly discussed. Suddenly the door flew from his grasp and swung inward, almost upsetting him. The light went out, and before he was aware of the nature of what had occurred Shorty had called out, "Light up,

and let us in out of the breeze." With Pete he crowded in and closed the door. Rawlins struck a match and touched it to the hot candle wick, which flared up instantly.

"Holy catfish, chills and no fever," shivered Pete; "This wind would blow the spots off of a deck of cards;" he came nearer the cold stove and attempted to warm his hands.

"What's the matter with you, Shorty?" Rawlins inquired. His friend was more than a little disheveled and there was a small contusion upon his left cheek, from which the blood trickled,

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### THE LITTLE WINDS OF APRIL

Across the years and down the world  
The winds of April blow;  
All laden with the old, old dreams,  
And singing soft they go.

They sing of sunny hillsides,  
Where on the sweet new grass  
Lie pale and lovely shadows  
Of breathless clouds that pass.

They sing of white roads winding,  
Of poplars marching straight  
To where the curved sky beckons  
And friendly blue hills wait.

Oh, other lips may answer,  
And other hearts may fare  
To see the young Spring dancing  
With windflowers in her hair;

But Grief and I with prisoned feet  
Must ever stand apart—  
The little winds of April,  
I think will break my heart.

—Lilian Amy Powers.

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His face was white with anger, and his manner tense and constrained. His throat muscles worked convulsively, as if they would not emit the words he was trying to speak. At length he mastered his emotion and said, apparently with great effort, "Oh, Joe Bullard got to shootin' off his head and I had to trim him again. The damned cur. Mentioning those girls down there before a saloon full of drunken bums. Jimmy, there are times when I think I could kill, and this came mighty near to bein' one of em." Shorty launched into vehement narration of the incident, punctuated with original and unusual expletives.

"I wouldn't get worked up about it," advised Staley, "You know Joe and his breed. They don't count for much in affairs that matter. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, even if you try. Joe is all hog bristles and hog skin. Forget it, Shorty. What do you say if we all go down and have a cup

of coffee and a sandwich before we turn in?"

"It goes with me," Shorty replied with one of his quick changes of emotion, "I'm rarin' to eat, come on." Rawlins and Pete Carson readily accepted the invitation. This much of the night had gone. Why not use another hour or so out of the remainder? There were plenty more nights to sleep. The door was opened and the first blast of wind extinguished the light, while the men picked their way around the scant furniture in the dark and out of doors.

They breasted their way into the gale toward the saloon lights dully shining through the dusty murk. At the lower end of the main street a single red light somehow managed to hold its flame above the force of the wind. From its direction the tinkle of a piano and the twang of a banjo came fitfully. Save for these lights and a single glowing window opposite the Northern, the camp was dark.

"Where shall we go?" Staley called to Rawlins who walked beside him.

"Down to the Mulligan Dump," replied Rawlins, "It's the only place open. Don't you remember Mulligan Mike? He used to run that lunch counter at Tonopah.

A few minutes later the four squeezed their way into the Dump, holding the door so that as little as possible of the wind could enter with them. It was, for the camp, a rather pretentious lunch counter. Its front portion was a long narrow room, some twenty-four feet in length. Along its length extended a high counter, before which ranged many stools. At regular intervals along the counter stood little groups of pepper and salt shakers and other condiments, while on shelves behind were arrayed tempting looking pies and doughnuts. Extending back of this room was another, a smaller room without an outside door, leading into the longer one. The partition had been deleted so the inner space took the shape of the letter T, the stem being inordinately short, and forming the kitchen, the bar out of proportion in length forming the lunch room.

TWO patrons, who from their appearance were either gamblers or parasites of the Red Light Line, or both, sat near one end of the counter, their coffee before them. In the kitchen a small man, clad in snowy coat and apron was broiling two steaks upon a large range, while near him a pan of grease sputtered over the flame of a small gasoline stove. Until he had finished his cooking and had delivered the viands to the waiting patrons, he paid no heed to the new arrivals, who seated themselves side by side at the end of the counter opposite the other two men.

(Continued on page 284)



## Northern Lights

(Continued from page 246)

"Where—" he began, and a door beyond the cupboard opened.

THE CHAIRS were in Bill's way as he stumbled to meet his sister, and his eyes were too dimmed for him to see her face before he crushed it against his shoulder. But he heard her voice as it used to ring to him above the shrilling of the skates on the icy length of the river.

"Bill, you're strange and hard and stark as a spruce, but I'd know you if you came from another world. Bill, darling, you're home in time for the northern lights."

Her eyes were as the bluebells that used to lift their cool stems on bunch-grass hillsides. Searching her face for the lines he dreaded, he saw a threading of gray in her rough brown hair, but her wide mouth curved up at the corners in the old way. His own lips grew grim in his effort to keep them steady, as he turned Rhoda within his arm to the fireside.

He talked to them readily in answer to their curious questions, recounting his months in prospect and mine and mill. Amy's eyes ran critically over his stiffened khaki and worn boots, but Edgar's face grew eager at the sale of the Cerro Gordo.

"You're home—that's the main thing," said Rhoda.

"Yes, and there's no reason why you can't stay," said Edgar, heartily. "Here, you kids, stop your rowing and scamper off to bed."

The small pajamaed figures flitted in and out among them, drooping kisses light as snowflakes. Bill felt the pressure of their cool restless fingers against his face after Rhoda had chased them off to the bedroom. He turned his head to listen to the shrill screams as their bare feet pattered on the icy boards between the islands of rag carpet.

"Great kids, all right," he nodded, smiling, to Edgar.

"The little girl is Rhoda's," said Edgar. "She was born soon after Albert's accident—just after you went away, I think," he hesitated, apologetically.

Rhoda returned, and Amy rose to clear away the supper table. Edgar presently joined her in the kitchen, and after a while they looked in to say good-night.

"We'll visit tomorrow. Tonight you will want to talk to Rhoda," Amy said, with careful cordiality.

Rhoda opened the heavy door of the heater, and lifted a knotted cluster of dried sunflower roots from the box behind the stove. She threw them into the fire and dusted her fingers lightly

as she watched the oily flames. The firelight fell strong on the creamy white dress that rolled back from her smooth full throat and round wrists. The room was full of the pungent odor of the burning roots.

There was the sound of an outer door opening and a new voice in the kitchen. Rhoda closed the stove door noiselessly, and rose to her feet with a quick glance at Bill.

"Who's out there?" he asked, raising himself, slowly, from the deep chair.

She answered low but easily. "Only George Webster. He often runs over in the evening."

"Sheriff Webster?" Bill rose to his feet and regarded her in silence for a moment. "I am going out to speak to him," he said, turning to the kitchen door.

"No, no!" Rhoda's hushed voice was tense. She darted ahead of him, and blocked the way between the chairs and cupboard. Bill put his hands on her shoulders and pressed her aside.

"Rhoda, stand back! I am going to see him. Do you think I will wait here to be hunted down? Let me go."

"Wait a minute!" She seized his wrist, as he caught the door knob, and, drawing the door slightly open, she pressed it against him, and slid through the opening into the kitchen. He pulled roughly at the knob as she held it firmly from the other side.

A sharp cry from the bedroom turned him to the open door. In the bar of light falling from the dining-room, he saw Rhoda's little girl sitting up in her crib.

"I'm stretched," she said, raising her big eyes to him. She repeated it several times, but he could not understand until her curved finger pointed to a darkening bruise on her forehead. She explained very volubly how she had slipped down so that the iron knob of the crib had grazed her forehead and nose.

"Oh! Well, we'll fix that all right," he said, and he fingered the articles on the dim bureau until he found a small jar. Then with gentle movements of his hard hands he salved the bruised spot. Pretty soon she sank back on the pillow, and he tucked the small quilts about her little creased neck. He returned to the dining-room as Rhoda came in from the kitchen. Her face was calm.

"George Webster is gone, Bill. He came to borrow Edgar's squirrel trap. But he will return it tomorrow. Then you shall talk to him if you wish." She led him to the sofa scarred by the marks of their own clambering shoes. "Talk to me tonight, Bill."

They talked, not of Cerro Gordo and his sale, nor of Edgar and Amy and Sheriff Webster, but of strong skiing trips across these hills, of high school picnics in the sarvis-berry washout, and of the swift turn of their toboggans where the slope of Steptoe Peak whirled into the black smoothness of the river. Presently Rhoda went to the window and lifted a snowy curtain.

"It's time for the northern lights, Bill."

They went up the slippery staircase by the banister his own small trousers had polished, and Bill followed his sister into a chamber of spotless white, where a great soft bed was spread with comforters billowy as snowdrifts. The room was weirdly lit by the deepening glow from the northern window. Bill walked over into the pointed gable where they used to shiver in their nightgowns watching for the miniature sleigh over the northern hill. Presently he felt Rhoda's cool cheek against his shoulder.

"Bill, I always knew." The surge of her voice was close to his ear. "I always knew, Bill. They told me it was an accident—that he fell off the bridge, and that you wandered away and did not care enough about us to come back. As if they could tell *me* about *you*! I always knew."

BILL'S FRAME stiffened as he looked down on her face lit by the strange glow.

"But you loved him, Rhoda."

"Yes," she said, "I did. You see, he brought me joy with the misery. Bill, I knew why you did it." She looked out into the deepening north and spoke with hesitating care. "I did love him in spite of the suffering. But those things pass—that sort of love and suffering. With you, Bill, it's different." She paused. "You were my little brother," she said, leaning back to look up at his face high above her own. "Do you remember the day I put you behind me on my sled to slide down Steptoe, and we whirled into the barb-wire fence? I was sick for a minute, and when I opened my eyes you were rubbing snow on my torn face with your funny little fists, and I heard you say, 'Sister! Wake up. Bill is stopping the hurt.'"

"Here is the scar," said Bill, touching a scissors-shaped white mark on her flushed cheek.

"There are the lights," said Rhoda, and they watched the pink shafts until they melted in pale radiance.

What was it that hunted a man down? Somebody said that it was not

(Continued on page 286)



## Thad Welch

(Continued from page 257)

standing, they were forced to seek other quarters.

From then on until leaving Chicago they lived in an abandoned opera house near Sixty-third Street. It had been condemned because of the lack of exits and shortly before they took up their abode there, had been used by the artists to paint their huge pictures for the Exposition and for this reason Welch had a key.

The place was gloomy and desolate; however, there was a sunny protected corner up on the roof which commanded a wonderful view of the city and this compensated for the gloomy interior. They lived in a room on the upper floor and had a studio adjoining. A bell was arranged on a rope and lowered from one of these upper windows.

Some of the curtains and hangings were used for a mattress and water was obtained from a livery stable near by. Even with this meager outfit they were hospitable and had a dinner party one evening, asking some artist friends and served fresh oysters and a quart of milk and crackers. The knives and forks were those left by the actors and then used by the painters to mix the paint. Was it any wonder that under these trying conditions Ludmilla became ill and for months was but a shadow of her former self.

Someone remarked of Welch when he married Ludmilla Pilat, "he is an artist, and she did not have anything either." If poverty develops genius then Welch had small reason to be otherwise. Years of struggling and privations were met and shared by his uncomplaining little wife, whose only thought was to protect him from the vicissitudes which befell them. The unfortunate habit formed in those sorrowful days in Munich but augmented their misery and contributed not a little to their misfortunes. However, in view of all this his little helpmate kept a cheery countenance though her heart was sad and oppressed for what the future might have in store.

CALIFORNIA had always possessed a wonderful fascination for Thad Welch and when an offer came in November of 1893 to paint in Pasadena, he accepted it gladly.

They left Chicago for the West with the promise of work from Professor Lowe, for whom Mt. Lowe was named. Coincident with their arrival in Pasadena there was a financial depression throughout the United States and their patron informed them the work must be postponed. Their funds were gone, for there had been just enough to bring them to the Pacific Coast and the situation looked very gloomy.

After two weeks in Pasadena they went to Los Angeles and rented a studio in the Temple Block, but they could not sell any pictures and their suffering was extreme.

Ludmilla procured a piece of orange wood on which she painted a branch of oranges with some realistic flies crawling in the foreground near a half-peeled orange. This she hoped would appeal to the tourist trade and she took it from shop to shop only to meet the same caustic refusal. Temporarily discouraged and weak from lack of food she returned to the studio and wept. The rent for the studio was due and Welch wrote to his friend, Nelson Hawks, who sent him money sufficient to meet this difficulty.

Not being able to sell his pictures, Welch worked decorating the fiesta wagons, for the Fiesta of the following Spring. The pay was small but at least it afforded them food and shelter.

Charles Lummis once said that, "One man in San Francisco would buy more pictures than all Southern California put together."

Welch realized that there was small opportunity of selling pictures in Los Angeles and having faith that San Francisco would prove a better place to locate, they came North by boat, traveling in the steerage. This was the time of the Mid-Winter Fair and San Francisco was full of excitement and very festive.

However, they could not attend the Fair as they did not have the entrance fee and after a brief sojourn in San Francisco they went across the Bay to Mill Valley deeming that living would be cheaper in the country.

They camped on the old Shroeder Place and then rented a cottage for four dollars a month. It was unfurnished but they had a bed given them and used packing boxes for chairs and a table. Welch's paintings were their furniture.

Once a neighbor asked the artist what they lived on and he replied "mussels and mushrooms."

A strange fate, that in the guise of misfortune should send him to those Marin Hills which were to develop his genius and establish his fame.

From then on Welch did masterful work. He saw things in an elemental way, got at the large side of nature, and the results were forceful, convincing pictures, so virile that they caught the spectator immediately.

Travelling over the hills to the Redwood Canyon, now "Muir Woods," he caught those rare effects of early morning when the atmosphere veiling the contours of objects with a light mist

would yet be saturated with clear sunshine. Or late afternoon when the mellow rays of the sun flooded the yellow hillsides and cast great shadows in the remote depths of the valleys, and when the cattle followed homeward the well worn trails.

IT is not necessary to look for his signature to recognize a Thad Welch painting—there is a style that bespeaks the master, and his landscapes have always the smell of the earth and smack of rusticity, till one feels like following the cowpaths out among the sunlit hills.

One day some members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco passed Welch while he was painting on the hillside above Mill Valley and bought a couple of his pictures—this was his first boost. These pictures aroused the curiosity of the art world of San Francisco and there were then many anxious to know more of this new artist over in the Marin County hills.

Welch and his wife did not remain long in Mill Valley, for in tramping over the hills they discovered a spot in a little steep ravine beyond the Redwood Canyon, that seemed ideal for their home. "Steep Ravine" they called it and a narrow, steep ravine it certainly was, with tall redwoods and laurel high up in the glen and a tiny stream at its base winding down to the sea. The nearest habitations were scattered dairy farms, which lie all along this Coast, as Marin County is noted for its cattle and dairying.

Willow Camp, then but a few shacks, lay under the brow of the cliff in back of them and Bolinas was about fifteen miles distant. Stages did not pass that way and the only means of access to their retreat was to tramp nine miles over the ridges by the "Lone Tree Trail" from Mill Valley; unless of course one possessed a conveyance. Then the badly kept road was small inducement, and consequently was little traveled except by the dairymen going from farm to farm, for their products were hauled to Bolinas and shipped to San Francisco by a schooner.

However, the remoteness and isolation of the place had no terrors for these artists; in fact, this but enhanced its value in their eyes as an ideal place to paint and study free from the interruptions and annoyances of urban civilization.

Soon Welch began to build a cabin, the lumber for which was shipped from San Francisco by schooner and then hauled to the road above and lowered down into the ravine. Being as good a mechanic as an artist, it was not long

(Continued on page 288)



## Barrister

(Continued from page 252)

Barrister gave her a brilliant smile. Mrs. Hastin nodded.

"I hail from Vermont, myself," he told her. This statement might well have placed him in the wrong light, but he gave it never a chance. For an hour he held her attention while he told her of his New England home. She could almost see the big white, green shuttered house on the little knoll, surrounded by sweet maple and apple trees. Unconsciously, she enjoyed with him sleigh rides and skating parties. She listened delightedly to his description of the lake tucked away in the hills, where he had often gone swimming. So forgotten were her fears and distrust that without fully realizing what she was saying, she told him of her own beautiful home in Virginia; and of the tragedy of war, when it was burned. Barrister's next question brought her sharply back to the present.

"How is the boys' herd coming?" he asked.

Mrs. Hastin stiffened. Angry with herself for talking so much, she answered shortly. "Pretty badly. They've had so many cattle stolen."

Barrister raised his eyebrows. "Then they don't follow the example of their neighbors?"

"They're honest," she replied briefly.

"I'm glad to hear that," he told her with a laugh.

The laugh nettled her, so that she spoke that which her better judgment would not have moved her to say: "If the boys could drive their stock to the hills in the spring, they could do better," she remarked significantly.

Barrister still smiled, but his eyes narrowed. "So that's it, eh? Well, let me tell you. If it were possible to range cattle on the hills, you folks down here wouldn't get any grass. All this trouble is being stirred up by some big cattlemen farther west, who want to drive their herds east in the spring and graze them on the hills to fatten them. It's a fine scheme for them, but not for me or the valley cattle raisers, as their flood of fat beefs would spoil your market. As long as they have to ship in feed or sell them down river to be fattened, they can't undersell you. They've used all the little cattle raisers as tools to drive out the sheep raisers. I'll admit they've made it deuced uncomfortable at times." He glanced at the rifle above the door.

HE AROSE, walked to the corner and picked up the violin case. "Do you care if I play?" he asked. Mrs. Hastin looked her surprise, but, before she could reply, he had opened the case

and removed the instrument. Swiftly, with expert fingers he tightened the strings, which for over a year had remained lax. He carefully rosined them and then sounded them gently with the bow. Again he adjusted them; then, with a smile, he turned toward her and began to play.

The violin was not in good tune. A year of idleness had dulled its tone and confused its notes, but Barrister played it well; not the tunes she had expected to hear, but those she had unconsciously wished to hear. "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," and last of all "Ben Bolt" once more livened the lonely ranch house and lightened the heart of the little, gray haired woman, who sat by the table as though entranced.

A blinding flash of light flooded the room, and with it there came the jar of thunder close at hand. Suddenly the music stopped, Barrister laid the violin

---

### A WORD AT PARTING

Why, what if but a single hour divine  
Is ours today? Your voice has filled  
my heart

With tender echoes, and like aging wine  
The memory of your kisses will impart  
A growing poignancy to life. And mine,  
Your lips would tire of them—but  
not your heart.

—S. Omar Barker.

---

on the table and leaped to the window. For a moment he stood peering out into the night; then swiftly he drew on his boots and sprang through the doorway.

Mrs. Hastin followed him to the door and looked out toward the corrals. The barn stood strangely silhouetted against the sky. Through every crack and chink there gleamed a weird yellow light. She stood transfixed. By a flash of lightning she saw Barrister almost to the barn, running through the mud like some grotesque giant. In a moment he had opened the door, and, as he did so, a sheet of ghastly glowing light leaped forth, followed by a rolling cloud of yellow smoke which enveloped him as he sprang into that roaring furnace.

Ten, twenty, forty, seconds crept by, a minute, but Barrister did not reappear. Without considering what she was doing, Mrs. Hastin ran through the pouring rain toward the barn. At the door she stopped. Inside and at the farther side of the barn, she could see the great mound of hay a mass of livid flames, from which a cloud of thick yellow smoke rose to the roof, then down the wall and out the door in stifling gusts.

The heat was terrific. She flung an arm up to protect her face. A corner of the roof fell in with a crash. The mad flames, freed from their narrow prison, rolled upward toward the weeping skies. The noise increased three fold. The hissing of the rain as it fell into the raging flames was mingled with the crackle of burning hay and the crash of falling timbers. The thin outer structure of the barn seemed to crumple like paper before the fierce onslaught of the wild flames within.

Suddenly out of that maw of smoke, and seemingly out of the flames themselves, Barrister stumbled, dragging a saddle after him. He stood dazed for a moment, gazing into that blazing inferno from which he had just escaped. Mrs. Hastin started toward him, but he took no notice of her. Slowly he turned and walked uncertainly toward the house. He dropped the saddle on the porch and entered. When Mrs. Hastin reached the doorway, he was standing in the middle of the floor, wiping the smoke from his face with his handkerchief, while the water dripped from his clothing, forming a muddy pool on the floor.

He looked at her queerly. "Too bad," he said thickly, "your barn. Lucky the boys have the horses. Hay don't count much. They've got plenty more in the stack." He shook his head. "Got my horse though. My only pal." He looked at the long rifle. "That was the horse that Bob thought he finished, but he didn't, and now lightning's got her." He stood musing. The effects of the shock were wearing off. He seemed more natural.

At last he went to the door and looked out. When he returned he brought his hat and overcoat; the latter he put on over his already wet garments. He looked at Mrs. Hastin with an inscrutable smile.

"I guess I'd better go," he said at length. "I've sixty miles to go by tomorrow, and this isn't a healthy country for me to walk through in the daytime. Tell Bob he hit me and not my horse, even if he did brag all over the country that he spoiled her. I dismounted because it hurt me to ride. But now—"

Swiftly he turned and passed out into the storm before she could attempt to stop him. In front of him lay sixty miles of open trail, which he faced unflinchingly; behind him, within the cabin, a little gray haired woman bent over a mute violin. Outside a mound of steaming ashes still snarled at the God of Storms.



# Poets and Things

ONE naturally expects those magazines which are devoted entirely to poetry to make their selection of verse for publication upon a somewhat different basis than those whose chief aim is the entertainment of the reader. And so if their content sometimes appears to the layman a barren waste, it is only what might be expected. The technician scorns the "pap" put forward in the guise of poetry by the popular magazines; so, at any rate, the balance of appreciation—or non-appreciation—is maintained.

The Poetry Editor wonders, however, if it is altogether impossible to reconcile the two, bringing them together upon a ground where might be build a poetic movement which should be sound in formula and free from the mold and the musty rags of outworn tradition; and which should still retain those "heart" elements which are demanded by ninety-nine readers out of a hundred.

After all, poetry does not exist purely for the pleasure of the poet; for the gratification of his expression. If it is poetry it has a mission which is above and beyond any purely selfish connection with the author or his fellows. Beauty is universal, finding expression in various mediums. Only when that expression likewise approaches the universal does the avenue of the expression attain to its intended height. And no expression is universal which does not make general appeal.

THE Poetry Editor has been delving through the May number of *Poetry*. There's a wealth of words, there are occasional—lovely lines; but neither words nor lines alone make poetry. Interesting as the number may be to the technician, it is a desert to one who is desirous of substance. And just why is it that the modern poet finds it necessary to give expression to the sensual in his effort to keep away from traditional paths?

There is little of reticence about the younger poets of today. If they have experienced in themselves all these things of which they write—and, praise be, most of them have not!—they are indeed a wiser lot than their fathers and mothers. There's a group of "Seven Poems" in *Contemporary Verse* (May) which, as a personal expression to some one dear, is a lovely thing, and a pure expression of poetry. But, bartered and sold, doesn't it lose its poetic content? Isn't its loveliness prostituted when it is sold in the market place? That seems the chief deficiency in the make-up of the younger generation of verse writers; their lack of appreciation of the fitness of things.

But in the last poem of the issue *Contemporary Verse* has compensation for the reading of over-much "spring" poetry and the group just mentioned. "The Smiling Ghost of Blaith" is a delightful expression of mysticism, splendidly done.

IF the Poetry Editor has sometimes ventured the suggestion that there were too many poetry magazines, it was with no thought that one of the oldest in the group was shortly to withdraw from the field. And with the word that *Lyric West*, pioneer among Western poetry publications, closes its career with the April issue comes a distinct sense of loss. *Lyric West* has been a strong influence in the building up of poetic interest in the Western states, and has brought to light not a few versewriters who might otherwise have failed to secure hearing. Here is gratitude and appreciation to the one who founded the magazine and car-

ried the burden for the three years of its existence, Grace Atherton Dennen.

AND now the third issue of *Four*, that distinctive publication which carries the poems of the quartette of Southern Californians who founded it. Taken as a whole the Poetry Editor finds more to his taste in this issue than in previous numbers. David Grokowsky has in his "Mister Smith is Sick" a poem of strength—marred by its last two lines and its title, for just what connection Mr. Smith's illness has with the content of the poem the Poetry Editor doesn't know.

Yosef Gaer prostitutes his real ability to a lengthy picturization which is meaningless. There is no argument as to his ability to speak—but the Poetry Editor wearies in waiting for him to really say something. Life is too hectic an affair for one to read always between the lines.

Just why a poet who does at times express real beauty in lines of corresponding worth should care to descend to the tinkling inanities of "At a Studio Party" only the author thereof, H. Thompson Rich, can say. Knowing that such things exist, and admitting that they may add color to certain pictures, the Poetry Editor fails to find sufficient reason for dragging in the references to filth and lewdness which chiefly make up this expression. Rich comes nearer attainment in his "Quest," trite as the subject of April may be.

But it is in "Impermanence" that is found the poetic content of the number. W. H. Lench, editor of *Pegasus* (San Diego,) is here at his strongest. Formless—as conservatives regard form—with no ornament of rhyme, and with a most elusive rhythm, the expression is but slightly separated from poetic prose; yet because of its substance and the manner—not the method—of its expression, there is here a splendid addition to the poetry of the day. Lench is, when he chooses to be so, a philosopher. In "Impermanence" he is both philosopher and poet.

SUBTLETY, POIGNANCY—these be the rallying cries of the newer school of verse writers. And the Poetry Editor takes pleasure in referring the exponents of said school to that masterpiece of subtle expression in *The Bookman* for May, Miss Lowell's "The Sand Altar." It's all about beautiful gods with feather plumes and swivel eyes—tastes do differ, of course—and dragons with curling, iniquitous tails, and frogs singing in green darkness.

Or to its companion "poem" which stands under the title of "The Humming-Birds."

"Pound and hammer me with irons,  
Crack me so that flame can enter,  
Pull me open, loose the thunder  
Of wings within me.  
Leaving me wrecked and consoled,  
A maker of humming-birds  
Who dare bathe in a leaping water."

For the information of those who do not know, the Poetry Editor ventures the information that this exemplifies poignancy.

THE Poetry Editor in a recent number made the statement that to Howard McKinley Corning was due the credit for the poetry pages of the Albany (Oregon) *Democrat*. Mr. Corning advises the P. E. that Charles Alexander is the editor of these pages. Mr. Alexander not only conducts these pages in both content and make-up, writing the Sunday editorials, but is also prominent in Oregon literary circles through

his several prize-winning stories and a successful novel.

ANTHOLOGIES used to be a novelty. When someone issued a new one all the poets the country over would crowd around and try and get in the picture. It was an honor to be counted among those present, and no disgrace if you were among the missing for only a few could sit in the high places.

But it's different now. Every day brings forth its announcement of a new compilation of verse, collected for this reason or that, or for no reason at all; until even the most eager young poet scarce stops chewing her gum to listen to the announcement. And to find that one has not been included—why, that is sheer calamity, for it brands the poet as being of not the slightest importance.

The Poetry Editor has contended that few anthologies were significant. Each reflects the preference of the compiler for a certain type or types of verse. Few compilers are unswayed by name and reputation, and they thus give place to writers of recognized standing with slight regard for the poet who has his reputation still to make.

There is, however, one anthology which comes out year by year which is of interest and value. Not to be judged on the basis of poetic content, for much of the verse it contains is defenseless as against the critic, its value lies in its sincerity, in the expression through verse of the public heart; its reflection of the moods and whimsies of the people. Franklyn Pierre Davis of Enid, Oklahoma, performs a real service, largely a labor of love, in issuing his "Anthology of Newspaper Verse."

THE present day newspaper gives little space to verse, and when perforce it must accept something of the sort from a valued subscriber it is usually without discrimination. It is for that reason, lack of standard, that to be known as a "newspaper poet" is less of an honor than it was in the days when the editor of the country paper was a man of no little education and had an appreciation of literature.

Yet even today the Poetry Editor occasionally finds, tucked away in the corner of some small weekly or daily, a poem which deserves preservation. The following, "Isle Loma," by Winifred Davidson, is from *The Beach News*, of Ocean Beach, California; and proves that even nationally known poets find appreciation by the country editor. Winifred Davidson is National President of the American Literary Association.

"Long lay this Loma Isle; from age to age  
A lift of little hills turned from the West  
Where Ocean Beach finds sea-away; with  
high crest  
Or bordered canyons where the small  
white sage  
Went pouring honey cups in vassalage  
To ancient spring forever. She was dressed  
In wilding ferns, pinks, lilies—on her breast  
Lay poppy gold, her sun-wrought heritage.

"A murmuring of bees perhaps; perhaps the  
whirr  
And rise of tufted quail. I know the tide  
Beneath ten million moons ran here, ran  
there,  
While Loma waited like a waiting bride  
As lonely and as lost as if she were  
A lovely thought that Time had put aside."



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Full particulars and conditions are given in February *Overland*.

**Overland Monthly and Out-West Magazine**

SENTINEL BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

## FISHERMAN'S WAGE

(Continued from page 271)

advised that the members "ascertain before the expedition departs that contractor has sufficient foodstuffs to serve three sufficient meals per day of food suitable to nationalities employed, and see that they are served."

Some of the abuses may be guessed by the following resolutions of the packers' associations to correct them:

"Sub-contractors to be eliminated.

Medical inspection of all employees.

Refuse employment to anyone afflicted with venereal or other communicable disease, or those showing indications that they are subject to the use of narcotics.

Search and remove from all employees firearms or other weapons and drugs.

Control of purchase of outfits of employees before sailing and see that articles purchased are delivered at reasonable prices.

Eliminate contractors' stores.

Eliminate sale of food by cooks.

Discourage gambling and prevent all deductions from wages for gambling debts.

On vessels furnish comfortable quarters and a liberal supply of drinking water.

Limit purchases in Alaska to not more than \$30.00 per man per season.

Canner to supervise payment of men under the contract in the presence of a deputy State Labor Commissioner."



## The Editor's Brief Case

WITH this issue Overland opens two departments which serve to round out its expression as regards the Arts. In opening its department of Music, Overland feels exceptionally fortunate in having secured the services of Eleanor Everest Freer (Mrs. Archibald Freer) of Chicago. Mrs. Freer both by virtue of her present position—she is National Music Chairman of the *League of American Pen Women* and Chairman of *The American Opera Society of Chicago*—and through her musical background, is exceptionally well qualified for the work she will do for Overland.

Eleanor Everest was born in Philadelphia of New England parentage, her father and mother—Cornelius Everest and Ellen America Clark—both living near Hartford, Connecticut. She studied under her father; later with Mathilde Marchesi (voice) and Benjamin Godard (diction) in Paris. She was a pupil in theory of the late distinguished Bernhard Ziehn. She sang in Paris for many of the noted musicians of the day, including Verdi, Liszt, Massenet, Godard, Vidor, Bemberg, and others.

Although but twenty-two years of age, Miss Everest returned to Philadelphia upon the death of her father to teach in his place; and to make for herself in a few years time a name not yet forgotten. In 1891 she married Dr. Archibald Freer of Chicago.

Mrs. Freer has been a serious and forceful exponent of the cause of our vernacular. She has set to music English and American classic and standard verse, in songs and part-songs; also an opera, the words written by the late gifted Josephine Preston Peabody, the one-act "Legend of the Piper." Olive Maine conducting, this was given with success in February of this year by the Progress Club at South Bend, Indiana.

Mrs. Freer devoted her entire time from 1914 to 1919 to war-work, for which she received from Belgium the "*Medaille Reine Elisabeth*," and from France the "*Medaille de la*

*Reconnaissance*," together with the "Silver Cross" from the French Red Cross (*Association des Dames Francaises*.) It was with the close of this work that Mrs. Freer founded the "Opera in Our Language Foundation" and later the "David Bispham Memorial Fund," that she might advance the interests of the musical art in America.

OVERLAND also opens this month a department of reviews of the New York plays. Peggy Gaddis, who will conduct this page, is a young playwright and author, at present located in New York, and with first hand information of the things of which she writes. She is neither directed nor controlled by Overland's advertising department, but has instructions to treat fairly but frankly the plays she reviews. A review is valueless from any standpoint unless it is the fair, frank estimate of a qualified judge.

THE story of "*Los Penitentes*" as given by S. Omar Barker in April *Overland* has occasioned comment from all parts of the country. There are many Doubting Thomases who refuse to believe that such practices exist within the borders of today's United States, but these are from sections where the *penitentes* have never been heard of as existing. Those who know at all of the order express only wonderment at its widespread activities, crediting Mr. Barker with having given an unusually complete and definite account of the little known sect.

One well-known author writes from Connecticut in commendation of the article. Speaking of *Los Penitentes* he says: "There must be something primal in it, which we have not yet recognized or named. Anyway, here's an excellent thesis for the doctorate. Why don't you suggest it to the next young college man who is looking for a new subject? What a refreshing change it would be!"

### WITH A MASTER WRITER

JUST why and how an author writes and just how he began are of interest to his readers. Those who were held by Harold G. Evarts' *The Cross Pull*, those who followed it delightedly when it came out on the screen as *The Silent Call*, the first dog story ever filmed, may like to know how Mr. Evarts took to writing, as men are said to take to other habits that sometimes lead to the pen.

Nine years ago Harold G. Evarts, his wife and little boy went to their newly purchased fox farm at Wapati, Wyoming, half way between Cody and Yellowstone Park. The cold was too severe for Evarts' little son, and Mrs. Evarts returned with him to Kansas City.

Left alone in the endlessly long evenings. Mr. Evarts read the fiction of the West with almost exactly the reaction of James Fenimore Cooper more than a century ago to the English stories of his time. He could do a better one

himself. And in the seclusion of his fox farm Evarts wrote *Tumbleweed*, the opening of the Cherokee Strip, *The Yellow Horde*, and the stories afterward collected under the title of *Bald Face*. His best work, at least it is so regarded in the East, is *The Old Timer*, on the theme of the conservation of the parks. It was written at the solicitation of George Horace Lorimer, who went with him through Yellowstone Park.

Evarts did his share in the war. Recently he sold the Wyoming farm and again in his home in Hutchinson, Kansas, he is writing the stories that so many readers have learned to associate with his name. A Westerner by birth, he is to be a Californian in time, we are told. He has spent one summer on this Coast and will probably visit his mother and sister, Mrs. Bigger and Mrs. E. C. Fox on Hillcrest Road, Berkeley, before autumn.

—Laura Bell Everett.

### INSOMNIA

I had tossed about  
Through the measured clock ticks  
Of a dreamless night:  
Ah, how the darkness  
Stung my sore brain cells,  
Like a spider's bite!

And I had counted—  
Until my raw nerves screamed—  
Great herds of white sheep:  
Watched them clear a gate  
Like light balls of floss,  
At a single leap.

But I had listed  
All my heart's chattel wares—  
All goods on Life's shelf:  
'Tis well when Soul's doors,  
Ajar through Night's span,  
Reveal one to Self!

—Jay G. Sigmund.



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### THE "HIGH GRADERS"

(Continued from page 277)

From his manner, Mulligan Mike was apparently oblivious to the presence of patrons, other than the ones he was serving. He made a last rapid survey of the section of the counter at which the two men sat, satisfied himself that all was right, and stepped over to serve his other customers. He was smiling genial welcome, and his smile gave the wish that these men, too, might leave

his place satisfied. The others, who were eating, had gone out of his thought.

He wiped his right hand carefully upon his apron and extended it to Staley, whom he had known for some years, and to Shorty. Staley accepted both the hand and the salutation that was given with it.

If this man owned a baptismal name, he alone knew of his possession. He had been in every boom camp, and in each had been known as Mulligan Mike. His

friends addressed him as Mike, or sometimes as Mulligan. By nature he was a wanderer. This rise and fall of mining camps gave him opportunities to let his bent run. There were always new golden fields ahead when he had tired of the old one. He had been one of the first to set up business in Sultana for he had caught early news of the strike. His trade name perhaps, as much as his culinary ability and good service, would have made each of his moves successful but for his love of gambling.

The appearance of the steaks which had been served the first two men so impressed the new comers that late as was the hour they unanimously decided to let Mike repeat the orders. The small clock upon the shelf in the kitchen registered half past two when the orders had been served and eaten. No other patrons had entered and Mike had taken a chair near the stove, where he sat dozing. Shorty, Rawlins and Pete Carson were undoubtedly influenced by this sleepy attitude. They were, too, satiated with the quality and quantity of the meal.

"I'm a rarin' to get to bed," Shorty finally ventured, after giving up hope of any of the others making the first move. Instantly Rawlins and Carson slid from their high stools and in such a manner as to prove their acceptance of the suggestion. Staley did not move. He was wide awake, and had been for the past few minutes. An idea had come to him, and he had waited for this suggestion of bed from one or another of the trio.

"I think I won't go just now," he said, "I'll stay and have a talk about old times with Mike. You boys go on up to Jimmy's cabin and turn in. I'll go over to Lee's and try the cot when I get to the point where I can't avoid it any longer."

Shorty was unwilling to accept the poor accommodations of the hotel, and he required no second invitation to roll into Jimmy's bed with the others. "If it gets crowded, we'll roll him underneath," said Jimmy. The noise of the trio's departure awoke Mike, and he rose to confront only Staley, who still sat upon his stool.

"If you're not ready to close up, I wouldn't mind chatting for a while," Staley said, as he tendered payment for the meal.

"I don't close till six," replied Mike, "and I'd stay open a week if you wanted to talk, sir."

"Thank you, Mike," Staley replied to the implied compliment. "How's business?"

(Continued next month)



## AGRICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 262)

on the grain stubble. More than \$25,000,000 dollars worth of hens' eggs are reported annually but the supply does not meet the demand. In this, as in all other lines of work carefully study industry and some capital are necessary.

Another important side line is bee keeping. There are in the state some 9,000 bee keepers. These reported in 1920 more than 5,000,000 pounds of honey, or about one seventh of the total amount used in our country. The mild climate upon the lowlands is favorable to bee keeping and has resulted in giving to California first rank in amount and value of output. In the cultivated areas alfalfa and orange blossoms fur-

nish much material for honey. In the hills the sage, manzanita and various wild flowers are valuable.

Several important crops have not been mentioned in this article. Among these are beans, potatoes, hops and cotton. Fruit growing, which is a highly specialized industry, will be dealt with in another issue. Enough has been said to show that general farming is carried on extensively in California. Large unoccupied areas invite the settler, but no one should come to the state with the idea that money can be made without hard work. The farmer who will carefully study the conditions and work industriously and intelligently will succeed in California, and will find greater satisfaction and profit in his work here than elsewhere.

Table IV  
Production of Beet Sugar in 1921

State	Acres	Value
Colorado .....	214,000	\$14,316,000
Michigan .....	164,000	7,002,000
California .....	136,000	7,841,000
Utah .....	111,000	6,341,000
Nebraska .....	72,000	5,076,000
United States .....	882,000	49,154,000

## ROI PARTRIDGE

(Continued from page 266)

in the entire expression. It emphasizes the purity of the untrodden snows; in its unbroken length it expresses remoteness, seclusion; its rhythm carries the eye back into the depth of the pass, and beyond. Cover the upper one-third of the print and you still retain the emotional appeal. Cover the lower one-third, so as to almost destroy this essential line—there is still a picture, a pleasing one; there is nothing of emotion. And in that is illustrated Roi Partridge's mastery of his medium, his simple and direct expression.

His keen understanding, his sympathetic approach, is illustrated in his handling of mountain masses in these few plates. *Out West* displays the, typical bare and desolate peaks of the near-desert regions of the South—and note in this plate, too, how cleverly the line of willows along the arroyo carries the eye back from the clump of Lombardy poplars across the level valley to the up-rising slopes of the mountain. *Los Cerros*, again, holds the rich roundness of the Coast Ranges, the height and immensity of the mountain emphasized by the tiny ranchhouse at its foot. *The Cloud* displays the Sierra peak, snow-clothed, rising above the ragged timber-line forest; cloud-draped, in lonely grandeur, dramatic in its expression.

Roi Partridge is truly representative of California etching at its best.

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## A DARK LAID PLOT

(Continued from page 263)

You say she look regal? Dat nigguh look regal? Sis' Jenkins, yo' done heft on de las' straw!

\* \* \*

"Wha' say? who? Whut? Look heah, Mistuh Graham! Look me in de eye, suh, an, yo'-all rubbuh-neckin' passel o'—whut's dat you' say? ME stuck out mah foot? Me tripped de bride? Great day in de mawnin'! Now whut do any nigguh know 'bout dat? Yassir! Co'se Ah huhd a thump, an' de rippin', w'en she hit de flo'; but don' nobuddy say Ah put out mah foot! Sis' Jenkins knows jes' ez well ez Ah do dat Ah done had mah foot undah mah skuht all de time, don' yo', honey? It was dat Geranium gal's own foot, yassir! A foot de size she got, she done oughta weah one o' dese heah crinolines, or keep out o' weddin's, or git mahied in a wheel chaiah, yassir—yas'm!"

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Continued from page 278)

others but himself. Bill dimly conceived another force—a resistless one, before which the efforts of others and himself were as twinkling rays of lamplight across fields illumined by the aurora.

"I'll bring you a candle," said Rhoda.

When she returned Bill was in the deep softness of the bed. He watched her white figure moving about beneath the steep slope of the roof, spreading a fluffy comforter over him, raising a window sash to brush out the sifted snow. Presently she came to his bed, and her cool fingers rested on his hair.

"Tomorrow, Bill, we'll climb old Steptoe," she said. She kissed him and was noiselessly gone.

Tomorrow, he thought, there would be Sheriff Webster and the narrow bridge, but tonight at least there was the touch of Rhoda's fingers on his face as he drifted into white slumber.

"I forgot to call him," said Johnnie Lansing, darkly pale in the morning sunshine.

He swung himself on his knee into the box car, and shivered in the black coolness. Sheriff Grant and Ed Sykes climbed to his side, and they walked over the crunching hay between the melting blocks. Ed raised the canvas on the farther side, and Johnnie knelt over the deepened hollow. He drew back pitifully white.

"Boys, he couldn't be—frozen—" he pleaded.

Sheriff Grant pulled him kindly aside, and lifted away the blocks of ice. The morning sunlight streamed full across the car.

"Just as he made the Cerro Gordo sale," lamented Ed Sykes.

They stood silent. Sheriff Grant

spread the white canvas carefully and rose six foot four.

"Bill Donovan has gone home."

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## AMERICAN MUSIC

(Continued from page 232)

nationality in question has not adopted our language, but seems to adhere to the "fatherland" more than ever. How can we ever hope to have a powerful country under such conditions.

In the field of Art, since 1919, we seem to have gone back to the old anti-American propaganda; and if the cause of our national art is espoused (which means, our history) insult seems to be the reward the American-born citizen receives. He wonders where his "liberty" comes in. With a Minister of Fine Arts (a member of the President's cabinet) and, ultimately, a National Conservatory of Music, this Government patronage of Art and Literature may remove the existent stigma and give prestige to one of the greatest resources and commercial assets a country can have.

There can be no international art, without national art, first. And, to be more emphatic, I repeat as Art is history, patriotism in art must exist. This is logical. What music do the foreigners bring to us? Almost without exception that of their respective countries. The proper attitude toward our artistic development must first come from Americans—the rest will then follow. We may not go on educating our citizens in the fine arts unless we intend to reward them, justly, for their achievements. Otherwise, Americans are being educated under false pretences—not an agreeable fact for those to know who are making sacrifices for this purpose!

"Sophocles had an unshaken love of his country. He was a skilled musician as well as poet. Though invited by many Kings, he testified his love of his land by refusing to leave it, and at his death all paid honor to his patriotism." He did not write less well because he remained at home, for it is a mistaken idea to think inspiration comes from without: it comes *from within*. And in his work he helped to develop the great art and history of Greece.

## THE SHORT STORY CONTEST

Closes July 1st. Those younger writers who expect to enter the contest for the San Francisco Branch League of American Pen Women

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## BERNICE FREELAND LOTT

(Continued from page 264)

onstrated.

Mrs. Bernice Freeland Lott has returned to Lima, Peru, where for the next three years she will delve deeper into the mysteries of ancient days, after which she expects to return to San Francisco to complete her contribution of pre-historic handicrafts to be exhibited for the benefit of the public.

While in Peru Mrs. Lott will write a book describing her research work and original finds. The work will be profusely illustrated, and will be available as a text book on pre-Inca textiles. She is a member of San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women.

With it all, Mrs. Lott is intensely feminine, a good sport, a genuine American, and a very charming woman. As a speaker her personality holds her audience and she knows how to put her story over.



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## Hotel St. James

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## THE INTERESTING WORLD

(Continued from page 275)

In my circle I can count ten men who set a standard of living more elaborate and artificial than their wives would ask for. They demand dainty fare, soft surroundings and entertainment. Their extravagance gives constant anxiety to their more thrifty wives.

So long as boys are like their mothers, and girls inherit the tastes of their fathers it will be impossible to say, "men like this and women like that." For every man sent to the penitentiary by an extravagant wife, there are thousands who owe their success largely to their life partners.

—E. M. L.—Berkeley.



## THAD WELCH

*(Continued from page 279)*

before a cozy little cabin was completed and the following Spring Mrs. Welch had the place gay with flowers.

The springs in the ravine were good and there was an abundance of water, which Welch brought to the cabin in a most ingenious way. A weighted bucket was lowered from a trolley to the creek where it filled itself and was then hauled up to the porch.

"Steep Ravine" ended in a small sandy beach. This was some distance from the cabin and not discernible from it because of the tangled mass of shrubs and trees intervening.

In a cove flanked by rocks on this beach, they found a hot mineral spring. When the tide was low by scooping out a hole in the sand this served as a bathtub, and they were always certain to find the water hot in the tap.

The cabin in "Steep Ravine" though crude was most artistic and was the motif for many a painting which sold readily in the art stores in San Francisco.

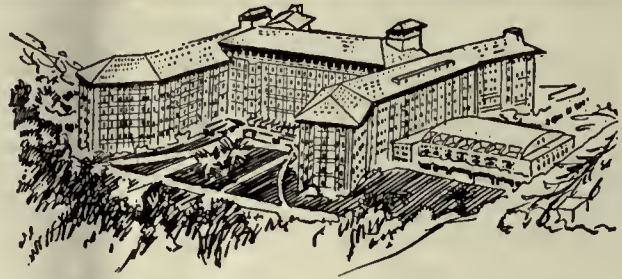
It seems a pity that extreme poverty should pursue them here. But artists are seldom business men and many dealers are cognizant of this fact. So this, and his uncertain temperament, made the five years in their retreat full of stern realities for his uncomplaining wife.

Often for weeks at a time they did not taste meat and lived on the wild greens Mrs. Welch could procure. One day it would be dock, the next mustard greens and on the third she would mix them for a change. Frequently she found onions, melons, and oranges washed up on the beach and these were indeed welcome.

Welch made a brick oven out under the trees and there his wife baked the bread. During the rainy season dressed in an old mackintosh and boots she tended her fire and baking. It was remarkable that a woman tenderly nurtured could withstand these hardships, but it seems as if nature gives additional strength to those who follow simple laws and rest trustingly on her bosom for protection.

During this period Welch was producing some of his finest work and an ever increasing coterie of admirers was buying his pictures for nominal sums at the art stores in San Francisco.

His wife was his constant companion and pupil and her painting by this time was far from the work of an amateur. Her pictures of dogs and kittens, of which she was passionately fond, were exhibited and occasionally sold. One picture entitled "Heavy Drinkers" depicting two cocker spaniels at a tiny water tub, drinking, was notably good and found a ready sale.

*(Continued next month)*

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Entered as Second-Class matter at the post-  
office, San Francisco, under the act  
of March 3, 1897

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## OUR JULY CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY is of  
the older school of poets; a "poet's poet,"  
perhaps, for his verse has appealed to the  
few rather than the many. "The greatest  
living American poet"—that is the laureate-  
ship of praise applied to Mr. Woodberry  
after the death of William Vaughn Moody.

His *New Defense of Poetry* and his many  
studies of writers and writing place him  
among the few great American critics; but  
—like Thomas Gray—his critical ability has  
lessened the volume of his creative work.  
And for Mr. Woodberry's contributions to  
American letters, refer to the half column  
he occupies in "Who's Who."

T. W. TODD, whose "Night Life in Strat-  
ford-on-Avon" appears in this issue, modestly  
ignores *Overland's* request for information.  
He is connected with Stanford University.

EDNA GEARHART follows writing mere-  
ly as an avocation. A graduate of the Uni-  
versity of California, she is at present teaching  
art appreciation and design in the Los An-  
geles High School; but has made occasional ex-  
cursions into other fields—a year in war  
hospital work, a winter in settlement work  
in New York, European travel and art school  
work. Miss Gearhart says: "The first story  
I ever sold appeared many years ago in  
*The Overland Monthly*, and it is a pleasure  
to contribute to it again."

RICHARD WARNER BORST is head of  
the Department of English, Fullerton (Cal-  
ifornia) Junior College, and is a graduate  
of the Universities of Minnesota and Cali-  
fornia. He has two volumes of verse to  
his credit and has been for the past twelve  
or fifteen years a contributor to various  
poetry magazines.

IRENE WELCH GRISSOM is poet laur-  
eate of Idaho, by appointment of Governor  
C. C. Moore; this at the request of the  
State Federation of Women's Clubs and the  
State Parent and Teachers Association, be-  
cause of her Western verse. Mrs. Grissom  
will shortly issue through Doubleday, Page  
& Co. her first book of verse, "The Passing  
of the Desert."

(Continued on page 336)

# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

JULY, 1924

NUMBER 7

## Contents

Our July Contributors.....289

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

Night Life in Stratford-on-Avon.....293  
J. W. Todd

Schella Nawadaha.....295  
Ethel Cotton

Fruit Industry in California.....304  
James F. Chamberlain

How About Chautauqua?.....310  
J. William Terry

New York Plays & Players.....312  
Peggy Gaddis

A Chinese Rice Paper Picture.....313  
Margaret H. Wentworth

Benjamin Brown of Pasadena.....314  
Edna Gearhart

One's Own Vernacular.....322  
Eleanor Everest Freer, M. M.

Long Distance Interviews—"Et Al".....323  
Torrey Connor

Single Pens & Literary Partnerships.....327  
Laura Bell Everett

### BIOGRAPHY

Thad Welch—Pioneer and Painter (Conclusion).....300  
Helen Vernon Reid

### FICTION

Not So Bankrupt.....291  
Richard N. Donelson

The Truth About Dan Kirtley.....297  
Ralph W. Andrews

The "High-Graders"—A serial, part five.....306  
Charles H. Snow

### VERSE

Cycle.....Linda Lee.....290  
Experience.....George Edward Woodberry.....291  
Loves.....Margaret Widdemer.....293  
Sixth Song of The Holy Young Men.....Willard Johnson.....297  
From a Tenement.....Elizabeth Spencer Moquin.....299  
Supplication.....Mildred Fowler Field.....303  
My Cove.....Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.....305  
Dumas Washes Eggs.....Joy O'Hara.....307  
A Mountain Spring.....Bangs Burgess.....308  
Sea Augury.....Winifred Davidson.....310  
The Dream.....Katherine Lee Bates.....312  
The Eucalypts.....Harry Noyes Pratt.....316

A Page of Verse.....317

The Waiting Supper.....Richard Warner Borst  
The Rustle in the House.....Anna Kalfus Spero  
Dusk and Solitude.....Nora Archibald Smith  
The Beggar.....Mathurin Dondo  
Sensuous.....Margaret Erwin  
Hills of Sutter.....Henry Meade Bland  
Mist Magic.....Louise A. Doran  
Nostalgia.....Ellenor L. Norcross  
Convalescent.....Winifred Gray Stewart

A Parting.....Miriam Allen de Ford.....318  
Winds of the Sierras.....Clinton Scollard.....319

### DEPARTMENTS

This Interesting World.....313  
Ida Claire

Books and Writers.....318

Editor's Brief Case.....326

Poets and Things.....333





## Cycle

By LINDA LEE

*AND shall I lie here eternally,  
While down through the still white bones of me,  
Turning to dust in the age-long sleep,  
The sun drips through and the cold rains seep?*

*Beneath the blanket the pines have laid  
Shall I lie here while the grasses fade  
And grow again—O year and year!—  
And still shall I lie unmoving here?*

*I shall run with the winds and laugh with the sun—  
Death? It is dreaming, and dreams are done!  
What matters the fading of leaves that fall?  
I say I shall lie here not at all!*

*For what is a leaf but symbol and sign?  
And what to me are those bones of mine?  
A leaf that falls is a leaf grown old;  
New life shall spring from the same leaf mold!*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

JUN 27 1924

DECATUR, ILL.

VOLUME LXXXII

JULY, 1924

No. 7

## Not So Bankrupt

"PA, you want to take a look at a couple of ads I marked?"

Pa Moser continued his reading of the Sunday editorial section. Despite an attempted absorption he blinked heavily hooded eyes nervously.

"Pa! You want I should ask it again? I got some ads you should see—such bargains. A new rug that's only been used a little, and they don't want almost nothing for it. Look, Pa; take a look at what I found in the ads."

Pa slid a fat leg from one knee and rumbled his paper.

"Oh-hum. Suppose I take a walk before we go to bed."

"Then you go by yourself. I got no time, what with working for you and Leon all day. You want to take the ads with you?"

"I said I was going for a walk. It's dark outside."

"You want I should get these things?"

"Goodness, no! What things?"

"Look, Pa—'parlor rug, room size, slightly used, ten dollars.'"

"No, no, Vida. Ain't it I told you we buy nothing but what we got to have?"

"Don't we got to have a new rug? Ever since Leon spilled ink—"

"Seven years ago! The rug was new, brand new. That ink don't matter so much. It hardly shows."

"That's because the ink spot is worn off. We got to get a new rug anyway by the time Leon comes back from college. But most of all it ain't the rug, but some new clothes for me."

"As if the clothes you got ain't good and strong yet."

"They're strong where I patched them, and they're good because I bought a bargain. Look, Pa; look at this ad. Waists at the Silk Shop for two dollars and ninety-eight cents—so cheap!"

"If you got to get a waist, I guess you got to. At Weinstein's, on Market Street, you get two waists for less money."

"With a cheap look on 'em like a price tag. Now, Pa, I got to get some new clothes and that rug only used a little."

"You got too many ideas about how much money you can spend. You think

I'm a millionaire?"

"You got a good business."

"That's what I tell you. And since when is it I can't support my family? Leon—three years now he goes to medical college. Ain't it that I support you in style and Leon to be a physician?"

"Cheap waists and ink stains on a rug now seven years old!"

### EXPERIENCE

Angels of experience,  
That brightly round us move—  
O Sight, O Touch, O Element  
Wherein I breathe and love—

How sweetly to your singing  
And silently, arise  
Out of our earthly vision  
The hills of Paradise!

I feel my budding wings expand,  
I breathe diviner air—  
The common world before my doors  
Exhales in worlds more fair.

—George Edward Woodberry.

PA sighed and picked up his paper again. No use going out—his escape would be temporary.

"You go to Weinstein's tomorrow and buy two waists. That's being a good provider, huh? Maybe you get a pair of gloves, too—but cheap, you know. I never deny you all the clothes you need and maybe some you don't need. Get nice strong clothes and you don't got to have so many."

"Have I got always to wear the cheap things? Why can't we make more money. You got a good business."

"You should complain if I don't make twice as much. I pay always my debts."

"You should blush to think that your little brother, Alfred, sells so many shoes he's already buying his home in Westwood Park—such a nice new bungalow with hardwood floors."

"Pooh. On the installment."

"That's what I been telling you. Then you think we get a new bungalow in Westwood Park?"

"No! You got to pay more than a thousand dollars down."

"Oh, then your brother, Alfred, is doing better than you?"

"He ain't got no boy to send through college."

"Your other brother, Aleck, already sold his little car and bought a new big one," added Ma. Pa did not answer. He wondered whether he'd better smoke another cigar before going to bed. But good cigars cost money, especially when your wife wants expensive clothes. He stopped fingering the cigar in his waistcoat pocket and shook out his newspaper again.

"You should be up-to-date like Aleck and Alfred and then we wouldn't have to live in a bum third floor flat with bum plumbing and riding in street cars instead of our own machine."

Reading was impossible. Ma's voice was shrill and her tone not at all hushed. Pa Moser threw down the paper and moved sleazily across the room in ill fitting slippers. He paused momentarily in front of the faded ink spot on the carpet. He wound the clock and went to the kitchen where he noisily drew a glass of water. Ma's voice followed him unendingly. He returned to the parlor and straightened the papers on the profiteer period library table.

"Maybe we go to bed," he suggested timidly.

"Not till we decide how you got to make more money. Pa, you got old ideas. You got to change your business or help it earn you more money."

"Maybe we buy a small rug and put it over the ink spot," wearily replied Pa. He could not hold out much longer against his wife's attack and she guessed as much from his tone.

"Rug! Why you don't cut a hole in the carpet where the ink is? Why you don't buy a rug a long time ago to cover up the ink? Bah! Cheap, cheap—why? I don't say we starve, Pa; but that's only because I'm a good manager, running down town to get soap three for a quarter that costs ten cents straight in this neighborhood. You let



money go through your fingers, giving all the time things to strangers. Ain't I got a right, and Leon, too, to be comfortable?"

"The Red Cross and the Community Chest—my goodness, you got to give a little charity. You hurt your own business if you don't."

"Oh, so? But I know. Kind hearted, they tell me you are. What for are you a canned goods broker if you don't make it a business? The orphan home that used to be downtown and that's already so rich it's moved to Westwood Park and got a swell new place—you gave to them a lot of canned goods for nothing. And Leon trying to be a doctor in Portland and me working to save money and keep from starving till I'm sick. So, you call that business?"

"They were dented cans. I couldn't have made much profit on them."

"But you bought them. You paid your own money for them. Oh, such a man what I got for a husband! You need an advisor, an efficiency expert, for a manager. You ain't no dumb bell, Pa, but you got a soft heart. It ain't in you to see a lazy man starve. You got to starve yourself to help him."

"I guess I go to bed now," Pa broke in. But Ma followed him into the room, still talking. Pa put his arms into the sleeves of a bath robe and flopped in a chair near the window. Resignedly, he pulled out his cigar and lit it.

Ma Moser continued to lament over her poverty for another hour. Then her sentences became intermittent. At the first gentle sounds of snoring, Pa sighed deeply and slipped off his bath robe. But slumber was not his. Ma had jangled his nerves and set his brain whirling. Out of the befuddled ideas that she had started to flow in his head, there gradually arose the conviction that he did need the aid of someone with the ability to make and keep money to manage his business.

Pa Moser's finances were shaky, his business slowly declining. In a few years at this rate he would be a bankrupt. He had never dared to tell Ma just how poor they were. It took so much to send Leon through college and to meet the modest needs of their own house-keeping. And he was soft. That might explain the slump his business was showing.

The few dollars Pa gave to charity didn't amount to a great deal; but he had given each clerk a month's salary as bonus for Christmas the past three years. He could have bought an automobile or made the first payment on a house had he been less kind to his employees.

An efficiency expert—yes, he did need one. But that would cost more money and besides, he didn't like most of those he had met. They were a perky, noisy,

domineering lot, talking much in the first person and demanding a president's salary. Then there was that girl, Tillie Doffer. She had interviewed him just a week ago, a wide-awake girl, not at all mannish, who called herself a private business adjuster. She had confidence in what powers might be hers, though a college diploma was her only reference. She had done some office work and claimed a knowledge of business methods. Still, he might make a deal with her inexperience. But her inexperience was not the only thing against her. She was a beautiful girl, slim and well dressed. That was all right with Pa—but what would Ma Moser say? Pa gave it up and joined his wife in slumber.

**A** LOT can happen in three months. So thought Pa Moser. And Pa looked like that something had happened to him. The hat he had worn faithfully the past two years was discarded and his moustache was trimmed to half the dimensions he had formerly worn it. Pa was a success—at least Tillie was successful. That was as good as being a success one's self and saved much of the bother. Business was booming.

Ma now had accounts at the exclusive, highest priced shops. She had stocked up with clothes and an automobile of the common type—was already a lap ahead of the brokerage business. She had run the gauntlet of profiteer parlors. The sandbagging to purse and person had been furious, but Ma had emerged with a permanent wave and a reduced chin.

The ink-stained carpet was only a memory now, for several new rugs adorned the new home. Ma and Pa had "built." Of course, these things were not paid for. That would take time and depended upon the continued success of Pa's business.

Yes, a lot can happen in three months. Ma washed clothes not at all; neither did she cook or make beds. A homely servant of all work was the answer to Ma's leisure. But there was a weevil in Ma's cotton boll. She did not like Tillie. But how great this dislike was, Pa did not find out till the day he asked Ma if she'd invite Tillie to dinner. "Besides my own friends, why should I ask anyone to my house?" she had immediately countered.

"But she's a member of the firm," stated Pa.

"And since when do you invite the office force to lunch?"

"She isn't the whole force—but she's worth more than all the rest of them. We owe Tillie a little something, Ma, and I thought for her to come here and have dinner—"

"Did you ask her?"

"No. I wanted you to invite her."

"Well, I won't. Shame that you

should be more interested in another woman than your wife."

"I have to be interested. She's my business partner. And so you got to be interested, otherwise we don't have this fine house what ain't paid for yet and the automobile with solid wheels extra."

"Huh. She got bobbed hair."

"One hundred per cent increase in business—that's what she done with her bobbed head."

"You want I should bob my hair, you like it so well? Just because that Doffer girl got a bobby head—"

"Mama, hush! A business twice as big ain't to be fussed at. You talk like I rather not have her for my partner."

"Oh, Pa, why you don't tell me your businesses before you do them? And poor Leon away off in Portland because he got to be a doctor. No man should have a girl for a business partner."

"If she makes twice my business, ain't it she got a right to be my partner in half the business?"

"In half the business! Oi, Pa—I knew it couldn't last. Now we got to loose the home and ride down town again in the street cars."

"Vida! You should carry more calm. She's my partner in the firm's profits only when the profit is one hundred per cent what it was before she come."

"Why you don't get all the profit, a good business man with a good business?"

"It was in the agreement that she get her share of the profit."

"But you could let her go now and save the profit."

"And lose the business so it's worse than before?"

"A bright man like you, Pa—"

"Shush! You spilt the milk and now you got to drink it. It ain't I, but you, what suggested this efficiency business. Tillie is just what you wanted to happen. You got a fine home and an automobile with solid wheels extra—and look at your clothes! My what a swell dresser you are. Aleck and Alfred got nice wives but they don't hold a brass candlestick to you."

Ma mused for a few minutes. Pa swallowed the last of his ham and eggs, took a gulp of the luke warm coffee and folded up his newspaper.

"Now I go to that fine business what we got. Come, Mama, kiss?"

"Pa, I don't want to fuss and I know you wouldn't love me if I did; but I got to be contented or I don't be happy."

"Shush, Mama. You feel better now. Take a ride over to Aleck's and show his wife your smart new hat what cost more than the price of a new tire."

Pa lit his cigar and stepped out briskly for the car that would carry him through a long tunnel and to his work.

(Continued on page 324)



# Night Life in Stratford-on-Avon

By J. W. TODD

THERE were two good reasons why, instead of taking one of the daylight trains to Stratford-on-Avon, I preferred to wait for the seven thirty-five. One reason was the unusually friendly aspect of London to one who had just returned from a year on the continent. The July sun was constantly revealing hitherto undisclosed beauties, and the town itself had taken on a certain *Gemutlichkeit* which it never assumes at another season of the year. Moreover I wished to spend one day more at the book stalls in ancient Holywell Street, where, at the close of the preceding day, I had grazed only one side of the street. Having started at St. Mary el Strand I had just reached St. Clement Danes at the other end when the shutters began to close in the succulent pasturage for the night.

It is this circumstance which makes it so futile to deny any of the years that have elapsed since then, for how many even of my own generation have had any intimate acquaintance with delightful, ramshackle Holywell Street! Although the work of desecration inaugurated by an iconoclastic County Council was even then under way it had not yet reached queer old "Booksellers' Row," and it was not until two years later that the great hegira to Charing Cross Road took place. The modernization of this part of the Strand reduced it to utter commonplaceness, and crescent shaped Aldwych is only the insolent grin of sacrilege triumphant.

Only once since then have I been tempted to linger there—and yielded to the temptation. It was to attend a service at St. Clement Danes and sit in Dr. Johnson's pew. Surely every student of English literary history will condone this lapse, even though it be true, as was revealed on the following day, that Americans are more likely to manifest, and perhaps satisfy, their interest in Dr. Johnson by dining on Monday at what they conceive to be the Doctor's table at the Cheshire Cheese, hard by, than by worshiping in his pew on Sunday. Perhaps we may be pardoned if Dr. Johnson, in the quiescence of worship, should inspire us with less keen interest than Dr. Johnson in the vigor of gastronomic action, for it is undoubtedly easier for us to stimulate our-

selves to the gastronomical mood of a great personality than to his devotional mood.

THE seven thirty-five train from Paddington was an express and did not stop at Haton Junction. But it slipped a carriage at Warwick for passengers for that point and for Haton and Stratford-on-Avon. The change to the little train in waiting was quickly made, and at nine fifty-seven we drew

which seemed peculiarly applicable to my own situation:

"Now spurs the lated traveler apace  
To gain the timely inn"—  
and my mind dwelt with pleasurable anticipation on the unpretentious comforts of an old time English inn.

At the sign of the Golden Lion all was quiet, and his lair was dark. In quantity and quality the large American party had evidently proved adequate nutriment, rich in vitamins and all the satisfying properties of a well-selected meal, and the Golden Lion had closed

his eyes and retired in satiety for the night. His golden fell still gleamed in the light of the street lamp, but the king of beasts himself stubbornly refused to be aroused or even to growl a protest in his slumber. I rang with increasing vigor at the gilt door-bell and knocked with ever more impetuous vehemence with the gilt knocker, but his leonine majesty condescended no acknowledgement of all this disturbance.

From the Golden Lion, so determinedly couchant for the night, I turned to the Red Horse, which stands beside it in a amicable relationship scarcely to be found in nature. To the Red Horse I turned, ruefully thrusting my hand into my pocket and making a rapid estimate of the probable difference in expenditure which this change of programme for the night might occasion.

All was solemnly silent, and repeated tugs at the bell brought no response from office, stall or barroom. Al-

though it was yet long till midnight no "pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired with a hesitating air, whether I had rung." Some three generations had passed since this individual had disturbed the midnight meditations of Washington Irving in this selfsame inn, and each generation of her descendants, with inherited pertinacity, had evidently wrested an additional hour from each corresponding generation of easy going guests, and had thriftily consolidated their gains. Even the bar was closed; no hostler with tousled head appeared; not even a horse, either red or roan, either brown or bay nickered any sound of welcome. It was apparent that the Red Horse was bedded for the night and that nothing short of royal decree or some great cataclysm of nature

## LOVES

ONCE I had love—sharp joy,  
Wild nights of suffering,  
Hiding from me the golden thrill of Autumn,  
The wantonness of Spring:

This is love too, they say,  
This light my calm heart knows  
That comes to me, a shadow of his footsteps,  
That passes when he goes;

Yet now my soul is mine,  
I can take pleasure now  
In the deep curve the ripening pears make  
Where they bend down the bough;

I can lie dreaming now  
In the long wave that lies  
Where the gray mist and the gray rocking water  
Make one the sea and skies —

I am steel now to carry,  
Willow to give again—  
But never any more the old sharp rapture,  
The old ecstatic pain!

—Margaret Widdemer.

up at the Great Western station at Stratford. All of the train crew and the half dozen remaining passengers, obviously residents of Stratford, immediately scurried off to their homes. The station was left in darkness. I hastened along Greenhill Street, past the Fountain, and on down Wood and Bridge Streets toward the Golden Lion where I was to meet an American tourist party and be responsible for their safe delivery in London on the evening of the following day.

Somewhere in the town a clock was striking ten as I walked. No other sound was to be heard. The people from the train had already disappeared in the darkness of the first diverging streets. It was the time and place to recall the observation in Macbeth,



could arouse him.

A few rods farther down, on the opposite side of the street, was (and, I presume, still is) the Old Red Lion. The prominent thing about the Old Red Lion in those days was its bar, which, during the daytime, was notably frequented by coachmen and hostlers engaged in the discussion of the merits of various horses and of the general sporting news of the day. The Old Red Lion would at least have the advantage of local color and, presumably, of cheapness.

All was dark. There was no evidence of the usual animation of the day. The Old Red Lion, apparently acknowledging the law of the jungle as established by his golden brother across the way, had also couched himself for the night and was recuperating his strength for the predatory pursuits of the morrow. No response was vouchsafed to the clamorous beating on the door.

"A villainously lethargic beast," I muttered as I turned away with bruised knuckles and drooping arms, "I must go to the Shakespeare after all."

The Shakespeare was, at that time, the only place in Stratford aspiring to the dimensions and equipment of a modernly appointed hotel. Here, at least, I should find a night clerk who would admit me to some sort of accommodation. Turning back I passed out of Bridge Street at the head of High, where pillory, stocks, and whipping post used to stand along with the old market cross, the latter serving as a place for the housewives to hang out their weekly wash, and for the butchers to hang up their meat, until a hypercritical village council forbade both practices away back in 1608. Passing on into Wood Street I came back to the Fountain.

The fact that a drizzling rain had now set in was not surprising in itself; the surprising thing was that it had not begun sooner—and harder.

As I pondered before the clock tower, getting my bearings anew, the sound of approaching foot-steps became evident. Mr. Howells' "The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon" was not written until long after this time else I should indubitably have taken to my heels to avoid the embarrassment of a possible spiritualistic encounter with the immortal one himself.

THE footsteps became increasingly resonant, and their steady beat upon the pavement began to lend color to the suspicion of hobnails. A moment later a dimly outlined form emerged from the bystreet and, approaching through the open space, bore down upon me. It had a waterproof cape over its shoulders and carried a dark lantern, the light of which was thrown upon me as its bearer drew closer. The figure was substantial in proportions and bore not the slightest resemblance to Shakespeare.

The night watchman was sympathetic and friendly disposed, but he shook his head doubtfully when I expressed the hope that he might be able to direct me to a lodging place. "It's too late," he said, "Everybody's in bed; you see it's after ten o'clock."

It was plain that in Stratford-on-Avon ten o'clock was the ultimate hour for respectable activity.

"Does no place keep open until the arrival of the nine fifty-seven?" I asked.

He shook his head again. "If anyone ever comes by it they engage in advance," he said.

As to the Shakespeare, his beat took him by there, and he would accompany me. Someone *might* chance to be about. Manifestly, however, he wished to prepare me for the scale of prices at the Shakespeare, and he cautioned me that they would not be low. He had himself put up there the first night he and the "Missus" had passed in Stratford. Having thus led up to the point he put it in the form of a question. "And

what do you fancy they charged me?" the night watchman asked.

I diplomatically waived my right to the guess, and he himself answered the question, as he had evidently expected from the first that he would be obliged to do; "Three bob," he said with a certain complacency that revealed no trace of bitterness or resentment.

I expressed surprise but, at the same time, entire readiness to credit the house with the effrontery of making such a charge.

"To be sure," he continued after a pause, "we did 'ave the little chap with us, and of course 'e might 'ave made trouble, but as it 'appened 'e didn't."

I did not disclose the fact that I had once put up there myself, nor did I divulge the much greater number of "bobs" that I had had to pay on that occasion.

The door of the Shakespeare was closed and locked. Vigorous ringing, however, brought a porter to the wicket. The house was full. The night watch-

(Continued on page 296)



Schella Nawadaha



# Scheila Nawadaha

By ETHEL COTTON

RISING from the foot-hills of Marin County, across San Francisco Bay, looms Tamalpais Mountain. Lovers of nature who will leave the trail, and strike off into the inner glades and recesses may suddenly see through the tall tree-shadows an erect figure which they will perhaps imagine to be the spirit of the lost tribe of the Tamals.

This stately moving presence is indeed a spirit of the woods, a descendant, not of the Tamals however, but of the noble Cherokee, famed for his daring and bravery.

Her very name symbolizes the dignity and beauty of her race. Scheila Nawadaha,—Spirit God, Sweet Singer,—has found peace for the tired restless soul, strength for the weakening body in wandering among the hidden trails of another tribe.

Born in Hilo of Indian and Hawaiian parents, as a little girl she was brought to America and grew up among the Apaches in Arizona where her parents carried on the arts of basket and blanket weaving, and where Scheila studied the music of the wilds.

As a tiny child she spoke seldom, but early sang and whistled, imitating the birds which were her playmates. Barefooted or in birch-bark moccasins, a willow skirt her only covering, she grew to maidenhood, a free, wild creature, unrestricted by convention's laws.

Craving color for her blankets, she extracted hues of orange, purple and red from the minerals and leaves. All the secrets of the open became hers; but her parents seeking for her the education of the white man forsook the wigwam for the city.

To San Francisco they came, where Scheila studied the art of restraint, the laws of society, and later under skillful teachers, she added the *technique* of whistling to the *art* which she already possessed.

Then followed the period of restlessness! No serious malady broke out, but the lithe body away from its natural haunts drooped and lost its buoyancy of action. The untamed spirit pined in the close confinement of drawing room

and salon! Now, I had been told, she had found relief on the mountain, so I asked for her story.

In her picturesque San Francisco home, sheltered by Sutro Forest, I found her. The love of color was still evident. She wore a velvet lounging robe of burnt-orange which seemed to deepen to a jet-like blackness the long braids of her hair.

"I would not now entirely give up the comforts of civilization to which I have grown accustomed," Scheila told me, as I sat in her favorite room. "I am used to this," indicating the luxurious couches and furnishings about her.



The Spirit of the Mountain

She rose and with graceful strides, crossed to the window. "But there are times when even these," she looked at the tall trees of the forest swaying in the wind—"or this"—from a side window one could look across the Golden Gate to the hills on the other shore, "all of it" her long arms stretched wide, "does not satisfy the soul. Then it is I must get *near*, I must get close to it all."

"How long have you been taking these walks?" I queried. I had carefully avoided the word "hikes."

The dark eyes glowed with renewed health, "About nine months now, two days, three days a week, and you do not know," the deep voice was rich with feeling, "you do not know what it means within." She placed her hand on her breast dramatically. "It keeps alive my

soul-self, the other self lives here," indicating her surroundings.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," I ventured.

"My soul-self was dying," she explained. "My body, the world-self, was still alive, but tired with carrying the dead soul. My soul-self is the one who sings."

"Tell me just how it happened," I begged.

"I was so restless, so unhappy," she began at once. "My music I love. Oh there is nothing like the music of the birds. One little song," she was talking rapidly, eagerly, "one little song of a bird always gave me great, great happiness. Think then what it means to me to give it to these poor city people." The pathos of the race shadowed her face as she spoke of the suffering tribes of the white man. "Long I had to wait to find a teacher, then from Europe came a man with a voice of a bird, the understanding of the ecstasy of a bird. 'You feel it all' he said to me, 'but I can help you give it forth more perfectly,' so we worked and we worked and then more than ever like the birds I could sing, I could warble, I could call to my mate." She paused, and while I watched her the joy seemed to fade, and the old shadow crossed her face.

"And then you—that is your soul-self—became ill?" I prompted.

"Not at first. For a long time I was happy," she went on, "when I was whistling for the boys in the Military Prison at Alcatraz, or for the sick people at the hospitals. Then the ladies," I may have fancied the slight scorn on the word, "the club and society ladies invited me to entertain for them. I whistled at teas, at dinners, at musicals. Always they are lovely; but always I must be wearing clothes which annoy me, always he inside walls, always be shut away from the woods."

I waited for a moment and she went on. "Then I get weak, I cannot breathe, my voice will not come, I am unhappy, I cannot whistle to my birds."

"What did the doctors say?" I questioned.

"They said it was just a nervous con-



dition. I must eat more. I ate, breathed hard, but all the time I got more weak, more unhappy." From the window she looked across to the Marin Hills. "Then I saw those, and knew what to do," she smiled happily.

"I made this," she held up a loose covering made of the softest skins carefully fringed and exquisitely beaded, "and these," the mocassins were placed before me. "Then I took my bow and arrow, and blanket in a satchel, put on a big coat and took the boat and train to Mill Valley. From there I wander where I will. I climb the mountains, I

talk with my birds. They teach me. I can sing again."

"Why the bow and arrow?" I asked. "Oh, that was only at first," she answered quickly. "That is something your civilization has taught me. I cannot kill—that way."

As I looked puzzled she explained. "Your ladies of the Audubon Society made me see that I must not kill the body of the bird. Sometime perhaps I can teach them they must not kill the soul. Here," she glanced at the walls of the room, "it will die. There," she was again looking toward the hills,

"there it has re-birth."

"But don't you find it hard to adapt yourself? hard to come back to the city, the home and social duties?" I questioned.

"Oh, no," she laughed lightly. "My other self likes it now. It is rather pleasant." She dropped into a big chair and sank luxuriously among the cushions. "You will stay for lunch will you not?" all the cordial courtesy of a charming hostess was in her tone. "I have some fresh fruits shipped in from the country. You will share them with me?" The world-self was speaking.

## Night Life in Stratford-on-Avon

(Continued from page 294)

man added his solicitations to my own. The porter was inexorable. Was there no corner or cranny into which I could be crowded? I had slept in the smoking room of Phipp's Cockburn in Glasgow with several other guests, having been given the choice between this and the bath room. At the Hotel Lang in Heidelberg, having no choice, I had occupied the bath room in state, no one having expressed a desire for a bath that night. I had slept beneath the tiles in the attic of a now forgotten inn at Botzen, with two rotund gentlemen beneath the feathers of the other two beds. The porter of the Shakespeare refused to relent.

The night watchman was obviously troubled; but we went on. No place is very far from any other place in Stratford, and it was not long until our beat led us past the Falcon, at the corner of Chapel Street and Scholar's Lane, and just opposite the site of New Place, Shakespeare's last residence. The night watchman thumped and rattled at the door of the inn. There was no response.

The side arms of the night watchman did not consist of a club such as the American policemen carry. His weapon was a flexible steel or iron rod with a handle. With this he beat upon the side of the house beneath the upper window where, apparently, he knew the landlord slept. After a time a head, emerging from a one-piece costume, was thrust out of the window with an interrogation that was first visible, then audible. The watchman concisely explained the situation.

"Sorry, but I'm full up," was the host's reply. A brief parley followed, without result, and the head was withdrawn.

We went on and soon passed the entrance to the footpath which leads off to Shottery. I thought of the commodious and hospitable look of the "courting bench" beside the big fireplace of the

Hathaway cottage, and of how comfortable one might be there for the night—provided, of course, it were not required for its traditional use.

No more inns lay on our beat, but the watchman belabored the walls of two or three lodging houses en route. There was no reaction, and we gradually worked our way back to the Fountain and the clock tower. Here the night watchman said he must leave me, admonishing me, however, to wait here for the other man, who was due there in three minutes and who would go on with me. As a matter of fact the "other man" appeared before the first one had turned into the nearest street. They passed a few words in which I was evidently consigned to the guardianship of the new arrival, who entered at once upon the duties and obligations of this office.

My custodian was evidently not convinced of the absolute good faith of the dormant landlords. "You see, they don't want to get up," he said, "and after all it is rather late." "Of course," he continued, "they're bound, under the law, to take you in if they 'ave the room, but 'ow are you going to prove that they 'ave the room?"

I admitted the difficulties in the way of securing the proof, and we went on.

IT was early in the morning and the rain was showing increased persistence. Moreover it seemed that we had practically covered the town. The watchman announced in a manner which made it difficult to determine whether it was uttered with regret or with relief, that there now remained but one place that had not been visited. "There's only the Coach and 'Orses left," he said, "if we can't get in there there's nothing left for it but the street."

The street *was* left, to be sure, and it was open and quiet and unobstructed. But it did not have a hospitable look.

The Coach and Horses stood, perhaps it still stands, in Henely Street almost directly opposite the Birthplace. When we paused before it the sign was but dimly discernible, overhanging the street. The watchman proceeded to whip up the house as he had done at the others—and with the same lack of result. Then assailing the door he rattled with such effectiveness that finally the bolt fell back and the door itself opened. The night watchman entered.

I heard, and by the light of his lantern saw, him pass through the barroom, and in a moment his hobnails were thumping on the stairway, which led straight up from the door in front of which I was standing. I deemed it prudent to step aside, for if the night watchman were taken for a burglar he might not be successful in stopping all the bullets aimed in our direction.

When my intermediary was about half way up the stairs the scantily clad figure of the landlord appeared at the top.

Did he have a vacant room?

Why, yes he did happen to have one.

I took it. I took it without asking the privilege of a preliminary inspection, and without inquiring the terms.

I bade my benefactor, guardian, and friend a warm but willing good night and was shown to the room. It was commodious and contained an enormous four-poster bed with canopy—*Himmelbett* the Germans call it but *himmlisches Bett* seemed still more expressive to the leg-weary, water soaked protegee of the Stratford night watchmen. It is true the bed and furnishings were dingy as the ancient sign over the street, on which the light of the next morning revealed but dimly the faded legend, "Coach and Horses," but at last I was housed and, at least for what remained of the night, I could

"Let the world wagge, and take mine ease in mine Inne." And I did.



# The Truth About Dan Kirtley

A DISMAL RAIN had been falling all day from an equally dismal sky—one of those endless drizzles that chills body and spirit alike. A grey haze hung about the low banks of the Mace River, and in the gathering dusk Joe Willis could scarcely distinguish the landmarks which commanded his paddle strokes. Four days on this ribbon-like body of water had brought him into the heart of that vast stretch of semi-wilderness, approaching the height of land between the Albany and Severn Rivers—twenty days from any extended civilization. Yet because he was returning to his own Ft. Daubert country—eagerly returning after sordid months of idleness in Toronto, Willis kept on, bearing as patiently as possible the chill of the bleak wind on his rain-soaked body.

Ahead swam an otter, oblivious of any other presence, disappearing beneath the submerged roots of a tamarack which leaned out of the water like the mast of a grounded schooner. Willis passed the spot, staring dully yet enviously into the mass of tamarack and spruce; for though it dripped more moisture than he, it could not feel the cold. Then, before his eyes, drifted the spot he sought—a bed of gravel thrust as it were into the flesh of the wooded edge of the river. He rammed the canoe upon the sloping floor and stepped out upon the rocks. Turning, he looked back as though half-reluctant to forsake the water, though God knew he was glad enough to leave that sullen, uncompanionable river.

In the harsh light of the blazing green-birch logs, Joe Willis appeared as a man in full possession of the forest sense. The eyes which had snatched this gravel bed from a monotonous blur of underbrush sounded his astuteness and justified his presence so far north. The parchment skin, stretched tightly over his cheek-bones to wrinkle at the corners of his mouth, bore out other evidence that he was a dweller in the bush. In fact the appearance of his whole figure, his agility and natural poise as he cut logs for the fire and made supper, gave him absolute right to call this Ft. Daubert country his own.

But as Joe Willis lay motionless on his blankets he knew it was not his own. He knew he shared the hypothetical possession of it with one other man—the man who would be his partner for the winter, who would trap with him and help bridge over the white, frozen

By RALPH W. ANDREWS

months. Willis was entirely dependent upon this man, for though he was equal to the physical rigors, the bitter sameness of a winter spent alone would bear down upon him and smother him, even as a heavy snow smothers a blaze.

THERE WAS Ben Lemcke, Willis reflected, who went crazy over a big catch of fur. And the fellow down Vanque way—Pod Banks, wasn't it?—whose dogs all died, and when he tried to snowshoe out for supplies, was caught

## SIXTH SONG OF THE HOLY YOUNG MEN

(From the Navajo)

ON either side was a god,  
But the Holy Young Man  
Was the god on top of the mountain  
Down which the rivers ran.

And this branch on the summit,  
His talisman, his charm,  
Was cut from the sacred pine-tree:  
Fate could not do him harm.

The young girls who became bears  
Said, "O Young Man, we know—  
We know you are not divine,  
There's no use saying so."

But on either side was a god,  
And the Holy Young Man  
Was the god on top of the mountain  
Down which the rivers ran.

—Willard Johnson.

in a big storm. No—not alone—better no trapping at all than that. But what about McDermott or Bill Frame or one of the breeds like Belaire?—wouldn't any one of them bunk in with him?

Joe stirred restlessly and tossed another log on the fire to sink back exhaustedly. Yes, any one of these men would gladly run their traps with his. But this man with whom he was to share the Ft. Daubert winter must be of different stuff than these. Jobe Denny, Willis' partner of the last season, was said to be the most congenial and the squarest man north of the Albany, but Joe had found him morose and not a little dangerous. It would be hard to find a thoroughly congenial man. Concluding this, Willis sprang to his feet in alarm.

The gaunt figure of a man had parted the thicket of moose-maples and stood

within the circle of firelight. He nodded but remained silent as though waiting for Willis to break the stillness. Then he bent and lit his pipe from a coal.

"Got my matches wet. Smelled your smoke and finally located your fire. Spare me a match or two?"

Joe Willis hesitated and then fumbled in the canvas bag at his feet, producing a handful of matches.

"Help yourself. I know how it is to run plumb out. Come far?"

"Only a couple of miles. You're Joe Willis, eh?"

Willis nodded and kicked the fire into a ruddier blaze.

"Your eyes are good. But I don't know you." He looked closer as he spoke, but he knew he had never been within sight of that lean, bearded face, nor had he ever seen one so utterly devoid of expression. Even the man's lips hung over his teeth and pipstem lifelessly. They seemed to flap as he spoke.

"You wouldn't. People up here don't know me—or much about me. I'm Dan Kirtley if you want to know."

Dan Kirtley! Willis gazed raptly at the man again. Dan Kirtley—the one man of whom he knew nothing, of whom Ft. Daubert knew nothing, yet said all manner of things. He poached on other trap lines, had done away with a fur buyer who had offered him a poor price for his catch—these and more were the things they said. But Ft. Daubert did know one thing—that Dan Kirtley never smiled.

"No," Willis admitted, "probably I wouldn't know you—you never give anybody a chance."

"They don't need to know me," Kirtley went on in a voice which the loose lips made repulsive. "They don't need to know me to talk about me. Guess you've heard enough to keep your distance."

Willis sounded a mirthless chuckle.

"I've heard enough to think they're a pack of damn fools—all of them. I'm glad to know you, Kirtley—even if you do break into a fellow's sleep, and scare the lights out of him.

"Wonder if you'd bunk in with me this winter?"

Willis was startled by his own words, wishing he had not said them. He had decided in a moment of contemplation. He wanted to be known at Ft. Daubert as the "man who lived with Dan Kirtley." There would be glory in it; the man who lived with Dan Kirtley.

But Dan Kirtley took the words with



only a slight lifting of his eyebrows. He turned his gaze full upon Joe Willis' face and it was then that the trapper felt for the first time, the sear of a pair of eyes. Even in the dim light of the dying fire he felt those eyes pierce him like a steel dart.

"You must need a friend bad, Willis," Kirtley said, "to come to me. And I can tell you, you won't find me a friend. I've lived without those things for eight years, and I've survived where a hundred men couldn't. I'll tell you that the great silences can reward a man tenfold to a man's once. Do you mean what you say? You want me to live with you?"

A defiant light had crept into Willis' eyes. He forced a low, carefree laugh, but the skin over his cheek-bones was undeniably tighter.

"I'm looking for a partner, Dan Kirtley, and you interest me. I'm offering you a chance to get human again. You see I don't follow your bunk about the 'great silences'—a friend is mighty handy to have."

For a moment Kirtley's lips seemed to flatten but his words slipped between them leaving them as inanimate as ever.

"I see you're serious about it. I'll wish you good luck, but I'm not looking forward to a pleasant winter. I'll bunk in with you Willis, but we trap separately and keep our catches separate. Thanks for the matches. Maybe you'll decide you don't want me—I hope you do decide that. Yes—I mean it—I hope you do."

When he had slipped into the blackness of the cornel and Juniper, Willis laughed to himself again. He was going to live with Dan Kirtley—be the "man who lived with Dan Kirtley." The thought was merely glorifying, not comforting, and the dripping spruces had long drenched the embers of the fire before he fell asleep.

Dry twigs snapped in the icy wind and dropped into the three-foot layer of soft, new winter snow. Beaver sought shelter within their houses and not far away a wolf sniffed the air, sounding a weird cry to her mate. And, hearing it, partridge fluttered off the spruce boughs and buried themselves in the snow. Thus winter made its advent into the Ft. Daubert country, and found Joe Willis and Dan Kirtley securely bound to each other's mercy in a twenty-foot cabin on the Little Bend.

It was not until the heavy snows came that Willis suffered any regret of the bargain he had made with Kirtley. Dan was, indeed, the man who never smiled, although at odd times tiny wrinkles appeared about his piercing black eyes in genuine mirth. But the lips always hung loosely as though to kill the smile within. He was never ill-tempered and did his share of the work willingly, even eagerly. In truth Joe Willis

laughed at his earlier fears and looked ahead to pleasant mid-winter nights. But this was before the loss of a fisher pelt.

**I**T WAS DARK when Joe brought the dogs in that night and he could smell supper cooking within the lighted cabin. Stamping the snow from his paws, he shouted:

"Lord, it's cold!"

There was no answer and he called again:

"Oh, Dan!"

The door behind him opened and Kirtley came in, a bucket of water in his hand—water covered with a two-inch crust of ice.

"Hello, Joe," he said dully, setting the pail on the stove.

Willis looked at the lifeless face for a moment and then returned to his team, crowding the dogs into the shed adjoining the cabin and throwing to them their daily ration of frozen whitefish. Stooping, he gathered in the dozen-odd pelts and flung them into a corner of the cabin to thaw out. As they fell to the floor his eye failed to catch the glistening brown-black fur of the fisher—the first of the year and worth all the others. He sorted them over in vain.

"Dan—I lost a fisher skin. Why, it was on the sled—strapped on with the others—when I pulled in. See it when you came in with the water?"

"No—I didn't see it," Kirtley replied, disinterestedly it seemed.

"Well, I'm damned! Look here, Dan Kirtley, somebody stole that pelt and you were the only one near it. Guess maybe they were right—what they said about you."

Kirtley turned upon him instantly and let his eyes sink to the very depths of Willis', his lips remaining motionless. Willis withered under the stare and strode into the smaller room of the cabin, tossing his tippet and mackinaw carelessly into his bunk. He stood there for a moment, fondling the tiny spark of suspicion which in such a man as he might become dominant. But for one thing the incident might have been temporarily forgotten. Two of Joe Willis' dogs were poisoned that night—and the spark became a latent flame.

As the weeks wore away there was no evidence of any impending break between the two men. Dan Kirtley was aware of Willis' suspicion of him, yet both seemed to have forgotten the incidents of the pelt and the dogs. Crust after crust formed on the snow and the trapping became more difficult. But Dan Kirtley made his tri-weekly circle to the south and brought back beaver and mink, and Joe Willis went to the north for the otter and fisher and weasel.

But as they entered upon the new year, drinking carefully treasured brandy

at the midnight hour, Willis found his catch only half as large as Dan's.

"You're lucky," he commented insinuatingly, "I don't see how you do it."

"Perhaps," ventured Kirtley, "when they told you about me, they also said I was a good trapper. No—they wouldn't say that."

"No—I never heard that. I'm a good one myself, Kirtley—but I don't get the breaks—only the bad ones. I lose a fifty dollar pelt and God knows what else. What do you say to that?"

The howl of a dog in the shed answered him—the high-pitched cry of a husky. Joe stiffened.

"I say, go feed your dogs," Dan replied.

"Feed 'em! That's Baldy—she's not hungry." Willis was outside in a minute. The dogs howled in a chorus now, and he turned away in disgust. Then, thinking to give them an extra fish or two, he lifted the lid of the box where they were kept. It was half filled with ice—not a fish to be seen. He ran his hand among the chunks, and slamming the lid, strode fiercely to where Dan Kirtley sat at the table, liquor glass in hand.

"You'll have your joke!" he bellowed. "Feed the dogs! What with? Not a damn fish there! You know they'll die without fish—you've hid 'em somewhere. Where are they?"

Kirtley, unruffled, set his glass on the table and rose to his feet, standing close to the threatening Willis, sending gleams from his eyes through the taller man's whole trembling body.

"Take your eyes off me—you devil!" Willis screamed. His two hands flew up seizing Kirtley in a frenzied grasp. "You're driving me crazy!"

Kirtley never once let his eyes fall. He shook off Joe Willis' quivering arms with an incredibly deft twist, hardly raising his own hands in defense.

"You're not yourself, my friend," he said, his voice raised a trifle in strain.

"Don't 'my friend' me! You refused me for a friend to start with. You steal my furs and poison my dogs and hide all the whitefish—want to make friends with me. You're a devil, Dan Kirtley—you'd put me at your mercy without dogs and—!" He fell back slightly animal-like as though to spring again.

Kirtley thrust himself forward.

"Listen to me. I told you I didn't expect this winter to be a pleasant one—I didn't want to bunk in with you, Willis. Why?—because bad luck follows me like a vulture follows death. But it never strikes me—oh, no! I've prayed night after night that it would. It strikes those near me and I am blamed. That is why I lived alone—why I can find a better partner in God's places



than in any man. And that is why you live alone from now on. I leave in the morning."

As Kirtley spoke the last few words his voice softened to almost a whisper and his eyes lost their harshness. And, strangely, Joe Willis dropped his arms to his side, his wrath relaxing into a smoulder. But the taut skin over his cheek-bones did not slacken.

"Bad luck—hell!"

"Bad luck, Joe Willis," Kirtley nodded. "I didn't steal your fur or kill your dogs. Ft. Daubert and you say those things, but they are lies."

There was a finality in the calmness of his voice that caused Willis to turn away. He caught up the bottle of brandy and drank deeply, flinging himself on his bunk. Kirtley blew out the lamp and did likewise.

But Willis did not sleep. The light of the forest moon had replaced the smoky glow of the lamp and the very stillness of everything increased his unrest. Nothing would convince him that Dan Kirtley had not proven himself what Ft. Daubert said of him. And these things being true, to what length might such a man go? Kirtley could waken in the night and easily put an end to him. Why had he not done it before instead of committing petty annoyances?

Willis turned on his side and looked into the bunk of the other. Kirtley's bearded face was plainly visible in the filter of moonlight. Willis asked him-

self again, why had he ever wanted to be known as the "man who lived with Dan Kirtley?" Would it not be a greater boast to say he had lived with Dan Kirtley and then—killed him? thought made him start. He saw the could kill Kirtley easily enough and take his catch of fur as his own. And safely enough—no one knew they were trapping together—not even Balsdon at the trading post.

KIRTLEY'S head moved again. The face was turned full into Willis' lips and skin lying like a wet, woolen blanket over the bones and teeth. Willis raised himself upon an elbow and then hesitated. And even as he waited, Kirtley's mouth opened and he was smiling. Smiling! The man who never smiled—yet now the lips were thin and lifelike at the edge of the beard, stretched mockingly into a smile. Willis leaped to his feet in fright, holding an arm before his eyes, as though to shield them from what he had seen in the wintry moonlight.

The shrill cry of a dog floated in through the logs of the cabin. Willis seized upon it as a gladsome pretext to be rid of the apparition. He tore open the heavy door and rushed out into the wind, stopping dead still beyond the door.

A man, bundled in furs, had been kneeling before the door of the doghouse and now bounded to his feet. He upon him instantly, tripping him into

the five-foot bank of snow and ice, his fingers searching beneath the fur for the other's throat.

Suddenly, the man who Willis now knew for McBride of the Lower Mace country, fell back, yielding. Dan Kirtley stood over him, pressing a rifle against his head.

"Get up—you two!" he ordered. "That's him, Willis—that's my bad luck. Ask *him*, Willis, ask *him* about the dogs and the fur and the fish. How about this, my man?" He kicked the still crouching bundle of fur extending a frozen slab of meat, impregnated with arsenic. "How about this?"

McBride made no answer, dully fascinated by the muzzle of the rifle. Joe Willis had risen to his feet and brushed a hand through his uncovered hair.

"Guess there's no need for him to say anything, Dan Kirtley. It must of been him, all right. But that smile of yours—you were asleep—God, what a smile! You smiled, Kirtley, and it drove me out here!"

Dan Kirtley's lips tightened again.

"Yes—I can smile. I wasn't asleep. What made me smile—Well never mind. Forget the thoughts you had in your mind—but when a man's heart is opened to me, I can smile, my friend."

He paused as Willis bowed his head in an indicative nod, and then continued in a voice totally changed as he stretched out his hand!

"Perhaps I shall smile more often from now on, Partner!"

## From A Tenement

By ELIZABETH SPENCER MOQUIN

*"And when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites"*

From a dark tenement, Lord, I pray to Thee,  
Hoping, wishing that my prayer may be as theirs  
Who live in rainbow alleys, play in grassy streets.

(They call them streets, I think, or is it "meadows?") I come to say my thanks to Thee.  
My heart feels like blue skies; my thoughts are  
Bright as sunshine through clean windows.

(If, Lord, your windows *should* be clean—  
—you catch my meaning—

I want to speak your language. . . . )

Here, on my knees, against the kitchen table,  
(You musn't laugh—we lost a bed this morning—  
—gave us only three small dollars, too—)

(The preacher said we *should* give thanks—  
for home and friends, for parents, food  
and clothes,—for Nature, singing birds  
and budding trees—and called them "blessings"—)

So, Lord, for "blessings" all, I thank Thee!

I thank Thee, too, that though my prayer is bad,  
It may be heard by One Who Understands,  
One born in lowly ox-shed on a winter's night;  
While I had iron bed.

(The same my mother sold this morning)  
And though He was so poor, so low, so humbly born,  
I'm sure His heart, so big and kind, can feel  
My prayer is love—not condescension  
To One more poorly born than I.

Dear Lord, from wealth of tenement,  
From glory of a room, a stove, a potted flower,  
(I bought last night—ten cents—

I went without my supper for it—)  
My prayer—my heart—goes out to Thee.



## Thad Welch--Pioneer and Painter

By HELEN VERNON REID

OF the many wonderful paintings that Welch produced at this period was one entitled "On the Lone Tree Trail." It was a huge canvas, with the sunny sloping hills he so loved to paint and the cattle straying here and there along the cow paths. One lordly bull, posed in the foreground as if disturbed by the spectator from cropping the dry grass. The trail was seen winding over the hills, with the lone tree in the distance.

Another large canvas that was remarkable, and an absolute contrast to the foregoing, was entitled "A Sunset at Bolinas." It was painted from the brow of the hill in back of "Steep Ravine" and commanded the complete sweep of the Bolinas Bay and sandspit, with the winding road in the foreground descending into Willow Camp. The sky was a vivid crimson, with fleecy golden clouds that seemed to gather brilliancy by contrast to the deep blue sky surrounding them. The sea was calm and one seemed to feel the stillness of approaching night on viewing this solemn benediction at the passing of the god of day.

Welch was always generous and eager to help those in distress. At the time of the Galveston Flood he donated a wonderful landscape to "The Examiner's Relief Fund," eliciting the following comment in that paper.

"Thad Welch's donation is a gift of great value, from one who himself is not an autocrat among moneyed men, but a humble hard-working artist, whose home nestles far away from things that most men seek, among the hills of Marin County. The picture will be placed on sale and the proceeds devoted to the cause of the Galveston sufferers. The picture itself portrays a beautiful stretch of the Bolinas hills, near the artist's home, and is a work of unusual strength and does full credit to the reputation of the artist."

During these adventurous years Welch kept in touch with his mother, though the letters at times were necessarily far apart, but as the years passed and his successes grew apace, he became anxious to travel northward to see his parent.

Therefore a few years later he and his wife left for Oregon. The cabin was nailed up and save for the paintings which were hidden securely, there was nothing of value in the little place to cause anxiety.

Uncle Seneca Smith lived in Portland and to his home accordingly they went, spending part of the summer there sketching from Portland Heights. Then

they went to McMinnville, visiting the haunts of his childhood.

Strangers were living on the old Welch farm, but their neighbors, the Sittons, were still there, though time had called "Uncle Doc" and Thad's favorite playfellow Charles Sitton. They stayed for some weeks with the Sittons and Welch painted on the old farm and up the Panther Creek to "The Indian Ford."

was hauled free of charge by our Portuguese neighbors on the nearest ranch."

That his mother was overjoyed to see him there is little doubt and it was with great pride that she sat for her artist son to paint her portrait. This brave little lady who had known so many vicissitudes in her early life, felt great satisfaction and compensation in the success of her eldest son.

Welch said that he and his mother were taken for brother and sister and this was not to be wondered at, as there



"Thad Welch The Artisan" from the painting by Mrs. Welch  
Courtesy of M. Ansbrosio Gallery, San Francisco

MRS. WELCH, Senior, lived in Walla Walla with her daughter Frances, so the artist went there to visit her. Having little money his wife remained at the Smith's, afraid to take the chances of being stranded in Oregon. Fortunately there were unusually cheap rates that summer, it costing but five dollars each from San Francisco to Portland. As it happened, the boat they took back to California was the last one on which the cheap rates prevailed and when they landed in San Francisco and had bought their tickets to Mill Valley they had just eighty cents left to spend the winter on.

"Naturally we walked," said Welch in recounting this incident, "from Mill Valley to Steep Ravine" and the eighty cents were enough for our trunk on the schooner to Bolinas and from there it

were sixteen years difference in their ages and at that time he wore a beard which was gray and made him look twenty years older.

The family had scattered, some were married and his favorite brother, Ralph, was dead. Although Welch saw little of this brother who was six years younger, he always cherished the greatest affection for him as they were both of the same temperament—Ralph being musically inclined.

As time went on people who admired his work braved the bad roads and sought to meet this artist of the Marin Hills. As the place was difficult to find, nestled as it was in the ravine, Welch finally put up a sign with his name by the roadside.

One day shortly after returning from the North, a wagon stopped in the road



above the house and some one called down, no doubt after reading the sign.

"How much are your pictures?"

Welch answered:

"From five to five hundred."

As no one appeared Welch laconically remarked to his wife:

"No doubt they wanted one for two-and-a-half."

Some one once asked Welch if he thought that through his pictures people moved to Bolinas.

"Certainly," he replied, "how could any one know a place he had never seen?"

"But," continued his questioner, "it was out of the way and without any of the comforts of life in a settled community." "There is a picture that never fades; Nature has been prodigal with her gifts and what more can you want?" replied the artist in a tone of finality.

There was but one lure for Thad Welch and that was Nature, in sad mood or gay and he would not exchange a picturesque bit of wilderness for the most fashionable dwelling in a city.

Two seasons later they went to the Yosemite Valley for the summer, camping from place to place as suited their purpose for sketching. The results of this trip were a number of paintings which though faithfully portraying effects in the Valley were not equal to the Marin pictures. A few sold but the majority were never popular, for the public wanted Marin Hills and repeated orders for "something like the 'Lone Tree Trail' or 'The Bolinas Lagoon'" were the best evidences that Marin County should be his workshop.

Owing to their proximity to the ocean, the fogs and dampness in steep ravines aggravated an asthmatic complaint from which Welch suffered, so that they decided to spend the winter of 1902-3 in San Francisco and rented a studio at 424 Pine Street. This was a busy winter with many orders which he filled from ideas worked out of his numerous sketches.

Welch was by this time a member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco and at their annual exhibition contributed a number of paintings which readily sold.

There was considerable jealousy that this quiet reticent man from the hills should meet with such success and take up so much space in the Press.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* commented on an incident which occurred at the Bohemian Club exhibition.

"A certain man of San Francisco who does some of the most faithful and interesting California scenes placed a tag of two-hundred-fifty dollars on one of his pictures. This was like a red flag to the man who knows everything from commerce to art and science, and he sent angry queries over several telephone

wires, seeking the person who had so presumed. One defendant into whose ears rattled one of these messages asked why the man's estimate of his work should be questioned and was told:

"Oh, he is hard up and will be glad to take less."

"But the man, who at times when the wolf has clamored too savagely at his door held to his price, declined to let his poverty be the standard by which his work should be judged."

**S**AYS *Town Talk* at this time:

"Singly and together the Impressionistic artists of San Francisco have tried to sneer Thad Welch into obscurity. But Thad is pursuing profitably his art and continues to paint hillside and trees in the colors that God has given them. They rashly permitted Welch to enter the Bohemian Club exhibition. All his paintings sold. Most of the daubers who sneered at his work had to pay return cartage on their own masterpieces."

Once when Willis Davis was president of the Hopkins Art Institute, he came to Welch's studio and asked him to exhibit at the exhibition but the jury rejected his paintings. At the Starr King exhibit Welch's pictures were barred. One of the judges responsible for this artistic boycott met Welch about this time and our artist asked the reason.

"Why did you have me fired out of the Exhibition?"

"Because," replied the judge, "I thought you could paint better pictures."

"Well," answered Welch laconically, "how can you tell whether I can paint better pictures? You cannot tell whether you could paint better pictures yourself."

And the artist judge remained quiet.

Some years ago a certain lady of San Francisco who is an art lover, visited the Piedmont Art Gallery in company with several members of a Woman's

Club to which she belonged. They were all giving their various opinions as to the most meritorious picture exhibited and this lady without hesitation pronounced a painting by Thad Welch her favorite.

The others scoffed at her decision and rather crestfallen she refrained from further discussion, though adhering to her original choice.

A few years later the Piedmont Gallery held a voting contest wherein each visitor was required to cast a ballot for his favorite picture and the Welch painting received the most votes and was acclaimed the most popular picture in the Gallery. On learning this, the lady in question took great satisfaction in phoning her friends of the decision.

San Geronimo Valley had long appealed to Thad Welch with its wonderful stretch of massive hills and meadows at their base. Consequently he was delighted to find a cozy little cottage there, to which they moved in the Spring of 1902.

The climate was mild by comparison to that of "Steep Ravine" and the accessibility to the railroad and the other comforts of the place were most appealing.

Here they worked early and late. On being asked once what hours he worked, Welch replied:

"Not union ones, anyway. I begin about six o'clock in the morning and far earlier in the summer and I am at work until twilight drops her curtain over the world. I do not mean that I am working all the time, but I am sketching early and late, because Nature is in her softest moods early in the day and again after the sun is low or beneath the horizon altogether." Then he added with a quizzical twist of his lips, "I work longest when I have an order, or when the larder is empty."

There are few hills in Southern Marin that Welch and his wife have not tramped over in their quest of pic-



Browsing Cattle—from the painting by Thad Welch



tures. Painting traps are not the lightest, and when a huge sketching umbrella is included and the goal is several hundred feet up the steep hillside, with the dry grass slippery underfoot, these jaunts may indeed be termed strenuous in the extreme. After working thus most of the day is it any wonder that on returning to the cottage at dusk, Mrs. Welch was often too tired to cook an evening meal and they were content to eat a cold supper.

**A**BOUT this time the controversy arose between A. W. Foster, capitalist and railroad magnate and a local art firm over the price of one of Welch's paintings. The picture was ordered by Mr. Foster from the art dealer, three hundred-fifty dollars was the price; the subject was left to the artist, providing that it was a Marin landscape.

When the picture was finished Foster inspected it at the store and approved it, ordered it framed and sent to his home. Later a bill was presented which called for seven hundred-sixty dollars. Mr. Foster remarked that they must have put on a very costly frame, to which the dealer replied that the picture was more expensive than it was supposed to be and that Welch wanted a larger price, as he could not afford to paint such a masterpiece for the amount originally mentioned.

The bill was paid but Foster wrote, "Under protest" on the bill after it had been receipted. The capitalist believed that Welch and the art dealer had "put up a job" on him. On communicating with Welch, however, he learned that the artist was free from blame, having had no inkling of the methods of the picture dealer in this affair. Furthermore, Welch informed Foster that his price for the painting was three hundred dollars and that was all he had received from the dealer.

Foster then threatened to have the art dealer arrested for obtaining money by false representation. He asked the salesman how much Welch had been paid for the picture and after much hesitation, he replied, "Five hundred dollars;" whereupon, Foster produced Welch's letter stating that he had received but three hundred dollars.

The case was brought to Court.

To one of Welch's retiring nature, it was particularly distressing to be brought into Court as a result of a dispute over the price of his paintings.

Therefore when the attorney asked:

"Have you any prejudice against either of the parties in this case?"

Welch replied quickly in the affirmative.

"Which one?" urged the lawyer.

"Both," replied the artist.

"Since you are playing no favorites, may I ask why you are prejudiced?"

"Because it hurts my feelings to be dragged into Court," was the response, and the look on his sensitive face showed that it was truly an ordeal for him to be "dragged into court." Foster announced to some friends after the adjournment that he did not care the rap of his finger for the money involved in the case, but he proposed to fight to the bitter end this practice of grafting on poor artists by unscrupulous art dealers.

The railroad magnate won his suit, the Court deciding that fifty dollars was sufficient compensation for the agents and after deducting eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents, the cost of the frame put on the picture, gave Foster a verdict for three hundred-twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, the amount sued for less the price of the frame.

This controversy but augmented the demand for Welch's paintings and a few days later he started for San Geronimo with twenty orders for pictures at prices ranging from three hundred dollars upward.

Close upon this, the following notice appeared in *The San Francisco Chronicle*:

"Very soon one of the most exquisite canvases ever done by Thad Welch 'Early Morning in Marin' will leave California for the East, a sojourning Gothamite the purchaser. His amazement by the way, was large at the thought of its being permitted to stray from home. May such visitors who really appreciate and buy, come often and stay long. As it is by the wind that the seeds of blossoms are dropped in barren places, so it is with every wanderer who carries away a worthy California picture; it sows a seed of reverence for the art that California knows."

"Art is no business," remarked Barney Barnard once upon a time—but there are exceptions.

The three years spent in the San Geronimo Valley were busy and profitable ones for Thad Welch. After an interval of several months, spent near to Nature's heart, Welch would send the results of his labors to the art dealers of San Francisco and the art loving public would revel in those exquisite bits of rural life which he knew so well how to reproduce.

**O**NE remarkable canvas which appeared at this period was entitled "The San Geronimo Valley." A summer landscape with the mountains in the middle distance, a stream running down to the foreground in the valley and a fog coming over the hills from the ocean. There were cattle drinking in the stream and grazing near by. Painted in the bright sunlight of noon day the lights and shades were in about as positive a

contrast as they could be in nature, showing an intense atmosphere portrayed in the style of a master.

A visitor to his studio once commented on his admirable handling of cows, to which Welch replied:

"Oh, I couldn't paint a picture without cows in it" and this was fortunate as they are the quintessence of his realism and an inseparable part of his landscapes. One is filled with the peacefulness which usually dominates his work and watching his cattle grazing in the pastures, the cares and turmoil of the outer world are forgotten.

Desiring a milder climate the Welchs left San Geronimo in March 1905 for Santa Barbara. It was only necessity that induced Welch to leave his beloved Marin hills; for physicians had long before told him he should live in the South, for the cold winds and fog but aggravated his asthmatic complaint. However, he had persistingly turned a deaf ear to their advice, though suffering, and had continued to paint among the hills he loved so well.

In the Fall of 1905 he was quite ill and was thus forced to give in. Reluctantly they packed their belongings and settled in Santa Barbara, buying a bungalow on East Sola Street. The genial people of the South gave him a royal welcome and his health improving he soon grew to love Santa Barbara with its mild climate and the quiet restful atmosphere of the place.

Nevertheless, Welch was loyal to his old camping ground in Marin and usually painted from sketches made there. No matter how far distant the abode of the artist, the demand was for Marin County scenes and this gave him infinite satisfaction, for he discovered and introduced the county to the art world and they would have little else from his brush. Was this any wonder? As a critic once remarked, "Those who look at a Welch landscape of Marin see the sun beating through the fog on the rolling laurel-covered hills that are unmistakably Bolinas and the vicinity, to all who know the country. If Welch's pictures hold together until that time when the Marin landscapes shall be changed by nature or the hand of man, these pictures will be delightful and reliable records of what was."

Shortly before leaving for Santa Barbara, Welch painted a remarkable picture of Mt. Tamalpais. The mountain rises in purple majesty and bears along its crest a long, soft veil of fog, so shimmering and graceful as to seem in actual movement. It was painted from a point near Escalante with a glimpse of an estuary in the foreground.

Thad Welch was not only an artist but an inventor, a strange combination, but one that operates well.



Weeks, and sometimes months at a time, he spent in the neat workshop he built beneath his studio in Santa Barbara inventing the most delicate and original of machinery. One of his inventions was an original rapid shutter for a camera and his latest creation was an electric dynamo with a new scheme for generating the current.

His workshop was fitted with a turning lathe, forge, anvil, and all manner of tools. Everything he built was created from the raw material. When he wanted a tool he made it. Sometimes he would sit up until three o'clock in the morning over some invention, forgetting food unless called to meals, and regardless of sleep. The violins he made were exceptionally good and are much prized by those who possess them. Besides this, he made easels and stools and many devices to facilitate sketching.

Welch did not invite confidences, he worked quietly and without effusion; reticent to a marked degree. However, if he chanced to be in accord with a visitor he could be very entertaining and had a fund of quaint humor at his command that was akin to wit.

It seems strange that with his love of nature Welch should in his later years have turned cynic, and upon occasion could be very caustic. The trait was neither assumed nor exaggerated. He was companionable to the few who came within his favor but never hesitated to speak his mind, however unpleasant the impression left.

He was chary about forming friendships and had different ones at each period of his life, for as he seldom wrote letters, he did not keep in touch with them.

Of his boyhood friends, Charles Sitton, Seneca Smith and James M. Sharp were his closest friends though he never corresponded with them.

When he visited Oregon in 1897 he renewed his friendships with Seneca Smith but Charles Sitton was gone and James Sharp he did not meet again until 1905 when he first went to Santa Barbara. After that, they were close friends until Welch's death.

**D**URING his school days at McMinnville, W. Lair Hill probably had more influence over him than any one and Welch always-spoke of him with the highest regard and he was the first of his old friends he hunted up when he returned to San Francisco.

In the San Francisco printing office days, Nelson C. Hawks was his nearest friend and they became intimate again on his return from Australia in 1892.

Of the artists in Munich he spoke more of Duveneck, Twachtmann, Chase and Raschen than any others. Richard Pauli was associated with his sojourn in Paris.

During the cyclorama days, Welch and Twachtmann were inseparable and when they failed to meet they wrote every few days. Welch once remarked, upon the receipt of one of Twachtmann's letters:

"It seems he cannot live without me, any more than I can live without him."

Shortly after Welch returned to California, Twachtmann died. While living in "Steep Ravine," William E. Loy and Earl H. Webb were probably the men of whom he thought most.

He seldom cared to call on people, but was always pleased when they came to the house.

It was in San Francisco, before he went to Europe, that he first became acquainted with the artist H. R. Bloom-

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#### SUPPLICATION

**G**IVE me of quiet, Lord,  
stillness of the shadow of a poplar  
tree at night fall!  
silence!  
peace!

Glad should I slip where shadows meet  
the dark  
but songs that none but hearts  
returning know  
might never be.

So, give me rest—  
and strength renewed!

But grant me this—  
a window to the sky  
where every night a passionless  
moon skims by!  
unheeding!

—Mildred Fowler Field.

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er. Welch always enjoyed visiting at his home in Sausalito for it was filled with relics of his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, and Bloomer never tired recounting his experiences with the author. When Mrs. Bloomer died, Welch wrote to him asking him if he would not make his home with them in Santa Barbara.

That Welch tenderly cherished the memory of spots associated with his childhood in Oregon is shown by the following incident.

While residing at Santa Barbara some one presented him with a pair of horns and he was not satisfied to mount them on an ordinary piece of wood but sent to his friend Eb Sitton in Oregon, requesting that he send him a piece of wood of sufficient size from the oak tree under which they had played as children. This was done and the horns were accordingly mounted and still adorn the living room at 411 East Sola Street.

In recent years, Welch and his wife were camping at Russian River Terrace, having come north for a brief visit.

It was October and the nights were warm.

One particularly dark night they were startled to hear someone climbing the steep narrow trail which commenced two hundred feet below at the river's bank. Being strangers in the locality they did not expect visitors and were therefore surprised to hear some one inquire for Thad Welch.

It proved to be a man who had purchased an Indian picture by Welch back in Denver in the Eighties, and learning that the artist was visiting in the vicinity he had rowed five miles up the river, bringing the picture in order to show it and renew his acquaintance.

As is the case with the majority of artists, Welch was not a business man and was often guided in his transaction solely by his feelings at the moment which was certainly not advantageous or judicious.

On one occasion a man was very desirous of buying a certain painting but Welch did not like him and although he needed the money badly he would not sell it. Later on, he gave away the same painting to a friend.

Both Welch and his wife were passionately fond of animals and always possessed a collection of pets.

A jet black cocker spaniel "Robin Hood" has been immortalized by Mrs. Welch in numerous pictures, while his predecessor "Queenie" and her family of puppies came in for their share of attention.

But it was not alone the tame animals that elicited Welch's interest.

One day after a rainstorm in San Geronimo there was a freshet, which washed out the ground in places and Welch found some gophers struggling around in a dazed condition. He brought them home and putting them in a deep box behind the stove, fed them on potatoes.

On another occasion, in Santa Barbara, he found a rat that had fallen into a pail of water near the barn and was nearly drowned. He took it to the house, holding it in his arms, feeding the creature on milk and cheese when it revived.

On entering their living room at Santa Barbara one instinctively turns to a life size portrait of the artist, done by J. N. Marble.

To say that it is a speaking likeness seems trite, but this wonderful picture has even the semblance of his personality and you seem conscious of his thoughts as well as his physical outlines.

Marble excelled in portraiture, having studied under Tony Robert Fluery in Paris, but he considered Thad Welch's portrait one of his best works.

The picture was painted in Marble's studio on State Street, Santa Barbara, about five years before Welch passed

(Continued on page 328)



# The Fruit Industry in California

By JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN

**I**N the kindly climate and fertile soil of California fruits of many kinds flourish. There is a very high percentage of sunshine and the mountains supply an abundance of water for irrigation. Commercial fruit growing is not an incidental to general farming but is a highly specialized industry. In fact the fruit grower as a rule devotes his time to one or at most a very few kinds of fruit.

The production of fruit is attractive work and under favorable conditions is profitable. Capital as well as knowledge and industry are essential to success. Even in California fruit trees do not come into bearing for a number of years after planting. While the trees are small some return can be had by planting vegetables and berries between them. From the State Department of Agriculture and the University of California the new-comer can secure much practical help.

## *Citrus Fruits*

The Franciscan fathers laid the foundations of the fruit industry in California. They brought from sunny Spain orange, lemon, olive and other trees as well as grape vines. These were planted about the several missions and the Mission Indians were taught to cultivate them. In 1876 our government introduced from Brazil several trees of a variety now known as the Washington Navel Orange. Two of these trees were planted near Riverside, on land belonging to a Mr. Tibbitts. From these two trees our groves of this variety are de-

scended. It is of particular interest to note that the original trees are living today and that from one of them fruit is sent annually to the President of the United States.

Since, on the average, temperature falls as one travels poleward at the rate of 1 degree fahrenheit to each ninety miles, it was at first supposed that southern California is the only part of the state in which citrus fruits will thrive. The fallacy of this belief has for many years been well-known. The influence of the ocean upon the climate of California is such that there is little difference between temperatures in the northern and southern parts. In fact oranges ripen earlier several hundred miles north of Los Angeles than they do in Southern California. Orange groves flourish along the east side of the Central Valley as far north as Palermo, Oroville and Chico.

**C**ALIFORNIA produces approximately 70 per cent of the oranges grown in the United States, Florida being the only other state producing any considerable quantity. The prevailing winds in California come from the Pacific, the temperature of which is always moderate and varies but little from season to season. Cold waves are therefore seldom destructive. Bitter experience has, however, shown the grower that he must be prepared, by means of a heating system, to combat the occasional killing frost.

Those who wish to establish themselves as citrus fruit growers should be possessed of some capital. The land is expensive, the price varying with the locality, but averaging several hundred dollars per acre. Nursery stock will cost from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per tree, for oranges and lemons and a little more for grape fruit. The occasional heating of the orchard, the irrigation, cultivation and fertilizing and the fumigation (in the sections where this is necessary) is a considerable financial burden.

After the third year citrus trees will bear a little, but about eight years are required to bring them into full bearing. A first class orange grove of this age will yield 250 packed boxes per acre. The fruit is, of course, cut from the trees instead of being picked. If there is scale the fruit is washed and it is graded according to size before being packed. A box filled in the grove will make about two thirds of a packed box. The fruit is shipped in special cars which adds to the cost of marketing.

Nearly all of the lemons grown in the United States are produced in California. They are more susceptible to frost than are oranges and therefore localities should be selected with much care. A lemon grove near Santa Paula is said to be the largest in the world. The quantity of grape fruit produced is increasing, but Florida far out-ranks California in both quantity and quality.

## *Peaches and Apricots*

No other state in the Union approaches California in the production of these fruits. They can be successfully grown in a much larger area than can citrus fruits. Land, nursery stock and care of the orchard are less expensive than in the case of citrus fruits. Another advantage is found in the fact that the trees come into bearing a little earlier. Naturally the return per acre is not so high.

Where peaches and apricots are grown upon a large scale they are not marketed fresh but are dried or sold to canners. The average yield is probably about four or five tons of green fruit per acre. If the fruit is to be dried it is halved, the stones removed and the halves placed, flat sides up, upon trays. The fruit is then exposed to the fumes of sulphur after which it is removed to the drying yard. For the process of drying several days are required, depending upon the conditions of the atmosphere.

## *Prunes*

So far as our country is concerned the prune industry is practically confined to Oregon and California, with



A California Orchard in Early Spring



California producing much the larger part of the total crop. The Santa Clara valley is the chief prune growing region. This valley extends southward from the southern end of San Francisco Bay for a distance of about seventy miles. Before being dried the prunes are dipped in a lye solution. Large quantities of the fruit are exported, although but a few years ago we were importers of prunes.

#### *Olives*

As previously stated, the Mission Fathers introduced olive trees from Spain and planted them upon the mission lands. The olive industry is now one of much importance and olives and olive oil of excellent quality are exported in large quantities. In 1921 there were in the state 1,276,860 bearing trees and more than 500,000 that had not then come into bearing. No other state in the Union produces any considerable quantity of olives.

North of Los Angeles, near San Fernando, is the famous Sylmar Grove of 2,000 acres. In the neighborhood of Porterville there is a grove of 1,000 acres under the same ownership. Not far from Whittier is the well-known McNally Grove, the product of which is shipped to all parts of the country.

#### *Grapes and Raisins*

Grapes are grown in many parts of the world, but raisins are produced in few. For the production of the latter a warm, dry climate with much sunshine is required. These conditions are found in the San Joaquin Valley and Fresno County alone produces two or three times as many raisins as does Spain.

The vineyards range in size from five acres to two or three thousand acres. Several varieties of grapes are grown for table use and thousands of cars are shipped yearly. In the making of raisins the Muscat and the Thompson Seedless are used most extensively. Probably three fourths of all the vineyard acreage in California is in raisin grapes.

As vines begin to bear the third year, the grower does not have to wait so long for a return as does the grower of citrus fruits. A good vineyard will yield the fifth year about one ton of raisins per acre. The grapes are dried in the sunshine which is much cheaper than employing artificial heat. About twenty days are required for the curing. The raisins are delivered to the packing houses where they are carefully packed and labeled.

#### *Dates*

For centuries dates have been grown in southwestern Asia and in northern Africa. Until recent years all of the dates used in our country were imported, but good dates are now produced commercially in Arizona and California. Although date trees require much water, a hot, dry climate is necessary in order to dry the fruit.



Interior of a California Fruit Drier

Many years ago our Bureau of Plant Industries made a study of the date industry and found that in the Coachella Valley very favorable conditions exist. Although the valley is naturally a desert there is an abundance of water to be had from artesian and other wells. At Mecca the Federal Government maintains a date garden for experimental work. California produced in 1921 about 85,000 pounds of dates which found a ready market at good prices.

Date trees begin to yield in from four to eight years according to variety and other conditions and they continue to yield for a long period. The fruit grows in bunches of from ten to forty pounds each. An average crop for a tree in full bearing is probably about three hundred pounds.

#### *A Date Orchard*

In this brief article no mention is made of figs, pears, apples, cherries, nectarines, persimmons, loquots, quinces and guavas, all of which are grown commercially in California. There appears to be no danger that the fruit industry will be overdone, particularly as the area adapted to certain fruits is quite limited. Cooperative handling has accomplished much and there is more to be done. It occasionally happens that the grower gets no return for his investment and labor, yet the price to the consumer is almost prohibitive. There should be such governmental or other regulation as shall give to producer, shipper and dealer their fair share of profit and to the consumer a price that places the fruit within his reach.

#### *MY COVE*

##### *In Summer*

THE golden hills of summer hold  
Within their sheltering arms the sleeping  
sea,  
As might a dreaming mother's arm  
enfold  
Her child, while baby waves lisp drowsily  
And now and then a sea breeze wanders by  
And stoops to kiss them gently as they lie.

##### *By Moonlight*

Enchantress-like the harvest moon  
Bends o'er the cove and weaves her ancient  
spell;  
And as she stoops some potent charm  
to croon,  
Her mighty power draws earth and sea as  
well.  
Lest any drop of magic drink be lost,  
Close rise the purple hills with silver bossed.

##### *After the Storm*

Pearl-gray and satin-smooth the sea,  
Flecked here and there with ever changing  
blue,  
When shifting clouds of silver filagree  
Float past and let a glimpse of heaven  
through;  
While far away the airy smoke-plumes rise,  
And wing with flocks of mist across the skies.

##### *In Winter*

The wind-swept sky of vivid blue  
Grows pale of faintest azure near the earth;  
Great clouds, like hovering birds of  
tawny hue  
Throw far aihwart the sun their dusky  
girth—  
While underneath their pinions, fringed with  
white,  
Spreads at my feet, a burnished sea of light.

##### *By Starlight*

The stars of winter light the sky,  
Where countless suns upon each other crowd;  
A misty void the silent waters lie,  
An empty sky with neither star nor cloud,—  
And heaven's lights seem calling evermore  
The clustered constellations on the shore.  
—Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.



# The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW  
(Continued from last month)

"**R**OTTEN," Mike returned without hesitation. "It's a tight camp, nothin' like the old ones, and this working for twenty hours a day is proving too much for me." He stooped and came under one end of the counter, and took a stool next the one on which Staley sat. The latter said, "I am sorry, Mike, I thought business was brisk, or would be. Of course you are working too long hours. Why don't you get a helper, or say," Staley's sympathetic manner brightened to one simulated by what he meant to appear as an impulsive thought, "Why don't you sell out?"

"Sell?" Mike was plainly incredulous, "Why sir, who'd buy this dump? When business got rotten in the other camps, I just got up and dusted. Can't afford to do it here, and if I stay I'll bust."

Staley pondered. He understood the psychology of men of Mike's type. Something other than poor business was responsible for Mike's despondency.

"What will you take for the business?" Staley asked, off hand.

"A thousand bucks," replied the owner with an alacrity that removed the last droop of sleep from his eye lids. "Lock, stock and barrel, good will, fixtures and grub. Give me the mazuma and I'll walk out. I'll do better than that. I'll leave my cap and apron."

"I think I know where you can find a buyer," Staley began cautiously, "in fact, I am sure about it. Will you give me the refusal of the place till nine in the morning?" Mike nodded. "Now here are the terms under which I will undertake the deal. You sell for one thousand dollars, but you ask the buyers only five hundred, understand? I'll pay you the other five hundred; and by the Lord, if the sale goes through, and you over intimate to any one that I did, I'll—" Mike loudly deprecated any thought of treachery. Staley resumed, "From what I have learned, these parties are a little short of cash and now and then I have the inclination to do a small charity. Keep open till seven and I will be here with my prospects. They will open negotiations; and remember, five hundred dollars is the price. My word is good for the remainder, is it not?"

"And then some," affirmed Mike.

"Thanks, I would give it to you now but the first thing you would do would be to lock up and head straight for the Faro Bank in the Northern. One more stipulation: After you have had a rest, will you come back and run the night shift for the new owners?"

"Will I?" asked Mike, "I'll run the

night shift from six to six for five bucks a shift, and I'll do it the same as if I owned it."

**S**TALEY had little use for an alarm clock in waking early that morning. Sleep was out of the question. The huge tent hotel bellied and swayed under the force of the gale. The canvas partitions snapped with pistol-like reports. The place was filled with dust and the complaints and jests of wakeful men, and with the snores of those who slept through the entire bedlam.

At daybreak Staley was up and walking about the wind swept town.

Clouds, driven before the gale were banking up above, or scudding like gray fleeing wraiths along the summits of the peaks. Suddenly, characteristic of the quick climatic changes of this region, the wind began to lull. There was a crash of thunder, which reverberated against the peaks and seemed to rock the very earth. Staley ran for the nearest shelter, a saloon porch. He had no sooner gained this than the rain began to fall with the volume and violence of a cloudburst. For five minutes it rained, and then the sun broke through the clouds and smiled down upon the freshened, wind swept, clean washed land with a warmth of lavish apology for the havoc wrought by the wind devils of the night.

At six o'clock Staley knocked upon the door of the Carson house, and disclosed his identity in answer to Mrs. Carson's, "Who is it?"

"You and the girls are going to breakfast with me," he explained, "It's too upset to think of cooking this morning. The other boys are not up yet. Will you be at Mulligan Mike's in half an hour?"

Mrs. Carson's reply was a prompt acceptance of the invitation. With it Staley departed for the Mulligan Dump to await the arrival of his guests. He gave orders that the door should be locked, as this breakfast was to be private.

Almost at the appointed moment, standing at the single large window of the Mulligan Dump, he saw the three women round the corner opposite. He opened the door and met them with a smiling good morning, re-locking the door when they had entered. Breakfast was waiting.

"Oh, what a lovely cozy place," exclaimed Barbara, as from her perch on the high stool she took in her surroundings.

"It's the sort of place I have dreamed

of," added Ann Dorr admiringly, "We must have one just like it."

"Buy this one," suggested Mulligan Mike.

"Would you sell it?" Ann asked timidly, "Oh, you would want more than we ever could pay. Besides, we have our own outfit."

"If you are in earnest, Miss Dorr," Staley interrupted, "I will take as much of your outfit for the mine as you care to sell."

"We'll talk it over after you eat," Mulligan Mike put in with a note of finality that was not sufficient to conceal his eagerness from Mrs. Carson. She gave Staley a scrutinizing look. Half an hour later when they were outside, Barbara and Ann had remained to talk over the details of transfer, she said, "Bill Staley, what have you been up to? Spill it. You can't fool me and you know mum is wrote on somethin' besides champagne bottles."

He smiled at her intuition.

"Mrs. Carson," he said seriously, "You are a keen person. Keep your own counsel and I will send you a case of Mumm's for your next party." She nodded her acquiescence and said, "Bill Staley, you might fool them girls, but you can't fool an old timer like me, but I know your heart's in the right place, God bless you!"

It was past eight o'clock when Rawlins, Carson and Shorty left the cabin and came down the main street in search of breakfast. Carson saw his wife and Ann Dorr standing before the Mulligan Dump, looking up to where a carpenter was removing the sign.

"What the hell!" exclaimed Pete, "the old woman's bought out Mike. Might 'a' knowed she'd 'a' done somethin' like that if I wasn't home to keep cases on her. Me a minin' millionaire and her a Mulligan Dump keeper." He groaned at the humiliation.

"It's sure tough, Pete," Shorty sympathized, giving Rawlins a knowing look. "It's sure tough bein' one of the plutocrats and havin' your wife hustlin' chow to a bunch of the proletariat. Cheer up, old timer. There's one consolation, we'll get some real grub."

In reply Pete swore prodigiously. "Like as not she's gone partners with them two girls," he continued, when his tirade was finished. "She can't get over thinkin' she's a girl herself."

Rawlins proposed that they go and see if they could procure breakfast at the Mulligan Dump. Shorty agreed readily. Pete followed, with bent head. As they neared the lunch counter Barbara came out of the door and stood



beside Mrs. Carson. Across the street a group of idly curious watched the proceedings with apparent interest.

"Oh, boys, we've bought it," exclaimed Barbara, as the three men came up. "It is just the loveliest place. But that horrid sign, 'The Mulligan Dump,'" she made a grimace of horror, "I just couldn't bear it. The 'Tin Can' is bad enough, but Ann insists on that."

Pete faced his wife belligerently, "Say, are you in on this?" he demanded.

"If you mean, am I in the pot with the coin, Pete the Great, I am not, but I'm boostin' for this game," she returned with fine dignity. Then, assuming her most seductive manner, she said, "Will you gentlemen step in and have your vacancies filled? The place is open for business."

"Well, I'll be——" but Pete got no further in his expression of relief. He was halted by his wife's, "Don't swear, Peter, it's all right when we're alone, but there's a lady present." She indicated Barbara with a nod. Squelched, but grateful, Pete went inside, leaving his wife, arms akimbo, supervising the removal of the sign.

Shorty and Rawlins and already entered and were seated. Pete climbed to an adjacent stool. Ann Dorr came smiling from the kitchen and stood confronting them across the counter.

"What do you think of this for action?" she inquired, "Salute me! I am the chef and the maitre d'hotel."

"There ain't nothin' the matter with this hotel," growled Pete, "Give us some chow." Ann explained the term, doing her best to smother the laugh that was made more provoking by Shorty's and Rawlins' knowing smile.

"Huh," grunted Pete, when she had finished her explanation, "You mean you're the crew and the captain bold, and the cook of this here joint?"

"No, not all that," she replied, "Barbara and I are equal partners." Pete leaned forward and looked at her intently. "Now on the level," he demanded, "ain't my old woman a pardner in this thing?"

Ann's ready disavowal of such arrangement at last convinced Pete that he had not been disgraced by his wife's stooping to a bourgeoisie level while there was still money in the Carson exchequer.

Mrs. Carson came in to announce that she had given the carpenter instructions to erect a tent house adjoining hers. This was to be home for the two girls, when they were not at the restaurant. The girls thanked her profusely for this thoughtfulness, and said they would pay the expense that would be incurred.

"Nothin' doin' in that line," replied Mrs. Carson, "I got to take care of you children and you got to have a place where I can keep cases on you without trottin' my legs off. I'm goin' to charge

you two dollars apiece a month rent for the shack. It'll have all the modern improvements, includin' a place to look at yourself in the glass, and a bed. Do you take it? Better, before I raise the rent." The generous offer was accepted.

At this time three automobiles loaded to capacity with boomers, arrived. They had left the railroad town before day-break. Their arrival brought Shorty to realization that he had delivered Bill Staley to his destination and that now the necessity of making his further living confronted him. Here were three rival cars in town. Their drivers would be looking for return passengers. He must get busy. He had finished his breakfast, and now at the first opportunity, slid out of the place, unobserved, into the enlivening scenes of the main street. He began mixing with the crowds, announcing

### DUMAS WASHES EGGS

CHICOT the Jester and a row of Ceucalyptus—

Memory always couples them with tender misty mirth;

Flying braids and calico; a child with awkward fingers

Madly "washing-up" a case of eggs for all she's worth!

For she has been promised, as a prize when she has finished,

She may read her brother's books—the whole bright shining row.

Sitting there beneath the trees, she'll read of dukes and duchesses —

Oh—Dumas—and a case of eggs—twenty years ago!

Duels and Mistresses! But any immorality

That might have soiled the beauty of the bright enchanted page,

Slipped by quite unnoticed by the limpid eyes of childhood —

Eyes that watched adventure as it stalked across the stage.

Years have brought me shelves of books, but none of them will ever

Touch the thrill or glamor of those read beneath the trees

When I'd earned the privilege (by "washing-up" the eggs)

Of floating off to heaven with a book on my bare knees.

—Joy O'Hara.

that he would depart for the railroad town at noon. He had secured three passengers when he encountered Bill Staley, who was emerging from a merchandise store.

"Know anybody goin' out?" he inquired of Staley. "I'm rollin' at noon."

Staley did not answer the question. Instead, he stood for a few moments, debating some problem. At length he said, "Shorty, there will not be much to be made out of the auto business. Cars

are getting too numerous. It isn't like the old days when you could get a hundred dollars a day. Prices will be cut. How would you like to go to work for us? We will have to make frequent trips out. There'll be bullion to go out and we want a man we can trust it with. If you say, we will buy your car. How about it?"

"Bill," replied Shorty with profound feeling, "I wouldn't sell this old bus for a million, but I'll go to work for you. If you send any gold out by me, I'll do my best to deliver it to Wells Fargo at the other end."

"How will five dollars a day and your board and room and fifty dollars for each trip out suit?" Staley asked.

"It goes with me," responded Shorty, "I'm hired. Excuse me till I go switch my load to Joe Simms. He's lookin' for one."

Sultana had no wire communication with the outside world, but Joe Simms took the news of Bill Staley's purchase of an interest to the wires that afternoon. With an eye to future business Joe let his imagination run with the miles he covered. It was a fantastic tale he told to the editor of the paper in the railroad town that night. The editor did not repeat Joe's narrative verbatim. He had an imagination of his own and was a firm believer that realism was unsaleable. Frank Raynor, owner of the Sultana townsite and self styled representative of The Associated Press, gave Joe a long heavy envelope as he left Sultana. Joe posted it on the west bound mail that night. The envelope contained Raynor's version of the new camp. Its merits (it had no demerits) were told in rustic rhetoric and golden metaphor, and whether or not Raynor was the authorized agent of the press, his tale was published in the papers of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Butte and Salt Lake. Nowhere did the story lose any vital thing in the telling.

The next day Shorty drove to the railroad with orders for machinery, tools, office equipment and a hundred other things which could not be bought in Sultana, or which, if they could, would have been at exorbitant prices. Shorty confirmed Staley's purchase of a half interest in the Sultana mine, but could not give the figure Staley had paid. He did not know, and had he known, would not have told. He was now an employee of the Sultana. He felt this responsibility keenly and for the reason that he knew the owners of the mine so well, he took a proprietary interest in their business affairs. He would tell only what he believed he had the right to tell. This was a modest though slightly enthusiastic narrative of the camp's prospects and possibilities. His story was never printed. It lacked the glamor and golden romance which the local editor



desired. He told Shorty frankly that he thought his story was that of a piker, and produced a contribution from Frank Raynor, which proved his contention. Shorty dismissed the affair with a smile and a shrug. He had told his story. He knew from long experience that men like Raynor could not be muzzled or gagged. The reading public wanted such versions as he gave.

IN three days the railroad town began to profit from the accelerated boom. East and West bound trains dumped their contingents of passengers, all having Sultana as their destination. The news of Bill Staley's purchase of the Sultana Mine and the fact that this purchase was made on a stupendous tonnage of high-grade ore in sight, had done their work. Miners and muckers came, investors and promoters, gamblers and prostitutes, adventurers and adventures, honest men and crooks, all with one thought in their brains, of participating in the golden harvest which they had been led to believe Sultana would yield. New saloons and gambling houses and hotels sprang up almost over night in the railroad town. Winona was to feel the reflection of the boom that was to be but little less luminous than the light itself.

In Sultana men slept in shifts, in beds if they could get them, in saloon chairs if they could not; in tents, or in the sage brush, or, in fact, anywhere they could sleep. Business never closed its doors, save in the stores, which shut up at ten o'clock at night. Lee threw every available carpenter and roustabout into the completion of his great, barn-like hotel. Another, as large, was going up near by. New saloons were thrown together as fast as lumber could arrive by the scores of teams. Assay offices enough to test all the ores from Maine to California set up in business. One, perhaps out of the dozen, came with legitimate intentions. The others realized the possibilities of a high-grade camp. They came to buy high-grade, not to test ores, save as a screen for their actual purpose.

The golden opportunity of the professional promoters had come. The Sultana mine and the name of Bill Staley were their inevitable bulwarks, from which they began their attack to fleece the credulous public. Nearly a score of companies were incorporated. Some were upon prospects which showed slight possibilities, but the majority were upon wildcats of the wildest variety. In all of their prospectuses, the promoters called the public's attention to the proximity of the famous Sultana mine to their own, and vaguely linked the name of Staley with their ventures.

Full page advertisements appeared with extravagant regularity in some of the metropolitan newspapers. All told

of the wonderful opportunities which awaited the purchasers of stocks in a mine so near the Sultana as theirs. All said that where Bill Staley went, it was only the fools who feared to follow. Among the most conspicuous corporations were the Sultana Extension Mining Company and The Roarin' Annie Mining Company. Joe Bullard was the guiding genius of the latter corporation. His glaring advertisements announced to a certainty that the Roarin' Annie was then in milling ore, and high-grade ore equal to that of the famous Sultana Mine was assured in ninety days. The report of a geologist and mining engineer of whom the mining fraternity knew little, and that not well, was affixed to the advertisement to give it professional caste. The credulous of the public

#### A MOUNTAIN SPRING

IN the mountains  
*When baby-blue eyes reflect the sky,  
 And blue birds flash the azure  
 Of their wings,  
 When wild sweet peas, like butterflies,  
 Fleck trunks of trees,  
 And poppies rare as gold, gleam  
 From the grass,  
 It's spring.*

*When crumpled leaves of oak are red,  
 And filaree's time-telling petals  
 Nap the ground,  
 When yellow violets' deep brown eyes  
 Gaze wondering,  
 While lilacs make their yearly jest  
 In rolling smoke,  
 It's spring.*

*When giant lupines spike the space,  
 And furry bees buzz into horns  
 Of monkey plant,  
 When cluster pale for-get-me-nots  
 About my feet,  
 And ferns of maiden hair quiver  
 On tenuous stems  
 It's spring.*

—Bangs Burgess.

bought, or bit. From Bullard's viewpoint his company was successful from its inception.

The Sultana Extension Mining Company was incorporated by Ben Denton, a miner who had seen many ups and downs in his day. Denton had purchased the claim from a prosector named McConnell; he was ready to take a small cash payment and the remainder of the purchase price in stock of the corporation. He did not realize the strategic value of his location. This was brought to his attention a few days after the sale by Staley, who unaware of the sale, made McConnell a better offer for the claim. Staley pointed out that the Sultana Extension was located on a direct line with the Sultana ledge and for this reason had prospective value far in excess of any other mine in the district, ex-

cept the Sultana. McConnell cursed Denton, his stupidity, and his own luck, but could do nothing more. Denton, despite the vicissitudes of his past career, was now, so to speak, in the money. His stocks sold readily, and to do him justice, he began systematic development of his mine. He did this without any undue ostentation, such as was being practiced by Bullard. Denton went to work to develop a mine, but he could not keep glowing accounts of it from getting into the newspapers.

"HIGH-GRADE in ninety days," became the slogan of the Roarin' Annie. Bullard did not veritably shout it from the house tops, but he said it to every man or woman who would listen, either to him or to his advertisements. The fact that he has ordered hoisting machinery for his mine required two columns in the Winona newspaper for its telling. The same space was used when the machinery arrived and was installed. The Roarin' Annie received several other bits of newspaper attention in the interim between the ordering and the installation of the machinery.

Bullard supplemented his slogan with the reiterated boast that the Roarin' Annie would be the greatest mine in camp within the six months," and that was goin' some." Some people believed him, others did not, but few of the unbelievers said so.

Bullard effected a dress and manners of a movie miner. He wore khaki trousers, tucked into high laced boots. His coat was of English khaki colored corduroy. His head was generally covered by a golf cap of gorgeous plaids. In his red and green necktie he sported a diamond that looked like a locomotive headlight. Diamond rings of lesser magnituded adorned his stubby fingers. He was a good fellow about the camp, for he had his adherents. He spent money lavishly. He gambled a good deal, but always with caution characteristic of the Tin Horn type. He publicly apologized to Shorty, saying, "I was wrong, old scout. Let's bury the axe. It was all my fault. I was just plain ass, speakin' the way I done about them girls. They're queens I tell you, Shorty." He extended his hand. Shorty refused it.

"Joe, you're a cur," Shorty said in even tones. "I like dogs, but I don't like 'em cross bred. If you want to lie straight, show me that you can. Then it'll be time enough to talk." Shorty, to avoid letting his anger get the better of him, walked out of the Northern Saloon, in which the meeting had occurred. Bullard snarled at the snickering applause of the men who had heard.

"I'll get that bastard yet," he threatened, turning to the door through which Shorty had disappeared. "I offered to bury the hatchet and he turned me down.



Come on, boys, and have somethin'. The drinks for the house are on Joe Bullard, the man that never says die to himself or this camp."

Within a fortnight of the Mulligan Dump's sudden transition into The Tin Can, Barbara and Ann were forced to hire another cook. The success of their venture was assured if they attended to the business details and the service of their patrons. Ann was often forced to attend to the kitchen as well as the other duties that fell to her. Her even temper, her practicality, her methodical training all fitted her for the business management of The Tin Can. Barbara was no less enthusiastic and industrious. She was bright and vivacious. Her ever ready smile and the warmth of her brown eyes made her an instantaneous trade getter. She made friends easily and quickly, for she had a ready reply for the jests which were to be expected under the circumstances, but she drew the line of propriety sharply. Yet it was apparent that the spirit of the camp had infected her. She was part of it. She talked more of mines and gambling and speculation and promotion than of the cuisine of the Tin Can. She never talked her own shop when she could avoid it. Ann was her antithesis. She was courteous, obliging and observing. Unconsciously she displayed all the traits of character that distinguished the born gentlewoman. She never ventured. Her manner and not her words rebuffed the forward ones, who had to be recalled to their sense of decency.

These two girls saw glimpses of life the reality of which they had heard but vaguely and knew little. Their business was one of public service. Their patrons came from all classes, for caste lines were undrawn in Sultana. Business men and mining capitalists ate at the counter of The Tin Can. Miners, laborers and prospectors took their meals there. Saloon keepers and gamblers sat side by side with any who happened to have the nearest stools. The transient and resident were served with the same impartiality. Prostitutes and their parasites ate at the counter of The Tin Can and always kept their social silence.

At night Mulligan Mike was both cook and waiter, but during the day time, when trade was heavier, Ann and Barbara divided the counter. Ann served the ones who sat at the right half, Barbara the ones at the left. Not many days had passed before Ann noted that the women from the Red Light Line always came to her half of the counter. At first she thought it but a coincidence, or circumstance caused by her having the darker end of the room. It became a fixed custom and she began to look for the reason why these unfortunates showed preference for her service.

Some of these women were beautiful.

Some bore the ineffaceable marks of good breeding. Others made up for what nature or dissipation had done, with the skillful use of cosmetics. Some, even in the giving of their orders showed the lack of culture and education, but they, every one, kept their places. Not one volunteered conversation, yet in the eyes of every one was that unspoken longing for a sympathetic word from one of her sex who was respectable. They interested Ann. She studied them minutely. As she watched them, wondering by what force of humanity they had come to this end, her heart went out to them. Perhaps it was this telepathic thing, this eye to eye word that made these women come to her side of the room. It may have been that mother love within her that made her regard them as a mother would have thought of wayward daughters. Though she did not know it, she served them a trifle more considerably than she served her more respectable patrons.

MID-AFTERNOON was the only time when business at The Tin Can was dull. During this lull, one or the other of the girls would go to their home for a rest and Harvey would take advantage of it to prepare the food for the evening rush or to repair to one of the saloons for what he called a "glass of beer and a resting game of solo." On one of these afternoons, when Barbara was resting and Harvey was at the Northern, one of the women from the Red Light Line entered The Tin Can. She came a little timidly, as if in doubt of her welcome. When she saw that Ann was alone she took a seat upon one of the high stools. She was a slim, golden haired girl, whose blue eyes had not yet learned to misrepresent the knowledge of her profession that was apparent in the enigmatic looks of some of the other, older habitués of the lower end of the town. The girl's clothes were of rich material, yet devoid of that extravagance of cut and fit that often characterizes her profession. Her bearing and manner had already convinced Ann that this girl had worn clothes like these before, but under vastly different circumstances. She returned Ann's smile with one a little reserved.

The girl ordered a meager meal, adding, "You know it's my breakfast." Ann prepared the coffee and toast and set them before her. She stood, herself a little ill at ease. She could have gone about some duty or other, but something about the girl held her. The girl sipped her coffee as if without relish and buttered a piece of toast, but did not eat from it. She seemed hesitating about something she wanted to say, and was pondering over whether or not she would say it.

"You don't mind my talking to you a little?" she at length ventured.

"Why, of course not," Ann replied, with an assuring smile. "I was just wanting some one to talk with. We're alone, you see."

The girl glanced furtively about to reassure herself of this. Her tone was even and well modulated when she spoke. "Every time I see you," she said, "I just want to put my arms around you and have you hold me and let me cry."

"You can," was Ann's frank reply.

"Oh, no, I couldn't! My touch would contaminate you. You know what I am," the girl exclaimed more quickly. "But I wanted so to talk with some one who is what I used to be." Her eyes moistened and she laid her hands despairingly upon the counter before her. Ann placed her own hands over those of the girl.

"Now, what is it?" she asked, "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes, I am," the girl snapped; the softness of her former words had vanished. Ann recoiled under the venom of hate the words carried.

"Why are you angry with me?" she stammered.

"I'm not," the other retorted, "but I don't like the other girl that's in here. She's your partner, isn't she? But I hate her! I hate her!" The girl's words were fiercely enunciated. Her face had lost its soft whiteness, and anger was evident through the heavy coat of powder. Her hands clenched tightly, as if they were impotently trying to clutch the object of her anger.

"Why, my dear, I don't understand. I didn't know you even knew Barbara," Ann managed to say, "Why, what has she done to you?"

"She stole my man. That's what she did," the girl shot back. "I hate her! I'll kill her for it! I will!"

"Your man?" Ann repeated incredulously, "Barbara stole your man?" There must be something wrong somewhere. Are you sure? Are you sober? Now don't be offended by my asking you that."

"Yes, I'm sober, and I know what I'm talking about. She stole my man and I hate her. I'll kill her before she can have him."

"I don't understand," Ann shook her head. "Who is your man, as you call him?" she managed to ask.

"Joe Bullard," the girl returned hotly, "and she took him from me. He told me so himself. He said he didn't have any more use for me. He said he'd copped that little brown eyed queen at The Tin Can. The brown eyed little hussy! I'll kill her sure if she takes him."

ANN was dazed by this revelation. Her partner, her chum, her friend for years, had taken Joe Bullard from  
(Continued on page 332)



# How About Chautauqua?

By J. WILLIAM TERRY

IF YOU LIVE in a city with a population of fifteen thousand or less or in a town of over four hundred people, your Chautauqua will probably have come and gone before this reaches your eye; or, will be coming soon. For seven, five or three days you will have spent more or less of your time in the big tent "taking in" the succession of entertainments, lectures and plays.

One who has spent half a decade talking to Chautauqua audiences as they patiently faced him from their uncomfortable benches is wondering just what you thought of it all. Was it time enjoyably spent? Did you and a sufficient number of your fellow-townsmen sign the contract for the return of the Chautauqua next year? If so, did you do it because of the pleasure you and your neighbors had out of the programs or did you do it as sort of a "Christian duty," a grudging contribution to an uplift movement?

Has the Chautauqua really become one of America's major institutions? Has it established itself as a permanent part of the community life of our towns and smaller cities or is it but a fad of a decade or two? Are Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken, right in classifying it as an instrument of demagoguery, a product of an unhealthy provincialism or is it measuring up to the claims of its promoters as being educational without the boredom of the usual didacticism and the bearer of the romance of the universal to the uncolorful life of our smaller communities? Is the Chautauqua welcomed by the average man and woman of the communities it visits or is it swallowed as an unpleasant dose of "uplift" after the manner of Jiggs taking grand opera?

"The Chautauqua is not coming back to our town," related a rural banker. "We've had it for four years now, and every year after we have paid the bureau the amount of our guarantee we have been badly in the red. So this year we decided to tell them *mene mene tekel upharson*."

"Our people don't like anything but jazz. The classic music and heavy lectures all go over their heads," was his explanation of his community's inability to make the Chautauqua pay. And every experienced booking agent will agree that there are not a few towns that find the bureaus wanting because they do not build sufficiently "jazzy" programs.

ON the other hand, it is no unusual experience for a platform superintendent or booking agent to have a

"prominent citizen" refuse to sign a contract for another year's Chautauqua because "we can get the same kind of entertainment and plays you are bringing us at the theaters and vaudeville houses in the city thirty miles away. We are tired of jazz orchestras, magicians and the ancient vintage funny stories of your lecturers."

Towns are as different as people are different; and as alike. The writer has many times been visited by local committees as he was about to go on the platform. With varying degrees of apology the chairman would say in effect, "Our town is not educated up to heavy lectures. Can't you make your talk mostly humorous. Our people like good stories." Many more times, how-

## SEA AUGURY

*FROM far and far the green sea flows*

*Yet brings this shell here to our feet.  
And who but I the sea's word knows  
And who but you shall find it sweet?*

*Shall we not sit within our gate  
To listen to the high tides pour?  
And whispering gravely consecrate  
Our house-fire's cheerful hiss and roar?*

*From far and far our old love runs  
True to the old sea's augurings:  
The cradle's swung for little ones,  
The ancient Mother sings.*

—Winifred Davidson.

ever, he has been told, usually by those who are far from being "high-brow," that "What we like are lectures that make us think. We have already heard most of the funny stories many times."

There are numerous lectures and entertainers who prepare at least two lectures or programs, one "low-brow" the other "high-brow" and after sizing up their audience, use the one they believe will be received with the greatest favor. It has been my observation, however, that those who do this are, on the whole, less successful than those who stick to the mode of expression which is most in accord with their own talents. They are usually the "hacks" of the profession.

Those familiar with Chautauqua audiences know that there are what the profession calls "lecture towns" and others that are distinctly "concert towns;" there are towns that are "high-brow" and towns that are "jazzy." How then is it possible to build a program

that shall cover three, five or seven days which will accomplish the educational, inspirative and entertainment purpose which is supposed to be the goal of the Chautauqua, in towns of such varying character?

In the early days of the movement, Chautauquas were what is technically known as "independent." The communities organized their own committees, set their own dates and chose their own lectures and entertainers, making individual contracts with them. In this way, each community built a program to satisfy its own taste, or, failing, had only itself to blame. But this proved to be an extremely expensive and, because of the problem of co-ordinating the dates of the Chautauqua and those who were to appear on its platform, inconvenient method. To overcome these obstacles, the circuit plan was devised. By booking towns in reasonable proximity, so that equipment and talent need move only short distances from one Chautauqua to another to meet dates arbitrarily fixed by the bureaus, the difficulties contingent upon the "independents" were overcome. But the circuit plan put the selection of lectures and talent into the hands of the bureaus and gave rise to the problem of the varying demands of the towns.

Comparatively few communities are capable of operating an Independent Chautauqua. So the average town must either be satisfied with the circuit plan or give up its Chautauqua altogether.

The question then is: how can the circuit Chautauqua serve its purpose while catering to tastes that range all the way from the most enthusiastic jazz hounds to that of the ultra-intellectual.

There being from six to twenty sessions of every Chautauqua, and most of these being double-headers, the bureaus have attempted to solve the problem by covering the entire gamut from Irving Berlin to Bach and from lectures on "How to be Happy Though Married" to those on "Einstein's Theory of Relativity." But out of the experiment every bureau manager has learned that displeased with one number on a Chautauqua course an individual or town is displeased with the entire Chautauqua.

"How did you like your Chautauqua this year?" we inquire of Mr. Season Ticketholder.

"Didn't like it," is the reply. "If I had my way it wouldn't come back no more. Them singers who come on the second day was too high-flutting for this town."

Yes, he admits he liked the lectures,



especially the man on the last night hit the nail on the head when he said the farmers weren't getting a square deal; and his wife says he wore off five pounds of flesh laughing at the impersonator and neglected the store for days trying to figure out how the magician got the rabbit up his sleeve. But he wouldn't sign up for another year. This year's Chautauqua had been a fizzle; the singers on the second night had a too classic program.

But perhaps in common with all "uplift" the Chautauqua should not attempt to please its patrons. Uplifters have always considered "give the people what they want" an immoral doctrine. Education is popularly supposed to be attained only through agonizing labor. Possibly it is the business of the Chautauqua to "give the people what they should have," which is commonly considered the antithesis of what they want. But this position being taken, there at once arises the question "Who is to pay the bills?"

THE "boss" of a small Texas town refused to sign the contract for the Chautauqua's return upon the ground that the writer's lecture had been unendurably "dry." The platform superintendent attempted to argue the case, pointing out that the lecture had been well received by various metropolitan audiences.

"I don't doubt that," the Texan answered. "They probably like one kind of lectures while we here in G—— like another kind. And for my part, I propose to pay only for the sort of lectures I like."

Evil as such a stubbornly selfish doctrine as this may be, there are a sufficient number who hold it to make it highly unprofitable for the bureaus if their programs do not find a reasonable degree of favor.

This same problem is to be faced when it comes to granting lecturers the privilege of unhampered expression. Any superintendent will tell you that the average Chautauqua auditor will pronounce worthless a lecture with which he disagrees. And as has been said, dissatisfaction with one number means dissatisfaction with all. The most influential minister in a Southern town refused to support or attend the Chautauqua for the sole reason that several years before a lecturer had suggested dancing as part of a community recreational program.

As a result of all this, the Chautauqua has fallen between two stools. It neither frankly caters to the superficial, sensational and emotional for the sake of mass popularity; its eye is not, more than the exigencies of the case demand, upon the box office, nor has it pedagogically set standards to which it has to bring its

public irrespecting of their preferences. While presuming to be educational it has been supersensitive to the criticisms of a minority. This sensitiveness has been responsible for a hedging policy which always makes for mediocrity.

The bureaus have not told their speakers what they must say, but their system of rating them according to the "reports" of two or three committeemen has had the undoubted effect of making many of them "tone down" their lecture to where there is little or nothing in them with which any committeeman could disagree. For disagreement with a lone statement of a lecture will mean a bad report. But lectures with which no one can disagree seldom have the desirable virtue of saying something.

Bureaus and entertainers have learned that certain musical selections, certain plays and a certain class of impersonations never give offense. Therefore they stick to that which time has proven harmless. Consequently we are compelled to listen to much of the same thing year after year.

The managers of the thirty-odd bureaus which have been sending their canvas tops into approximately ten thousand cities and towns annually admit that it is becoming harder to secure "bookings" each year. But the time is not yet when we can unsheathe the typewriter for the purpose of writing "The Rise and Decline of the Chautauqua."

The Chautauqua gives thousands of American communities their only opportunity to enjoy musicians above the grade of the singers in their local choirs; or to see dramatics that are superior to the itinerant medicine shows or the annual class plays of the local High School; or to hear speakers of greater ability than the local pastors. To the citizens of these communities who are not fortunate enough to own automobiles, even the vaudeville houses and the occasional road shows and concerts of neighboring cities are inaccessible. In a great per cent of the ten thousand Chautauqua communities in the United States the inhabitants, especially the children, see and hear far more of the outside world during Chautauqua week than they do during all the other fifty-one weeks of the year. The only contact many of them have with people who have talent or who have travelled or won distinction is when "Chautauqua comes to town."

You who live in the smaller towns, think back on the lectures, and concerts which made a lasting impression, the memory of which gives pleasure after years. Here is venturing the surmise that they came to you on either your Lyceum or Chautauqua course.

To be sure the Chautauqua supports a great mass of mediocrity. Many of its plays and concerts are insipid and not a few of its lectures are "bunk." But no

small per cent of our current literature is insipid or bunkish. That which is supplied by the columns of our daily newspapers is worse. And yet the most radical of our intelligencia would hardly venture to entirely dispense with their newspapers and those of them who live in rural communities are usually to be found attending the Chautauqua. This writer knows of no American platform that, with all its shortcomings, offers the man with something to say a better opportunity to say it than does that of the Chautauqua. Certainly not our political forums or our luncheon clubs.

The need of the Chautauqua is for greater virility. It is not improbable that the same can be said of all our institutions. But certainly the Chautauqua would gain by adhering more closely to its early policies.

I do not refer to the policies of Bishop Vincent and the religious cultural school that had its beginnings on the banks of Lake Chautauqua, New York. For while the name of the present institution had its origin there, the Vincent movement was more properly the parent of the "Home study courses." The Chautauqua as we now have it had its source with the Lyceum movement when Colonel George Pond sponsored the lecture tours of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Ward Beecher. Emerson was really the first Chautauqua lecturer. Thus the Lyceum and Chautauqua had their birth in the exploitation of rare personalities, men who had something to say.

This writer has sufficient faith in the ability of caliber and talent to command respect to risk the contention that if the Chautauqua bureaus will expend their energies seeking out and exploiting first rate artists and lecturers of caliber and then will give them a free hand that the harping of the provincial critics can count for little.

A radical Methodist evangelist has derided the Chautauqua as being a cross between a revival service and a circus. But it partakes of the real nature of neither. It does not encroach upon the prerogatives of the church; its business is not the uplift. In spite of its tents and some of those who appear on its platform, it is not its function to exhibit curiosities. But by authority of its traditions the field of the Chautauqua is the affording to the people of our rural communities the opportunity to enjoy the expression of the best available brains and talent which they can appreciate and to afford those who possess brains and talent channels for self expression. And in the degree that it occupies this field will the Chautauqua attain its educational, inspirational and entertainment objective.



# New York Plays and Players

**N**OW and then, a play comes along that is so vastly different, so stupendous that it is overwhelming. Such a play is "The Miracle," which Morris Gest and Max Reinhardt are offering to a rather stunned, as well as delighted New York audience nightly. "The Miracle" has had a very lengthy run and probably no play in New York has created as much favorable comment as this one.

It departs from every tradition of old-time stage ideas. There are more than seven hundred people in the cast, and the whole thing is handled in so massive, so spectacular a manner that the finish of the play leaves one spent and breathless—weary from the spell which it weaves.

The entire interior of the Century Theater was transformed, in order to present "The Miracle." The action of the play takes place chiefly in a marvelous old eleventh century cathedral, and so the Century was rebuilt—with long cloisters where the boxes were before, with the orchestra—a magnificent one, which includes a choir of some of the finest voices it has been my privilege to hear—placed high above the balcony, at the left of the theatre, in a sort of old-time "choir-loft." There are no spoken lines—the play is a pantomime—but some wag has said, quite truthfully, that the sudden little gasps and screams, that take place during the action of the play are far more effective than any lines that could have been written. There is no "stage" as we understand the word, by which we mean the proscenium arch, footlights and all that. Built on a flagged courtyard, stands the fine old altar of the big cathedral. Part of the action takes place up and down the aisles of the theater, and when it is necessary to change the stage-setting, a smoke screen creeps up between the audience and the players, and when the smoke dies away the scene has changed. The story is a simple one—and by its very simplicity, gripping. It tells of a young Nun, who has lately taken her vows, and who, a bare handful of minutes later, becomes enamored of a young knight, and is persuaded by him to leave the convent with him. The old cathedral holds a sacred Image of the Madonna, and when the Nun has gone, the Image comes to life, and performs the Nun's duties. The play relates the adventures of the Nun, in the outer world—she is looked upon by men with the eyes of desire and falls upon evil ways. The play leaves her, at the finish, back on her knees before the Image, receiving forgiveness. This is a very bald outline

By PEGGY GADDIS

of a magnificent play, but it would be impossible to describe it all with any degree of coherence in the space permitted. There are eight massive scenes—masterfully handled in settings and action. A scene of such gorgeous color, such superb purples and golds and scarlets, of gleaming satins, supple velvets, floating, airy chiffons—a scene that is worthy of the finest brushes of a Maxfield Parrish—and for contrast such a scene will be followed by one of bare, ugly spaces, of dun greys and tired dull browns.

**I**n a cast of seven hundred people, it is manifestly impossible to mention all of them—though every player in the cast deserves special mention. Rosamond Pinchot, a young actress of slight experience, alternates in the heavy role of the Nun with Lady Diana Manners, the young English beauty. Rosamond

missed one of the finest and most unusual efforts the American stage has ever been privileged to offer.

From "The Miracle" to Mr. Ziegfeld's celebrated Follies is a far cry, but it's just that sort of "far cry" which is meat and drink to the visitor in New York, so here goes; and since we speak our minds, regardless, be it known that we were bored to the point of tears at the Follies. It was a tiresome, draggy, untuneful affair—and the girls of whom Mr. Ziegfeld boasts so overpoweringly proved quite disappointing. They looked tired, bored, faded—it may be considered awfully bad form to say so, they were reminiscent of nothing quite so much as the tired-out chorus of a one-night Number Four musical comedy troupe playing a small Southern town. Bright spots in the dreary affair were, of course, Brooke Johns, with that delicious "trade-mark" smile of his, and the wonderful personality that has made him such a

## THE DREAM

*WHEN I had half forgotten, half had turned  
To living love, a lighter love than that  
You gave me when you walked within the day,*

*Through the dusky doors of sleep your spirit burned  
One night, a radiance I wondered at,  
Yet knew and welcomed. Like one long away*

*Eager to clasp his own again, you came  
With arms outstretched, a swift, enfolding flame.  
—Katharine Lee Bates.*

Pinchot played the role the night I saw the play, and with all due respect to Her Ladyship, I don't see how the portrayal offered by Miss Pinchot could have been improved. Her lack of stage experience is an asset here—she is lovely to look at, and she flings herself into the role with a superb abandon that grips you from the opening scene until the close. Lady Diana plays the role of the Madonna—the Image—on the nights that Miss Pinchot is the Nun—and Lady Diana acquits herself with distinction, holding her rigid pose, looking every inch an ivory figure, for fifty consecutive minutes—which is an achievement in itself. Rudolf Schildkraut gives a magnificent portrait of the Emperor, driven mad by the murder of his son, splendidly played by Schuyler Ladd. But the entire cast of seven hundred people deserves special praise, and, failing space for that, we merely say that not to have seen "The Miracle" is to have

favorite; his little co-partner, Ann Pennington, too, was delightful—rouged and dimpled knees twinkling like mad! Edna Leedom, a newcomer to the Follies, was the best performer in the show, however, and she won the audience in her first five minutes on the stage. Fannie Brice's burlesque of Russian Art was the funniest thing Fannie offered—but the hit of the show was the "Amachever Night at Miner's Eight Avenue Theater, Twenty Years Ago," with Arthur West, unseen, but most distinctly "there" as "A Voice From The Gallery." Paul Whiteman and his band failed to live up to expectations. Otherwise, it was a good show—if you except the fact that there was no particularly good music, very little really clever comedy, and the far-famed "glorious American girls" didn't go over! We understand that a new edition of the Follies will make its bow to the public sometime next month, with Will Rogers as the star. May

(Continued on page 330)



# This Interesting World---Sometimes I Am Glad That I Live In It

By IDA CLAIRE

## The Battle Ground of the Dish Pan

PART of the interest of this interesting world comes from the things people say. Sometimes a profound dissertation only disturbs the idle air, and sometimes a chance remark registers the pulse-beat of a great movement.

The other day in passing I overheard two girls of about sixteen who were talking earnestly. One said:

"It is not fair. A man comes home at night from his business and finds his dinner all ready for him; after he eats it he can do as he pleases the rest of the evening. The woman has to spend her evening washing the dishes and doing up the work. Nobody need expect that of me. They will have to find some other way."

The rest of the conversation was broadcasted elsewhere. I did not hear her solution of the problem, nor what her friend thought of it. They were perfectly able-bodied young women, very fair of face; they did not look languid or feeble, or even as though they would shun a game of tennis. Why this horror of the dishpan? Who is to endure its tyrannous reign? Apparently someone must.

Probably it is not fair to attach too much importance to the expression of a chance opinion. Perhaps they were merely voicing a mood of the moment.

Perhaps, according to the theory of someone that the individual recapitulates the development of the race in the stages of

### WHO SHALL WASH THE DISHES?

*What is your opinion? Is it fair to ask women to perform the drudgery of the dish pan? Or can it be made other than drudgery? We shall be glad to hear from the people who have and the people who haven't, the ones who would and the ones who won't.*

*We are even willing to listen to the opinions of mere men, who, of course are only theorists in the matter. Are they eager or at least willing, to "find some other way," so the Lady of Heart's Desire need not crumple her temper and spoil her hands while they do just as they please, in the evening after dinner?*

his advancement, they may have just reached the stage at which Woman, with a capital W, startled and puzzled our doughty Cave-man ancestor by her assertion of a separate personality.

At first glance, the question of who shall wash the dishes does not seem a burning one. Mother has always done it; why worry? But the steam from the dishpan has penetrated into fields economic, social and industrial. The

whole problem of domestic service lies in the bottom of the dish pan. A strike on the railroad may paralyze industry, but a strike at the dish pan would paralyze even the bread line.

The question of the dish pan is a fundamental one; it confronts every individual daily from the high chair to the grave. As long as present methods of nourishment prevail, apparently someone will have to dry silver, wash soiled cups and scrape kettles. Many have solved the problem satisfactorily for themselves, some by delegating the task to others for a recompense, some without a recompense, some by performing the duty, willingly or unwillingly, some even acquiring skill and proficiency and raising it to the dignity of a calling.

The significant fact in this survey, however, is the ease with which one half of the human race has been able to delegate the work to the other half, at least after the period of school days. A growing and perhaps slightly reluctant class known as Young Husbands seem at present to form a considerable exception to this rule.

But the increasingly long line of vigorous women with their faces turned resolutely away from the dish pan begins to assume the proportions of a world trek.

## A Chinese Rice Paper Picture

By MARGARET H. WENTWORTH

THE beauty of rice fields is, on its smaller scale the beauty of vineyards. There is the same arrangement of terraces, sloping down a hillside, there is the same lush greenness, there is the same thought of provision for human need. But the rice has the additional charm of gleaming with water and of rippling in the summer breezes like waves.

It often happens, since the rice is planted in the valleys and coves, that its fields are shaped like a horseshoe or like a bow stretched for shooting. In such a case, as the string to the bow, is the narrow strip of earth, trodden hard, which serves at once as dyke and parapet to keep that rice field from disintegrating and sliding down on top of the one below, and as pathway to permit wayfarers to pass from one village to the next without having to climb half-

way up the hill to get around the fields. Even without being barefoot or shod in the native straw sandal walking this strip of earth presents no difficulties in dry weather. But when it is awash after a heavy rain the wary pass by another way. I had always heard that any smallest talent one might possess would find its use in the mission field but never did it occur to me that training in walking the tight-rope might stand one in good stead. Nevertheless, I have seen the time as I tiptoed and balanced, equally afraid to stay on the fast-sinking hummock I was occupying, or to plunge to the next which might not sustain me at all, when I have wished for such training.

It sometimes happens that a water-buffalo will be taking his promenade in

the inverse sense to yours. Then what are you to do? No one cares to be so polite to a water-buffalo as to step off waist deep into mud—and such mud!—and water in order to yield him the pass; but if he doesn't step aside for you—then what. Water-buffaloes detest foreigners and it is humiliating to be assured that this is because they do not like our scent. A native child, scarcely up to his shoulder can lead leviathan with a hook, or rather with a ring in his nose, or, failing that, can guide him with a wand the size of your little finger and, to do them justice, such children are most condescendingly kind about protecting the foreign devils from their charges; I should hate to trust an American urchin to shoo out of my path a snake, a cow or

(Continued on page 334)



# Benjamin Brown of Pasadena

By EDNA GEARHART

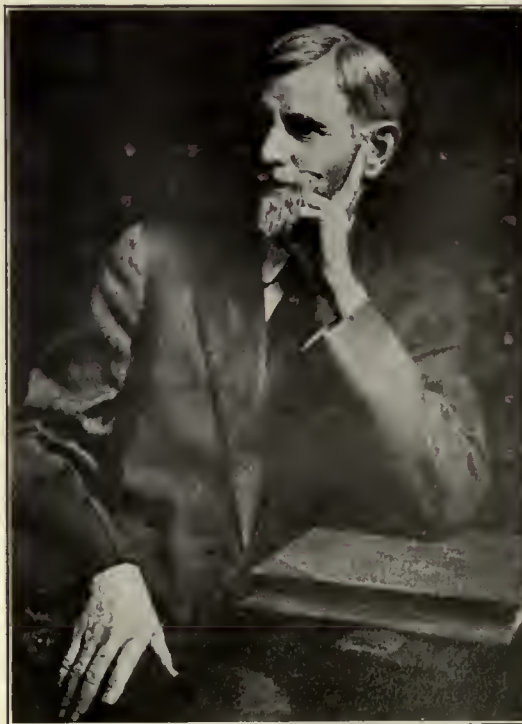
THERE is a studio in Pasadena, vine covered and unpretentious, that is as truly an Art Center as any museum or gallery in the west; and none who enters the little rose arbor and lifts the knocker on the weather-stained door, on a Sunday morning, but goes away realizing deeply that Benjamin Brown is a name to conjure with in art, and in the cultural development of the southwest. Mr. Brown and his versatile brother Mr. Howell Brown make one welcome with the unfailling courtesy that is the heritage of their southern ancestry.

The studio is a place of dim corners, full of stacked canvasses intriguing to the imagination, and cabinets of choice books; a place of shadowy cobwebbed brown rafters, with a fine north sky light—of heavy comfortable chairs from which one may invite his soul before two or three splendid canvasses, perhaps a triumphant symphony of snow mantled Sierras, or a purple pattern of desert bloom, subtle, caressing, or eucalypti in stately rhythm against a green-blue sea. There is a litter of prints on the table, a glimpse of an etching press in an adjoining nook, all the tools of the workroom of an artist and a craftsman. The Sunday morning hour of open studio is an hour of inspiration and argument, of frank criticism and generous help, of persiflage and fine philosophy.

Mr. Brown is a most picturesque figure, unique in appearance, in vividness of personality, and in originality of conversation. Unusually tall and thin, he has a handsome thatch of thick white hair, rumpled in the heat of the discussion, alert blue eyes, and a ready whimsical smile. His spirit is an unquenchable flame in a frail but undaunted body. As one looks through his sketch books of pencil studies, his series of vignettes in oils, his notes in water color and pen and ink, one has a tremendous respect for the amount of hard work of patient study, and faithful observation by which he has familiarized himself with the varied material of California landscape, desert, mountain, sea and valley and changing skies. All this he interprets in his studio in oils or prints, with rare poetic sympathy and keen sensitiveness to the decorative abstractions and nuances of rhythmic line, fine harmonies of color and well balanced pattern. Turning from the oils to the portfolio of prints, one is amazed at the versatility

of his expression. This distinguished painter is also a craftsman and maker of charming and intimate scenes rendered with the dramatic delicacy of the etching, or the rich, crumbly line of the lithograph, or the warm vigor of the soft-ground.

MR. BROWN began etching in 1914. He exhibited first at San Francisco when he sent nine etchings and color prints to the Panama Pacific Exposition. His years of work and growth as a painter made it possible for him to attain a facility in this new medium that immediately won recognition. All his prints were accepted at this ex-



hibition, and he was awarded a bronze medal for his soft ground etching "Venice" which proved to be very popular. He worked out printing in colors with a basis of soft ground etching with a spontaneity and freshness that is in his happiest vein. His prints have been repeatedly exhibited in New York and Brooklyn and Chicago Etching Societies. He is a member of the Chicago Society of Etchers. Six of his color etchings have been purchased by the British Museum for its print rooms. In the United States, his work is owned by the United States National Museum, the Library of Congress, the California State Library, the Los Angeles Museum, the University of California, the Oakland

Municipal Gallery, and is also included in many private collections.

An etching must necessarily depend both on elimination of detail, and on a felicitous suggestion of areas and textures and atmosphere by the poetic selection of a few dramatic and salient lines. "In Palm Canon" is an etching in which there is a peculiar affinity between the technique and the subject. The serene diapason of these enigmatical palms, the vibrating light on arid hills and mocking skies, the still warm lure of these mysterious children of a forgotten past are rendered with delicacy and finish, with a freedom from any fumbling, with strong simplicity. "A Windy Day at Carmel" is in a very different tempo—

there is a rhythmic action in the lines of the battered cypress, in the scanty herbage of the windswept dunes, in the driven shreds of fog in a harassed sky.

"Eucalypti—Edge of the Grove" is a delightful rendering of rustling foliage, and pleasant open sunlit spaces. It is particularly satisfying and agreeable.

Mr. Brown has done a fascinating series of little etchings—rare miniatures, about three by four inches, which are lyrics in line and in interpretation—"Ice and Snow," "Mountain Shadows," "Bells of San Gabriel Mission," "Garden at Santa Barbara," "Cypress of Monterey," and "San Gabriel Valley."

He has done a smaller number of lithographs, but his craftsman's instinct, and his zest in conquering a new medium have given us two particularly good studies. One is a "Doorway in Venice," beautiful in texture, the patterned windows in the rich blacks so desired of the printmaker and so difficult to attain. Another is of the Colorado

Street Bridge, the entrance to Pasadena, a favorite subject of Mr. Brown's, in oil and in prints, and he is indeed the minstrel of its superb dignity, its gracious curves, springing from the dark of the trees and quiet shrubbery below.

The collector of prints, the emotionless purist of technique may solemnly protest the legitimacy of color combined with etching, but the modernist who believes that the harmonized aesthetic completeness of line, pattern, and color is the justification of the medium, will thrill to a new ecstasy in "that first fine careless rapture" of the "White Sail at Venice." It is joyous and idyllic in spirit, sauve and harmonious in color harmony, with both firmness and spon-





In Palm Canyon—from the etching by Benjamin Brown

taneity in its rich quality of line. There is a sensitive and intelligent balance between the areas of pure color and the textures and shadows rendered in line. The dominant glowing sail against the warm misty overtones of the yellow sky, with its repetition in the vibrating blues and greens of the water is like the lazy drifting of a dream.

"Santa Maria della Salute," a Venetian subject, is expressed in a melody of color like the warm glowing tones of old beaten copper;—the copper and coral of the sails, the hyacinth and ivory of the distant buildings, chrysolite of the water and the amber of the shadows are all aetherialized in the transcendent haze of a sunset glory, and fine star-dust of

antiquity. There is poetry and romance here, an exquisite and poignant wistfulness.

"The Southwest Museum" is a dramatic study in color soft-ground in which the foreground is in deep shadow, and the dark tree trunks panel the fine aspiring lines of the building, its austere grace mellowed in an evening glow.

One who would know success in art, the success that lies in a growing realization of his aspirations, and in the transmutation of its message into sympathetic appreciation of men, must indeed dream dreams and see visions, and above all work tenaciously. But how much finer and more spiritual the vision, how much more unsparing the work when it is al-

truistic, when it becomes an integral part of the community's cultural development, and its civic consciousness. So it has been with Benjamin Brown. He organized the Printmakers' Society of California, and became its first and only president. It is undoubtedly the foremost graphic arts organization of the world today. Its annual exhibition in March represents the work of the most distinguished print makers of Europe, Canada and America. Traveling Exhibits from the society are constantly being sent throughout the United States to communities eager for art and yet far removed from contact with art schools or galleries. All this means a tremendous amount of the most arduous work,



of correspondence, of arrangement, days spent in selection and in hanging. Without recompense, with a sacrifice of their own interests and time, Benjamin Brown and his brother Howell Brown, who is the self-effacing secretary of the society, have personally directed all this endeavor, and to a great extent actually done it themselves. It is this prophet of art with the broad vision and fine altruism, who has done more than any one other person to make it possible for Los Angeles to be an art center, through his generous encouragement of young artists, his education of the laity, and his ef-

forts in securing exhibitions.

The significant characteristics of Mr. Brown as an artist are the thoroughness of his work, and the steady, maturing growth and development of his expression and technique. Work and growth are the basic principles of his philosophy of life, and of art as the fine fruition and expression of that philosophy. Added to his passionate love of the graphic arts and his great natural aptitude for self expression in them, in his infinite capacity for taking pains, his conscientiousness, his sincerity, his moral earnestness. He never becomes stale in his

work. Enthusiasm is as the eternal fount of youth with him. The difference between his work of today and ten years ago is extraordinary, in the mastery of color harmony, the feeling for rhythm of line, and in sureness of handling. There is nothing platitudinous in his theme, no easy falling into stereotyped compositions. The results of his keen observation, his scientific accuracy of forms and details and appearances are transformed, through the alchemy of his poetic imagination, into idealized interpretations of the essential beauty or spirit of each theme, synthesized harmonies of colorful pattern.



Eucalypti—Edge of the Grove—from the etching by Benjamin Brown

## The Eucalyptus

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

*I love these trees which hesitant stand  
Afraid to enter on a land  
Which is not theirs, however kind—  
These alien trees, which never find  
Kinship among the trees which grow  
Where golden poppies flaming flow;*

*But stand aloof, their ragged cloaks  
Slight covering—while valley oaks  
Flaunt velvet green above the field,  
Their arrogance but half concealed.  
I hold it is a princely tree  
Which still may stand in dignity.*



# A Page of Verse

## THE WAITING SUPPER

NO one has lived within these leaning walls  
For more than years enough to make a child  
Into a man. The hollyhocks grow wild  
And ragged close beside the door, where falls  
A ghostly sunlight, that, at noon, appals  
Whoever comes here and the grassy gravel  
Of the narrow walk is for the stealthy travel  
Of unseen feet that haunt these shadowy halls.

Beyond the half-demolished window sill,  
In the hushed twilight, the cloth is on  
the table,  
With plates and cups and saucers, as if  
able  
Young hands once put them there with love  
and skill:  
That chair against the door-jamb, must  
have heard  
Far more than can be told in spoken word.

—Richard Warner Borst.

## THE RUSTLE IN THE HOUSE

NOW something leaves the shaking window-drapes—  
The wee dog, curious, tips like a mouse  
To stalk the rustle in the house.  
Across the Indian rug it viewless scrapes,

Yet quieter in footing to and fro  
Than dead leaves blown and touching,  
touching by.  
I watch the rug where moonbeams lie  
As pale as on a streaky patch of snow.

A soul is roaming in the house—I know  
By mystic sense of mind awake in shy  
Dim quiet, part of time and sky  
Where feet of tender hauntings come, heard  
low.

—Anna Kalfus Spero.

## DUSK AND SOLITUDE

OH, to him who bears a heavy heart all day,—  
Heavy and stark as some dead mariner  
In canvas sewn and with shot weighted,—  
To such an one what longed-for rest may  
come

With slow approach of evening and the time  
When solitude may claim him for her own!  
What philtre magical for gnawing pain,  
What solace for a wound unspeakable,  
To be alone a space and doff the smile  
That served as masking for the countenance,  
To sigh at will, to let the tear-drops fall  
And plunge, unheard, in depths of misery!  
The lights put out, the trappings of the day  
Laid off, like outworn chrysalids,  
The spirit casts itself, with struggle spent,  
Into the waters of the midnight deep,  
Content to sink, to drown, to be engulfed,  
So that it sinks alone, unaccompanied.  
No juice of poppy, mandragore, or hemp,  
Yielding the body's hurt a brief oblivion,  
Can rival, potent howsoever they be,  
The balm to spirit-woe of solitude.

—Nora Archibald Smith.

## THE BEGGAR

RUSHING along the sleek pavement  
The crowd goes on,  
A turbid stream,  
A dark current,  
Tumultuous  
Headlong.

Erect and firm, a tall figure  
Stands like a rock by the sidewalk,  
An old beggar, with serene face  
His eyes lifted above the crowd.

The crowd,  
Tides of passion,  
Surgings of want,  
Whirlpools of lust,  
Currents of hate,  
Turgid desires lashed against life,  
The crowd goes on, wave upon wave.  
And every day from dawn to dark,  
Always standing, the tall beggar,  
Watches the sky.  
The crowd goes on.

His eyes are clear.  
They look afar, above the multitude,  
Afar, above the sordid walls,  
Above the churches' spires  
Toward the blue,  
Toward the light.  
And at his feet, the crowd goes on  
Sullen and dull, with downcast eyes.  
The crowd,  
With its bustle,  
Surges and swells,  
And ebbs and flows,  
But the beggar does not heed nor hear  
Laughter or sob,  
Curses or prayer.

The crowd goes on.

Besides him lies a battered hat,  
And now and then a passer-by  
Whom his presence importunes  
Throws in a coin and rushes past.

Save your coins, keep your pennies,  
They'll buy jewels for your mistress,  
They'll make your name hallowed by the  
church,  
You may want them for a rainy day,  
Keep your pennies,  
He needs them much less than you.

The old beggar with lifted eyes  
Asks nothing of the hurried crowd,  
He wants only to be still  
And watch  
A bit of sky,  
A wing,  
A star.

—Mathurin Dondo.

## SEASONS

SPRING was in my heart  
When the red leaves fell  
From the creeping vines.  
And when the wind in long, white lines  
Tore the yellow leaves from the poplars  
My heart was singing,  
And for weeks of straight, grey rain.  
But when the spring came  
I slipped from within  
The cool skin of a canyon willow  
And sang no more.

—Margaret Erwin.

## HILLS OF SUTTER

"These peaks, like other mountains, have  
a soul"

THOU Spirit rich, like to an April queen  
Who leads her oreads in a glowing  
dance  
With all the gleam of flowery circumstance,  
Laughing like nymphs within a rainbow  
sheen,  
Tell me what all these radiances mean!  
And why, O Spirit, in the mild September,  
Does thy way run like to a burnt-out ember?  
What pain has autumn brought thee? What  
mischance?

Ah, many a happy day I ran with thee  
Unfettered, like thy trees and flowers free;  
And then the filaree lay withering:  
Deadened, the rose was with the poppy  
lying:  
And in the wind the leafless branch was  
sighing—  
But, oh the joy! when it again was spring!  
—Henry Meade Bland.

## MIST MAGIC

LAST night the mist wreaths drifted up  
the sky,  
And girdled all familiar things with gloom;  
Embraced the lonely island in the bay  
And changed its contour to the hill of Jove.  
No more, the eucalypts upon its crest  
Waved slender, beckoning arms—but frown-  
ing pine  
And hemlock shook their tresses long and  
black.  
Beneath the swirl of haze, the city rose  
A place of mystery, of softened light,  
Of palaces and tombs. On every side  
A watchful silence, heavy-lidded, grim,  
Stood sentinel above the hidden bay.  
—Louise A. Doran.

## NOSTALGIA

O I can bear the days in Heaven,—  
Long ivory tinted hours  
Adrip with color and perfume  
Of paradisaal flowers.

I can bear the longing for  
The smell of fresh turned earth,—  
Winds ailt on the flat gray lands  
That gave my body birth.

My heart shall die of longing for  
The dusk with its mauve and blue,  
Where my desert leaves the three low hills  
And slips away to you.

—Ellinor Lehnherr Norcross.

## CONVALESCENCE

FROM where I lie  
In my tight little room,  
I can see three patches of April sky  
Through apricot trees in bloom;  
I hear birds chitter, and one by one,  
Watch fragments of Spring that are drifting  
down the sun.

From where I'm lying  
In the cool of my bed,  
I can see the quick flash of little wings flying,  
And scattering of petals white and red  
Down the April breeze—  
Finches are pruning our orchard trees.

—Winifred Gray Stewart.



## One's Own Vernacular

"WHILE Tourguenieff was in London, though he spoke and wrote English as well as French admirably, when Mr. Cross—then a young man—asked him if he had ever written in foreign languages, Tourguenieff answered: 'You have never written a book or you would not have asked me that question: a man can only write his best in his own language. When I write in Russian I am free, I run without encumbrance. When I write in French I am restrained, as if in tight boots, and advance more slowly; but when I write in English I am crippled, and move like the Chinese women of past centuries.'"



By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, M. M.

give expression to *our thoughts*, and no matter how interesting and admirable the folk-music and legends of another race may be, they are not ours, hence can never develop our Art. We do not recommend the over-use of folk-music or legends but the general education of the talented young artists in this country, if our efforts are to be truly *creative* rather than *imitative*. Each teacher who bears this in mind and instructs along these lines, is sure to develop the artist along the best lines, and to the credit of our national force in music and the fine arts.

The Charles Henry Meltzer translations being made for the musical library of our great art and music-patron, Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick, which we hope,

soon, to learn are to be given for public use, include, already, the following list:

*Parsifal*  
*Götterdämmerung*  
*Tristan*  
*Tannhäuser*  
*Lohengrin*  
*Carmen*  
*Pagliacci*  
*Louise*  
*André Chenier*  
*Meistersinger*  
*Siegfried*

And we learn that other translations of Meltzer are available if the desire to have them is awakened: *Rheingold*, *Walküre Koenigskinder*, together with *Smetana's The Battered Bride*, *Goldmark's Cricket on the Hearth* and others. And, referring to our language in song, we hope to revive a demand for the

wonderful phonographic records of the late and great American (and international) baritone, David Bispham. To those of us who cherish his memory in Art, it is like listening to his splendid voice again; and to the students it always will remain the best lesson in diction he can obtain.

In this connection we read "A Quaker Singer's Recollection."

This in turn brings to mind the DAVID BISPHAM MEMORIAL MEDAL, being awarded for American Opera. The Medal is such a speaking likeness that it should be reproduced wherever this great singer's memory is to be preserved in a fitting memorial. It could be enlarged as a relief-piece, in bronze or stone. The country has certainly not forgotten him in three short years. As a life-long friend of his recently said to me: "What an artist, what a friend, what a man! May his memory live." And to this, we add "Amen."



The David Bispham Memorial Medal

### A PARTING

THE smoke of your train blossoms  
over the dark trees,  
Suddenly a-flower;  
Like grey and fire-blown ashes flutter  
the sea-gulls,  
Following my vessel:  
Between our two paths yawns the sun-  
dering water,  
Growing ever wider.  
We touched like two hills whose bases  
are together—  
Far apart their summits.

—Miriam Allen De Ford.

And lastly: Each new company, society, or club which forms with the aims or for the purpose of the aforementioned propaganda, without other ulterior motive can only help The United States of America, the greatest of which we must have at heart, if we are Americans in our souls as well as in name.

ELIZABETH SPENCER MOQUIN, poet and writer, comes to Overland from the old Green Mountain state. She is a bit of a philosopher, as both her prose and verse will prove.

IS not singing in foreign languages about the same? Recently I told a singer that there must be a mistake in her French song, as the past participle should be used. She looked at me in blank astonishment and answered: "You don't suppose I know anything about verbs!" How could the interpretation be perfect, if the artist knows nothing of the construction of the language which he or she is singing? From the standpoint of the artist as well as the audience, the language of a country must be used, if that country is to develop art in the theater or opera house.

And to create an interest in or love for American drama and opera, we must hear the foreign repertory in English. I learn that Hadley has written a new opera to the Italian classic of Goldoni "La Locandiera" or "The Innkeeper." It was one of the plays so superbly acted by Duse, as well as Novaro, and should adapt itself to music-drama as well as Moliere. It goes without saying, that Hadley uses a translation. Let us ask for a hearing of Leonard Liebbling's "Barber of Seville" among other operas now translated for our edification and entertainment.

The propaganda carried on for years for opera in English, and American opera, is often misunderstood. It is the intention to exclude nothing good in art, but to include this country. Art is the expression of the life and thoughts of a people. To develop our Art, we must



# Long Distance Interviews—"Et Al"

By TORRY CONNOR

*The Passionate Interviewer; broadcasting for the Overland Monthly:*

"WILL the Eastern editors kindly come out of their plate-glass-and-mahogany caves and state—for the benefit of writers here in the Tall Grass—their attitude toward Western Stuff, the short-short story, and the average of demand and supply?"

*Collier's, Century, The American Magazine, Red Book, Street and Smith Publications, The American Boy, Doubleday, Page Publications and "Bob" Davis:* "The demand for good stories—Western or otherwise—under three thousand words always exceeds the supply. We cannot get one-half the short stories that we should like to publish. The public wants bright, short fiction—stories convincingly told, in which the characters *live*. But the writers of today seem not to be able to present a plot—as did De Maupassant, for instance—in tabloid form. Or is it that, in spinning out their yarns, the storytellers are keeping a thrifty eye on movie possibilities?"

*The P. I., back-tracking to the Tall Grass; to Frank H. Spearman, author of sturdy Western Fiction, long and short:* "You have read the (composite) Editorial Opinion, Mr. Spearman. What, should you say, makes a story "convincing?"

*Mr. Spearman; interviewing the Interviewer:* "You mean stories of the strictly Western type, I suppose? Should not such a story depend for its authenticity on that almost indefinable quality and flippantly-used term, 'atmosphere?' And how does one acquire atmosphere?" (*Mr. Spearman saves the situation by answering his own questions.*) "By being born in it, usually. Our Western life has been, and is today, largely a sealed book to our countrymen living east of the Alleghanies. The spirit that animates Western men and women goes with the sunshine, the sweeping winds and the vistas of the Rockies. It is there that such characters as 'Nan of Music Mountain' and 'Whispering Smith' have their being. Drawn from life, they are convincing; they *live*." (*Mr. Spearman does not commit himself on the subject of the short-short story.*)

*The P. I.; to Eugene Manlove Rhodes, prime writer of Western fiction in lengths to suit:* "Mr. Rhodes, how, having conceived a story outside the three thousand word limit, could the tale be shortened?"

*Eugene Manlove Rhodes; in a place called Apalachin:* "By cussing it, tearing it up and rewriting it. By the way: Do you spell 'b-r-o-n-c-o' with an 'h'? I have no personal feeling in the matter; I merely mention it. But why do writers gaily put an 'h' in bronco? Why?"

*The P. I., unable to answer this burning question, turns to Charles Caldwell Dobie, Western writer. Mr. Dobie is acclaimed one of four of America's FIRST short story writers.* "It has been said of your work: 'From the idiosyncrasies of the characters his stories grow.' Is it because your characters are unusual, Mr. Dobie, that——?"

*Mr. Dobie; anticipating the question, asks one:*

"IS there anything more stimulating, more refreshing, more spirit-reviving than to come face to face with a new personality? It remains for those who jump full-grown into our consciousness or our affections to thrill us out of torpid content. It is like opening the windows, and letting a windy coolness search out the four corners of the room. Curtains may flutter, papers may be swept to the floor; withered blooms scattered from vase to table top. But the disturbance of the moment is only a step to a refreshed and visualized story atmosphere." (*Mr. Dobie opines that there ain't no such phenomenon as a short-short story.*)

*The P. I., after expending some effort in running to earth Gerald Beaumont, a recently Very Much Arrived writer of short stories, finds him rather more interested in the problem:* "When is a Scenario?" *To which the answer—from the angle of Dollars and Sense, is:* "When it is first a story."

*The P. I., meeting up with Peter B. Kyne, authored (originally) by "Cappy Ricks":* "Mr. Kyne, Overland's public will be interested——"

*Mr. Kyne beats a hasty retreat, scattering protests as he goes:* "Too busy to write on the subject . . . not qualified. Amateurs—writing game—stand better chance—success in motion picture game. Cater to inferior—intelligence."

*The P. I., to the great publics* "What have YOU to say as to what you get from these writers, via the Editors?"

*The Great Public, resignedly:* "We get what the Editors think we think we want."

## THE WINDS OF THE SIERRAS

O Midnight winds, winds of the mountain gorges,  
Have done with your crying!

I would have none of your tumultuous orgies,  
None of your mad defying

Flung at the stars, mouthed at the peaks above you;  
What! be enamored of you,

And give attentive heeding  
To your importunate pleading?

Nay, nay, O midnight winds, I can not love you!

Give me the winds of the dawn, the glad, the golden,  
Pealing their paeans;—

Sounding their innumerable bugles olden,  
As aged as the aeons!

Be theirs my music bidding me rise and after;  
Shaking the sky's blue rafter,

Rousing my spirit,  
When I shall wake and hear it,

To look in the eyes of Life with a courageous laughter!  
—Clinton Scollard.



## Not So Bankrupt

(Continued from page 292)

He hadn't gained his point, but husband-like, he smiled in satisfaction that his diplomacy had smoothed over the question of Tillie remaining with the firm as a partner. It mattered little to Pa whether or not Tillie came to his house as a guest, but he could see far enough ahead to wish that the two women were on better terms. The fact is, he had omitted many details in talking to his wife of his recent activities. The business dinners that robbed Pa of his evening at home, Ma accepted as part of the price of success. It never occurred to her that a woman, no matter how high her standing in the commercial world, would appear at a business man's dinner.

PA had forgotten his morning paper—the very morning he should have taken it with him if he desired to keep the "details" of his business from the eyes of his wife. Ma was very quiet for a long time after she read the paper. But she hadn't lost her voice—so Pa found out when he called up during the afternoon. He told Ma he wouldn't be home for dinner as he had to entertain a prospective business customer—at least, he tried to tell her. It was rather a busy day for Pa, so, after listening to Ma and not getting a word in for several minutes, he hung up.

Poor Pa! Dinner with his friend went by the board. Pa needed not the aid of formal logic to tell him that Ma had read the morning paper. It was a meek Pa Moser who ascended the steps of his home at five-forty-five that night. The sagging hairs of his moustache told Ma that she had easy pickings. At that, Pa was thankful that his wife retained her pre-prosperity appetite. Shortly after pie Ma showed signs of the strain her appetite had caused her mentally. Pa was shaking out the evening paper—for man is ever hopeful.

"Pa, I could do a whole lot worse for what I think than let you come home for supper. I'm mad at you, Pa."

"Now, Vida—"

"You know what you going to say?"

"Why, of course. Vida, I'm afraid—"

"Then you know already what you going to say, but you don't know what I got to tell. Pretty soon you know both. Twenty-five years we been married, and never once but I trust you. Twenty-five years, and a son not quite so old what trusts you in Oregon. Going out with a woman!"

"Vida! You get all wound up if I don't tell you something. That girl, Tillie—"

"Bobbed hair! And you an old man with a family. If I should go out with

a man, maybe you don't like it, too."

"Listen a little minute, Mama. Tillie and I is nix when it comes to the end of business. So foolish, Mama, if a lady should attend a business meeting."

"I don't care what that Doffer girl does. I don't want you to go out with her."

"But I don't take her out ever."

"The paper this morning—"

"Miss Doffer was representing our company at the meeting."

"It was a banquet—and besides, if she is your representation, why do you go, too?"

"It was a get-acquainted business meeting and supper for all the jobbers and brokers and it would only hurt the business if we weren't both there."

"So—It's more friends like Tillie Doffer what you got to have for your business, huh? Then I get a smart lawyer what knows how much it costs a divorced woman to live."

"I got a right to attend to my business, Mama, especially if it's to be a good business so you can have this fine—"

"You got nothing to do but let Tillie go."

"Mama, let me be honest with you. Tillie and I is nix. She got her business and I got mine."

"Only they come together."

"Because it's the same business."

"Pa, please, you let Tillie find another business."

"She's going away Monday, Mama, going to Portland."

"For good? Papa, why you don't tell me before?"

"Just a trip for business. We got a chance to extend the firm up North, and Tillie's going after it. She'll be away a month."

"Maybe she'll have to stay in Portland," mused Ma.

"Sure, Mama. Maybe the business is so big, she got to stay. Then it be all right if she is my business partner?"

"Pa—what you said about the phonograph—"

"What did I say?"

"You said maybe you couldn't buy one for some time. You think, if Tillie goes to Portland, we make more money?"

Pa gazed at Ma rather closely. She had jumped with startling abruptness from one subject to another. Apparently she had decided that Pa was in no danger of being vamped, so she had seized upon a good opportunity to complete a former discussion. Give in too easily now and Pa knew that Ma would al-

most certainly revert to the subject of Tillie Doffer.

"But I told you it ain't the machine so much. You got to buy records. In one year you pay just so much for records as the machine costs."

Ma got the phonograph and Tillie was not mentioned again that evening. Indeed, it was close to five weeks before Ma had anything more to say about Pa's business partner.

Tillie had tasted success in the larger city, and now, in Portland, she let her enthusiasm carry her a notch higher in business conquests. Rivalry in that city between two large firms had resulted in a third jobber being close to bankruptcy. It took Tillie four weeks to convince the owner that his business could be raised from the contemplated hands of a receiver to financial security. Another week passed before the harassed jobber consented to let his business become a branch of the San Francisco office. Tillie wired Pa at once. He must come to Portland to look over the business, sign papers and meet his new partner.

Ma and Pa Moser wrangled far into the night; but in the end, she let him go. Ma was getting used to the idea of plenty of spending money, and the thought of more clothes, perhaps a larger car, appealed to her. She took him to the station in the little car, and her parting, which occupied fully fifteen minutes of spare time, was full of admonitions.

PA had expected to stay in Portland but three or four days. He did finish his business in that time, but his visit stretched to a week. For the first time in years, Pa was away from the guardian eyes of his wife. Fast living had never attracted Pa so he was content to breathe the air of freedom and sit on a park bench when it did not rain. He had been careful to select a room across town from Tillie's hotel, and could Ma have seen how particular Pa was to refrain from any but business discussions with Tillie—but Ma wasn't there. All Ma had to go by was the letter written on hotel stationery by Pa in the lobby of the hotel where Tillie roomed.

Leon was in the midst of his examinations. Pa had dropped in to see him at college once—wanted him to meet Tillie when he could spare the time. Although Leon came up to his father's room several times, he never stayed long, pleading a prior engagement or his studies. Pa was hurt a little by his son's indifference, but argued that Leon would be home on his vacation in another two weeks, and certainly his son was busy



with his examinations. He wished he might wait till college closed so he could return with Leon; but business called and back he went to San Francisco.

Pa arrived in the city at the unearthly, car-stopped hour of 2:30 a. m. He counted his change and took a taxi. Ma had insisted that he leave his key at home, lest he lose it; so there was no recourse but to wake Ma by ringing the bell. Pa was at the door for several minutes, wearing out the bell battery, before his wife's voice asked who was there.

"Hello, Vida! Just got back."

"Better you stay where you are. I don't want to see you."

"Vida! What you mean?"

"You call up that smart lawyer, Philip Levin, tomorrow. Maybe you know what he knows."

"Vida, let me in! You want I should take my death of pneumonia?"

But Ma had left the door. Pa listened till he heard her Juliettes flap noisily on the floor and bedsprings creak.

"Now, what I wonder that crazy woman do nex'?" Pa mused. He went around to the bedroom window.

"Ma—stop your silly! You going to let me in?" Silence. "Vida—Why you don't say what I do? I got lots to tell. The business is much bigger and I see Leon in Portland. Let me in?"

"Stop your noise! You want I should smother, that I have to close my window?"

"But Mama! If I don't get in, how can I sleep? I got no money with me, and how I get to a hotel when they ain't no cars running till six o'clock?"

Bam! The window shut under Ma's heavy hand. Next door there was the grating of a sash raised and a neighbor's voice broke into Pa's plea.

"Tell your troubles to the moon, and let a man that's in his bed sleep!"

Bam! Pa looked from one closed window to the other. He mentally figured the distance to the nearest hotel. Even his own telephone was denied him and no public booth in the neighborhood open at this hour. The garage key! Ma hadn't asked him to hand that over.

Pa slept comfortably warm, wrapped in an auto robe, coiled up in the tonneau of the little car. The garage was a part of the basement, so Pa was aroused at seven o'clock when the servant came through the tradesman entrance to prepare breakfast—which explains how Pa got into the upstairs and had nearly finished his breakfast when Ma, heavy eyed, wrinkly gowned and breakfast capped, came into the breakfast room.

"Good morning, Vida. I not got much time to talk as I got to leave for work, and I guess you think it ain't nothing what I got to say, anyhow."

"I got nothing myself to say with you," replied Ma firmly.

"What I thought." Pa's moustache sank half an inch into the coffee.

"So? You got a head too smart for your shoulders, huh? Then I'll tell you I'm getting from you a divorce."

That surprised Pa for a moment, but he came back gamely.

"How you think you get it?"

"I got desertion from you and correspondence with a woman."

"So? You taking a study course at a business college?"

"I got business at a law office and no college. You can go back to Portland and your Tillie Doffer with the bobby head."

"Tillie Doffer! Tillie Doffer! Mama, I don't have to tell you it's no reflection on you when I say Tillie is a fine girl. For a daughter, now, Mama,—"

"So! Just why I get a divorce. One woman is all a good man can love. You would take this Tillie into your own house, only it's my house, too. When you go to work, you don't come back tonight. My house is for only good people."

"Why you fuss so at Tillie?"

"A whole week in Portland and only two letters from you. So you stay at the same hotel with Tillie? I should say so I get a divorce; and you can't live in this house while I get it."

"It's my house too, and you can't keep me out. But I don't stay at Tillie's hotel. Mama, Leon can tell you I stay at a different hotel from where Tillie rooms."

"I got a letter, and I know who lives where you wrote it."

"Ma, you get foolish the more you don't talk sense. You write to Leon."

"I don't write to nobody but my lawyer; and I see him personally."

"Well, I got to get to my work. Don't forget I come home tonight. Tillie Doffer! Ma, you should be ashamed'."

**D**IVORCE proceedings went along smoothly for several days. Of course, Ma was only bluffing when she threatened to keep Pa out of the house. Pa developed a stubborn streak and seemed perfectly content that Ma should get her divorce and Ma began to wish that she had only bluffed about separation. Pa continued to sleep in Leon's room, and it looked as if father and son were to occupy the same bed during Leon's vacation. Leon was due to return almost any day, and that thought gladdened Pa's heart; for, with Tillie away, he was very much in need of his son's help. He began to regret that Leon had decided upon a medical instead of a business career.

Then Tillie wired that affairs were satisfactory in the North and could rest for a time without her personal supervi-

sion. She was returning to San Francisco immediately, but had requested that he allow her a month's vacation at once. Pa sat back in his chair and stared at the gray wall for half an hour after he read the message. He was facing the old problem again. The management of the business was up to him. Not that he couldn't do it—but in the words of his wife, he was soft. Well, the burden would fall upon Leon. Pep, that boy had, and a good business head. Lots of things he'd shown Dad last summer.

The telephone rang several days later, just as Pa had picked up his hat to go to lunch. He passed into the outer office and asked one of the clerks to answer the phone.

"Your son!" cried the clerk. Pa leaped back into the office.

"Hello, Leon, how you be? Fine! That's fine. Shame you should not tell Papa you come home today. What's the matter with mother? I guess she don' like too much efficiency, Leon. Sure, I be out to lunch. I was just going to eat anyway. Sure, maybe a half hour. Goodbye, Leon."

Ma, for the first time that week, smiled at her husband when she opened the door.

"Leon's home," she said.

"Well, where is the boy?"

"He's in the garage."

"Well, that should keep him from saying hello to his Papa."

"He's putting up the machine. He took it down town."

"Why he don't have the baggageman send the trunks?"

The doorbell rang. Leon, of course. Ma and Pa made a grab for the door knob.

"Hello, Leon! Hello, Leon. Come in. Don't he look fine, Mama? Curly hair under his cap just like when he was so little."

But Leon had stood aside and was ushering in a tall, slim girl with bobbed hair.

"Oh, Tillie, come in," cried Pa. "You got to excuse us, Miss Doffer. This is my wife and my son, Leon. You got to excuse us, for Leon just got back from college."

"Sure, I know," laughed Tillie. "I brought him back."

"What you mean, Tillie? What you bring Leon?"

"She's right, Dad," Leon grinned. "We're going to be married tomorrow, take a month off, and then plunge into that business of yours with all the pep we've got."

"Oi, Leon! Tillie! That you should take the sails out of my boat." Pa blubbered for a few moments on his son's shoulders, then turned to his wife:

(Continued on page 334)





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### THE LAVENDER DRAGON

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY has recently published a story of unusual power which will especially appear to lovers of such books on ideal communities as those Wells writes—such books as “The Wonderful visit,” “The Time Machine,” “The World Set Free,” “Men like Gods,” “Mankind in the Making,” “The Dreamer.”



Chas. H. Shinn

Who would suppose that “The Lavender Dragon” could have been written by the author of such novels as “The Portreeve” or “Brunnel’s Tower?” But if one looks over Eden Phillpotts’ literary record of more than fifty stories and plays, he will find therein a group of such studies as “The Human Boy,” “St. George and the Dragon,” “Pan and the Twins,” and “Children of the Mist.” Nor must we forget that he was born and spent years in a border province of India (Mount Aboo,) among mystery loving Afghans. Born there in 1862, but sent home to England later for education, his best work gives us more or less of the mystic, meditative spirit of the people of his childhood.

“The Lavender Dragon” begins with the earnest, somewhat dull Sir Jasper de Pomeroy of Devon who takes his faithful squire George Pippin, dons his armor, mounts his huge piebald stallion, and sets forth to right wrongs, punish evil-doers, rescue fair maidens, and break a lance or swing a battle-axe in Sir Galahad fashion, against Modreds and monsters.

After months of vain seeking for adventure, knight and squire come across a frightened village whose deputation to them reports the greatest and most ravenous of dragons who has carried off a number of peaceful persons to devour in some cave or forest glen. His latest

victim has been the most beautiful young woman in the village. The knight’s thoughts—and the reader’s—travel back to the story of St. George and the fair Sabra of Egypt, and to the battle of that great hero with the fire-breathing dragon.

But as Mr. Phillpotts tells his story with irresistible humor and ironic satire, we discover that his Lavender Dragon is in reality a high-minded dreamer, a Utopian idealist who has faith in the improbability of human nature. It takes the slow-witted knight and his rural squire (who are very different from Don Quixote and Sancho Panza) a very long time to comprehend this dragon’s desire to give people a new start and make them happy.

The good knight and his squire find the dragon, and the dragon carries him off, war-horse and all. Then the situation is explained after this fashion: “Even as the world itself was hatched from the Mundane Egg made by our Creator, as the Phoenicians and Egyptians rightly maintain, so all primitive orders of living things likewise emerged to life in that manner. Dragons are among the most ancient of created beings, and they have fortunately, though not, I fear, undeservedly, personified evil from the earliest times of man. Nowadays we dragons stand as the symbol of sin in general and paganism in particular. You will judge of my personal astonishment when I came to years of understanding and found myself, not only on the side of the angels from the first, but also entirely opposed to the principles and practice of my own race.”

Then the knight enters the castle of the town of Dragonville and there becomes convinced of the entire truth of his host’s ardent desire to create a loftier social order, through the friends and followers of the Dragon—the people he has from time to time selected to carry away from the terrified village. But the people of his town and his castle love him dearly and call him L. D. to his face. He is very old, he suffers much and finally passes away amid universal mourning. “Upon the night of his fu-

neral,” we are told, “the walls of Dragonville fell to earth and the Lavender Dragon’s empire ceased to exist as a separate kingdom, defended and preserved behind its own ramparts.” The dwellers therein scattered over the country, teaching the gospel of goodwill to the rest of the country, though, because of the loss of their good dragon, soon falling into dissension. Still, as the author says, “We have made a measure of progress since the days of Dragonville, and the fact that we are so widely, keenly alive to the need for yet swifter advance is the most hopeful thing about us.”

For six generations, we are told, the countryside made pilgrimage to the dragon’s grave. Then the rite ceased, but the great saurian’s ideals of generosity and self-abnegation and selfless purpose are growing in the hearts of men and women and will yet conquer the world.

—Charles H. Shinn.

### LABOR

SHERWOOD EDDY in his recent volume “The New World of Labor” gives a rapid review of labor conditions in different parts of the world. In China, Japan, and India, poverty, illiteracy, and child labor are the general rule. The workday ranges from twelve to sixteen hours, seven days a week, and the average wage for men and women is from thirty to forty cents a day. Housing conditions are appalling. Three and four families may be found living in a room, eight by ten feet.

The second part of the book dealing with labor in Europe and America leaves much to be desired. The attempt to trace the history of labor from ancient times to the present is bound to be superficial, and rather out of place in a “New World of Labor.”

The discussion on Russian conditions is perhaps the most interesting part of the book. As a representative of the Y. M. C. A., Sherwood Eddy cannot be accused of Bolshevik tendencies. He says in part:

“We met no working men in all Russia, however, who even for the increased



wages, would be willing to return to the regime of the Czar or of Liberalism after the first revolution. Poor as it is, it remains a workingman's government, in many respects nearer the people than any other in the world.

"We may look upon Russia as a vast laboratory for social experiment."

In spite of its partisan attitude and religious bias, the book is valuable for the statistics and fund of information which it presents.

*The New World of Labor*, by Sherwood Eddy, New York, George H. Doran Company, \$1.50.

—Anna Dondo.

### EDNA FERBER

**TO THAT PUBLIC** which has wearied of stories constructed according to the best models of the correspondence schools, to those readers—and there is an increasing number of them—who turn with dissatisfaction from the conventional story, be it short or long, about which our modern magazines are builded, this latest novel by Edna Ferber comes as a refreshing breeze.

"So Big" is utterly unconventional in its construction and handling. Miss Ferber is sufficiently master of not only her technique but also her publishers to dare step aside from prescribed paths when inclination impels, and it frequently does. *Selina Peake* is forced by circumstances into the unfamiliar life of that "incredibly Dutch district southwest of Chicago known first as New Holland and later as High Prairie." First as a school teacher and later as a wife and mother she undergoes the hardships of farm life, bringing up her boy *Dirk De-Jong*—nicknamed "So Big"—to a desire for a wider life than that afforded by the community.

Selina's struggles and problems are scarcely felt by the boy. College takes him into another atmosphere, one of artificial standards which are far apart from those which the years have taught his mother as being of permanent value. He comes in contact and falls in love with *Paula*, who confirms him in his estimate of values; then, later, with *Dallas O'Mara*. "Miss Dallas O'Mara, in her studio, was perched on a high stool before an easel with a large tray of assorted crayons at her side. She looked a sight and didn't care at all." Indifferent to Dirk, interested in her art and its achievement to the exclusion of social attainment, Dallas is a new type to Dirk and a tantalizing one. Gradually his interest in Paula fades, to be replaced by a deeper love for Dallas.

He is amazed that his mother, work-roughened by her years on the truck-farm, should gain the girl's affection where he can find but tolerance.

### YOU CAN'T FORGET

*You can't forget the way the shadows fell,*

*How dropped the wind when bugles sang retreat:*

*Remember still the regimental band—  
And then the steady, measured tramp of feet!*

*Once more to have those days upon the range!*

*You'll always hear the way a bullet purrs*

*Its deadly song across the firing pits—  
The sunset gun—the merry clink of spurs!*

*You can't forget the colors floating down,*

*(When day of march and drill at last was spent.)*

*To waiting arms below, while straight and still*

*The long bronze ranks stood locked at stiff "Present!"*

*The thrilling lift and lilt of marching songs!*

*You'll always find a shred of dim regret*

*You can't be out there soldierin' again—  
You can't forget, old boy, you can't forget!*

—Charles Josef Carey.

And the ending is not the conventional one. Edna Ferber is too much the artist to spoil a splendidly strong story with an Ethel Dell climax. "So Big" is the finest thing Miss Ferber has yet done, a literary achievement; strong, clean, written as from the inside, interesting throughout, it is a book which will continue to hold its place on the "intimate" shelves, and be given more than the one reading.

*So Big*, by Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00 net.

### A SATIRICAL DRAMA

**H.** G. WELLS has in his latest novel "*The Dream*" developed a somewhat trite theme into an unusual and most interesting story. It is nothing new, in stories, to dream of past existences, or even of a series of past existences. The possibilities to the novelist are fascinating, and more than a few of them have used the theme more or less skilfully. Wells, however, approaches from a somewhat different angle in that his characters are looking back from the year 3900 upon the civilization of today.

And today's civilization, viewed from the higher, more spiritual standpoint, of that time is a poor thing. *Sarnac* is the chief character in the story. He dreams, in the brief space of time which dreams take, of his entire life prior to and during the great world war; relating his dream, when he awakens, to his companions. He

tells of his life as *Harry Smith*, and in his telling the author is at his satirical best in poking fun at the senseless conventions of our contemporary civilization; for senseless enough they appear from the spiritual viewpoint of *Sarnac* and his companions. There is satire in the telling, and there is humor.

But it is when the author reaches the love story of *Hetty Marcus* and *Harry* that humor drops like a mantle shed and the tale enters into real drama. It becomes a gripping story, with as keen characterization as Wells has ever given, running to a climax unexpected and strong. This is one of the books which is not apt to be laid aside until it is finished.

"*The Dream*," by H. G. Wells. The MacMillan Co., \$2.50 net.

### A WESTERN POET

**C**ALIFORNIA mothers so many poets that one feels sometimes that it is the greater distinction to be of California and yet not write poetry. Certainly the list of verse writers who find inspiration in the Golden State is a constantly and rapidly increasing one. Nor are all of these newly discovered poets of the younger generation. Michael Doyle, who has recently brought out "*Mary and Other Poems*" has waited for gray hairs before giving expression in verse to his love of beauty.

The poems have the atmosphere of the West, and that longer one from which the volume takes its title depicts the hardships of a pioneer mother who ventures the long sea voyage and the discomforts of the Isthmus to join her husband in the San Francisco of the gold rush days.

It is in the "other poems," however, that the reviewer finds the book's chief treasure, and finds trace of that companion art of sculpture which Mr. Doyle has made his chief expression. The last poem in the volume has as subject one which many a poet before Mr. Doyle has used, and which will be sung again and again, "*Sunset Through the Golden Gate*."

*Hill won, I rest; while Berkeley's mellow bells,*

*By magian fingers fondled, wake to glee,*

*Pouring far floods of tidal melody*

*O'er echoing canons and delighted dells.*

*Lo! while this transport round the campus swells,*

*Glory descends upon the western sea*

*To drape with beauty its immensity*

*As weaving goddess of our vesper spells.*

*From fleecy clouds, twirled by her wheel,*

*the sun,*

*Such strands and weaves of radiance soon are spun*

*In pearl and pink, in ruby and rich gold*

*No world-wrought tapestries could so entice*

*And hold rapt vision while these charms unrolled,*

*Glowing like portals meet for Paradise.*



## HIGH ROAD

"HIGH ROAD" is the story of Peter Adams, musician—of his quest of beauty—of those who helped, and those who hindered him in the quest.

Although the other characters are well drawn, especially interesting is the sympathetic portrait of Mammy Louie, and very fine are the words of the old German music master. "You, Peter, say you write music which is the searching of man for truth. I say you have written nothing of the sort—but you have made good music because you can think such high thoughts—that you care, that you understand, how pitiful we all are in this universe. Music is the overtone of all art, Peter. It can say the fine thing which the painting, the writing cannot express." It is Peter who holds our interest—Peter, the child, with ear to shell, listening to the first whisperings of the Eternal Harmony—Peter, the man, through all of his struggles to reach self-expression to his triumphant direction of his own "Poem of the Eternal Mystery" on to the finale, where he writes, "Pilgrimage"—"Which is quest of beauty" it is Peter who makes "High Road" a novel that is more than a story; it has much of the appeal of biography, for in Peter we may see the evolution of an artist's soul.

—Elizabeth La Dow.

*High Road*, by Janet Ramsey. The Century Co., \$2.00 net.

## STRANGE CORNERS

LONDON has a fascination which is felt half a world away, for every nook and cranny of the old city has its romance and its tradition. To the stranger in London, dependent on his guide book, it is only the more famous spots with which he gains acquaintance. And even the London resident of long time knows surprisingly little of the interesting history of the ancient streets and buildings about him.

Charles G. Harper has had the interest and the leisure to trace out the interesting facts which hover about some of the more unfamiliar spots in London, and in "Queer Things About London" he presents these fascinating tales in his own simple and interesting manner. From the old lamp posts—one would never think to find a story there!—to St. Paul's Cathedral; from the Adelphi to Westminster—did you know there was a waxworks show in the famous church?—the reader is taken in never-failing interest.

To the traveller who is about to visit London, the book will serve as an unusually valuable guidebook. To the stay-at-home traveller the volume is of even greater value. It is profusely illustrated.

*Queer Things About London*, by Charles G. Harper. Lippincott, publishers, \$2.50 net.

## THE OLD WEST

THAT a story is true adds nothing to its value if the story itself is not interesting, but there's many a true tale of the old West which is as thrilling in its intensity as any creation of our best action writers. In "*A Tenderfoot Bride*" Clarice E. Richards deals with the experiences of herself and her husband when they went, newly married, from their accustomed life in an Eastern City to Colorado to undertake the ownership and management of a large cattle ranch. There is mystery and drama and comedy in full measure in these annals, simply told in Mrs. Richards' delightful manner. And, somehow, one wishes that it might have been fiction after all, so that the mystery of the old root house and its hidden passage might be explained.

*A Tenderfoot Bride*, by Clarice E. Richards. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00 net.

## FOUNTAINS

MOUNTAINS rise and dip to a melody all their own; throwing their silver columns against the blue, dropping almost to the mirroring waters, and always to that undertone of their own singing. And Cecilia MacKinnon

in her "*Fountains of Ordunna*" is herself a fountain. There is verse which rises almost to the heights; there is poetry of lesser leaping; but it all sings with a charmingly irregular rhythm. And there is a delightful imaginative quality which marks Miss MacKinnon as most truly of the fraternity.

This poet is another of those who find their artistic expression through more than one channel. Painter as well as poet, Miss MacKinnon succeeds in retaining in her verse those qualities which make for attainment in the companion art. Not every poet has the lyric gift. One has but to read "*The Three Princesses*" to realize that Miss MacKinnon has the gift in full measure. Or that brief bit from which the volume takes its name:

*The fountain in Ordunna knows  
That when its silver shaft arose  
The earth protested, groaned and rocked.  
But when it fell in shining spray  
On famished sand and sun-baked clay,  
The earth rejoiced.*

*O aching earth, this agony  
Will end at last,  
And fountains fill the shining land  
When it is past.*

*Fountain of Ordunna*, by Cecilia MacKinnon. B. J. Brimmer Co., \$1.50 net.

## TWO NEW MACHINES

THAT the atrocious hodgepodge of frothy sensation and sentimentality that weighs down our magazine stands is the product of a "give the public what it wants" policy is somewhat to be doubted.

There are before me copies of two magazines which have recently invaded the well populated field of national publications. One of these was secured only after I had visited five dealers. The supply of the first four having been exhausted within twenty-four hours of the magazine's release. Great stacks of the other face me from the table of every vender. Placards and full page newspaper and magazine advertisements proclaiming the features of one obtrude themselves upon my attention hourly. The publishers of the other have contented themselves with a formal announcement published in a few of the more conservative publications.

I scan the contents of one. Shades of Horace Greeley, William Dean Howells and Bret Harte! In the Twentieth Century magazine world is there nothing new under the sun? Here is a combination of the most trite and yellow features of a Sunday Supplement, the American Magazine, McCalls Fashion Book, Farm and Fireside, True Confessions and the Saturday Evening Post.

Here we have our old friends, tried and true, George Barr McCutcheon, Montague Glass, Albert Payson Terhune, Dr. Frank Crane, Sophie Kerr, Arnold Bennett, etc. etc., all doing their usual "stuff." Here are vivid and horrible illustrations of the situations in American social and domestic life depicted in the stories and confessions; personality stories about such original subjects as Hughes, Hiram Johnson and Charles Murphy; pictorial sections displaying scenes that seem vaguely suggestive of a Pathe Weekly which I witnessed some weeks ago, a group of photographs of movie "stars" and an article on synthetic booze by Dr. Evans. Everything, in fact, that the public is supposed to be demanding.

The other magazine, a thick, unillustrated volume yields a collection of essays, several departments of more or less relevant and gently irreverent comment on American ideals, politics, business, drama and literature; two brief stories; papers on Ruskin, Lowell and Jim Watson.

The character of its contents would probably classify it as a journal of the cynical intelligencia. Its major mission is, very patently, to convey the somewhat bellicose, dogmatic, iconoclastic criticisms which scintillate from the pens



of its two talented and unorthodox editors.

One of these publications sells for fifty cents the copy; the other for five.

Now the question is: Is the day of the newspaper and magazine which was built around the untrammelled expression of forcefully dogmatic, thoughtful and brilliant editors and contributors displaced by an epoch in which publishers are compelled to keep their writers busy producing the lurid, the mawkish, the froth because that is what the public demands? Or is it that the writers of froth are easily secured and their effusions most inoffensive to advertisers, who pay the bills. Does the public have an insatiable appetite for sex morbidity, yellow journalism and synthetic booze articles, or was this but an evanescent disease which the American publisher still panders to because he has found it profitable to do so and has neither the vision nor the originality to abandon? Does the public want only the "Confessions," "movie" and "success" magazines or would it welcome a few thoughtful, even high-brow, publications providing they show some raciness and originality and less didacticism than do the established essay periodicals, on one hand and less irrationalism than do certain modernist publications, on the other?

The answer may be suggested in the fact that the "American Mercury," journal of Menken and Nathan, selling for fifty cents the copy is, without exploitation, finding a demand larger than the supply of printed copies while the highly advertised, tritely named and imitative "Liberty" selling at five cents the copy, seems to be a drug on the market.

—J. W. T.

#### POEMS OF PRIMITIVE LIFE

THEY SPEAK of the elemental problems of life, these poems by DuBose Heyward to which he has given the title "Skylines and Horizons." He deals with the primitive folk of the Carolina mountains and the low country. But unlike the many who have sought to find inspiration for poetry in the common folk Heyward sees them with that innate sympathy which is one of the hallmarks of the real poet. It is not the bare sordidness of their lives which interests him. He goes beneath the petty details and writes with real understanding of the emotions and desires; and because there is in every human being some desire for beauty he finds in these lives that element of beauty which is a constituent part of poetry and without which it cannot exist.

It is with no rude or uncouth touch that DuBose Heyward presents his pictures. There are descriptive bits as delicate as a pastel. There are stirring passages which flame with color. Be-

cause he knows his people he can express a volume in a sentence, a word.

#### THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN

*Among the sullen peaks she stood at bay  
And paid life's hard account from her small store.*

*Knowing the code of mountain wives, she bore*

*The burden of the days without a sigh;  
And, sharp against the somber winter sky,  
I saw her drive her steers afield each day.*

*Hers was the hand that sunk the furrows deep*

*Across the rocky, grudging southern slope.  
At first youth left her face, and later, hope;  
Yet through each mocking spring and barren fall*

*She reared her lusty brood, and gave them all*

*That gladder wives and mothers love to keep.*

*And when the sheriff shot her eldest son  
Beside his still, so well she knew her part,  
She gave no healing tears to ease her heart;  
But took the blow upstanding, with her eyes  
As drear and bitter as the winter skies.  
Seeing her then, I thought that she had won.*

*But yesterday her man returned too soon  
And found her tending, with a reverent touch,*

*One scarlet bloom; and having drunk too much,*

*He snatched its flame and quenched it in the dirt.*

*Then, like a creature with a mortal hurt,  
She fell, and wept away the afternoon.*

*Skylines and Horizons, by DuBose Heyward. The MacMillan Company, publishers., \$1.25 net.*

#### THE AUTUMN MOON

The Autumn moon has mounted through the sky,

Till now she hangs a globe of wine-red light.

Fraught with the essence of tranquility,  
Drifts the still languorous night.

Tipsy with moonlight goes a tinselled moth,  
Seeking the summer flowers that bloom no more;

And misted with a lucent veil of froth,  
The slow waves beat the shore.

Drowned in the moon, the purple shadows lie  
Thin spectres of their once dark potency.

*CAROLS OF CAROLYN, by Carolyn M. Lewis. Published by F. K. Stearns, Detroit, Mich., \$1.00 net.*

## San Francisco Players

ON the Pacific Coast, the heavier plays of the winter and the comedy of the spring have given way to farce and musical comedy. As this is written, Genevieve Tobin who is making her initial appearance on the Coast is staring in a new farce, "Julio and Roymette" by Cathrine Chisholm Cushing. Next comes Raymond Hitchcock, who with his invariably pretty girls always offers a good vacation time diet, in a brand new musical comedy "The Caliph" by the California composer, Marie Montague.

Miss Cushing holds a place in our affections because of the delicious nonsense of her "Topsy and Eva." "Julio and Roymette" doesn't offer as many spontaneous laughs as did the former play but it nevertheless affords a very entertaining evening.

The play has to do with a company of modern young people on a house party. The plot is very old. But in farce one expects to meet an old friend somewhat re-vamped—*sartar resartas*. Most to be commended is the way in which the author has been guiltless of taking advantage of an excellent opportunity to follow Rachael Crothers formula of picturing the younger generation in their more or less alluring wilderness through two and a half acts only to bring them to an old fashioned regeneration in the last half of the third. There is a place for all things and preachments do not belong to light comedy. But at the last curtain of "Julio

and Roymette" the young people remain as unregenerate as they did in the first act when Aunt Jane's negress declared that "Nothin' can tempt that girl. She's temptation itself."

The Little Theater folks are not tempering their productions to the season. But then farce and musical comedy does not belong to their repertoire. We are sometimes inclined to wish that it did.

After all has been said the "Little Theater Movement" is, and must remain, for the most part a movement of amateurs. Why then must they always be selecting plays clearly beyond their historic ability?

The San Francisco Telegraph Hill Players have presented four plays this season. Two of them, Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet" and "Angel's Flight" by Miss DeFord, plays of the lighter vein were well handled and altogether worth seeing. The others, "Countess Julia" by Strindberg and Herman Bauer's "The Master" were clearly beyond the talents of the cast.

Bauer's play, which was the Hill Player's May bill, has to do with a doctor who apparently fulfills the author's idea of one who exemplifies the Nietzschean philosophy. It might be very effective in the hands of an altogether first rate actor. But Ben Legree with his irrepressible physical activity does not adapt himself to the part of a super-man and the over acted tragedy only accentuates the amateurishness of the players.

—Sara Lakey.



## The Editor's Brief Case

CALIFORNIA is improving, there is no doubt of it. The germ is in the air. Not a community in the state, even to the drowsiest of the "ghost" towns but feels the impulse to tear down and rebuild. The mountain roads which felt the plodding feet of the Argonauts are being abandoned to the squirrel and the contemptuous coyote, while glaring ribbons of concrete are strung in straightaways along new grades. Old adobes which at times housed bandit and gambler and Spanish beauty are brought low; their bricks dissolving again to earth while there arise in their place gasoline service stations of brightly painted corrugated iron.

Monterey has been well to the fore in this parade of progress. Many an old adobe has disappeared, and even the famous Sherman Rose has gone. But the chamber of commerce can point with pride to the very modern stores which adorn the streets in their stead.



AND NOW Columbia has felt the urge. Columbia, be it known was the "Gem of the Southern Mines," boasting at the height of its glory a population of 15,000 which made its living directly or indirectly through the more than \$55,000,000 worth of placer gold which the camp produced. There was block after block of brick and stone buildings. There were two volunteer fire departments and a thriving company of militia. A petition was at one time circulated to make Columbia the capital of California, a petition which held more than 20,000 signatures. That the circulators thereof detached the appended names from the original and attached them to another which was, presumably, of more profit to themselves, is merely an incident. The fact remains that Columbia was a community to be reckoned with.

But the mines yielded their one crop of gold, the population drifted away and for years Columbia has slept in the quiet of the foothills. The old streets stretched away into the wilderness of the deserted diggings. The stores put on their iron-shuttered fronts and forgot to take them down. The banks and the telegraph office and the Wells-Fargo express became nothing but the signs above the closed doors, while only a faithful handful remained to tell the tales of the busy days of gold.



NOW the highways have penetrated to the foothill country and the towns of the Mother Lode are finding a new source of income in those motor tourists who flood the roads with the coming of spring. Columbia has been made the goal of thousands who have heard of its interesting features, and have found there an atmosphere which has taken them in an instant back over the three-quarters of a century.

And with the tourist comes the urge toward progress. Columbia, too, desires paved streets and tin roofs and gaily painted service stations. This summer the town's main street is to be torn up. No doubt the weary locust trees will be cut down and the marble slabs and worn bricks which knew the feet of the old miners will be broken up for concrete sidewalks. Of course the interest for the tourist, the charm which has brought there so many lovers of the old, will have departed forever; but what of that? Columbia is progressing!

Wasn't there, in those schoolbooks of the years ago, a fable about the goose which laid the golden egg?

IT must be that some folks get behind with their reading. In a recent mail came a request, accompanied by 30c in stamps, for a certain article as advertised in the coupon attached—and the coupon was clipped from an *OVERLAND MONTHLY* of over twenty years ago! Think of all that man has ahead of him before he catches up with the literary procession.



DOES William A. Bell of Sigourney, Iowa, hold the record as a continuous subscriber to *Overland*? Mr. Bell writes us that "I have been a reader for close on to 50 years. In 1875, at Truckee, I started reading *Overland* and have been taking it ever since."



A BLOCK away from the *Overland* office, just below Montgomery street, excavation is going on for a new building. The laborers are down fifteen feet below street level, down in the black soil which was—seventy years ago—bay ooze. They have thrown out pieces of old piling, remnants of the piers which groped their ramshackle way from the old shore line; for the bay once extended to Montgomery—the bay which is now half a mile distant and barred from the old Plaza by the substantial blocks of the wholesale district. This ancient piling was not made of perishable pine—probably because it was not available—but of lengths of the scrub oak which grew in those days plentifully about the bay shores.

The laborers have thrown out also various skulls of cattle; the wide spreading horns typical of the Spanish herds of the California ranchos. These cattle were not the extreme type known as the Texas "longhorns," but still quite distinct from the highly bred stock of today. Possibly these workmen may find other skulls before they are through. Not a few men mysteriously disappeared, to find a resting place in the slime which bordered the Barbary Coast.



OVERLAND feels most fortunate in being able to follow Helen Vernon Reid's splendid story of Thad Welch, which closes in this issue, with another biographical sketch which is in its field fully as interesting. "*Memories of a Frontier Childhood*," by Emma North Messer, is the narrative, beautiful in its simplicity, of the writer's early childhood in the frontier state of Minnesota, and her later experiences as a young girl in the mining towns of Nevada.

Mrs. Messer's father, John W. North, was one of the founders of the University of Minnesota and one of its first regents. An attorney and active in politics, he presided in the Constitutional Convention and was chairman of the Minnesota delegation to the Republican convention in Chicago that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency; and later was made surveyor-general of the new territory of Nevada.

It was but natural that the family should come in contact with most of the notable figures of the time, and in her more or less casual references to Sioux Indians, President Lincoln, Mark Twain, Thomas Starr King, and others, Mrs. Messer presents a delightfully interesting picture of the early sixties. The first installment of the story appears in August *Overland*.



# Single Pens and Literary Partnerships

NOW that John Mercereaux and Elwyn Chambers have completed their collaborative Western story, the Mercereaux family are summering in the hills of Los Gatos and the Chambers are at Stimson Beach. Mrs. Chambers had had two stories accepted by McClure's Magazine. There you have it—the literary partnership side by side with the single pen.

One reaches up to the shelf labeled *Handle with care* and takes down the word *intriguing*. It is intriguing, the idea of literary partnerships. It is as if the first ones who tried such partnerships took their secret with them. Perhaps Beaumont and Fletcher would have said there was no secret; each was the complement of the other, and the partnership produced, in consequence, better work than either man could have done alone. They evidently found the joint name an asset to judge from the fact that if literary historians are not mistaken—only fifteen of the fifty plays that bear both their names are the work of Fletcher alone.

The English novelists, Besant and Rice, almost reversed the experience of their illustrious Shakespearian forerunners, for while many read their joint product, nobody thought of the books as notable. It was Besant's novel, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, that made his name known.

The most interesting experiment in collaborative writing in this country is *The Gilded Age* by Samuel L. Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner, but Mark Twain or Warner or both of them recognized that they could do better work alone, and they never tried the method again.

Readers of the C. F. and A. N. William-

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

son stories, a long series beginning with *The Lightning Conductor*, know that one is now writing where the two names bravely appear.

In counting literary partnerships California may number, then, Mark Twain, even though he wrote in the East, and place next to him Jack London and Anna Strunsky (who now lives not far from Clemens' Connecticut home) in *The Kempton-Wace Love Letters*. Anna Strunsky, now Mrs. William English Walling, was a brilliant Polish student at Stanford University, a sister, I believe, of the Simeon Strunsky whose essays are in the *Atlantic Classics*. Perhaps it would be truer to call the Kempton-Wace letters a literary *tour de force* than the result of a Platonic love affair. Some of their friends insist that London's interest in the bettering of social conditions dated from his acquaintance with Miss Strunsky.

Our present demand for speed and for accomplishment, for stories, in the language of the advertisement, "gotten up regardless of expense," may be leading us into an era of collaboration where the one person writing alone may all but disappear, along with the cobbler and the one-man country store. When that time comes, the paragrapher may point out that writers have but returned to community productions, as in the making of the anonymous ballads in old England.

A variation of co-operative method was that of the elder Dumas who plotted several stories and set his hack writers to work upon them. Robert W. Chambers is cred-

ited with writing his novels in the same way. I do not know whether the latter uses such a method nor whether, even if he does, he has been faced by such a saucy questioner as Dumas the Younger.

"Have you read my latest novel," asks Dumas the Elder.

"No," replies the Younger guilefully, "have you read it yourself?"

Among the new books promised by California writers is one by Arthur Preston Hankins at San Anselmo.

When the California writer actor and Frank Bacon died, it seemed that half the older towns of Northern California laid some especial claim to him: "Born here" "went to school here" "was a photographer here" "ran a paper here." It seemed, too, that every town where he had played *Lightnin* had adopted him as a favorite son. In a recent number of *Scribner's*, Florence Foster, Bacon's private secretary, paints with the simple touches of homely detail the secret of his popularity, his consideration for others, his unfeigned interest in their welfare. If nobody has preached a sermon on the text, "Love never faileth," using Frank Bacon's life in illustration, it is not because material is lacking. His entire devotion to Mrs. Bacon was characteristic of the man. A total abstainer, he was annoyed by persistent rumors that he was always drunk when he played the part of the sometimes bibulous Lightnin; it was said that only a drunken man could play the part so perfectly. He refuted the charge with the words: "I was sober when they were drunk, and I studied them."

## Contest Continued

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## Thad Welch

(Continued from page 303)

away and was completed in about fourteen sittings.

Marble said he never had a better sitter.

They used to talk about old times and mutual friends, among the artists and that is why Welch had such a pleasant expression.

THE forerunner in any line is always certain to be followed by many imitators.

There is no exception in the art world; let one man produce certain effects that become popular and look at nature through individual glasses, a drove of imitators try to see it his way and produce or copy his results.

Knowledge is universal and no one has a patent on nature and every artist is influenced by the school preceeding his time, but, this is no warrant for actual copies of an artist's work being circulated as originals.

As soon as Welch attained a degree of popularity with the art world, some crafty persons began to turn spurious copies of his paintings on the unsuspecting public and a few of these fake Welch pictures sold for large sums.

A most glaring case of this kind occurred during the last year of the artist's life.

A lady in Monterey bought a painting supposedly by Welch, from a local art dealer for eight hundred dollars. It was painted along traditional Welch lines with Tamalpais for the background and a group of homeward bound cows in the foreground.

It sold as a Welch of great merit, exquisite coloring and soulful interpretation of Nature in her rarest mood. The lady had the painting forwarded to her palatial home in Monterey and shortly after invited a select circle of artists from the colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Pointing to her treasure, she said:

"There is a beautiful Welch. How do you like it?"

"Great!" chorused the company.

But one guest merely remarked, "Hum," and looked thoughtful. Then he explained, "That's not a Welch. It's a fake." After the excitement subsided, the lady sent the painting down to Santa Barbara to Thad Welch. He returned the picture in due time with the following scribbled across the back: "This is a poor copy.—Thad Welch."

The art dealer was notified of the fraud and he refunded the money immediately,—the lady then buying a genuine Welch landscape for thirteen hun-

dred-fifty dollars.

Shortly after leaving "Steep Ravine" an exact copy of one of Welch's paintings was on exhibition in a local art store, signed with the copyist's name.

Welch was indignant and sought out the artist, who denied that it was a copy and said he had painted it from nature in the ravine below the Welch cabin. At which Welch pointed out that a large tree on the left of the picture was not growing by the roadside, but he, Welch, had added it to his painting to give a better foreground.

The artist grew confused. He had copied the tree in detail.

In view of this practice a few years ago *The San Francisco Chronicle* in a review of the art shown at a local exhibition caustically stated that "Thad Welch was represented by two paintings from the brush of——".

Welch never tired of the Santa Inez Mountains which flank Santa Barbara on the East, reflecting in their rocky summits the rosy lights of dawn and the ruddier glow of sunset.

He could often be found sketching in the San Ysidro Canyon in the early morning, delighting in the wonder of its lights and shade.

Mrs. Welch was his habitual companion; they would paint for hours scarcely uttering a syllable.

Occasionally the poet Charles Edward Stowe would join them on these jaunts into the canyon, and after the particular effects had disappeared which he wished to paint, Welch would enjoy an animated chat with this new friend.

Mr. Stowe, who is, by the way, a son of the renowned author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is a man of ideas and Welch enjoyed his companionship exceedingly for they had many tastes in common.

One day after Welch had laid his brush aside on finishing a masterful painting of this bewitching canyon, he turned to Stowe who was gazing at his picture with interest and said:

"Well! you can see how the San Ysidro Canyon effects me—how would you interpret it?"

Stowe seated himself under an oak tree, drew out his tablet and pencil and after a few moments placed the following poem in the artist's hand:

"I love this canyon, for it seems  
A place of mystery and dreams.  
Weird faces on the rocks around,  
And shadows creeping o'er the ground.  
And from each gnarled and mossy tree  
So many eyes are watching me.

Shy nymphs bathe in the stream below;  
They're Dryads where the oak trees grow.

Soft voices make a murm'ring sound,  
Anon a titt'ring laugh goes round,  
And though I can no person see,  
I know they're making sport of me.  
But in the game I am left out  
By these strange beings round about.  
Among the leafy boughs on high  
From time to time I hear a sigh,  
And with a dim and muffled roar  
The breakers answer from the shore."

Thad Welch never seemed to grow old and the surety of his brush was something to marvel at in consideration of his years, for when somewhat past the three score and ten mark, his vision and feeling showed but increased perfection and a mellowness that all the dash and determination of younger men could not supply.

He painted pictures up to the end of his life and there were several orders and two unfinished paintings on the easel when his tireless spirit was forced to rest.

The author of these reminiscences had the good fortune to become acquainted with the artist in her childhood though association was perforce broken in recent years by his change of residence, nevertheless was bridged by correspondence.

Therefore it was with considerable satisfaction that a visit was made to Santa Barbara in October of 1919, but nine weeks before his untimely death.

While ailing at the time he was not confined to his bed and showed a marked interest in art news from San Francisco and the circle of mutual friends.

Knowing that some paintings had unfortunately left our family, Welch expressed a desire to paint me a picture of the Marin hills that we both loved so well.

Consequently, when a card arrived from Mrs. Welch a couple of weeks later saying that Thad had commenced the picture I was naturally very pleased; likewise, when a later missive came apprising me that it was finished and "a gem."

Then the following card arrived from the artist:

"Santa Barbara,  
"October 28th, 1919.

"Dear Mrs. Reid:

"Have just shipped your little picture of the 'Steep Ravine.' If there is any-



thing wrong with it, send it back, and I'll return your money.

"Milla says I ought not to call you 'Mrs. Reid' but one can't be too careful when writing to a good looking young married, female person, and know you will agree with me.

"Yours truly,

THAD WELCH."

The painting was in his best and happiest style, showing "Steep Ravine" bathed in yellow sunshine on one side, where some cows were pausing in a winding trail and the opposite canyon enveloped in the long shadows of late afternoon. This was the last picture that he painted—the last time he held a brush.

Strange to say, the last kodak picture taken of the artist I fortunately snapped during the visit in October and the last time he signed his name was on an invitation sent me for the Bohemian Club Exhibition held in San Francisco the week of his death.

There was no long and painful illness or any organic trouble, just a general weakness and a gradual sinking to rest on December 19th, 1919. Welch being in his seventy-sixth year.

Charles Edward Stowe fittingly voiced his sorrow over the passing of his artist friend in the following heart-felt verses:

"When I awoke, a golden light  
Was breaking o'er the hill  
And day was wrestling with the night,  
Tho' stars were shining still.

"As in a trance or dream I lay  
And watched this wondrous thing,  
How nights are vanquished by the days  
That light and gladness bring.

"And then I thought of him who made  
My poor blind eyes to see  
A world with beauty overlaid,  
Type of a world to be.

"Shall he who taught me see no more  
The sunlight on the hills  
And beauty in the sea and shore  
That all my being thrills?

"I look upon the golden light  
That's breaking o'er the hill;  
A day that's wrestling with the night  
Will come! I'm sure it will.

"A day so bright, so wondrous fair,  
So full of tender grace;  
And I shall know and love him there,  
And meet him face to face."

A few weeks following his death a small circle of his admirers purchased one of his soul-stirring paintings and presented it to the "Family Club" of San Francisco of which they were members.

The picture is of great size and a

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*Editor's Note: This concludes Mrs. Reid's fascinating biography of California's great painter.*

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### FOR LITTLE THEATERS

**T**HE DEMAND for one act plays, both for professional and amateur production is eager and apparently in no immediate danger of adequate supply. An abundance of one act plays have been written, of course; but there are comparatively few which survive one production, even if they attain to that dignity. To compress into a brief playing period of half or three quarters of an hour sufficient of drama, or comedy, or human interest to impress the more or less blasé modern audience is not an easy task for the playwright. It is perhaps easier to write a gripping three act play than to create an equally good play for brief production, and particularly so when this short play is intended for amateur or near-amateur players.

In his *"Plays For a Folding Theater"* Colin Campbell Clements offers a group of one act plays including a morality play, a comedy and several dramas. "Moon Tide," a twenty minute sketch with which the volume closes, is an intensely dramatic thing, strong and well constructed, growing in tenseness with the moments.

*Plays For a Folding Theater*, by Colin Campbell Clements. Published by Appleton., \$2.00 net.

### WHY BE SERIOUS

**B**ECAUSE Upton Sinclair has no sense of humor America has been deprived of a writer who otherwise would not have missed being first rate by far. Were it not for his boundless and unreasoning optimism we would probably have his re-enactment of the consummation of Nietzsche. As it is we have the indefatigable reformer.

Of all this each new book of Sinclair's is an added evidence. The latest, "The Golings," Sinclair's indictment of the American public school system has all the facile, lucid, simple and penetrating literary style of a Tolstoy. Yet it is not literature, it is propaganda.

It is an unusual man who possesses two talents in such a degree that they amount to genius. Upton Sinclair is, as was Thomas Payne, in a major degree both the literator and the dissenter, the reformer. In Payne, a first rate essayist was lost to religious dissenting and political reforming. In Sinclair a good novelist has been spoiled to make a rapacious reformer.

This is written simply to raise the question; does it pay to take life too seriously? We who value American traditions dare not venture too strong a negative in the case of Payne. As for Sinclair—we will leave that to future generations.

—J. W. T.

### NEW YORK PLAYS

(Continued from page 312)

Heaven help Will, unless the new edition is better than the present one—for I don't think even the big, ingratiatingly ugly cowboy could save such a show!

Eleanor Painter's play, "The Chiffon Girl," which played to good business at the Central Theater, has closed, and Miss Painter has sailed for Europe, where she will fill concert engagements. She is prettier than of old, when she sang "Princess Pat"—and her lovely voice is even more glorious!

Among the pictures that continue along the Rialto are Norma Talmadge's "Secrets" which has been running since last Autumn; Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which has recently opened; Douglas Fairbanks "The Thief of Bagdad," Griffith's "America," and the new patriotic film, Emory Johnston's "Spirit of the U. S. A."

The best movie at the Broadway picture houses as this is being written is Buster Keaton's latest "Sherlock, Jr.," which is deliciously funny. And "Cythrea," produced by Goldwyn in such a way that it even pleased the author, Joseph Hergesheimer, is getting a very nice reception.



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## REMEMBERING

**T**HERE'S a somberness about the verse in this late volume by Viola C. White, "The Hour of Judgment" which places it aside from the many which have come of late from the press. Some of it is war verse, and it is conceivable that the writer may still feel the shadow of the war angel hovering; yet why it should have been found necessary to dye with the same purple hues all the poems which appear in this collection only Miss White can say. Not that the reviewer would have the poet use the same superficial gaiety, the same mockery, with which our young poets of the day approach the problems of life, but it does seem that the outlook is not quite so somber, quite so hopeless as this poet would make it appear.

Nevertheless, Miss White gives us here more than a glimpse of splendid poetic feeling combined at times with almost epigrammatic brevity and directness. And one feels a sincerity which is appealing after the antic posing of many of the wider known verse writers.

## AT THE SEWING CIRCLE

"Walter is back from France," said one,  
"And Norman Price, and Lewis Clem;  
But as to what they've seen or done,  
You don't get one word out of them."  
One then another raised her eyes  
That beamed with kindness and surprise.  
"My Harry's just like that," she said.  
"They're all alike,—not say a word."  
And touching on some other lad  
Too inconsiderate to tell  
The entertainment he had had  
With murder in the bowl of hell,  
The conversation turned to bread.  
The Hour of Judgment, by Viola C. White. B. J. Brimmer Co., publishers.  
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## THE HIGH-GRADERS

*(Continued from page 309)*

this girl of the Red Light Line. That four flushing, hot air throwing promoter had entangled Barbara's name with this other girl. Barbara's name was being bandied about among the denizens of the underworld. The thought made her shudder. Its repulsiveness nauseated her; then its utter absurdity struck her as comical, and she laughed aloud.

"Oh, you poor child," she said, again placing her hands over those of the angry girl and looking into her blazing eyes, "you poor, poor, misguided child! Why, Barbara doesn't more than know Mr. Bullard. He comes here sometimes to eat, and of course she waits upon him. She may talk to him some; I think I have heard her. At first Mr. Bullard wasn't very nice to us, but he came and apologized for his rudeness, and now we're friendly, but not friends even. You may rest assured that Barbara, Miss Connors, has no serious intentions toward Mr. Bullard."

"But she has," the girl expostulated.

"He told me so. He said he's copped her. If she takes him, I'll kill her."

The reiterated and insistent accusation forced some semblance of doubt into Ann's mind. She did not have time to thrash this out. A new turn of the situation flashed upon her. She must act quickly. She had caught sight of Barbara crossing the street. Barbara would enter by the side door. Ann slid under the counter and half forcibly removed the girl from her seat.

"You had better go now," she counselled sternly as she assisted the girl toward the front door. "I'll talk to her about it. I am sure you are mistaken. Hurry!"

"I'll kill her if she has stolen him," the girl hissed through her clenched teeth, as Ann propelled her through the door, and closed it swiftly after her.

With her disappearance, Ann had but a brief moment to face her own self before she confronted Barbara. The accusation and threat of the girl, the possibility that there might be some foundation for such, had a stupefying effect upon her. She recalled incidents of the past month. Bullard had indubitably shown a preference for Barbara's service. He had always lingered over his meals when there was a chance to talk with Barbara. She had never rebuffed him. Was the genial manner she assumed toward this man the same as she adopted toward others? She had seen Barbara stand, flushed and enthusiastic, listening while Bullard expatiated upon his mining ability, and the certainty of the Roarin' Annie producing high-grade within his sloganized ninety days. She had seen Bullard showing Barbara some high-grade, which he said had come from the Roarin' Annie mine. He had offered Barbara some small fragments of the rock and she had accepted them, and then Bullard had said something, which Ann did not catch, but which made Barbara's cheeks flush and her eyes lower. She recalled the division of the piece of high-grade the night at the Carson dinner. Barbara had unquestionably displayed the selfish side of her nature. Was this selfishness, was it cupidity, or was it avarice, coming to the surface at the first real opportunity? Did gold exert the same demoralizing influence over Barbara that it did over so many other men and women? Could Barbara be bought? For gold, would she allow her name to be linked with that of Joe Bullard, whose real character was known by every inhabitant of the camp. Would she set herself up as a rival for the favor of this man against Geraldine LeFleur? Yes, that was the other girl's name; she had heard it. She recalled the incident, for at the time she had wondered what might be this girl's baptismal name. Was the psychology of women beyond even the understanding of women themselves?

Or, and here the charitable side of Ann's philosophical nature asserted itself, was Barbara but a spoiled, pretty child, who had let the glamor and romance of the mining camp affect her? It was a happy-go-lucky, spend-as-you-make-it, no-caste, everybody-as-good-as-the-other-fellow spirit that pervaded the atmosphere. Had Barbara been infected by this, and when the infection had lost its novelty, would she resume her former nature? No, Barbara had not slipped. She would not have to get back onto the rails of rectitude. The word of no woman such as Geraldine LeFleur would ever convince Ann that Barbara was not just what she had thought her.

COINCIDENT with this cogitation, Ann made a mighty mental and physical effort to pull herself together. Her mind was in a turmoil, her whole sense of things was outraged, upset. Every nerve in her body quivered with emotion that sought outlet. Her face was white. She felt old, as if everything worth while had slipped from her grasp. Then her body stiffened; her brain cleared. She felt anger drive away doubt. As she met Barbara at the door, her face was flushed and her smile lacked its usual sweetness.

Barbara came like a breath from the fresh outdoors. The rest and the air of early Autumn had sent the blood to her cheeks. She was tilting "Tipperary," and with what she meant for an ingenue finale, she placed her hand over her left breast with, "My heart's right there." Then her happy impulsiveness vanished. She recoiled at sight of Ann, whom she had not given more than a hurried glance.

"Why Ann!" she cried. "What's happened? What's the matter? Tell me. Was it that horrid creature that I just saw go out? It must have been; she looked at me so funny. She seemed to be wanting to murder me. It was all so funny I had to smile. I wanted to laugh outright, but the way she looked at me half frightened me, and I wanted to finish my song. Was she drunk, Ann, and was she horrid to you? If she was, she just can't come in here again."

"Yes, I'm afraid she was," Ann managed to reply without excessive agitation, "I'm afraid she was drunk. I am sure she was, and she didn't like her coffee and toast, and said some, well, I suppose they were horrid things, but we must not be too harsh in our judgment of her, dear. She has a rough enough time of it." By the utterance of these sentiments Ann regained her self control. She must not tell Barbara the truth, not now.

"Well, she shan't come in here again," Barbara replied with a toss of her head and a defiant stamp of her foot for

*(Continued on page 336)*



## Poets and Things

THE POETRY EDITOR finds most of the verse of the month very well described in a fragment from one of Marjorie Allen Seiffert's poems in the June *Poetry*:

*Empty, shining  
Copper thing,  
When you touch it  
I hear it ring!  
Bing,  
Bing,  
Bing!*

Words, words, words! Have the poets of today run so far out of ideas that they must, to secure attention, cull the dictionary for the unfamiliar adjectives and verbs; and twist and wring their lines until they drip blood that they may work in these words which have lain, unused and forgotten, in the musty depths of Webster? There was a time when a poem was an expression. Nowadays it is a flash of meteor flame across a dusky sky—brilliant, perhaps, but as evanescent as stardust, and as meaningless.

However, to return to *Poetry*, here is an etching-like thing plucked from the midst of Miss Seiffert's group of verse which the Poetry Editor feels is worth quoting:

*Love is a crown  
For a girl so bold  
She will go naked  
In bitter cold.*

*Love is a crown,  
A golden frame  
For the head of a girl  
Who knows no shame.*

*Love is a crown  
Heavy as stone  
For the frightened girl  
Who walks alone.*

AWARD has been made by The Step Ladder, official organ of the Order of Bookfellows, of the Leland Stanford Kemnitz prize of one hundred dollars offered for the best sonnet or group of sonnets submitted by a Bookfellow. Preference was given to the work of less well-known writers, and to three chosen from a group of nine submitted by Miss Adelaide Nichols under the title of "Sonnets to Arai San" is given the first place. The Poetry Editor takes pleasure in giving place here to one of these:

### DIABUTSU AT KAMAKURA

*Here is no mystery of scented gloom  
Nor prayers of priests, but space serene and high,  
The glory of illimitable sky,  
The grace of branches breaking into bloom.  
And through the orsy mist of blossoms loom  
The patient shoulders of the deity  
Who sits with folded feet while Time runs by  
And sweeps the thunder-hurling gods to doom.  
So, towering over me, the Buddha dreams,  
The gracious curves of robe and quiet breasts,  
The benediction of those brooding eyes  
Possess me utterly, until it seems  
In those mysterious curves my spirit rests,  
And in that peace I grow serenely wise.*

THE LAUGHING HORSE is with us again. Possibly the feed on the hills down around Santa Fe is a bit scanty, but at any rate the old horse does not seem to frisk along at his usual gait. A feed of oats might liven him up a bit. There's some passable verse—"Cow-Ponies" by Maurice Lesemann seems the best of the lot—but there isn't a poem from cover to cover.

FROM the other end of the literary West comes *The Lariat*. As usual it holds page after page of verse, seemingly accepted without discrimination from anyone who offers. No, the Poetry Editor admits that he somewhat exaggerates, but there does seem little appreciation of values. Scattered through the pages are not a few offerings which approach poetry, but they are hidden, lost to sight, in the mass of froth. There's something more to poetry than rhyme and meter. Nor does mere prettiness of sentiment and expression constitute beauty, and it seems too bad that *The Lariat's* editor should not recognize this for he has an exceptional opportunity to encourage the attainment by our younger versewriters of a higher standard. He reaches heights not attained by any of his contributors in this poem of his own:

### MY DREAM CHILD

*My child is yours in part, all for my love.  
Mated to another, it bears the stamp of your adoration.  
On its face lies the grace of your renunciation.  
Your vision and devotion lifted my life above the commonplace  
And I came in contact with the angels.  
We say it is my child or his; what matters?  
From your high life among the clouds you breathed upon its soul.  
For years you knew me and I turned  
For solace, comfort, guidance as the needle to the pole.  
You sought to gain no sordid, selfish grasp  
But left me free to go my way and grow.  
When my heart went shipwreck in the storm of passion  
And others gasped you sent kind word and flowers.  
I know my child shall have a fine chivalric soul.*

—Col. E. Hofer.

THE WANDERER for May was a most worthwhile number. A sonnet by Mildred Fowler Field holds real poetic substance. Agnes Cornell in her "Desert Mocking Bird" finds response. "By Way of Warning" presents Beulah May in an unusual way—

*"Sitting all alone he may remember.  
It is not wise*

*To buy old idols with slant eyes."  
Ethel Brodt Wilson has a characteristically lovely poem; and this by Winifred Gray Stewart:*

### HUMMINGBIRD

*Little bronze bird-avraith,  
Timid industrious one,  
Poised before a trumpet flower,  
Hovering like a star in the silver air;  
You make a small sound  
Of thin copper coins  
In a little elfin purse,  
Clinking.*

NOT EVERY Eastern editor holds up the bars against the Western writers, and Mr. Stork of *Contemporary Verse* seems particularly hospitable. A writer of the Far West who is well known to *Overland* readers, S. Omar Barker, makes his initial appearance in the Philadelphia periodical with the June number. Mr. Barker's poems are typically Western in their atmosphere. He is less concerned with securing an unusual twist of line or an oddly far-fetched figure of speech than he is with an expression of substance. But since you know Mr. Barker,

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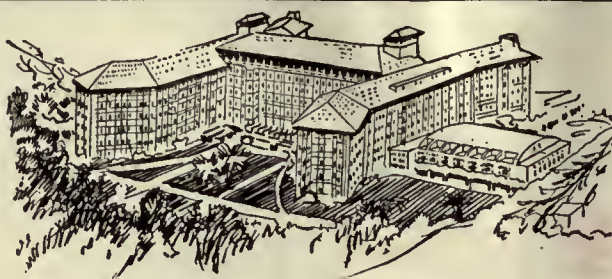
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let the Poetry Editor present to you a poet from Worcester, Mass., Mr. R. R. Greenwood, who in this issue of *Contemporary Verse* is represented by a group of three poems, including

## THE POET

*Why did he sing?*

*We only know*

*That in his eyes were dancing lights,  
As though some star had nestled there  
Because it wearied of the lonely heights.*

*Why did he sing?*

*We only know*

*That in his heartsongs there were tones  
As lovely as the music flung  
By mountain waters over flashing stones.*

*Why did he sing?*

*Why dreams the dew's*

*Pale silver o'er the velvet sod?*

*Why is the tremulous beauty of*

*The night in moon-kissed gardens? Why  
is God?*

## NOT SO BANKRUPT

*(Continued from page 325)*

"Now, Mama, you get Tillie all wet because you don't dry your eyes."

Leon and Pa separated Ma from Tillie, and Leon led the way to the dining room. Ma grasped Pa's arm and whispered in his ear:

"I'm sorry I make a mistake to ask for a divorce, Pa."

"You should be glad it was a mistake. What I say about Tillie making a good daughter? Maybe it's the last cock that crows, ain't it?"

"I can save the money to pay my lawyer off."

"That bum! You don't pay him no more than what he got for you, and it don't take no arithmetic to add twice nothing."

## POISON

**I**NEXTRICABLY entwined with the romance of all ages, poison and its mysteries have for centuries fascinated mankind. The history of the ancients and of the middle ages teems with stories of its use. Through its action empires have been swayed and kingdoms have fallen. It has been used for revenge, for the furtherance of ambition. Silent, insidious, it has been one of the great destructive agencies, and has worn a myriad forms.

An interesting volume is at hand, a recent publication of the Lippincotts, by C. J. S. Thompson, M. B. E., a compilation of facts concerning poisons and their lore. Curious facts concerning the use of poisons; accounts of historic cases in England, France, Scotland, Italy and other countries in which poison played a part, including the graphic revelations as to the sinister Borgias, all go to make up a book of peculiar interest.

*Poison Mysteries in History, Romance and Crime*, by C. J. S. Thompson, M. B. E. Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$3.50 net.



(Continued from page 313)

anything else of which I was afraid and he wasn't. But the small guardian may be behind several of his herd and in the meantime, if you hesitate on the path as long as I have done to tell about it, you will be shoved into the field.

An acquaintance of mine, a portly lady of great dignity, was walking on one of these paths one day holding a parasol over her head. A mischievous gust of wind got under the edge of the parasol and upset her precarious foothold so completely that she could not even throw herself to the right, where she would have gone down a couple of feet, but instead was carried to the left and fell six feet into the lower field. She had a vivid realization of the feelings of a fly on sticky paper as she struggled to regain her feet. Even after she did so, it took the combined efforts of three men to haul her out, and before they had succeeded, they were wellnigh as bedraggled as she was; which did not, however, prevent the wretches from photographing her as she stood. Her husband on another occasion went out with several Chinese to see if they could get a shot at a tiger that had been seen in the neighborhood. It was a moonless night and they were proceeding cautiously along the edge of a rice-field to the woods. They had an old fashioned gun, loaded to its muzzle with slugs. A suspicious cry was heard and the man who carried the gun let it off with a thunderous sound. Its recoil put him in the field and they had to spend so much time excavating him that the tiger-shooting party was declared off.

Though I have spoken only of the edges there are some paths across the rice-fields which are built of stone and

which are so good as to lead one to wonder when, why and by whom they were built. Probably by forced labor under the empire. Unfortunately, nowadays, most Chinese seem to prefer to go on with no roads or very bad ones rather than to build or even help maintain them for fear some one else should benefit also. A Chinese told me a story which whether true or not is an excellent illustration of the unfortunate lack of co-operation and of their belief—a belief found in other lands than China—that a place can only prosper at the expense of another place. There were, the story runs, two cities situated on a mighty river. Much commerce enriched them both and countless vessels passed up and down the river. At last in an evil moment the inhabitants of the city nearest the mouth of the river hit on the idea that it might have all the trade if it were made impossible for the boats to go further upstream. So they built a bridge across so low that no boat large enough to carry any appreciable amount of cargo could pass beneath it. The people of the other city, finding that no boats came there, sent to see what was the matter. When they heard of the ugly piece of spite work, a desire for revenge seized them. They sought the place in the mountains where the river had its origin; and carved out a new channel and choked off the old one so that the stream found a different way down the hill and their rival was ruined; but though it may have been poetical justice, it was not practical. It would have been better to tear down the bridge, wouldn't it? But dear me, I am getting painfully close to a moral and that is old-fashioned; nowadays one mustn't find sermons in stones nor books in the running rice-fields.



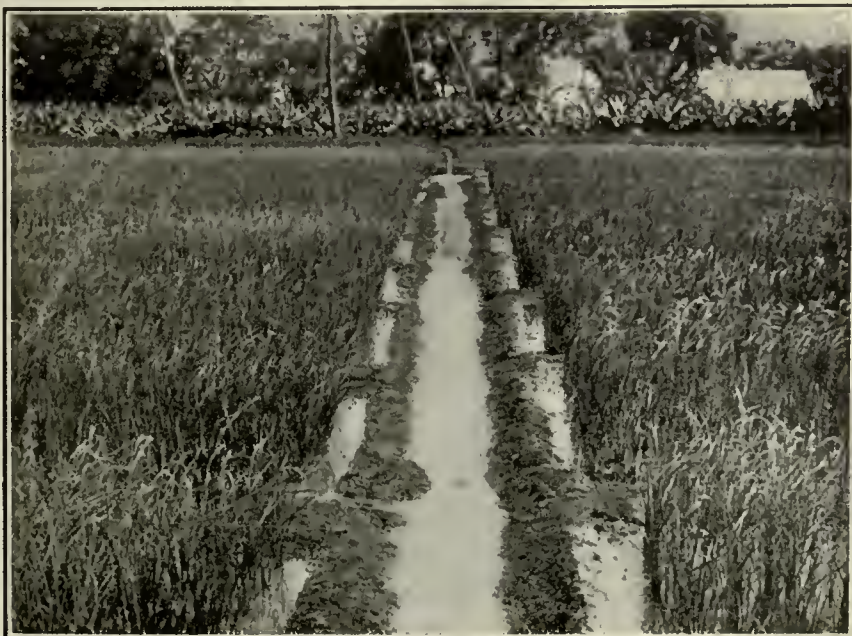
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(Continued from page 289)

**MARGARET WIDDEMER** requires no introduction, for she is known wherever English verse is read, and is placed in the front rank of American poets. She writes *Overland* most cordially from her home at Larchmont Manor, New York.

**ETHEL COTTON** is a San Franciscan who is just commencing to find her expression in writing. She has to her credit a book of verse, "Down Lyric Lanes."

**BANGS BURGESS** sounds very Western and very masculine, but in spite of all the "roughing it" Mrs. Joseph A. Mahoney has done she is neither. Now a resident of Boston, Mrs. Mahoney has had a most adventurous life. A recent sketch says of her: "Probably no other living woman has so largely travelled in her own country, eight years at intervals having been spent in searching out the highways and byways of our land. She has met and talked with presidents, princes, cowboys, miners, 'desert rats,' and hoboes, millionaires, paupers, Chinamen—She has lived in the Mohave and Colorado deserts—skinned rattlesnakes on a mountain ranch in the Coast range. One of the chief features of Crater Lake, Malachite Point, was named by her."

**KATHERINE LEE BATES**, who appears for the first time in this issue of *Overland*, is another of those who occupy substantial space in "Who's Who." Her name appears as the author of an imposing list of books; drama, fiction, travel, poetry—and her verse is known and loved throughout the English speaking world.

**ANNA KALFUS SPERO** returns to *Overland* after long absence. For a long time at the head of the activities of the verse-writers of the California Writers Club, to her is due in great measure the credit for the strong growth of that poetic group. She lives in Berkeley.

**NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH** does not depend for recognition in the literary world upon the fame of her noted sister, Kate Douglas Wiggin, for in her too burns the spark of genius. She has a poem in this issue; a unique and interesting story will follow shortly.

**MARGARET ERWIN SCHEVILL** is a poet intensely individualistic. Those who have read her slight collection of poems, "In A Canyon Garden," will be eager to see the poem in this issue. Mrs. Schevill lives and writes in Berkeley.

**WINIFRED DAVIDSON** lives at Point Loma, California. She is nationally known both for her verse and as National President of the American Literary Association; the organization which—under the direction of Mrs. Davidson and its founder, Clara Catherine Prince of Milwaukee,—is working steadily toward a saner standard in modern poetry.

**LOUISE DORAN**—You don't know that name yet, but you are going to recognize it before many years as that of one of the most lyrical of our versewriters. Miss Doran is young, but she has already one published volume, and she is steadily and earnestly producing. She lives in San Francisco.

**WILLARD JOHNSON** is one of the editors of that most unique periodical, "The Laughing Horse," published at Santa Fe, New Mexico. It's a radical publication, most ultra-modern in its tendencies, for the editors are of that poetic group which will not be confined by tradition. But it's interesting—and you will be interested in Mr. Johnson's poem.

**ELIZABETH SPENCER MOQUIN** is from the Green Mountain state, a writer of essays and fiction as well as verse. She presents in this issue a most unusual poem.

**RALPH W. ANDREWS** is finding recognition as a short story writer, and gives *Overland* readers in this number an interesting story of the North. He is from Minneapolis.

**RICHARD N. DONELSON** is a young business man of San Francisco who finds the writing of stories of increasing interest. Real humor in fiction is rare. We believe that this young writer has a future.

### "THE LIVING PAGEANT OF THE NILE"

**ROBERT FOREST WILSON**, an American who has the reporter's faculty of finding the truth of an event without losing its human interest, went to Egypt when the tomb of Tutankhamen was first discovered. He did not claim to be an erudite archeologist, but his book shows that he has read much, has studied hard, and knows how to bring out the abiding human interest nowhere more wonderful than in the narrow valley of the Nile. Our author tells us that our modern civilization has grown from "the culture achieved by the dark-skinned, thin-lipped, imperious people," a mixture of Semites, Libyans, Somali and possibly Phoenicians, whose first dynastic leader was Menes, 3400 years B. C. Perhaps the archeologists will some day be able to give a date to the time of the first cultivation of the rich soil—and it may carry us back nine or ten thousand years.

When reading such a well-written and well-illustrated volume as this, one thinks of that American classic, "Nile Notes of a Howadji," written fifty years ago by George William Curtis of Harper's Magazine. How deeply he would have enjoyed the story of King Hatshepsutt, of Akhnaton the reformer, of Amenhotep, Kufu, Rameses and all the rest of those mighty ones beside whose triumph Assyria and Babylon seem small!

The Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis publishes this; our copy does not give the price.

—Charles H. Shinn.

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### THE HIGH-GRADERS

(Continued from page 332)

emphasis. "I don't like her, I never did like her. She can't come in here any more. I don't like her. Somehow from the first I have hated her. She's one of the kind that's born, not made, from circumstances."

Ann had no chance to refute this contention, had she desired to do so, for the door had opened, and two night shift miners came in for their supper. Ann's thoughts were not upon her work as she prepared the meals. She was trying to decide whether or not the intuition of these two women had set them against each other, or if they were so different after all.

(Continued next month)



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Sentinel Building, 916 Kearny Street, San Francisco. Telephone Douglas 8338.

Los Angeles Office, Frost Building  
Chicago Representative, George H. Myers,  
5 South Wabash Avenue

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR

25 CENTS PER COPY

Entered as Second-Class matter at the post-office, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1897  
(Contents of this magazine copyrighted)

## OUR AUGUST CONTRIBUTORS

**NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH**, who contributes to this number a fascinatingly weird tale, "Corbiestanes," is the talented sister of the famous Kate Douglas Wiggin. This story is proof positive that all the talent of the family was not confined within one channel. The story carries more than a hint of the occult. Miss Smith says of it: "The germ of 'Corbiestanes' is an anecdote that Andrew Lang once told me in Edinburgh about an 'eerie walk' to the post-box that he and his wife used daily to take, while they occupied a house in the Highlands one summer. The 'corroborative details' naturally grew around the incident as I thought about it." Miss Smith says that her first story was published in *Overland*.

**IRENE WELCH GRISSOM**, Poet Laureate of Idaho, is "entirely a western product, having been born in Colorado of parents who were pioneers in Union Colony that settled the famous Greeley district. . . . I came to Idaho ten years ago with my husband and we settled on a farm a mile from the town of Idaho Falls. Part of the land was still in sagebrush, and I watched it disappear and the green fields take its place. Then I voiced this in "The Passing Desert," a poem which has been quite widely quoted . . . ."

Mrs. Grissom is publishing a volume of poems this fall, and has already seen two novels in print.

**PETER VAN VALKENBURGH** is one of those fortunate persons having the ability to creatively express in more than one medium. The combination is a particularly fortunate one, for in his travels over the country in search of paintable material he has been able to absorb an immense amount of interesting literary material as well. That his ability to paint portraits is not confined to his brush is demonstrated in this present story of the Basque shepherds of our Western hills.

(Continued on page 336)

# Overland



# Monthly

and

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

AUGUST, 1924

NUMBER 8

## Contents

Our August Contributors.....337

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

Shepherd Basques of California.....343  
Peter Van Valkenburgh

The Romance of the Adobe.....349  
Torrey Connor

Music and Musicians.....352  
Eleanor Everest Freer, M. M.

The Sluger by the Window.....353  
Marguerite Norris Davis

Adventure Hikes.....354  
E. S. Martin

A Forgotten City.....358  
Harry Noyes Pratt

By the Wall.....360  
Alec Greer

"A Spray of Western Pine".....361  
Isabel Bellman

Plays and Players.....362  
Peggy Gaddis

### BIOGRAPHY

Memories of a Frontier Childhood.....339  
Emma North Messer

### FICTION

Corbiestanes.....341  
Nora Archibald Smith

The Dream House.....345  
Dorris Marcia Hume

The "High-Graders".....355  
Charles H. Snow

### VERSE

Vagrancy.....338  
Harry Noyes Pratt

Desert Moon Before a Sand Storm.....341  
Agnes Cornell

Nocturne.....343  
Dorothy Hawley Cartwright

Finale.....345  
Frances Wierman

After the Storm.....348  
Nan Roads Hamilton

The Death of Junipero Serra.....350  
Thos. D. Landels

The Hopi Dances.....355  
Annice Galland

A Page of Verse.....363

The Walkings of Pauline.....Winnifred MacGowan

Old Trails.....Winnifred Davidson

Values.....Marie Drennan

Slave.....Vernon Patterson

Woodcut.....Samuel M. Sargent, Jr.

To An Incense Buddha.....Nora Moss McCaffrey

The Escape.....Gertrude Robinson Ross

Inalienable.....Cecil E. C. Hodgson

Shadow Music.....Henri Faust.....367

### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers.....371

Poets and Things.....381





## Vagrancy

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

*I've oftener wondered where they go,  
These little paths that wander so  
By hillside, pasture, water, tree,  
Without responsibility.*

*I know that if I followed them  
Across the meadow's beryl hem--  
That if I wandered as they do  
Along the drowsy lupines' blue--*

*That folk would talk and folk would frown:  
"When will he ever settle down?  
He leaves his work to dream and such;  
Poets do not amount to much!"*

*And so these paths are not for me  
Who have responsibility.  
I fear that I shall never know  
Where all the wandering pathways go.*



OVERLAND MONTHLY  
and  
OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

AUGUST, 1924

No. 8

## Memories of A Frontier Childhood

By EMMA NORTH MESSER

ON A BRIGHT spring morning, more than sixty years ago, a little calico-clad, pink-sunbonneted child of eight years, I sat on the topmost rail of the zigzag fence which enclosed a small prairie pasture of the Middle West. The stubbed toes of my sturdy calfskin shoes clutched the rail below as I tried to find a sort of anchorage while I considered many new and strange and exciting things.



Emma North

Since my earliest remembrance I had been accustomed to my father's goings and comings, and knew that his interests extended over a larger field than was circumscribed by his saw-mill and his grist-mill on either side of the swift-flowing Cannon River; larger than I could see from my prairie play-ground, or the pasture fence, or even from the ridge-pole of our house, to which I had once climbed surreptitiously by way of the wood-pile and the low "lean-to."

When my father bade me goodbye this last time I understood that he was going to some immensely important meeting in a far-away place called "Chicago." He was, indeed, always going to "meetings," but this was somehow larger and grander than any that had been before associated with our little pioneer settlement on the Minnesota prairie. It was spoken of as "the great Republican Convention," and in connection with it there was much talk and excitement. I was told in answer to my questions that a president was to be chosen for our great country. My father was, apparently, being sent as a "delegate," whatever that might mean; and woven into the whole complexity, to my child-mind, appeared to be somehow the affairs of the colored people. Slavery was a familiar word in our home, and the idea was growing within me that "politics," another familiar word, had much to do, in some unexplainable way, with the rights and wrongs of the negro.

There was no question as to where my father stood in relation to this subject. Young as I was I always caught somehow the trumpet note of champion-

ship when he discussed this oppressed race; and had I not seen a very black man, a minister, a guest at our table? It was as the true daughter of an abolitionist that I rose to the occasion when a little colored girl was brought to our school—offering at once to share my seat with her.

IN DUE TIME, and yet after what seemed an unendurable period of waiting, letters began to come back to us from Chicago, and I was as eager as my mother to get the messages they brought. In the first place I learned that the thousands of people gathered together for the great convention were meeting in an immense wooden building which bore a name particularly attuned to my frontier ears—the "Wigwam"—the very name of the Indian tents with which I was familiar. There seemed to be much difficulty in this selection of a president. Finally, so said the letters—and also the newspapers, in which I could pick out big head-lines—"amid great excitement and enthusiasm" they had come to agreement upon some one called Abraham Lincoln.

I commented to myself on the fact that Abraham was a name which I had frequently found in my Bible stories. Then, as my hand lay along the level rail at my side, I suddenly looked up to the horizontal rails at my feet; the zigzag fence had taken on a new and vital interest. Had not this Abraham Lincoln been said to have split just such rails as these, and was he not being enthusiastically called the "rail-splitter?" Yet why should a plain chopper of wood be wanted to rule our country? The great rulers in my gay picture-books wore splendid clothes and sat on splendid seats, and did not do anything but just sit there, or go off and fight other gaily-dressed people. It was very perplexing.

I lifted my eyes to the fresh landscape—the undulating carpet of green and the trees, not far away, clothed with their new foliage. The river beyond them was still high, and I could hear the rushing water. A clear sky bent above my small world, but it brought me no answer.

My problem still unsolved, I slipped

down from the fence to the spring blossoms nestling in the prairie grass and slowly swung along towards home—where I asked no questions, but continued to think hard.

Another mail had come—another letter. There was Collet, our weather-beaten old Irishman, slouching up to my mother importantly as he drew the precious document from a capacious pocket.

My father had been sent with others to Mr. Lincoln's home to tell him the great news. Again I wondered why, for surely Mr. Lincoln read the papers, just as we did. Supposing he *hadn't* heard, why should it take so many people to tell him? My world was growing still more confusing.

At last my father was to come back to us. I was sent up to Collet's room the night before with directions that he was to get a very early start in the morning with the span of grays to drive the twenty-five miles to meet the Mississippi river-boat. A gentle rumble as of mild thunder came through the old man's door, and my candle shook in my hand as I called timidly, "Collet!" Then, as I heard a bounce, I opened the door a little, just enough to see the sleepy figure sitting bolt upright, rosy-cheeked, with grizzly eye-brows and the thin grizzly fringe about his lower face.

The faithful old man, with due humility, had always snatched off his cap to us, and it was now a new Collet who dazedly peered out at me from under a peaked coarse yarn night-cap of many colors. However, I paused long enough to deliver my message before speeding back to my mother.

With the return of my father we began to learn more than his brief letter had told of this Springfield visit—of the tall, grave, kindly man and his "lady" in the plain home, and of the celebration through the town. He had only written hastily of the "long journey of two hundred miles," of the "pleasant visit," waiting for his home-coming to give the eagerly sought details of the momentous occasion. But even now satisfaction was mingled with disappointment, for most seemed to be told in the quiet evenings after we children were tucked away in our beds. We could hear little except



the murmur of voices. Perhaps there was being described the modest room in which the committee was received, of Mrs. Lincoln's dress. I fought sleep and strained my ears to the utmost, but to no purpose. It was very trying.

After this a new baby held my attention for several months, and I only vaguely remember that my father was away much of the summer. His letters came back from Illinois, but I did not understand until much older, that he had been sent with a certain Mr. Hale to campaign for the proposed president through his own state.

**I**T WAS in the late autumn, when the country was ringing with the triumph of the presidential elections, when my father had again gone to Springfield, and his letters were once more coming back to us, that I returned to "affairs of state," and, wandering through the crisp, pungent stubble where a burnt clearing had been made about our home, pictured to myself my father's further meetings with Mr. Lincoln. I had liked his portraits and, as I heard of his love for funny stories, I knew the grave face could smile. When, at the close of an interview, (so my father had written), Mr. Lincoln had said, "I will tell you a secret," and had confided the fact that he and Mrs. Lincoln were to take the same train that he did on the morrow for Chicago—that they might steal away from the besetting crowds—I was particularly charmed, for I dearly loved secrets; also "parties," and the next letter strained my imagination for it told of a delightful supper given by a Mr. Judd, (chairman of the Illinois Republican State Committee, and close friend of Mr. Lincoln), where there were assembled Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Hamlin (I had to learn what a vice-president was), and several other most interesting people. Were they served nice hot biscuits with maple syrup like ours, or such jelly as my mother made from our Minnesota plums?

In the following March, when I was nine years old, and when my father had gone to Washington for the inauguration, I turned again to political interests. My father wrote of meeting the new vice-president in New York, and of completing his journey with Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, in their private car. I at once pictured the "private car" as a cross between the George Washington coach of my history and such a chariot as figured in the circus-posters that had come my way. When, a few years later, I was taken to Washington myself and saw the trim, modest, ex-vice-president quietly strolling along Pennsylvania avenue, I recalled this vivid picture of my imagination with much amusement.

My father wrote from Washington that President Lincoln was going to give

him an "appointment." Then came the news that Utah territory, as put down on my school map, was to be cut in two, and the western half called Nevada. Everything seemed to be happening at once. While I was adjusting the last fact in my mind, and was still wondering if I would have to have a new geography, the word came that President Lincoln had made my father surveyor-general of this new territory. It looked so far away on the map that I was frightened. My father was troubled, too, evidently, for he wrote (again old letters assist my memory), that he "felt at first he could not think of it," but friends called attention to the wonderful mines then opening up in that region, and affording all kinds of opportunities, so he had accepted, and



John W. North—pioneer  
(from an old daguerreotype)

was coming home to prepare for the great change which was to come into our lives.

My mother, always courageous, faced the situation with the indomitable spirit which was continually an inspiration as well as a comfort and source of strength to my father. I remember the cheeriness with which she continued to sing on to her babies, her rare voice full of the spontaneity of a bird. When more mature I came to realize the almost touching grace which she had always conferred on the crude conditions around her.

We children now began to wander about with an embarrassing sense of freedom while our elders were occupied in dismantling the home and packing for our removal. Our treasures took on added value, and familiar spots grew dearer with the thought of leaving them. There was the substantial house of wood with its long piazza where we could play, and where the ever interesting stage-coach passed and re-passed daily. Below the road was the well-worn path which led down to the river. Across the

river were many trees, where, as the snow melted away at the end of winter, there were "maple sugarings," and where, in August, one found many wild plums. Here and there, dotting the landscape, were the few village homes.

At the back of our house was the wood-pile, and a small house built of bass-wood slabs from my father's saw mill. This small establishment, equipped with a few pieces of cast-off furniture, was my play-house. Quite near, in a hollow of the undulating hill-side, was a clump of hazel bushes which was once known to have furnished a switch for the mild disciplining of certain restless and too entertaining little people. Just over the top of the hill was the one-room school-house. My brother George and I were sent there at one time, carrying each day our small basket of luncheon and attended by our pet fawn, Jennie, who would reach over my shoulder and put her pretty nose into the basket. There were sometimes carnellians and agates to be picked up along the path. To the left was the pasture, and the long slope there culminated in a large clump of trees at the water's edge, on our own side of the river.

**F**ROM THESE TREES whip-poor-wills pierced the quiet of our nights. Once within my memory there had been stranger night-sounds—sounds which had driven me with a bound, in my little night-gown, from my bed and to the window where I had stood, frightened and shivering, my sleep-dazed eyes trying to take in the startling scene. In a space among the trees a great fire was blazing, with interlacing boughs across it, and it was surrounded by numbers of fantastic, flitting figures. Around and around and around they circled. Faster and faster they danced. There were continual wild cries that yet seemed almost like songs. Higher and more shrill rose the weird chant. Fascinated, I had shivered and watched.

Then through the open door I had heard my father and my mother at their window. I had caught the word: "It is a war-dance." It was then I knew that these strange figures were Indians—and probably Sioux. There had been a note of concern in my father's voice, though he could then little anticipate the horrible massacres that were to take place in Minnesota two years later.

While we watched the strange voices had gradually ceased, and the great fire died down. As I crept back into bed I heard the whip-poor-wills again.

Sometimes a group of squaws, straggling by our home, had paused to look in a window, chattering and laughing while my mother bathed and dressed her babies. She had quickly swept us older children away from a window one day when she found us watching two Indians who

(Continued on page 364)



# Corbiestanes

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THE summer that Lesley was four years old she made a poor recovery from a simple childish ailment and continued to look peaked and pale, and to be somewhat listless and inclined to easy tears. The doctor advised an immediate change to bracing air, and, fortunately, we could plan for something of the sort, for Kenneth's annual holiday was just at hand. Kenneth, my husband, is a Scotsman and sub-editor of one of the great London dailies, while I happen to be an American, though my father and I have long been resident in this country. These explanations, you will doubtless think, have little to do with my story; but they are, in fact, a part of it, for everybody knows that the amount of credence you are willing to grant to any tale depends largely upon the person who tells it.

Kenneth, then, is a canny Scot, which means that his heart is as soft and his head as hard as any of his race, and I am the child of a people supposed, at least, to be sharp and clear-eyed, with but little nonsense about them.

Kenneth naturally declared at once for his "ain countrie," as soon as he heard that change of air was necessary, but, all his forebears having departed this life, and having obeyed literally the Scriptural injunction to leave the world as naked as when they came into it, he had no ancestral halls to which we might repair.

I was making this semi-jocose statement to the "Laird" when he dropped in for tea the Sunday afternoon after the medical verdict, and he laughed and said: "Why not let me lend you 'Corbiestanes'? You're as welcome to it as flowers in May, if you'll take it."

"'Corbiestanes?'" I exclaimed. "What a quaint name! Is it a house, and is it yours?"

"Fancy Ken never speaking of it! Is it *mine*, indeed? Why do you suppose he calls me the 'Laird?' Corbiestanes is an old house in Blankshire that has been in my family for generations, though it's twenty years since I've seen it, I suppose. The shooting's poor now, and I can't afford to keep the place up. Still, the house has never been closed, and old Alison has it "aye ready" in case I should chance to appear at any time. She had a bad illness a while back, but she's fit again, they tell me, and old Dauvit's always on hand with the 'powny' and the cart. It's 'caller air' up there, and as good for this wee lassie,"

and here he fondled Lesley's curls, "as any in the land."

"IT is awfully kind of you, Laird, to think of it," I answered; and I'll see what Ken says. Do you really mean we could walk right into it, Ken and the baby and Janet, and would old What-do-you-call-her cook for us?"

"Alison is her name. Yes, she'd cook for you, willingly; and an A-1 cook she is, when she can get anything to exercise her skill on. Corbiestanes is on a moor, you know, and ten miles from a market. You must make up your minds to rough living. The air's meat and drink too, as my grandfather used to say, and you're

text perfectly well, and it isn't meat for babes. If those are the corbies that gave your house its name, it must be uncanny."

"On my life, no," laughed the Laird, rising. "They were common, ordinary crows, who ne'er did worse than plunder the corn fields. But, really now, Mistress Elsie, I mean it. Corbiestanes is yours for the season, if you'll have it, with old Alison and Dauvit and the 'powny' thrown in. You tell Ken I claim a share in this lint-locked wean of yours, and that I'll provide a roof for her this summer if he'll provide the meat;" and he gave me his hand in good-bye.

"You're the best of friends, Laird," I answered, gratefully; and your suggestion solves a difficulty. I'm for Corbiestanes, heart and soul, if Kenneth will say yes."

By next morning's post came a letter from the Laird, and Ken read it to me while we were at breakfast. "He's really keen on our taking the place," he commented; "and look! he encloses a picture of it," and he tossed me a time-stained photograph.

So this was Corbiestanes! "See, Lesley," I cried, turning to the child, "how all the gables of the house are cut into nice steps for the poor crows to rest on when they're tired."

"Poor trowies! Pity 'taps!" cooed Lesley, patting the picture; but in my heart of hearts I didn't agree with her. I took an instant dislike to the bare, gaunt, high-shouldered building, to the bare, gaunt hill behind it, to the avenue of gaunt, gloomy firs leading to the gates; and I began to believe that the original twa corbies of the ballad had indeed christened the place, and that in that very avenue they had croaked of the new-slain knight:

"Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,  
I will pick out his bonnie blue een;  
Ye'll tak a tress of his yellow hair,  
To theek your nest when it grows bare;  
The gowden down on his young chin  
Will do to rowe my young ones in."

I did not dare confide my feelings to my husband, however, for he always thought me over-imaginative, and, indeed, it would have been folly to find fault with so unexpected a windfall as a country house presented free of charge for the season.

When I showed the photograph to nurse Janet, I noted that she evinced no particular enthusiasm either, though she

## THE DESERT MOON BEFORE A SAND STORM

### T O-NIGHT

*I saw the full-moon rise  
Strange, stranger than all nights before;  
A huge moon, sifting streams of fire—  
Rose-fire into a dim mauve sea.*

*I felt it—the fire  
Sift through me,  
Rose-fire sifting through me  
Into a dim mauve sea.*

—Agnes Cornell.

needing the less 'parritch.'"

"It sounds ideal," I mused; "and the name is attractive enough, really. 'Corbiestanes!' isn't it dear! What does it mean, Laird?"

"Oh, just crow-steps, or crow-stones. You know the old ballad of the Twa Corbies?"

"Yes; a grisly thing. If you're going to recite it, let me ring for Janet to take Lesley away."

"Nonsense! I don't know it even; except the first verse, perhaps," and he half-said, half-sang, with his eyes on the fire:

"There were twa corbies sat on a tree,  
Large and black as black might be,  
And one until the other 'gan say:  
'Where shall we go and dine today?  
Shall we dine by the wild saut sea?  
Shall we dine 'neath the greenwood tree?'"

"More, more" clamored Lesley, from her seat on his knee.

"No more," I cried, "as you value your life, Laird. I remember the con-



said: "Aye, indeed, a graund hoose, mam!" But I heard her later confiding to the cook her feelings in regard to "corbie-craws," which she considered "ill-faured birds that aye gave her a kind o' could grue in the marrow o' her banes."

Lesley mended from the very moment that a journey was suggested, and ran about chattering of the garden, and the pony, and all the moorland delights the Laird told her of.

"It will be a joy to old Alison to see a child playing in the garden once more," he said, meditatively, as he smoked in the study one evening. "There's been none about the house for half a century, to my knowledge. I was born in India, you know, and brought up in England after my father's death. The first visit I made to Corbiestanes, I was a long-legged, awkward lad, and I had a desperate love affair there with a distant cousin who was visiting my grand-parents. She was a beautiful creature, years older than I, and she never took the least notice of me."

"What became of her?" I asked, wondering if I was finding the secret of the Laird's lonely life.

"Oh, she's dead long ago," he answered, rising rather hurriedly and preparing to take his leave; "long ago,—but I always see her in that old garden among the flowers. A pale blue dress she wore, like another tall flower herself."

In course of time our preparations were made, and, with the brightest anticipations, as far as Ken and Lesley were concerned, at least, we took the "Flying Scotsman" one gray morning and sped to the North. It was late afternoon when we reached the market town of Balweary, and Lesley was already tired and a bit fretful. The day had darkened steadily, too, and Kenneth had seen his native hills enveloped in their native mist and rain since first he espied them. The drive to Corbiestanes was long, and the road rough, and when at last we jolted through the avenue of gaunt firs, each separate one of them was creaking and complaining in the tempest and tossing its funeral plumes to heaven.

"Gude guide us, siccan a nicht!" murmured Janet, holding Lesley closer; and I, if I had not been ashamed, could have mingled my tears with the raindrops.

At last an oblong of light shone through the storm, and old Alison, holding a lamp above her head, stood in the doorway. We were too wet and weary to think of anything but shelter at the moment, but I carried to my room an instantaneous photograph of her slightly-twisted neck and wry mouth, and wondered why she kept glancing backward over her shoulder as she ushered us down the corridor.

As to the physical deformities, I learned next day that they were the results of a paralytic shock a few years before: as to the backward glance, I gained my own information at a price.

NO, I was never happy there a moment. A stone dropped into my heart when I first saw the counterfeit of the old house, and the reality only added to its weight. Corbiestanes was old, it was ugly, it was bare, it was remote, it was inaccessible; but there was something else amiss with it, for houses have been old and ugly and bare and remote and inaccessible before, and yet warm with happiness, and bright with laughter, and gay with contentment. This old place was different in some mysterious, inexplicable way. The wind blew about it night and day like a spirit in torment; the gaunt firs were ever complaining; and the jet black corbies were "aye fleein'", as Janet said, "round an' round abune the hoose," or cawing clamorously on their appointed steps in the gables.

The room I selected for Lesley's nursery, on account of its southern exposure, would have quartered a regiment, and a dozen of the troopers could have slept in the old four-poster with its faded tapestry hangings. There was an oak cabinet, richly carved, in the room, which nurse appropriated for baby's wardrobe, and I never sat by the fire there a half hour without seeming to see the carved figures grinning and girning at me in the flickering light.

I might have been overwrought and nervous, although I was conscious of no reason for being so; but there was a vague oppression upon me, ever growing heavier, from the first moment I passed through that old stone doorway. Kenneth is a man, of course; and if he had any unpleasant impressions that first night, which I doubt, they were quickly dissipated by a good fire, and a better dinner, for Alison turned out a famous cook and could have made broth with a nail, as the Swedish saying goes.

We all went to our beds early and I myself saw that Lesley's sheets had been properly aired, and that she had sufficient covers. She was asleep before I left her, though she must have been restless in the night, for I distinctly heard her cry once or twice, a little, fretful, wailing cry. I was for getting up, but Ken reminded me that nurse was beside her and could give her anything she needed, and I yielded and went off to sleep again.

I wakened early next morning, partly because a sunbeam stole through the old chintz curtains and struck athwart my eyes, and partly because of a persistent tapping on Ken's dressing-room window. It was a light, regular tap,—too regular, I thought, to be made by a branch, and

finally roused me so thoroughly that I crept out of bed to see what caused it. Tiptoeing across the floor, I glanced through the half-open door of the dressing-room and saw outside, on the window-sill, a small brown bird, knocking on the glass as persistently as if he were demanding entrance to his rightful home. He flew away as soon as I espied him. and when I told Ken about it as he was yawning himself awake, he said, sleepily: "If we weren't moderns, we'd be well frightened by a bird tapping at the window."

"Why," I asked, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know,—it's just a superstition: you know the country's full of them. I believe the auld wives say it betokens an early death in the house. I hope it doesn't mean that Alison's going to 'turn it up,' any way. Her cooking will compensate for whatever else the place lacks;" and here he betook himself to his bath.

Nurse Janet nodded portentously when told about the bird, and said "Eh, mam, 'tis weel kent for an ill sign in my pairt of the country." When questioned about Lesley's crying in the night, however, she indignantly denied it and said the wee bairn had slept without waking the whole night through. And indeed she looked it, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, "fit as a fiddle," as Ken expressed it, and ready to explore every nook of the old garden.

The beauties of this region, however, lay altogether in the past. The Laird had described it as it used to be, no doubt, in the old days when he had made occasional visits to his grandparents, but its glories had long since departed. There were a few neglected rose-trees growing in green and mouldy beds, some patches of forget-me-nots under the hedge of thorns, and a fair showing of vegetables in a warm corner. What attracted Lesley, however, was a ruined outhouse with a gaping window half-covered with vines, that could just be reached through the hedge. To this window she insisted on climbing, by the help of the fallen stones, and there she leaned upon the sill, peering within as if to discover something she had lost.

"Come, baby," I cried, uneasy at her silence; "come, and mummy will take you for a walk."

She hurried to me then, and we ran down the avenue to the entrance gates where the post box stood which was to be our only means of communication with the outside world. Our hands full of Ken's letters and papers, we were returning when Lesley stopped suddenly, crying: "Water, mummy!" and I turned to see, just beyond the firs, a dark loch which had been veiled by the tempest of the previous night. The sun glinted on the tall willows and alders

(Continued on page 366)



# Shepherd Basques of California

THREADING a waste of sage and juniper, and scattered lava rock, a little "narrow-gauge" toils northward along the arid flanks of the California Sierras. To the eastward, Nevada slumbers, vague, pillowed on treasure. Across her solitude our tiny whistle sounds.

Scanty way-stations blister in changeless, dusty sunshine. No husbandman has learned to milk this fertile, savage land. Serene she waits; unhurried, bides the thousand years that are her day.

The desert spreads in a vast plain; the bed of some ancient sea whose pebbly beach line rises, a mighty frieze, high up in the encircling buttes. On the station platform stands a seedy land-agent, with fabulous tales of water in the future. Across the level waste loom the shacks of deluded victims. Stark land-hunger runs naked everywhere in miles of futile, greedy fence.

Suddenly, for it is in September, over the desert a drifting harvest whitens; long trainloads of lambs creak out of the North!

Other trains of lambs; and now the shriveled stations stand lost in great corrals—vast beds of quilted, wooly backs. Here, gesticulating, vociferating in scraps of French, and Spanish, and one other most confounding tongue, hover sprightly, dark shepherds. Who are they? And by what magic, from a grudging wilderness flows this stream of wealth?

"Boscós" the shepherds are, so they tell me at the well-lined hotel bar. These moving herds are but fatlings of the flocks. With countless bands of sheep the "Boscós" hold the open range, have driven the cattle out; the "bucaroos" are up against it; a white man can't make a living any more. No, they tell me, a white man may not pan in this stream of gold; he can't handle sheep; he can't train the dogs; he can't stand the lonesomeness. It takes a "Bosco" to be a sheepman, they tell me at the bar.

Their lambs safely loaded, their big cheques as safely stowed away, enter a company of these swarthy gentlemen, calling drinks around. *Basques* of the Pyrenees, alien among all other breeds of men, these sheepmen are. Aloof, secure on mountains, their ancestors watched sweep by the warring tides of Gaul and Roman, Goth and Frank and Saracen. A simple shepherd folk, they crushed the hosts of Charlemagne; and, shepherds still, they overrun the California mountains.

Here shows a racial type; smooth limbs; deep chests; round heads crested

By PETER VAN VALKENBURGH

with stiff, dark hair; tawny mustaches; dark-clouded greenish eyes. Stout, up-standing fellows these, fiery and quick-moving; what is the secret of their golden touch?

THEY meet me in off-hand frontier manner,—Duque, Echeverre, Min-diano, Hermasillo, Indiano,—the Missourians around the bar pronounced it "Injianner". Will I go with them to the mountains? But first they must know if the wine has come. It is here, two mighty casks of claret!

In the morning a patient travel-seasoned cavalcade clutters the little town.

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## NOCTURNE

*IF you should come tonight, my dear,  
And all the glory of first love could  
shine*

*From out your eyes and draw us near  
By that mute-speaking, kindred sign,  
We'd know the meaning of the world,  
tonight.*

*No shallow word or innane utterance  
Would mar that throbbing quietude of  
ours;*

*But oh! the vast and silent eloquence,  
And wild, exultant kinship with the  
stars,—*

*Beloved mine—if you should come to-  
night.*

—Dorothy Hawley Cartwright.

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Dogs of shepherd strain lie watchful everywhere, alert to time the joyous instant of our setting forth. A string of pack mules waits, loaded with sacks of canned goods, bacon, flour, and beans. The ponies slouch in unkempt gear, their quirted reins trailing the dust. Soon my laughing Basques burst forth from the noisy bar, bearing demijohns to cheer our way; and, bantered of the *blase* riders of the range, swing awkwardly to the saddle. Lashed to a stout buck board the precious wine-casks ride enthroned; when, moving in a cloud of dust, we fare across the shimmering desert toward the mountains.

From the edge of these shadowy gorges defile to meet the plain. Within the great canyon portals where the mountain brook sinks baffled in dust, we see the ample housing of an old time cattle ranch. Stout corrals; roomy, ramshackle barns and stables; careful little fenced hay meadows; and a ranch house whose

many added roofs tell of a long-time occupancy, spread wide before us. No cattle now; the palisaded round corral spells horses.

Two riders, their buckskin chinks a-flutter, prance through the great gate whose swinging post sits in an Indian mortar. A third rider, backing his trained horse to the open gate, drawls affable good morning. Poco, the camp-tender, has left a mutton at the ranch, he says; in return, wouldn't the gentlemen relish a piece of beef? Will I step down and rest my saddle? Courtly and dignified this cattleman—a cigarette in graceful finger tips—under the wide Stetson the kindly old eyes twinkle; his people are my people and his God my God; and so I let my roystering *Basques* file on, their wild song ringing.

Yes, he is one of the old settlers; his father was in the round-up of the Modocs at the Lava Beds. Such a ranch as this one might be found at the mouth of every watered canyon over all the vast range. Yes, it used to be cattle, all cattle. He has seen in the great rodeos, "rodeers" he called it, twenty thousand in a bunch; right out there on the plains where these fool settlers come and go; and fifty "bucaroos" here over night, many a time. But the cattle are gone; in a day's riding on the range one may never see a horn. Cattle won't stay in a sheep country, they don't like the smell. No, it isn't altogether the sheep; cattle got so "blamed high" everybody sold out; thought they'd never bring such prices again. Think of it, forty dollars a head straight through a bunch; cows, calves, yearlings, everything; who could resist it? Yes, after the cattle went, the sheep came in and took the range. The ranchers turned to raising horses,—hot blooded saddle stuff; Morgan and thoroughbred on mustang and Spanish mares,—none better for hard riding. But these weren't big enough; the buyers wanted draught. The draught stallions cost four and five thousand apiece, and the cross was no good,—too violent; it will take years to grade it up. Meanwhile the unpaid notes on the stallions are bothering mightily.

But those poor settlers out there on the plains: what do I reckon they'll ever be able to do? Dry farm? Isn't that what they are doing? Will I wait for a bite to eat? No? Well drop in again and stay all night. Glad to have met up with me.

Along the rough canyon floor my pony leads, following the wheel-tracks of the buckboard. Past the fantastic sky-line of the rim-rock, to vast hills rolling sky-



ward, swathed in sage, dotted with juniper, crested with mahogany. From the saddle of a ridge I see the white Sierras a hundred miles away; and east a hundred miles the ghastly desert ranges of Nevada. Parched and brown the mighty feeding lands, dormant in quivering heat; yet out of this desolation comes the twinkle of a burro bell. Looking down, I see the herder, a slim, dark boy of twenty, with blanket roll slung on his back, a short cabine hanging muzzle down, and at his other side a desert water-bag; a pensive, brooding figure leaning on a staff.



Always the Snow Clad Sierras Loom Above the Shepherds

Seeing me, he moves away and disappears. His whistle sounds; sharp yelps arise, and the still scene springs to life, covered with myriad, leaping sheep. They pour over ledges, stream down trails and, hemmed by the dogs, their great mass slowly rolls away. Black sheep speck the band. A funny little burro trots after, balancing a prodigious pack, topped with a water-keg and sundry camp utensils. Of the shepherd I saw no more.

Shepherd, Ah, the centuries it took to tame the word! and it has again run savage; our West knows only sheep-herders, never shepherds.

Two thousand sheep, tented by one shy boy from the Pyrenees,—a boy so shy that, rather than struggle with the terrible English words, he turns away from the only human face he has seen in days. Two thousand sheep, twenty thousand dollars, in the care of a homesick boy!

I overtook my *Basques* at a desert water-hole. Mutton chops are broiling; a coffee pot steaming. All about rest a band of great rams, five hundred white-faced Lincolns. Black sheep are mingled with them. A dozen long-haired goats,

bearded like Mormon elders, sprawl comfortably about this celibate assemblage.

The herder is talking; he works his eyebrows, he shrugs his shoulders, he spreads his fingers. With kindly skill the understanding *Basques* drew on his healing tide of speech. Quiet at last, and with untroubled eyes, the boy follows his flock into the silent desert.

**M**OODILY then my *Basques* toss to the dogs the leavings of our meal; fill water-bags; cinch tighter sweaty, unlifted saddles. Our dusty

or during a time of dewy nights, they show no need of it for days or weeks. On good feed sheep travel two or three miles a day; on scant range ten or fifteen; the herder must follow.

Huddled close at dark, the bands bed down to sleep. Now the herder lights the fire, unpacks the burro, and cooks the one warm meal of his day. He feeds the dogs, smokes a pipe, cuts and lays a bed of sage boughs. He spreads his sheepskin, rolls in his blankets, and sleeps, with gun and dog beside him. From his bed upon the earth no vibration of a footfall eludes his shepherd senses. A stirring among the sheep, and he is on his feet. He fires his gun to frighten off the prowling coyotes; he sends the dogs around the troubled flock; perhaps, for all his pains, at dawn he finds a mangled carcass. No time to mourn, the band is on the move; he packs his burro, and follows after.

By netted trails the sheep browse on, hidden in chaparral coyotes follow close, the straggler is doomed. A dozen sheep may stray away, but the flock flows on unheeding. Turned slowly on the farther rim, the great white disk of sheep sweeps circling through the day; edged, guarded, by the marvelous dogs. The safety of the band dwells in the clinging swarm-like nature of it. Once divided it will not reunite; of the halves the herder must make his own choice. Therefore he toils unceasingly, closing the rifts, smoothing the outlines of the plastic flock.

Sometimes, surged suddenly up on a knife of a rock, the vast band splits apart; a wave of sheep pours down some lonely canyon way. The lost sheep drift panic-stricken, starving, although in rich pastures. If by chance the wanderers cross a beaten trail, news of the tragedy is carried to camps. Now, hurrying in a wide circle, the rescuers glean from the wilderness a senseless rabble. The count shows hundreds lost.

Husky-voiced in burning heat my *Basques* talk on. The light dust boils under our buffeting hoofs. Silent, in later hours, we creep around grim, clinkered hills into higher, cooler valleys. At dusk we file into the lanes of careless mountain ranch.

A hundred mules and horses trample the meadows which once had been tented hay lands; these, my *Basques* tell me, are their pack animals. A score of puppies tumble out to greet us, sheep dogs bred to meet a future need. Eager, dark young men swarm about us, seizing joyfully letters covered with foreign post-marks. Packs are thrown off, saddles and harness strwn on the dry earth, mules and horses shunted to pasture. With glad shouts the wine casks are rolled tenderly away, set up on wooden bucks, and straightway tapped.

(Continued on page 369)



# The Dream House

By DORRIS MARCIA HUME

MOLLIE HARDY wrung out the last sheet, straightened her bent back and pushed the hair from her forehead with a weary gesture. The crippled hands of the broad-faced alarm clock, standing grotesquely on one leg on the shelf above the kitchen sink, ticking off the seconds with unbroken monotony, pointed to the hour of eleven. She was late with the weekly wash today; clothes were yet to be hung, lines propped and tubs put away, by which time the children would come trooping in from school, boisterous, hungry, clamorous as healthy young animals for their dinner, and she would have to hold them in check until Jim arrived at ten minutes past twelve, hot and grimy from his work in the town garage.

Then there would be much chattering from the children, a few remarks from Jim, the scraping of chairs pushed back from the table, good-byes, the shuffle of departing feet, the familiar slam of the front door, and she would be alone again, facing the disordered table with its unwashed dishes and a host of small, never-ending tasks, with perhaps a moment to slip into a fresh gingham frock and smooth her hair in case someone might call. Then it would be supper time, more bustle and—more dishes.

The children would make insistent demands on her precious evening hours until their bedtime, while Jim, too tired to talk, would fall asleep in the old, green hammock on the porch, nor could any amount of persuasion induce him to leave it until the chill of the night air forced him to come groping in to bed; to waken her by his stumbling in his clumsy effort to be noiseless, or by the sudden, blinding glare of the unshaded light when he found the switch.

And today was their anniversary! Hers and Jim's. Fifteen years married! Fifteen. And she was thirty-eight! Thirty-eight! Thirty-eight! That was old—old! Thirty-eight! It sounded like a knell.

Half startled she paused for a moment before the little, cracked mirror that hung by the pump on the back porch, staring as if a stranger's countenance were reflected there. The face that looked back at her was worn and tired; a half-concealed sullenness shadowed a pair of deep gray eyes and

wrought little, telltale lines about an otherwise tender mouth; the raven blackness of her hair seemed but to emphasize maliciously the ever-increasing threads of silver. And she had been the prettiest girl in the valley when Jim Hardy had won her—fifteen years ago.

AS she hastened about her work her thoughts, like uncaged birds, flew back over the years. Once a little, half-wistful smile tugged at the corners of her mouth, but it faded before given expression. Fifteen years! How long since that first, glorious twentieth of June! The memory of it still lived,

her life were before her. It seemed the fulfilment of a promise, the answer to a prayer. Here was a home. A home! Its very quaintness fascinated her. The low, rambling structure of weather-aged gray stucco; the wide, inviting porch, massive with the weight of pink ramblers and wisteria; the tiny-paned French windows opening on a miniature rose garden; the trim, flagged walk bordered with delphinium, running down to the white gate in the green hedge—she loved it all, though the grass now grew thick between the flagstones, and the gate hung limply from one rusty hinge.

Year after year in silence she had watched the advance of slow decay; had seen the smooth, green sweep of lawn grow ragged and unkempt, and the fragrant moss and tea roses beg piteously for care that never came. Only the Rambler and wisteria seemed untouched by the passing of the years. They grew steadily, almost defiantly, entwining about each other until the porch in spring was a rippling sea of pink and lavender, and the air drowsy with the droning of a thousand bees.

Their hardiness was the subject of some comment, but what Mollie might have told of occasional evening walks and an old bucket safely hidden in the tall grasses by the moss-covered well curb, remained a secret locked deep within the recesses of her heart.

For year after year the hope of ownership had persisted. Undaunted, the Phoenix of new hope had risen from the ashes of her failure.

"Next year we shall be able to buy it! Next year it will be mine," she used to tell herself, and when things looked blackest she would add, as if to still her fears, "For sure, *next year*."

She had lived in every room of the house in her vivid imagination until it seemed she become a part of it. Rocked in quiet contentment on the flower-scented porch; served imaginary tea and sugar cakes in the low-ceilinged drawing room with its window seats and diamond-paned lattices; toiled happily in the tiny sunbathed kitchen, tucked the children to bed in the little, dormered nests under the eaves and slept peacefully in the rose-tinted room that would be hers and Jim's.

It seemed to Mollie that for fifteen

## FINALE

*I AM about to die  
And leave the gay enchanting garden  
Where I have drowsed through perfumed hours  
None but a rose may know.  
The robe of green that sheathed my lovely form  
Has whipped to shreds.  
The Sun who warmed me with his smile  
Now burns to brown my petals  
And the light breeze with whom I dallied  
Wilfully flouts me.  
I feel my crimson heart grow cold.  
Above me hovers eagerly a humming bird,  
Waiting to bear away my soul  
Upon a chariot of iridescent wings  
To a land of long-dead Summer dreams.*

—Frances Wierman.

glowed like a priceless jewel, as something too beautiful for time to mar. The dreams there had been then! The golden hopes for the future! The wonderful plans that two may make together! Dreams. Plans. Stardust!

Mollie's dearest, fondest dream had been to buy the Carson place. Always, it seemed, it had been her Castle-in-Spain, her rainbow gold, the pinnacle of her desire. The drabness of her girlhood in the crowded household of a practical uncle and aunt had served but to intensify her inherent love of beauty, her longing for a home. Not just a house, as she had once told Jim in those first radiant days of their plans together; houses one might find without difficulty, but a home—that was different.

From the first moment she had seen the Carson place she had felt as if that for which she had quested vainly all



trying years she had lived on visions of the Carson place. Through those first three heart-breaking years of little Junior's life, when Hope fluttered poised for flight, when pompous doctors from the city gathered about a small, white crib and consulted in low tones, shaking dubious heads. The night of the baby's operation she had crept away like a stricken thing to the solace of the rose garden, and returned, strengthened to face the triumphant surgeon. But the surgeon had gone away, and with him Jim's little pile of savings. That time she had smiled; she had her baby.

Then Bob and little Jack had come along and their small rented house seemed hopelessly inadequate to meet the demands of her growing family. The Carson place was just the right size. "Soon!" she had whispered to herself, "it will be soon now."

At first she used to shudder, fearful lest someone would buy it before her chance would come, and once when the wind had blown down the faded For Sale sign, she had leaned weakly against the gate post and cried from sheer relief when she saw it half-hidden in the grass. But as time went on and no one seemed to want it she had come to look upon it as reserved for the day when she might feel the pride of possession.

And then—two weeks ago the blow had fallen. Crushing. Bewildering.

It was old Mrs. Allan, the neighborhood telltale, come to borrow a cup of sugar and dispense the latest gossip, who had unwittingly given the deathblow to her hopes.

"Well, I do see as how the old Carson place is sold at last," she had said cheerfully, ignorant of the portent of her words. "Seems to me it's about time it was bein' fixed up."

Mollie, stooping over the sugar barrel, cup in hand, had felt a tremor pass through her, an icy hand clutch her heart. She had straightened up jerkily, the room reeling before her.

"Glory be! What's the matter?" The old woman's face had been anxious as she assisted Mollie to a chair. "Set down, set down, Mis' Hardy. Ain't you well?"

"I'm — all — right." Mollie had wrenched her set lips into the semblance of a smile, though there was death in her heart and her face was ghastly. "I got dizzy stooping over so far—the barrel is nearly empty—I'll have to tell Jim to get some more—no, no, I'm perfectly all right Mrs. Allen, don't be worrying about me. I—I have these spells sometimes — they're nothing." Again that slow smile like the agonized movement of a cramped muscle. "What were you saying about the—the—Carson place?" She had almost whispered the name.

"My! You look real pale," the old

lady had said. "You want to be takin' good care of yer heart, Mis' Hardy. Looks to me like it ain't over strong. Oh yes, about that old, run-down Carson place. I don't see what anyone'd want with it now, though it was right purty when the old man died fifteen year ago. I mind as how it was allus called 'that purty little house in Oak Street,' and I dunno, after all, as maybe it mightn't be fair now if it was fixed up some. My boy did say as how it's real good on the inside, though it do be needin' paint and shingles on the out."

"Who—who bought it?" Mollie's voice had sounded strange and distant to her ears. "Was it someone in town?"

MRS. ALLEN had pursed her mouth and shaken her head. "I dunno Mis' Hardy. I ain't heard as yet. John didn't tell me 'til just as he was leavin' for work an' the news took me so sort of by surprise like, it bein' so long an' all since anybody'd been livin' there, that I clean forgot to ask him. But," she had added wisely, "I'll be askin' tonight without fail. Well, I must be runnin' along, Mis' Hardy, an' be gettin' my dinner on to cook. Thanks for the sugar; I'll get John to get some an' pay you back soon's I can. An' take good care of yerself, Mis' Hardy; them spells don't mean nothin' good. Oh yes, I near forgot to tell you as how Stillson's has a new baby—a girl. They do say Tom Stillson's clean upset 'cause it ain't a boy, but the Lord knows best I guess, leastways I allus figgered He did. Well, 'bye Mis' Hardy," and the old gossip had slammed the door as she went down the steps.

For the first few moments Mollie had sat as if stunned by an unseen blow, staring before her with fixed, sombre eyes, one hand convulsively gripping the edge of the table, knuckles showing white splotches against the redness of the skin. Rigid, tense, she crouched in her chair, so still it seemed as if life itself had gone. And there *was* death—death in agony, of the secret hope she had cherished for so long.

Finally, with a sudden, swift intake of breath that was like the gasp of a wounded thing, she had risen slowly and looked about her at the unattractive, awkwardly planned, little house, with its square, box-like rooms, its lurid wall-papers and its steep, pine staircase, that she had tried so hard to make a home until *the* time should come, and quite suddenly she hated it, realized she had always hated it, as a tread mill, a prison, shutting her in from the world of beauty she loved, forcing her, as a merciless taskmaster, to the same dreary drudgery, the same never-ending routine for time without end, without compensation or

reward.

Then she had thought of Jim, and with the same startling revulsion of feeling she had hated him too. Other men with no better chance than his had climbed, expanded, achieved, left the little town for newer, vaster fields of endeavor, while he had stayed on, week after week, month after month, year after year, working, slaving it seemed, and she had scrimped and saved and done without, and made things over and remade, with the hope that someday—and now it was too late. For them that someday would never come. They were Misfortune's elect. Someone else had taken what she knew was rightfully hers—hers by right of patience and sacrifice.

And she was not to blame. She had tried—agonizingly hard. With a crooked twitching of her lips she thought of the little, wooden box in the right hand bureau drawer, which was to hold the beginning of a future bank account—and had failed. Failed because of the many demands she had tried to supply.

No, it was not her fault. It was not. Then it must be Jim's. He had been content to drift along, waiting, delaying, even grumbling sometimes over the bills and current expenses she labored so to keep at a minimum, and now their chance was gone—and they were growing old. Nothing lay ahead! Already the oldest boy was becoming restless. Even before his voice had lost its childish treble, his eager eyes were fixed on fields afar. Soon he would leave the nest to try his fledgling wings; the others would follow, and there would be left just she and Jim, and the drab monotony of soured old age. Not even the dream of that fragrant, tangled, little garden and the sweet peace of the flower-scented porch that had helped over so many hard places. Just the same old, weary round, dragging on until the end.

Her throat had tightened suddenly and she clutched it with work-hardened fingers, but no tears came to her relief. Then gradually, with the sinister motion of some loathsome, crawling thing, a dull rebellion, a revolting bitterness, sickening in its intensity, had seemed to creep across the unguarded threshold of her very soul.

The children had come noisily in from school, hungry, restless, with a thousand things to claim her attention.

"Dinner ready, mother?"

"Mother, Squib Williams tare my collar; will you fix it?"

"Gee! I cut my finger an inch deep, mother. Where's the peroxide?"

"Mother, I need fifty cents for a new book. Got to have it today."

"Dinner almost ready, mother?"

"Mother, can I go swimming with Squib after school? Aw, mother!"



"Mother can we have dinner soon. I'm starved."

To all their questions she had given answer in a curiously unnatural voice. Mended Bob's collar. Bandaged Jack's finger. Even smiled mechanically at their time-worn jests—but only with her lips.

And her feeling toward Jim did not change. She almost dreaded his coming, shrank from the sight of him with his patient smile, the children crowding about him, hurrying him to the table, feeling he must surely read within her eyes the change that had taken place.

For the first time the scales had fallen from her love-blinded eyes. For the first time she had seemed to see him in his true light. A ne'er-do-well. A misfit. A failure. And she smothered with new-born contempt the little pang of pity that came unbidden to her heart.

At ten minutes past twelve she had let the children sit down without waiting longer, something she had never done before. A few minutes later Jim came in, the welcoming smile on his face slowly giving way to a mild expression of wonder.

"Why, what's the hurry, mother? I didn't know I was so late. It's only—"

"The children have to get back to school, and they can't be expected to waste their whole noon hour." Her answer had been tart, but her eyes did not lift to meet his. There was a moment of poignant silence as if he were momentarily nonplussed by her answer, then she heard him go slowly out to the porch and wash his face with the sputtering sound he always made. Even that jarred on her over-taut nerves.

The children had finished their dinner and left for school when Jim came in and took his place at the table. He made no comment though the coffee had grown bitter from over-percolating. Finally the steady sound of his eating became unbearable to Mollie; she could stand it no longer, though twice she had to moisten her dry lips before the words would come.

"I—I—hear—the Carson place—is sold."

"Yes, so I heard."

The abruptness of his answer, his apparent indifference had been as the sting of a lash. It was gone—gone—and he didn't even care. Oh how she hated everything—everything! She felt as if she must scream.

Perhaps he had sensed something of her inner conflict. He had raised his kindly, blue eyes.

"You haven't eaten any dinner, mother." His voice grated in the silence.

"I'm not—hungry." Then, as if the words were dragged forth involuntarily. "Who bought Carson's place? Who?"

In that unguarded moment he must

have seen the hopeless sombreness of her eyes. His face slowly reddened and his eyes sought his plate. His answer was slow.

"Len Tevis did the buying."

Silence. Accusing. Questioning.

"Len Tevis! Not Len Tevis that used to live here and drove the bakery wagon—that never had a cent to call his own—that you used to know so well? Not *that* Len Tevis? No! No!"

He nodded without replying and rose a little hastily, pushing back his chair.

"Got to go—it's late," he muttered and started for the door. As he passed her his hand closed for an instant on Mollie's shoulder and the grip tightened until she winced. Then without another word he was gone and the slam of the closing door sounded dully through the empty house.

Alone, her mind revolved in an endless circle. Len Tevis! Len Tevis! He could come back and buy the Carson place that should have been hers, and Jim—

"Yes," she thought fiercely, "he cares now—when it's too late—too late—too late. He never tried hard enough," she insisted to battle down another twinge of pity. "What good does wishing do now? Too late! Too late!"

That night she had remained wide eyed until the coming of the dawn.

And the days that followed, dragging like crippled things in weary, hopeless succession, had in no way softened her hurt and disappointment. Instead, each had served to bring some new stab of pain.

"Gee, mother," Junior would say at dinner, "you ought to see the way that old Carson place is being fixed up. They've cut the lawn and weeded the walk and the painters are getting ready to do the outside already."

Or it would be old Mrs. Allen come to borrow another cup of sugar and incidentally to unburden herself of the gossip prevalent in the neighborhood.

"I do declare to goodness," she had remarked as she stood in the doorway, oblivious to the fact that every fly in Templeton was accepting the invitation of the open screen, "but they do be makin' smart progress on that there old Carson place. What with the paintin' an' that new tiled roof, an' the garden bein' fixed up, it looks to me as how it's goin' to be one of the purtiest little places in town. Did you hear as how Len Tevis bought it? Takes someone who's been away all these years to see the possibilities as the rest of us has overlooked. Don't say much for us, does it? I did hear it said as how it was them climbers on the porch that made the sale. Funny how nice they've been growin' all these years, ain't it? But they do say too as how it went for

a song. Well, Len Tevis allus did have an eye for bargains, though he's purty well fixed now they say. Anyhow, it's goin' to be a real purty place. You oughta walk round that way some afternoon, and take a look yerself, Mis' Hardy."

"The climbers on the porch made the sale." The irony of it! "It went for a song." The words had beaten like malicious, little fists against Mollie's brain, and again she had felt that dull, nauseating hatred of her drab surroundings and all that her life had been. Mechanically her hand sought her throat and she wished vaguely she could cry—anything to lessen that suffocating sense of invisible pressure.

TRY as she would to forget, to tell herself it was no fault of theirs, that she had built her foundation of dreams on false hopes in the beginning, every breath brought the haunting fragrance of the little garden, every beat of her heart had seemed to say "It might have been, it might have been—but now it is too late—too late." And in her heart she blamed Jim.

But as a magnet the steel, the site of her shattered dream had drawn her, and late one afternoon on pretense of visiting a friend, she had walked down quiet, shady Oak Street, past the Carson place. It was Saturday and no one was visible. At the gate she stopped—the friendly, little gate that had trailed so long from its broken hinge, and now stood firmly upright as if to bar intruders. With hungry eyes she had taken in the scene: the smoothness of the closely-clipped green hedge, the trim, flagged walk which led boldly to the white portico of the little house itself, nestling so cozily beneath its rose and wisteria mantle and resplendent in its newly-found beauty. It looked so cool, so secluded, so peaceful, beneath the shadow of the two, great oaks that sheltered it, that Mollie had turned suddenly, dry-eyed and tight-lipped, and strode down the street, past the neighbor on whom she had gone to call—back to the house that had never been a *home*. That night she had hardly spoken to Jim.

So it was she greeted her anniversary morning with no joy in her heart, but a dull apathy in which her senses seemed numbed. With automatic precision she went about her work. By the time the children came in from school the clothes were on the line and the table set for dinner.

Soon Jim would come, with his tired, placid face and grimy hands and she would hear him sputter as he washed and then he would come to the table. Fifteen years married! Fifteen years together! Would he remember? She



would not speak of it. What use to recall fifteen years of failure? Of struggle for dreams that proved vain?

"Dad's late again, mother." It was the eldest boy who spoke.

"There he is now," Mollie replied, as the gate slammed and footsteps sounded on the porch. But the steps halted and the unaccustomed buzz of the doorbell rang through the house.

"Run see who it is, Junior, like a good boy, while mother puts dinner on the table. We won't wait."

"Mother!" Something in the odd inflection of his voice made her turn quickly as Junior re-entered the room. "Mother! There are two men outside—Mr. Smith and another man. They won't come in but they want to see you, and Mr. Smith looks so sort of funny."

Mollie was conscious of a sudden chill as she put down the dish she was carrying to the table. A sense of foreboding filled her, a nameless terror stirred within her. Before the scrutiny of three pair of suddenly startled, questioning eyes she strove for composure. With an effort to be commonplace and appear natural she wiped her hands on her apron and smoothed back her hair on her way to the door, but within her was a lurking dread.

On the steps, hats in their hands, anxiety written plainly on their honest faces, stood two of the neighbors. They looked at Mollie, then at each other, each trusting the other would break the silence. For the fraction of a moment Mollie scanned their faces, her own growing whiter and whiter. Intuitively she knew.

"Jim?" she cried. "Oh Mr. Smith, what has happened? Tell me! Tell me! Jim's not—not—" She could not voice her fear.

"There's been an accident at the garage, Mis' Hardy," said the taller of the two men, her frightened words giving him an opening. "Jim—got—well—me none of us know how much he's hurt. They're bringing him home, Dr. Bates and some of the boys—they'll be coming most any minute—if—if—you could sort of get things ready—" He twirled his hat in clumsy fingers and shuffled uneasily on his feet, frightened at the mute agony of her eyes and the awful pallor of her face. "If there's anything we can do, Mis' Hardy—?"

"No," her colorless lips formed the words, "No—thank you, Mr. Smith."

"Mother? Mother? What's the matter? Mother?" Junior was standing beside her, but his choked whisper seemed to come from miles and miles away. She put one arm about him and stroked his hair again and again with nerveless fingers, striving for control, fighting against the engulfing waves of blackness that swept over her. For the children's sake she must not falter.

"Mother—oh mother—what's—"

"Hush dear, you must help mother now. Daddy has been—hurt—and—oh Junior dear—try to help mother." With an effort she choked down the rising panic in her tone. "Keep Bob and Jackie in the back—no, take them over to Smith's, that will be best—and don't cry—mother is depending on you—you're her man now. I must go—upstairs—to—Quick, Junior boy—go to Bob and Jackie." She held him to her convulsively for an instant, then pushed him in the direction of the kitchen.

"All right mother! All right mother! Don't you worry, mother. I'll help you."

### AFTER THE STORM

*THE hot air chills, the storm clouds pass,*

*And scattered twigs strew jeweled grass.  
In silence, cryptic, crickets call,  
'Neath dripping leaves whose echo wall  
Is vibrant with new life again  
In dazzling sunshine after rain.*

*The sodden bee with dripping fuzz,  
Seeks honeyed cups with warning buzz.  
In flippant cavi birdlings call,  
While raindrops soft in rhythm fall,  
And burgeoning buds scarce can contain,  
In glorious sunshine after rain.*

—Nan Roads Hamilton.

Don't you worry." He patted her shoulder awkwardly, his voice husky, his small face white beneath its tan, and his smiling mouth, Jim's mouth, puckered in his effort to maintain the dignity of his fourteen years and keep back the stinging tears.

It seemed to Mollie that the stairs were miles in length and each step higher than the last—unscalable heights over which she must drag her leaden feet. Every heartbeat pounded at the base of her throat with suffocating intensity, but her mind was like a thing unshackled, free at last from the blinding influence of personal desires, analytical, clear-visioned, merciless.

In the moments that elapsed before they brought Jim Hardy home Mollie lived through an eternity of suffering and remorse. As fog banks dissipated by the sunlight leave small evidence of their passing, so the sundry trails and disappointments of her married life paled into utter insignificance as they now swept through her mind. How petty, how small they seemed, the things that had helped to bring the lines to her face and the threads of silver to her hair. The shattering of her cherished dream was but a trifling annoyance in comparison to what she suffered now. Had she not what many a richer woman had been

denied: strong, healthy sons and a devoted husband? But she had been a plodder, whose downcast eyes seeing but the stones along Life's pathway had never raised to see the radiance that lighted her trudging feet. Fretting beneath a yoke of her imaginings she had failed to count her blessings. How blind, how utterly blind she had been—what a fool!

AND Jim—with a rush all her thoughts centered again on Jim. Jim, whom she had blamed only that morning for her lack of the world's temporary comforts; Jim, with his kindly face and his patient smile, laboring uncomplainingly day after day, often late into the night to give them what he could, trying to see the sunny side of the difficulties that had beset them and to predict better things for the future. Not a brilliant man, not a genius, but great in his own way, because, according to his lights, he did the best he could. And she, wrapped in a mantle of selfishness of her own weaving, blind to all but her own petty desires, had blamed him. She, who should have been the one to help and encourage. Guilty she stood and self-condemned. Now they were bringing him home—carrying him—to her, who had failed him in thought if not in deed.

And today was their anniversary!

She looked around at the plain, little room with its white, iron bed and faded drapes. Already it was becoming stifling from the heat of the noon sun; mechanically she pulled down the shades.

Fifteen years ago Jim Hardy had brought her here. They had not had a honeymoon—Jim could not leave his work. How well she remembered it all, as if it were but yesterday—Jim's arm about her as they unlocked the front door together, the happy light in his eyes and the thrill of his kiss as they stood on the threshold. How proud she had been of that Jim of fifteen years ago, who had won her with his unfailing kindness and devotion. Her first sweetheart! Her husband! The father of her children! How she had loved him then—how she loved him now. Had she been mad that she had ever doubted it? With overwhelming force the conviction was driven home that had he nothing and the hope of nothing, still she would love him. Yet had she almost bartered that love for a fancy.

Shame seared her soul as she realized how far from love her thoughts had been. The Carson place! What was it after all? At best a house. No—a home. But, would it be a home without Jim, without the children, without the hundred and one intimacies of their daily life? Was a home a house? Or

(Continued on page 376)



# The Romance of the Adobe

By TORREY CONNOR

THE ADOBE CASA of romance days—the red tiles in vivid contrast against the deep blue of the California sky, or half hidden under a sweeping canopy of jewelled Peru-tree lace, the sun-warmed walls of a time-mellowed white, or washed with faint pink, clear green or ochre—was a gracious thing.

Its lines were ever the lines of beauty, the material used calling for the simplicity of design that made the commonest adobe dwelling a joy to the eye. There were broad, plastered wall surfaces—a pleasing background for the scarlet embroidery of the passion flower, the purple glory of the bougainvillea. These wall surfaces were broken by small windows, iron-grilled, Moorish fashion, and by a heavy door, inset, and studded with hand-wrought, ornamental nails.

In the more pretentious dwelling, built about the patio, or open court, the casa in effect turned its back to the street; a charming back, withal, with its "contrast of light-tinted walls, bright-colored tiles, and delicately-wrought ironwork in focused detail of grille, balcony, and great door with decorative nailheads." As to the interior: The thick walls allowed the recessed window-seats. There was the great fireplace, under its buttressed arch. Wall niches, inset cupboards with carved wooden doors, the heavy, hand-hewn timbers that beamed the low ceilings, the floors or rough-surfaced, dark red tiles, all made for picturesqueness.

If of a pueblo, the casa was set in a zig-zagging street, where palms, their green spears clashing in the hot wind, made violet shadows in the white dust. If of the rancho, its spreading walls more than likely flanked a grove of golden-fruited trees that crowded to the casa's hospitable door. And the dons of the casas were truly hospitable in those gracious days—the days of the adobe.

It may have been because of the leisure—no part of *our* stamped existence—that was theirs, that life flowed so sweetly. There was time for everything—manana; and sun-warmed "dobie walls were made to lean against." Why, then, do today that which could be put off until a more convenient tomorrow?

TIME, the one thing that our autoing, trolleying, airplaning, hustling generation cannot buy, borrow nor steal, went unrecorded save as it ministered to ease or to pleasure. At the hour of siesta, the leisurely activities of the household were stilled; the spat-spat-

spatting of tortillas that went on interminably, ceased; the busy patter of talk that ran from sala to kitchen, was hushed. In the cool patio alone were noises heard: The musical drip of the fountain, into the mossy basin of which the oleander dropped the pink petals of abundant bloom; the mumble of brown-coated bees, lazily in the trellised roses; the plaint of a drowsy parrot—*a feather-bouquet of green-and-orange in*

fornia," remarks pertinently:

"Romance is the greatest asset of California. The very name is from the romance of Montalvo, which university bred Cortez read: For 300 years the word has been a Fairy Story, a Lure, a Spell. Its magic grew with the heroic era of the Missions, then the glorious Patriarchal pastoral period—the happiest, the most generous, the most hospitable, the most lovable, life lived on this continent.

"The Romance of California is Span-



A Monterey 'Dobe with Romantic History

his bamboo cage.

Then—three o'clock; the siesta was done. A shutter banged open; musical voices called, one to the other; the parrot screamed discordantly. Savory odors from the kitchen pleased the fancy. The real business of the day—dining, visiting, love-making in the twilight, dancing, when the moon hung out her silver lamp—went on.

Writers of today, slavish time-clock punchers who turn out their so-many-per hour, would not have fallen in with the slow-going life that was Monterey's, even as late as Stevenson's day of tarrying in that quaint old town of historic charm. No They would—unless to the manor born—side with those thrifty souls who would build big, glittering hotels in the odorous stillness of the pines and shout down, with blaring bands, the music of surf, running along the shore. They would turn dim forest trails, where but yesterday oil lanterns twinkled and bobbed o' nights, into paved and sidewalked streets, electric-lighted. And then they would sit back and complacently invite the public to come to a place that they have made just like every other place on the tourist-map.

Charles F. Lummis, in his plea to "save the centuried romance of Old Cali-

ish Romance. California has had another Romance—the biggest, bravest, wildest Epic the sons of man ever scrawled across a continental wilderness. But where are the Argonauts today?

"Of the half-million travelers who visit California every year, how many have the curiosity to visit Hangtown, Red Gulch, Poker Flat, Sutter's Mill? Why, not so many as visit the Mission of Santa Barbara! Hardly so many as make the pilgrimage to the 'Home of Ramona'. All the brains, all the brawn, all the money in America cannot build a venerable Franciscan Mission, nor a century-old adobe, nor the tomb of Junipero Serra."

To go back to Stevenson, and to a bit of unrecorded history of that loved novelist's brief life among us: There stands in Monterey a two-storied house of adobe, known as the Stevenson house, because he roomed there. This house—at least, up to recent date—has escaped the fate of the Sherman-Rose-Tree adobe, to see which hundreds of tourists, bringing valuable trade, journeyed to Monterey.

That Stevenson steeped his senses in the romance of those early days as he rested in the shadow of Carmel's Mis-

(Continued on page 368)



# The Death of Junipero Serra

By THOS. D. LANDELS

*(Junipero Serra, the saintly and heroic founder of the old Catholic Missions of California, died at Carmel Mission, near Monterey on August 28, 1784. He was pre-deceased by his beloved colleague, Crespi. During his last illness he was nursed by his devoted friend and admirer, Father Palou.)*

I.

"THANKS, Palou, thanks. A little higher yet.  
There, prop the pillows round me, for my strength  
Is almost spent: I cannot raise myself.  
A burden am I,—like some shattered hulk,  
Storm-battered, leaking, stranded in the mud,  
A useless wreck, fit only to be burned!  
A burden am I! Pardon me, dear friend!  
And may the Lord reward thee hundredfold  
For all these weary weeks of toil and care!  
Nay, do not weep. I know the end is near.  
Last night, as I was praying, suddenly  
Methought the room grew bright; an angel stood  
Where now thou standest, clothed in glist'ning white  
Pure as the snow that caps the mountain's brow  
And gleams all-glorious in the noon-day sun.  
He bent above me, touched my fevered brow,  
And whispered, 'Son, the Master calleth thee.'  
And joyfully I answered, 'Lord, I come.'  
Then do not weep. To die indeed is gain.  
What joy to be at rest, to see the Lord,  
And our dear Lady, and the face of God!  
There Crespi waits to greet me. He and I  
Will wait thy coming, friend, on that bright shore!  
Now raise me just a little. I would take  
One last, long look across these pleasant fields  
And yon wide sea. How beautiful it is!  
The light of dying day glows in the West,  
And there, all radiant, hangs the crescent moon  
And drops its liquid silver on the waves;  
While Venus blazes like a heav'nly gem  
Upon the brow of evening. Far away  
Yon headland rises like a sentinel  
To guard the bay. How calm the night and still!  
No sound or motion stirs the fragrant air  
Save the cool whisper of the almond trees,  
And, scarce discerned, the murmur of the deep!

AND it recalls to me the wondrous night  
Long years ago when first I landed here  
And raised the Cross; for such a crescent moon  
Shone in the West, and such a cooling breeze  
Blew from the ocean, and the tide was full;  
And overhead a sky thick strewn with stars  
Like fallen blossoms from an elder tree!  
With heart too full for words, I knelt me down  
There on the sand, and rendered thanks to heav'n  
For perils overpast and prosperous voyage:  
Then prayed our Lady and the holy Saints  
To guard and keep me in the wilderness,  
To guide my wand'ring steps, to bless my toil  
And win the pagans for our Saviour, Christ!  
My prayer is answered, Palou! Here a torch  
Is blazing in the darkness,—such a torch  
As Satan ne'er can quench. Here multitudes  
Have heard the word, have left their pagan rites  
And found a refuge in our Holy Church!  
My prayer is answered! See, to north and south

The beacon-fires are kindled,—harbingers  
Of that new day when all this glorious land,  
Land of perpetual summer, land of flowers,  
Of fruitful vales and mountains forest-clad,  
Shall be the brightest jewel in the crown  
Of Christ and Mary! Bless the holy Saints!

WHAT mem'ries throng upon me! All the past  
Seems quickened into life. Its changing scenes  
Uprise before me, till I live again  
The days long dead. Ah, Palou, dost thou see?  
'Tis San Diego! Weary, spent, and sick,  
After long travel thro' the lonely wilds,  
I see the bay beneath me. There, thank God,  
Clear-mirrored in the water's glassy blue,



Safely at anchor ride the stately ships,  
Like white-winged gulls that, wearied of their flight,  
Sit motionless upon the swelling tide.  
A bow's shot from the shore, among the trees,  
The cheerful camp-fires shed their welcome light.  
The smoke, up-curling thro' the stagnant air,  
Seems to my weary eyes like that bright cloud  
That led the Hebrews thro' the wilderness  
To fruitful Canaan. Here for me at last  
The land of promise opens. Here at last  
My hopes and dreams, my tears, my ardent prayers  
Approach their rich fulfilment. Here at last





Carmel Mission

The conquest is begun; nor will it cease  
Till all the land is conquered by the Cross  
And Alta California won for Christ!

THEN followed days of trial and weariness.  
All hell was up in arms, and strove to quench  
The new-lit torch of truth. Once Brother Jayme  
While praying in the forest, saw the fiend  
Fly by him in the night with eyes of fire!  
A sentinel, white-faced and trembling, told  
How on the open hillside he had spied  
A troop of devils watching o'er the camp,  
Like carrion-vultures watching for a corpse;  
And one had flown and clutched him by the hair!  
I know not. This I know that death, disease,  
Tempest, and flood, and famine followed fast  
The one the other, till the camp became  
A very graveyard, and the soldiers' hearts  
Melted like wax. But still I would not yield  
Don Portola lost heart,—I blame him not,—  
Why should I? 'Twas an inner light from God  
That gave me confidence. The future seemed  
As dark and direful as the day of doom!  
Provisions almost spent: the soldiers weak  
From long privation: everywhere a foe  
Subtle, revengeful, thirsting for our blood!  
Don Portola believed a swift retreat  
Alone could save us, so had fixed a day.  
All was in readiness, the baggage packed,  
And orders giv'n to start next day at dawn.  
I prayed and prayed, and prayed. I climbed a hill,  
And all day long I watched with straining eyes  
The far horizon. Just as evening fell  
A miracle was wrought! A sail appeared!  
The *SAN ANTONIO* beaten by the winds  
And forced to shelter, anchored in the bay!  
From that day forward thro' the changing years  
God's care has never failed us. All the way  
His hand has guided us, as, all unseen,  
The steady trade wind bears the merchant's barque

Across the treach'rous ocean, till the port  
Is reached and safely entered. Even so  
Has God's good angel led us to this hour  
When nine bright beacons blaze thro' all the land!

WHAT dangers have we faced!—dangers from flood,  
From tempest, earthquake, hostile heathen hordes!  
But safely thro' them have we passed unscathed,  
Thanks to our Lady and the holy Saints!

Good Brother Somera has told me oft  
How at the founding of San Gabriel,  
Just as the cross was raised with solemn chant  
And hands uplift in prayer, an Indian host  
With brandished weapons flashing in the sun  
Leapt from the covert of a neighboring copse!  
Like some fierce torrent, swol'n by sudden rain,  
That breaks its course, and roaring thro' the vale,  
Bears down before it rocks and fallen trees,  
Onward they rushed athirst for human blood  
With frenzied cries and arms upraised to strike,—  
When lo, a miracle! for suddenly  
As at a voice from heav'n, they stopped at gaze,  
Awe-struck and filled with wonder. Camboro  
From out his bosom drew a linen cloth  
On which was painted fair with loving skill  
The blessed Virgin, high enthroned in heav'n  
And crowned with glory. As they gazed upon it,  
The heathen host stood rooted to the ground  
In mute amazement; then cast down their arms,  
And falling prone before the Queen of heav'n,  
As when a tremulous wave with sharp, crisp note  
Falls on the sand and thins itself in foam,  
Offered her gifts, as once in Bethlehem  
The heathen Magi brought their gold and myrrh!

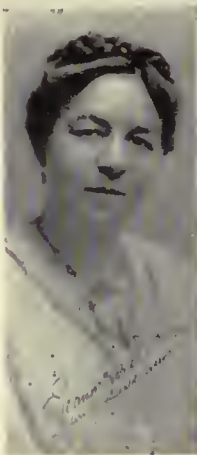
AH, PALOU, dost recall how beautiful,  
How cloudless, how serene that joyful day  
When thou, and I, and others climbed the hills  
To found our San Antonio? Dost recall

(Continued on page 378)



# Music and Musicians

A RECENT production of opera which has caused much discussion in many countries was the spectacular performance of "Nerone," begun by the well-known Italian composer, Arrigo Boito, some fifty years ago, but on which he was busy up to his death, whispering at the last "Nerone e finito" (Nero is finished); and, strange as it may seem, this recent spring performance was the Premiere of this opera. His "Mefistofele" has had wide popularity in this country through Chaliapin's great singing and acting in the title-role.



Neither of these two operas seem to be of as great musical as metaphysic and historic value, and many noted critics admit that Boito was not a great technician in the field of opera, and was more imbued with the poetic ideas underlying the libretti than in the musical perfection of the score. We agree with this opinion, for he is not one of the greatest opera-composers, and certainly is not a modern—though the libretti and spectacular effects hold the eye—and the ear, when rendered by singers of such dramatic and vocal gifts as Chaliapin. Otherwise, we doubt if the music could hold its own. It is alone due to the great patriotism of the Italian—in the field of Art—which keeps Boito and many another Italian composer alive. Even Italians admit there has been little of note in the field of music-drama written in their country the past decade, and a standing, annual prize (1914-24) of \$5,000 for the composer, and \$5,000 for the production did not result in a given prize, but in 1916 when the award was made because the said opera was the best one offered—though not a great one. The composer received the prize, but even the generous donor of this Parma-opera prize has not wished the work to be brought here for production.

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, M. M.

GERMANY, with Richard Strauss; and France with Debussy seem, in late years, to have reached the highlights of opera. England, now, is attracting attention, and is bound, soon, to be sending out works worthy of international fame. She may return to her popular opera days of Purcell's time.

And now, back to California—where East and West are to meet at the Spring Convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs by presenting the Premiere of a most interesting American opera "The Echo" by Frank Patterson of New York City, who is both librettist and composer (as are, also, two other distinguished Americans: Theodore Stearns and Ralph Lyford—of whom, more later.) Little has been heard of Mr. Patterson for some years past due to his editorial duties, but we are privileged to reproduce a seldom-seen photograph, and to add a brief sketch of his career.

His full name is Franklin Peale Patterson, from a friend of his father (chief coiner at the United States mint, and son of the famous painter, Peale.) The Patterson family belongs to a long line of prominent Philadelphia educators and politicians; the composer's great grandfather being consular agent at Paris during the reign of the great Napoleon. His grandfather was at different times president of the Universities of Virginia and Pennsylvania, director of the U. S. Mint and one of the founders of that Quaker town's famous Musical Fund Hall and Academy of Music. Frank Patterson was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. His studies were carried on in the musical field both in America and Germany. At one time, illness took him to California, where, on his recovery, he organized the Pasadena orchestra, and was active in other musical, and literary work. He then was sent to Paris as representative of the Musical Courier, later was promoted to its edi-

torial staff, during the war was in California again; a second time returned to Paris, and then made New York his permanent headquarters, where he is actually engaged. He has written other operas, but "The Echo" is the one of present interest to us, and we wish for it all the success it deserves. Why he wrote, is a question we might ask of any creative worker: the answer is doubtless "because it cannot be helped." The impulse is within and must without!

Before closing we wish to repeat the question: "What right has the Opera Company incorporated in the United States of America to exclude from its repertory our language, the American Opera, and in so large a measure, our artists?" Just how long the American composer, the artist and public will accept the present condition-stifling to the development of our national music, is a question that has awakened my curiosity the past twenty years. Perhaps another answer than the old one (at-



Franklin Peale Patterson

tributed to the public,) may be given in the headlines of the Chicago Tribune, at the opening of this summer season's opera at Ravina (Illinois):

"AUX ITALIENS"  
not  
AUX AMERICANS



# The Singer By the Window

By MARGUERITE NORRIS DAVIS

**L**UCRETIA STREET is only one block long. Tucked in between important business and residence thoroughfares, its very houses seem more modest and retiring and there is an air of tranquility that seems at variance with that of the surrounding neighborhood. Were it not for one thing, Lucretia Street would probably be the least known of any in Portland, but this one fact has made it well-known, not only in that city, but throughout the United States.

It was in one of the modest houses on Lucretia Street that there has lived one of the really great contemporary poets, whom the West is proud to claim as its own.

This poet was Hazel Hall, whose passing on May 11th of this year was mourned throughout the nation. Her death is a loss to American literature, but in the short time in which she was able to sing the lovely thoughts that came to her, she has given to the world poems of real worth that shall live. And the story of how her brave spirit rose above seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, will endear her to those who already love her verse.

Although St. Paul, Minnesota, was Hazel's birthplace, she moved with her family to Portland when a child. It was in the beginning of her schooldays that the accident befell her, which made of her an invalid—unable to walk.

For many years, until her eyes forbade it, she earned a living by doing needlework. And it was this exquisite, meticulous handwork that was the inspiration for much of her first published poetry, and it is peculiarly significant that her first book of poems should have been entitled "Curtains," for it was behind the curtains of her world (a world bounded by the walls of her room) that Miss Hall had sat, embroidering dainty garments and fine linen, thinking poetry "between stitches."

In all our literature, there is nothing like this Needlework Poetry. These are the songs of bead-work, cross-stitch, plain sewing, embroidering, button-holes—each with its own story. Through her printed word we see the vision of the bride "tall and fair," that came as she monogrammed seven dozen napkins for one who was to be married. Through her eyes, we see the finest linen of a baby's dress become "limp and warm" after her hands had finished with its dainty stitches. Denied the home-life of

other women, yet she was able to find a pathetic pleasure in making beautiful things for brides and babies, and found real joy in putting thoughts of them into poetry.

Although her mother recalls that Hazel was but two years old when she first put a thought into rhyme, it was not until about eight years ago that she seriously applied herself to verse. She had always written poetry, and in the dark years that followed the breakdown

she could read but little, she remarked that perhaps it was just as well—that when one could only read a little, the best would be selected, and the most got out of it. Feeling that she had so little strength and so few hours in which she could work, she knew that she could give only her best to the poems she composed.

In reading Miss Hall's poems, when one realizes what physical suffering she endured, one cannot but be impressed with the cheery disregard she had for the fate that had set her apart in a world of her own. In her verse there is sympathy and insight, patience and poise, and although she was so near the Borderland for many years, her vision was ever brave and courageous.

It was a rare privilege for any but the most intimate friends to visit with Miss Hall; even those nearest to her were of necessity restricted in being with her. For that reason, the writer feels that she has been given a precious memory by reason of having been granted an interview with the poet.

It was an October afternoon when I walked down the quiet Lucretia Street—an afternoon when the falling leaves and soft air reminded me very vividly of Hazel Hall's "October Window."  
"Words drift between me and the street,

Torn words of song that swirl like brown  
And yellow leaves about the feet  
Of people passing up and down."

I shall always like to remember that I first saw Miss Hall beside that October window—the window beside which she had sat as she sang her lovely lyric poems.

She wore something very white and very soft—upon which I later saw had been embroidered delicate flowers. Hazel Hall was beautiful, in an ethereal, spiritual way that cannot be described, except to say that much of her beauty lay in her poet-eyes. Her eyes were very large, and, as she talked, the curtain of reserve that seemed hung before their expression, dropped slowly down, revealing the tender, brave, understanding spirit that lay behind it.

Miss Hall talked of herself but little; it was mostly of books, current poetry and, contemporary poets that she spoke. Then she told me of the passers-by, of the children who came to see her when she was strong enough to have

(Continued on page 384)



Hazel Hall—Poet

of her eyes, she turned to it, as to a great light.

Her first published poem appeared in the Boston Transcript several years ago, followed by others with increasing regularity, as the leading magazines sought her verse. In 1921 she won three substantial prizes of great distinction, and not only that year, but also in 1922, this Western girl headed the list in Braithwaite's Anthology.

Miss Hall could read but very little, and concentration for more than a little while weakened and exhausted her. There were many days in which she was only able to be in her wheel-chair for a short hour; others, when she was unable to be up at all. She had learned to accept her handicaps in a philosophical manner, commenting on the fact that



# Adventure Hikes

## *A Romance of Scouting*

By E. S. MARTIN

**T**HE CALL of the open! The romance of the unexplored! A pack on the back, the trail disappearing into the forest, civilization far behind! This is high adventure, beckoning to every boy. This is the call of Scouting that is answered by more than half million American lads today.

The old scouts braved the wilderness with rifles and belts of cartridges. Our fathers crossed the deserts in lurching prairie schooners. Their successor, the Boy Scout, carries no rifle, and all his equipment is squeezed into a roll on his back, but he knows how to go into the woods and make himself comfortable, he takes no unnecessary risks, and subjects himself to no savage discomforts, and returns from his camp clear-eyed, sturdy, and filled with an infinite joy in living. It is all a matter of good scout training.

Over 250,000 boys went camping last summer, according to estimates made at the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America. But it is impossible to estimate how many small camps were made and broken; how many troops bivouaced in the light of the campfire; how many new trials were blazed, new paths explored. The eastern part of the United States is honeycombed with Boy Scout camps. But the Pacific Coast, with its mountains and its miles of unbroken forests, offers an exceptional challenge to the imagination.

One of the big features of Scouting in the state of Washington is the "adventure of hikes" taken by the Boy Scouts of the Seattle Council through the wilderness of the Olympic Peninsular.

Between Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean there are more than four thousand square miles of unexplored country. Rugged mountains and dense forests cover it, crowned by the snowy top of Mt. Olympus. Elk, bear, deer and small game roam over it unmolested. Few trails penetrate the wilderness and the gun of the hunter is unheard. It is the last of the unspoiled west, a virgin

forest such as met the eyes of Lewis and Clark over a century ago.

Within a day's hike from Seattle, on the edge of the salt water, where ice forms on the lakes in July and snow-balling under the blazing August sun is a popular game, the Boy Scouts have built a camp. This is a base for their activities, for the high adventure that calls them ever further into the wilderness. The central decoration in their camp lodge is a great stained panel on which is inscribed a verse from Kipling's Poem, "The Explorer"—

*"Something hidden—go and find it!  
Go and look behind the ranges—  
Something lost behind the ranges;  
Lost—and waiting for you—go!"*



Western Boy Scouts Have Untracked Wilderness for their Hikes

Nameless rushing streams await the paddles of the scouts; snowy mountains still unclimbed tempt their young strength. No weaklings, these, that march for five and ten days into the wilderness, carrying all their food and equipment with them on their backs. It is a test of keen eyes to follow the dim trail, long unused, among the rocks; to descry in the twilight of the forest, old blazes on tree trunks grown mossy with age, or to carve a new route where none was before. It requires sturdy bodies and hard training to make a bridge across a roaring mountain stream, to pick one's way over snow and ice, rock-slide and sheer cliff.

**O**NE party of scouts last summer travelled through forests, where, after the heaviest rain the ground was dusty under the giant cedars. The undergrowth was so dense that four nights the scouts could find no space clear on which to pitch a pup tent. To make room for their sleeping bags, hard work with the axe was necessary—even then they did not reach the ground itself. Firewood lay around them for the taking, but in the vast area of dry timber one vagrant spark might start a conflagration. Through this primeval forest they travelled four days. Bear, cougar and mountain lion drank at night from the streams they passed by day. The scouts waited almost without moving

for an hour to photograph a family of wild whistling marmots. Then the scene changed. During the next three days the scouts crawled over a knife ridge where the path varied from ten feet in width down to one. The only water they discovered was from the melting snow; the only fuel, the Alpine fir. The blazing August sun burned their backs while snow fields and glacier surrounded them and meadows of Alpine flowers twinkled beneath. The rocky summits of some of the peaks were lost in the mists of the clouds below.

Remember, these were not seasoned

members of the Camp-fire Club who made this hike, or hardy veterans of the early pioneering days, but boys—just the ordinary boys that you see any day in the city, lounging around the corner store, or shooting pool in a stuffy back room. It is Scouting that has given them the training and the physical stamina and high spirit that makes these adventure hikes possible.

Only first class scouts are eligible. That means that each boy has demonstrated his ability to take care of himself in the open; that he understands how to use a knife and hatchet properly, build a fire and put it out, cook a simple camp meal, follow a map and read the compass.

(Continued on page 380)



## The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW

(Continued from last month)

BILL STALEY was cool, calculating, analytical. Once he had made his decision, he had the nerve of a plunger to back it up. To use the vernacular of the camp, "He looked at his hole card, and if he liked it, he shoved his money into the center of the table and ordered the other four cards turned; if he didn't like the looks of the hole card, he flipped it back to the dealer without disclosing its color or size and waited for the next deal." Figuratively, what he saw on his first cursory examination of the Sultana Mine, was the hole card. He liked it and threw all his energy and ability into the game to decide, within the shortest possible time, if his judgment would be vindicated.

The first thing he did on the day following his tentative agreement with Jimmy Rawlins was to draw up the articles of the permanent contract, and sign them with Rawlins. He paid Rawlins the stipulated first payment of ten thousand dollars, and sent a check for ten thousand dollars by Shorty to the Winona First National Bank to be deposited to the account of the Sultana Mining Company and accessible to the drafts of James L. Rawlins. His decision had been made because of two apparent factors which his observation, geological and personal, had disclosed. The one was his faith in Jimmy Rawlins' ability and integrity; the other was the presence of the dyke of igneous porphyry cutting the sedimentary formations.

Old Terence Tierney received his appointment as foreman with a slight change of countenance and a large expansion of his chest, and an "I'll do the job, or I'll bust and scatter my worthless parts all over the Sultana side hill. Shall I have the hirin' of the men?"

Staley replied that he should have carte blanche on the matter of hiring miners. Tierney's chest expansion increased perceptibly, his weathered countenance even assuming a more serious aspect as he departed in search of miners.

OLD TERENCE took his promotion seriously, so seriously that he

would have lingered to give professional advice to his superiors. However, discretion forbade this course and he contented himself, once he was outside, by expanding his chest another inch or so, from compressed self importance.

"You've got some job, Terence," he said as he went on, "foreman of a ten

tion?" he inquired of the two men, who still sat at the small table, with a litter of memoranda before them. "I forgot to ask about it, and it's nothin' of importance, if ye're busy."

"Seven and a half and your board, Terence," Staley replied. "As soon as we have ground enough opened up for more men, we'll put on shift bosses. That will lessen your work considerable. Is the figure all right?"

"It is, with my thanks, sir, but about them shift bosses, and them lightenin' my work. If there's two of them, they'll double it. If there's three of them, they'll triple it. Ye forgot, sir, that the shift bosses'll need some watchin'. This is a high-grade mine and ye know shift bosses is natural thieves."

Staley smiled at the old miner's seriousness and solicitude. "We will use our best judgment in selecting the shift bosses, Terence," Staley said, "I think we can find men who can be trusted."

"Ye may think ye can, but ye cannot," Terence contended. "Shift bosses is natural thieves. It stands to reason they are. It requires no special brains to be a shift boss, and it requires no brains at all to say that easy money is good money. Now with a foreman, it's different."

Staley advised that they wait and cross this bridge when it was reached, not before. Terence left with further orders to find miners and get the work under way with the least possible delay.

"Talk about the burden of responsibility," Rawlins chuckled, "Woodrow Wilson has nothing on his mind compared to what old Terence is carrying in his attic right now. 'Shift bosses needin' watchin', why we'll have to hire them to watch old Terence before a month.'"

"No, I think old Terence is honest," Staley insisted.

"He may be, but he took the first piece of high-grade out of the mine," Rawlins replied. He could not forget the incident of the previous night, nor convince himself that Terence was innocent of any wrongful intention when he took the piece of rich rock.

Though the news of the fabulous strike on the Sultana had not reached the outside world, Terence had no dif-

### THE HOPI DANCES

*HO! o-o-o-h! Ho! Ho! Ah! Ho!"*  
The Hopi dances

*Antelope—Snake dances—*

*Ritual prayers for summer rain;*

*The antelopes carry their prayers*

*To the far distances,*

*To the gods of the growing clouds;*

*The rattlesnakes carry their prayers*

*Down to the underground world*

*To the great plumed Water Serpent.*

*"Ho o-o-o-h! Ho! Ho! Ah! Ho!"*

*The Hopi dances*

*Prayers to the gods of the August clouds,*

*Prayers for copious rains*

*To save the Hopi from hunger,*

*From slow starvation.*

*"Ho! o-o-o-h! Ho! Ho! Ah! Ho!"*

*The Hopi dances*

*Prayers—*

*Twining the rattlesnakes this way, that way,*

*Writhing, seething, wriggling masses*

*Of rattlesnakes*

*That never bite the Hopi*

*As he dances*

*Prayers.*

*"Ho! o-o-o-h! Ho! Ho! Ah! Ho!"*

*The Hopi dances*

*Prayers—*

*Prayers—*

*Prayers.*

Annic Calland

million dollar mine. It's some job ye're tacklin' and ye can handle it, and there's possibilities. Like's not these fellers'll make a few millions and then they'll be wantin' to retire and leave the active management to you. You'll be the superintendent and," he stopped and scratched his head, "Terence, ye're forgettin' somethin'," he counselled, and turning, he retraced his steps to the cabin and entered.

"Say, what'm I gettin' for this posi-



faculty in finding men who wanted a chance to work in the Sultana tunnel. He was accosted by two of them before he had gone half way to the Northern Saloon, which he had selected for an employment agency. They were two hard rock miners Terence had known in Tonopah; one of them, a shifty eyed, weasel-faced fellow, accosted the foreman.

"What's the show for a job?" he asked, "Me and The Mucker here are on our uppers, Terence." He indicated the other man, who was a husky young fellow. Terence rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"Well, I don't quite know about it," he said after deliberation, consonant with the seriousness of the subject, "We're purty full handed just now, but I'll see." He made as if to move on under the stress of his responsibilities.

"Come on, bo," said the shifty eyed spokesman, who fell in beside Terence. "Give us a show at the face. There's five bucks a day in it from each of us for you, Terence."

"What the devil?" barked old Terence, as he whirled and faced the tempter. "Ye're tryin' to hire me to let ye high-grade? Is that it?"

"That's exactly it," the other answered serenely, "It's it exactly. Cut out the high and mighty now, and get down to business. There's ten iron men from us two if you let us in that face. We'll do good work, but remember, your eyes are weak, see."

"I see, and I've a dommed good notion to soak you," growled old Terence.

"You've got another notion, and a better one," suavely interrupted the shifty eyed one. "It's to put us on." He scrutinized the foreman calmly.

Terence stood, debating for some moments. Then he spoke in a tone which showed that he had decided the debatable question.

"Do ye know of four more good men I can get to put in that face?" he inquired in a confidential tone, "men that'll do their work right, and will be appreciatin' the favor that's bein' done 'em?"

"I can get you a dozen in fifteen minutes," the shifty eyed man responded quickly, "and they'll be good men, men that can break rock and save the high-grade, and they're good for five a piece, get me."

"Get me four. It's all I can use at prisint, and it'll save me a lot of trouble," was Terence's reply. "I've got a lot on me mind and it will help me out. Remember, five a day, apiece, and paid in the mornin' of each day before ye go underground." The lanky man took a ten dollar piece from his pocket and handed it to Tierney.

"That's for us, the first day."

"Say, how'd ye know the job was worth the price?" Terence asked as he pocketed the coin. "Ye're takin' some chances."

"Not half as many as you," the other replied with hard emphasis. "We got you dead to rights if you try to squeal now, and besides the Mucker and me made a examination of the Sultana last night. You get the five iron men from each of us as long as we work. Better not try to fire us without cause." The last was an undisguised threat. Terence dismissed the subject and gave the two men orders to report for the next morning shift.

"FIVE TIMES SIX is thoity," mused Terence, as he went towards the Northern, "and seven and a half is thoity seven and a half. That's about the wages a good foreman should get on a prospect, but there'll be a chance for a raise when the mine opens up. Now remember this, Terence, there'll be no more boozin'. With a shot of hooch in ye, ye might let yer words slip. Ye'll drink no more from this day on. It won't do for the boss to be settin' a bad example for his men. Let them drink if they want to."

Five minutes later he entered the Northern Saloon, which was filled by an apathetic crowd, not yet revived after last night's revels. Cassidy hailed him as he came in, calling, "Terence, come and have a mornin's mornin'," and shoved bottle and glass across the bar.

"Keep yer licker," replied Terence. "I'm foreman of the Sultana, and I'm on the water wagon. I'm lookin' for ten good men to put on outside gradin', and I want all the carpenters in town. We're goin' to work and the first thing that's goin' up is a change room at the mouth of the tunnel where them high-gradin' miners'll have to change their diggin' clothes for their town togs. Is there any men here who will work outside and hit the ball? I've got miners enough for the prisint. When we get more ground opened up, and need more men, if any of ye make good, I'll put you underground."

It may have been Tierney's adherence to the doctrine of that industrial organization which believes in getting as much as it can from the class designated as capitalistic that made him accept bribes. It may have been avarice. It was certain, whatever the influence was, that he had not the strength of character to resist it. The shifty eyed man, whose name was Sam Govich, and the Mucker and their four pals were playing a fairly safe game. They knew where they could sell the high-grade. Terence was their accomplice. He, too, was playing as near safe as was possible, for he took his share of the spoils in coin, and he collected each day in advance.

This much must be said in behalf of the other side of the situation. Terence Tierney was a competent miner, and a man capable of getting the utmost in work from his men. He was a hard taskmaster. He knew his men appreciated their jobs so highly that he could force them to the limit of their strength.

The miners, too, were competent, for they were not novices at mining or high-grading. If they made an extraordinary showing in the amount of tunnel they drove, or the amount of shaft they sank, they were assured of a firmer tenure of employment.

From the first, the tunnel began to fairly leap ahead. Each twenty four hours drove it at least six feet into the mountain. The rock was soft and required no timbering. A car and a track had replaced the wheelbarrow with which Jimmy Rawlins had trammed the broken rock from the first seventy feet of the tunnel's length. As the tunnel increased its length, the ore steadily widened. In a week the high-grade streak had widened till it averaged more than four inches of ore that tested above fifty dollars to the pound. Alongside this high-grade there were two feet of quartz which assayed hundreds of dollars per ton. When the tunnel was driven a total of one hundred and fifty feet, the ore and high-grade showing had increased proportionately. The Sultana prospect had become the Sultana Mine, national in its renown. When Sultana ore was mentioned, it was reckoned not by the ton but by the pound. Its fabulous richness in milling ore was forgotten in the glamor of its production of high-grade.

At the hundred and fifty foot point in the tunnel, a large station was cut in the wall rocks, and a shaft begun which was to follow down the course of the vein. Simultaneously an upraise was started in line with the shaft, and a shaft begun from the surface; which, when connected with the upraise, would be one continuous incline. Grading for the hoisting plant which was to be erected at the surface was begun and completed with the utmost expedience. The hoisting machinery arrived with dispatch. The tunnel, which was now called the first level, was driven ahead as rapidly as three shifts of miners could consistently break and tram the rock and take care of the ore. In this work, as in the sinking of the shaft, Terence Tierney and his men displayed their ability. Not a pound of high-grade ore must be shot into waste, or mixed with the milling ore. The porphyry of the foot wall was broken down ahead for some two feet. Then the milling ore was broken down into the space from which the wall rock had been removed, and hoisted to the surface, where it was dumped to one side



to await the erection of a mill for its treatment. Lastly the space left by the excavation of the wall rock and milling ore was swept clean. Canvas was spread and the high-grade was broken down. The utmost care was used to prevent the slightest fragment of this ore from missing the canvas as it was pried or moyled from the hanging wall. In the face of the tunnel, the high-grade was broken down and sacked by the morning shift. The afternoon shift did this work in the bottom of the shaft. This arrangement permitted Tierney to be present in order that he might personally superintend the breaking down and disposal of the high-grade. At other times Staley assisted, and at still others, Shorty helped Terence with the high-grade.

**T**HE LONG HOURS which Tierney gave to his work, his absolute attention to it, his solicitude and anxiety regarding the breaking down and storing of the high-grade, removed suspicion from Rawlins' mind. Thousands of dollars worth of high-grade was being hoisted to the surface every day, and stored under lock and key at the shaft head. The small mill for treating this ore was working to capacity, but was unequal to the amount of ore that was coming to the surface.

A building, elaborate for a mining camp, had been erected at the shaft head. It was provided with shower baths, lockers and all the necessary equipment for a perfect change room. The old change room at the mouth of the tunnel was converted into a store room, for candles, tools and the like.

It was early winter now. The first snow clouds scudded along the summits before a driving gale that blew icy cold from the sage brush and snow covered barrens to the North. This was the day on which the new change room was to be dedicated by actual use. A roaring fire burned in the big stove, filling the newly painted, close, ceiled room with a comfortable warmth. From without, the wind howled and the varying exhaust of the hoisting engine told whether loads were coming from the shaft or the skip was being lowered. Staley, Rawlins, Shorty and old Terence sat about the stove, smoking and enjoying the warmth and discussing the methods to be used in the new change room. The conference was near its end when Staley said, with a note of finality, "Boys, I'm opposed to making the men strip to the skin when they change their clothes. If they strip to their under clothing, it will be enough. There will always be you, Terence, or you, Shorty, or a shift boss here to see that they do this. It savors too much of serfdom to make a man do this. Of course there will be some high-grade get past us. We can't help that, but it

won't be much with the precautions we are taking. Besides, let them have a little. We are getting plenty.

"Then it's settled," said Tierney, rising, "It's to be to the underclothes, the same as in the old room. I'll see to it that they do it, sir. Now, I'll be goin'. It's time to take down the high-grade in the shaft. Are ye goin' with me, Jimmy?"

Rawlins rose and followed the old foreman out. A moment later the idling exhaust showed that they were being lowered into the mine.

"Bill," Shorty exploded, "There's somethin' rotten in Denmark, surer'n hell, there is."

"Well," replied Staley laconically, "Why, and where?"

"There's a big leak somewhere," Shorty began. "There's too much high-grade in camp. Everybody's got some of it. It all comes from here. They've got it by the pounds in the saloons. Old Lee has a cabinet full of it in his hotel. Shows it to every new comer. Says he's boostin' the camp. There's a lot of it goin' out by autos, and Joe Bullard has made a shipment from the Roarin' Annie and I'll swear he ain't got a pound of ore in that mine. Bullard is gettin' Sultana high-grade somehow. He's millin' it somewhere. He's sendin' out the bullion as havin' come from the Roarin' Annie, and Roarin' Annie stock is goin' up every day. Old Asher is doin' a bankin' business at his store. He's handlin' too much money for a shebang of the size his is. There's only one other mine in camp that's gettin' any high-grade. That's Ben Denton's on the Extension. I was over there today. Ben took me in and showed me. It's only about a half inch wide, but it's the same stuff as we've got here. Anyway it wouldn't be enough to make a fly speck in the amount that's gettin' out."

"I'm glad to hear of Ben's luck," said Staley, "I'll go over and see it tomorrow. But about Bullard; maybe he has got some high-grade. I hope he has. Maybe you've got the wrong hunch, Shorty."

"I got it straight from one of his miners yesterday," Shorty replied with conviction. "They're sinkin' on a six inch vein of broken up porphyry quartz and it won't pay ten dollars to the ton; I tell you, Bill, there's somethin' rotten in Denmark and I ain't speakin' Scandihoovian, either."

"Then go to work and find out where the smell is," Staley declared with a smile in which suspicion was not wholly lacking. "You're the High-Grade Boss. It's your job to run down these things. We'll say nothing about it to any one. Go to it. If they're robbing us, the sooner we find it out, the better."

"Hadn't I better tell Jimmy about

it?" Shorty asked.

"No," replied Staley. "The fewer to keep a secret the better it's kept. There will be time enough later to take Jimmy into our confidence."

**M**RS. CARSON had appointed herself mentor, as well as chaperone to Barbara and Ann. That they were orphans made her sympathy go out to them. That she had no children of her own made it possible for them to fill that vast vacancy of mother love within her ample breast. She was forever looking after their spiritual welfare. Mrs. Carson probably would not have had a very lucid idea of the meaning of the term spiritual. She would have immediately connected it irrevocably with ghosts and the like. Yet for all of her comparative illiteracy, she lost no chance, either by advice or by relating past experiences, to keep the two girls on the right track. She gave little more than motherly attention to Ann Dorr.

"Honey," she said to Ann one afternoon, when the girl had come to the tent house for a rest and chat, "What makes you so durned reliable? Seems to me you never do anything that ain't right and proper. I'm always lookin' to catch you at somethin' so I can make you mind. You are always tendin' to business, and you ain't makin' goo-goos at any of the men; that is not more than what is right. Oh yes, you needn't blush and hang your head like that, but it does make you prettier than ever. You needn't tell me that you ain't got no heart. I'm too old a campaigner to be fooled like that." Ann had begun to protest volubly against the injustice of Mrs. Carson's accusations, but to no avail. She grew more embarrassed as Mrs. Carson continued her badinage. Mrs. Carson had never seen her so easily embarrassed. She had always been so well poised, so self contained, so logical. She had been so evenly balanced in every way that Mrs. Carson, the impulsive and even the flighty at times, but ever sincere, had envied her. Now with that feminine trait which may be called uncertainty, Mrs. Carson took pleasure in tormenting this girl she loved so much. Pete Carson said his wife had a nature like a flea. "When you tried to put your finger on it, it wasn't there."

Ann had collapsed into one of the Carson chairs. Mrs. Carson paused in her teasing long enough to place her hands upon her hips and make an effort to read the girl's thoughts. This she did by a scrutiny which was intended to reach Ann's very soul. Mrs. Carson cocked her head first to one side then to the other, and with each motion she grimaced differently. She closed first one eye then the other, that she might

(Continued on page 374)





WESTERN SENATORS SLEEP HERE

The monuments, left to right: Upper row—Senator John P. Jones, Senator Milton S. Latham, Senator E. D. Baker, Senator James G. Fair. Lower row—Senator Aaron Augustus Sargent, Senator David C. Broderick, Senator Wm. Sharon.

## A Forgotten City

IT IS PROBABLE that in no place in California do more of the threads which make up the fabric of our history find their ending than in the Lone Mountain cemeteries. The low hills which make up "God's acres," the brown-grassed, briar-tangled, slopes, hold within their bounds many of the men and women who in their various callings were active participants in the romance and history of their day.

San Francisco holds a myriad memories of her past; there are comparatively few landmarks of the older days. San Francisco is a city of progress, of rapid growth, and one by one the monuments of her past are torn away. And now the spirit of commercialism demands that this silent city of the dead shall give over its quiet, winding ways to the living; that the mossy headstones with their record of illustrious dead shall be re-placed by the gaudy signs of the realtor; that where love and memory erected a mausoleum shall stand the flimsily erected bungalow of the installment buyer, or the un-handsome apartment house whose like stands from Powell Street to the Presidio.

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

If the cemeteries with their thronging memories must pass, so be it. Only let the living pause a moment and remember.

Few realize that many of the silent denizens of the Lone Mountain cemeteries were born more than a hundred and fifty years ago, born while California was still a land of missions. Although San Francisco itself dates only from the middle of the last century there are headstones in these cemeteries marking the graves of people born while Father Serra still walked the lonely *real* from mission to mission. There are here men who pioneered in the California which was a Mexican possession. There are

United States Senators; lawyers whose eloquence swayed and moulded the state which was in its making; editors whose no less eloquent pens influenced a populace as do few pens of the present day; actors, poets, painters—beloved of their time. There are soldiers here whose fame was nation-wide.

THE "first inhabitant of this silent city"—so his headstone reads—was John Orr, buried June 10, 1854, only a few days after the impressive ceremonies which marked the dedication of Lone Mountain cemetery. Men cared more for their dead in those days, wild and rough as they seem to us folk of a higher civilization. The old Yerba Buena cemetery, where the Civic Center now stands, being too close to the living city, it was determined to abandon it as a place of burial, and a private corporation—incorporated as a cemetery by due process of law—bought and cleared the Lone Mountain site.

At that time the only practicable route to these hill slopes was out Pacific Street on the old road to the Presidio,

*Acknowledgement is made to Ann Clark Hart of San Francisco for the data used in this article, as well as for the accompanying illustrations, made from photographs taken by Mrs. Hart.*



and thence south over the steep hill to what is now Geary Street; then the Cliff House road. On the day of the dedication, May 30, 1854, omnibuses left the old City Hall, opposite the Plaza, every half hour bearing the crowds of people. The ceremonies were begun at eleven o'clock and continued with brief intermissions until sundown. It was a great day in the city's history. Many eminent divines were present, including such notables as Rev. Thomas Starr King, Bishop Wm. I. Kip, Rev. Albert Williams and Rev. F. T. Gray.

The orator of the day was Col. E. D. Baker. English born, Baker came when five years old with his parents to Philadelphia, this in 1811, and when seventeen went on to Illinois. Although his people were members of the Society of Friends, Baker fought in the Black Hawk Indian war, obtaining a major's commission. When the Mexican war broke out, in 1845, Baker—without resigning his seat in the United States Congress, hastened to Illinois, obtained a colonel's commission and raised a regiment for service. At the head of the Fourth Illinois infantry he was in the fighting near the City of Mexico, winning such distinction that the State of Illinois presented him with a sword. He was again in Congress in 1847, and in 1852 came West. Elected to Congress

as senator from Oregon, he paused enroute in San Francisco and in the course of the one political speech he made here said, "We are running a man now by the name of Lincoln. He is an honest, good, simple-minded, true man, who is a hero without knowing it."

With the opening of the Civil War, Col. Baker again went to the front with a regiment he himself had raised, and in his first fight—at Ball's Bluff, Virginia, October 21, 1861—was killed. He was buried in Lone Mountain cemetery, and the chronicles of the day set forth that more than 50,000 people gathered at the grave.

In his dedication speech Col. Baker had said, "Here shall be brought the poet—the projector—the tender maiden—the little child—" The first poet to find rest in Lone Mountain was Edward Pollock, one of California's most gifted singers, who numbered among his friends such men as Frank Soule, Ferdinand Ewer and William H. Rhodes, all of them brilliant writers of the day.

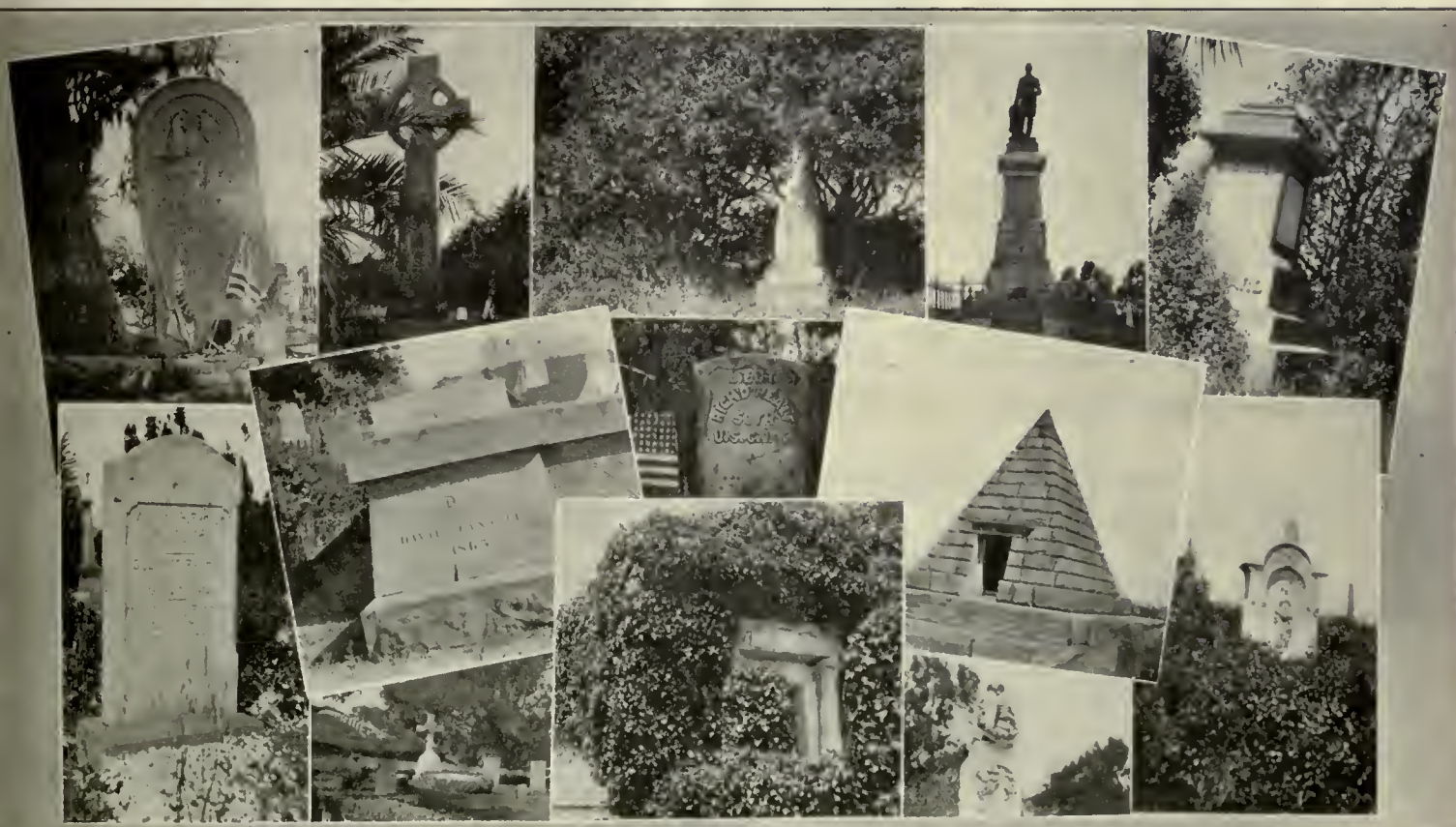
Rhodes, who wrote over the name of "Caxton," also lies at Lone Mountain. Many of his shorter poems and several brilliant addresses were written for the Bohemian Club, of which he was a popular member. His poem "The Avitor" was a remarkable prophecy of an event to take place fifty years later, the flight

of an airplane above Diablo, the valleys, and the Sierran forests to the desert plains of Utah.

Adjoining the plot of Pollock is that of Marietta and John Torrence. Mrs. Torrence, before her marriage to the handsome stage carpenter and property man of the old California Theater, was Mrs. Judah; an actress much loved by the early San Franciscans. Among other roles, Mrs. Judah played the Nurse to Adelaide Neilson's "Juliet." Edwin Booth in one of those familiar "Letters to His Friends," wrote from Vienna on hearing of Mrs. Judah's death, "Poor Mrs. Judah—she must have been very old. I remember her from my earliest days."

Booth himself was closely connected several years, and it was here that he first played his great role of "Richard III." His brother, Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., remained after Edwin's departure in 1856 as manager of the San Francisco Theater, which stood on Washington Street near Kearny; very close to the present location of the *Overland* office. His home was on Telegraph Hill, on Calhoun Street, one of the few old houses which escaped destruction in the fire of 1906. His wife was Harriet Mace, an actress, and her resting place at Lone Mountain is marked by a quaint

(Continued on page 373)



#### THESE MADE CALIFORNIA HISTORY

Left to right the monuments are those of: Upper row—Charles Cora, and Arrabella his wife; John Nash of Glasgow; Capt. Jos. L. Folsom; Charles de Young; Robert B. Woodward. Center row—David Seannell; Richard Realf; Wm. B. Bourn. Lower row—Wm. H. Rhodes (Caxton); Hall McAllister; Samuel Woodworth; Elisha Cook; Harriet Booth.



## By the Wall

By ALEC GREER

"IT'S over yonder by the wall" The sexton indicated the spot with his broom, and I twisted my way through a maze of pretentious monuments of the recent dead, and the mildewed slabs of the long dead, until I came to a red granite cross, flat on the ground, bearing the inscription:

BRET HARTE

August 25, 1837—May 5, 1902

"Death shall reap the braver harvest."

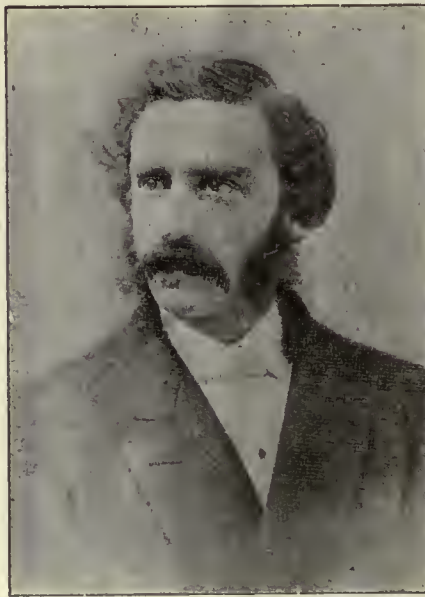
The tomb rests on a concrete slab encircled by a chain; the ivy covered wall shelters it from the north; the sun slants through the pines and yews from the south; and the tombs of the forgotten cast shadows of crosses over it.

Thus, in the village churchyard of Frimley in Surrey, I found the last resting place of Bret Harte. By the wall, with a cordon of peers and generals overshadowing him, he who wrote of the measureless plains, the billowy leagues of Sierra pines, and the roystering life of the mining camp, sleeps far from the spacious grandeur of the west.

Frimley cannot lay claim to any of those historical associations that are the boast of its more venerable neighbors. It is a sleepy little place, a short journey from London, with picturesque Inns, some lethargic stores, red brick houses, and many fingerposts pointing the way to more important centers. Farnboro two miles away is the proud possessor of the imposing mausoleum of the Ex-Empress Eugenie; Camberley, where Bret Harte died, has a celebrated military college; and, scattered over the quiet landscape, are towns and hamlets wherein treasured relics of feudal days can be seen—mansions that form a connecting link with the "spacious" days of the Tudors; churches that predate the Norman Conquest; and battlefields where rival dynasties fought for the bauble of

a crown. But Frimley is compensated for all historical deficiencies in the humble literary shrine by the wall.

This tomb by the wall has taken its place beside that of Shakespeare in the rural simplicity of Stratford-on-Avon; of Gray in the pastoral silence and beauty of Stoke Poges; of Goldsmith in the quiet seclusion of the Temple; and



Bret Harte in His Overland Days

of Dickens in the cloistered setting of the Abbey.

Time is obliterating the black letters, and mildewing the concrete base but it cannot efface the memory of Bret Harte. On the tomb were two tokens of love and remembrance. One was a holly wreath placed there at Christmas; the

other, a spray of pine from the Sierras, bore the lines of Ina D. Coolbrith:

"Thee we claim, the first and dearest, still our very own!"

This spray, which arrived a year ago from the Bret Harte country, loaded with cones, bristling with needles and redolent of Roaring Camp or Poker Flat, was placed on the tomb by a California lady. Its needles are now limp and lifeless, its cones are gone, and its resinous scent has long since been scattered to the winds of Surrey, but it lies there a tribute of love from the State whose early struggles Bret Harte has made immortal.

STANDING by this lowly grave the mind wanders far afield. You see, not over a waste of centuries, but across a heaving ocean and a trackless continent, and before you rise the Sierras, the giant redwoods, the madronas, and the eucalyptus. The balsamic breath of the west rustles the Surrey pines; the ploughed fields and green uplands get confused with tracks of tossing oats, deep canyons and waterless deserts; the brick houses are transformed into log cabins; the clamour of Roaring Camp rises from the village green; and the village itself gives place to the city beside the Golden Gate in that romantic period when "the tide, Sir, came up to Montgomery Street."

You see, not crowned heads and armoured knights, but grim men contending with nature, hewing or digging their way to fortune; soldiers of fortune, who, with equal equanimity, won and lost millions; picturesque outlaws who yet had the instincts of chivalry; boisterous, stout hearted pioneers laying the foundation of a splendid civilization. The swearing miners of Roaring Camp, softened, chastened, and led by a child; the Outcasts of Poker Flat revealing in their testing time, the sublime in their character; the love in the starved breast of Mliss; the self renunciation of Miggles; the pathetic figure of Tennessee by the grave of his partner; and Flynn the freebooter, Clarence the waif, Yuba Bill, Jack Hamlin, and Colonel Starbottle—all rise before you, like a desert mirage, a spectral tableau of the West in '49. They have never died but will remain with us as long as literature endures.

And their creator? He has taken his seat with the Immortals.



Frimley Churchyard—from a pencil sketch by the author.



# A Spray of Western Pine

**I**T WAS more than fifty years ago, on the death of Charles Dickens in 1870, that Bret Harte wrote his poem, that tribute of genius to genius, of friend to friend, which closed with the lines:

"And on that grave where English oak,  
and holly,  
And laurel wreaths entwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly  
This spray of Western pine."

It was in May of 1923, on the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, that visitors to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey found on his grave a real "spray of Western pine;" and tied to it with a bit of red, white and blue ribbon, a card which bore these lines of Bret Harte's. Few, perhaps none, who saw this spray of fragrant pine knew at whose instance it lay there, or knew that it was the realization of the long cherished wish of an idealist.

Mrs. Mary Garton Foster of San Francisco had been for many years a lover both of Dickens and of Bret Harte. She had long dreamed of the time when she might actually lay on the grave of the great English novelist that "spray of Western pine" which California's poet had figuratively laid there so long before. But between any wish and its fulfilment lies effort, and yet any desire keenly and sincerely held seems to shape events to its civilization. So it was that Mrs. Foster finding herself in London with the anniversary of Dickens' death approaching awoke to the fact that here at last lay her opportunity.

But she was far from the pine forests of California. She wrote to relatives in San Francisco, telling her plan and asking their co-operation. Fully in accord with the idea—for what lover of Dickens would not thrill at the thought of such an inspiration!—they procured for her from the "Bret Harte country" of the lower Sierras a spray of pine, and sent it on to London.

When this splendid specimen of Western pine arrived in England, it became necessary to arrange for placing it on Dickens' grave in Westminster, which could only be done with the permission of the Dean. Mrs. Foster wrote to that gentleman, explaining about the pine spray being sent from California, and enclosing a copy of Harte's "Dickens' in Camp," as the source of her inspiration.

The Very Reverend responded at once, thanking Mrs. Foster for the poem and saying that he "gladly granted" the

By ISABEL BELLMAN

desired permission. A card was then lettered with the final verse of the memorial poem and after Mrs. Foster had had the envied pleasure of tying it to the spray with the tri-colored ribbon, the pine, with its fragrant message of remembrance and appreciation, was carried to the abbey and reverently placed.



Ina Coolbrith—Associate of Bret Harte on the Overland of 1868

**I**N THE MEANTIME a second spray had been sent to Mrs. Foster, and with its arrival there was not a moment's hesitation as to its destiny. She at once ascertained where Bret

Harte was buried, and making a pilgrimage there, placed this second tribute upon his grave. Remembering the close friendship that had existed between Ina Coolbrith, California's beloved Poet Laureate, and Bret Harte, and calling to mind the threnody which Miss Coolbrith wrote at the time of Harte's death, she tied to the spray a card bearing the following verse from the laureate's poem, "Bret Harte:"

"O Prince of Song and Story! Thee we claim,

Our first and dearest, still our very own!  
We will not yield the glory of thy name,  
Nor share thy laureled throne!"

It is interesting to note that much the same feeling is expressed by Miss Coolbrith in the final lines of her poem that Bret Harte put into his:

"Although beneath a gray and alien sky,  
Across long leagues of land and leagues of wave,

We may not reach thy dust with tear or sigh

Nor deck thy lonely grave."

And so tribute was paid to that poet who had a half century before paid tribute to his admired Dickens; a tribute which came direct from a California which has not forgotten, however much it has neglected, Francis Bret Harte. And as one friend says of the placing of these two sprays of Western pine, "no one but Mary Garton Foster would have been inspired so to honor both Dickens and Harte." California, and particularly San Francisco, owes much to Mrs. Foster in that she bore tribute to the illustrious dead whom California itself should have officially honored.



The Grave of Bret Harte



## Plays and Players

UNTIL I saw "Little Jessie James," which, quite appropriately, is playing at the Little Theater, I had always had the impression that a musical comedy must be absolutely guiltless of plot—that a musical comedy was made up of a lot of more or less pretty girls, in more or less (usually less!) pretty clothes, a comedian with a funny nose, one or two good tunes, and a lot of bad ones—and, of course, a prima donna who appeared at any time or place, without rhyme or reason, and who sung (or should it be sang?) with the tenor, a song that rhymed "June" and "moon" and "croon".

So "Little Jessie James" was not only a pleasant surprise—it upset all my old-fashioned theories and gave me the most delightful afternoon of my entire visit to New York.

"Little Jessie James" is blessed with a most sane and plausible and deliciously funny plot; with a chorus that has sacrificed quantity to quality; with a leading lady, and a surrounding cast that is most excellent, and the music, all of it is delightfully tuneful.

The chorus numbers eight of the most attractive girls I saw during my round of the theatres—and I don't, by any means, except the much-heralded and very disappointing Follies crowd, either. These eight girls are all young, and all pretty—and all different types. There is one girl, for instance, with the most beautiful ash-blond hair—that shade the French call "cendre"—which she wears parted and wound into smooth coils over her ears; there's a delicious red-haired girl of dimples, and peach-blossom skin; a pretty brunette—in fact, any type of girl you admire, from "bobs" to "hair-she-sits-on," you'll find in the chorus of "Little Jessie James." What's more each of the eight does solo work, and does it very well, too.

The undoubted star of the piece is Allan Kearns, a young man who should be grateful for escaping the curse of "painful good looks," but who is nice-looking, clean-cut, with a marvelous sense of humor and a wonderful personality. His work as "Tommy Tinker" is a joy to behold—he invests his lines with a drollery and an inborn sense of humor that makes them stick in your memory. Also, as if all this were not enough, he has a very nice voice, which he uses to good effect in one of the best songs of the piece, "A Quiet Afternoon," which he sings with Miriam Hopkins, who plays "Juliet," a philandering wife whom you can't help liking. Two

By PEGGY GADDIS

scenes are especially good—the scene in which "Tommy" is discovered, with a fainting tea-guest—Juliet, of course—on his hands, and his explanation; and the scene in which Juliet's husband discovers her in what is surely the most compromising position any man ever caught a flirtatious wife—and she makes him apologize for his suspicions! Evan Valentine, as "Juliet's" stalwart, bill-collecting husband, does a good bit of work, making a comparatively small part stick out. His one song is a pronounced hit—the song of a confirmed pessimist in which he chooses "the black-bird for happiness—because people choose the blue-bird!"

IT'S A MEAN THING to say—but the poorest two performances in the entire play are those of John Boles, as "Paul Revere" and Margaret Wilson as "Geraldine Flower." Both are extremely good-looking, and their supreme consciousness of this fact becomes down-right aggravating before the final curtain.

We've almost forgotten to mention the leading lady—Rebekah Caudle, who, as "Little Jessie James," is a delicious combination of sophisticated, worldly-wise flapper, and woman of the world—with a glimpse of the old-fashioned "white-muslin-blue-ribboned-young-girl-in-love" of your grandfather's day.

In short, if you like prettily dressed and very easy-on-the-eyes girls, a clever plot embellished with tuneful music—a play in which anybody but a confirmed grouch can have a thoroughly amusing time, don't miss "Little Jessie James."

"The Flame of Love" is a drama of the silk weavers of ancient China—as vivid and colorful as a Maxfield Parrish sunset, exotic, bizarre; tremendously interesting, though it is the sort of play that, when once you see it, you say, "Well, I wouldn't have missed it for a million—but I wouldn't care to see it again."

It is beautifully staged throughout, well and sympathetically played by Brandon Peters as the young weaver, Lenita Lane as the young Circassian slave-girl, and Lynn Pratt as the villain. There are five beautiful dancers, and a very well executed ending—and, all in all, it is a thoroughly unusual and entertaining thing, which you don't want to miss.

It is too bad that the nice things said about "Little Jessie James" and

"The Flame of Love" cannot be duplicated about Samuel Shipman's "Cheaper to Marry"—but truth to tell, this play struck me as being nothing much to get excited about. The discussion of the advantages of sanctified domesticity as compared to unsanctified "free love" stuff have, in my own more or less humble opinion, been done to death—even more entertainingly than Mr. Shipman's play offers. Of course if you like that sort of heavy stuff—you'll like "Cheaper to Marry". Florence Eldridge is the woman who lives in open violation of the marriage laws with Robert Warwick, who has been out of sight so long that it seems good to see him back, even in a play that could be better; Claiborne Foster plays the married woman with sympathy and charm while Alan Dinehart, as her husband, does some good work.

It is, in our opinion (which may be worth less than nothing at that) a rather poor and tiresome play, partly redeemed by four sterling players who deserve better treatment!

The musical version of "Peg o' My Heart," which under its new "treatment" comes to us "Peg o' My Dreams" is pretty poor stuff. The best thing—can you call two attractive dancers that?—in the whole play is the work of Albertina Vitak and Lovely Lee. Others in the cast are G. P. Huntley as Alaric, Oscar Figman, Roberta Beatty, Suzanne Keener and others.

The latest big picture to "hit" Broadway is Milton Sills' starring vehicle, "The Sea-Hawk," a fine, robust tale of pirates and love, written in Rafael Sabatini's best style, and splendidly handled throughout. This play replaced Norma Talmadge's "Secrets", which had been running at the Gaiety since September of last year—a fine record for any picture!

Hazel Dawn in a new revue called "Keep Kool," Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings," the play which has aroused the ire of clear-minded, thinking people all over the country because it upholds the marriage of a white woman to a negro, a musical play called "Paradise Alley," a comedy called "Plain Jane," which is heralded as a something really worth-while—and quite a lot of others have opened, or will have opened by the time this reaches a panting public. And reports on these and others will follow in due course.



# A Page of Verse

## VALUES

MY DEAR, I love you for the things  
you love—  
Old china, linens, tea by candlelight,  
Good books beside the fire,—a winter night  
With wild, glad winds and lonely stars  
above.  
I love you, for you love the shapes which  
leaves  
Can pattern in a secret path, the lane  
Where berries grow, quails calling through  
the grain,  
White cottages with wide, low-sheltering  
eaves.  
Yet how I love you when I see your face  
Grow fairer in this crowded, sooty street  
Where every house and heart is ugly, and  
You enter in among them, that the grace  
I find in humanity may grow to sweet  
New youth. We too shall walk here hand  
in hand!

—Marie Drennan.

## SLAVE

CARVER of wooden shoes, give me your  
knives  
That I may fashion me the sandals of light;  
For I have seen the vision of the sun,  
And I have sworn that I will yet be free.

Forger of sword and battle-ax,  
Give me your hammer strength of arm;  
Give me your anvils and your fires  
That I may forge the dawn-songs of the  
free.

Keeper of schools, give me your eager mind  
To learn the crumbling of the mighty wall,  
The poor dying of the kings of earth;  
For I would know the weakness of the free.

Beauty, give me the chains, the chains of  
you;  
Wind them about my ankles and my wrists,  
Mad curve of throat and scent of hair—  
Name me your proud slave who would not  
be free.

—Vernon Patterson.

## WOODCUT

WOODCUT of a wilderness night  
Flashes magic, sheer and white

In its virile crudities,  
With the cold frost on the trees,

With the etching of the moon  
Riding like a ghost dragon,

With the frosty sheet of sky  
Showing vagrant clouds borne by;

And a far and lofty hill  
Standing out alone and still

Like the barrier to the sea  
Murmuring on Eternity!

It is wondrous standing here  
On the frayed edge of the year,

Standing in the cleft of Night  
In a frozen blaze of light,

In a forest silver cold,  
In the wildernesses' fold.

This is living! Oh, the white  
Witchery of a woodland night!

—Samuel M. Sargent, Jr.

## THE WALKINGS OF PAULINE

ALONG my garden's farthest edge  
Are walls of prickly holly hedge,  
Where, thru the little gap between,  
Like some new landlord trudged Pauline  
To smell my snow-drops by the fir.  
The pussy willows looked like her,  
All hood and mittens, round and grey,  
Out for a first spring holiday.

And all around the garden beds  
In March, were shining crocus heads,  
Where, close beside each flower, I've seen  
The tiny footsteps of Pauline.  
Just where the tall twin berry grows  
I used to find the print of toes.  
My ribbon grass would hide her best,  
But she could never stay to rest.

In the still moontide once, I heard  
The darting of a humming bird,  
The rush and pause of anxious feet,  
Astonished laughter, baffled, sweet.  
When hens-and-chickens ran around  
Invading all my garden ground,  
I let them border with their green  
Those little walkings of Pauline.

She was my bird and butterfly;  
She was my garden! By and by  
When Autumn haggled as he list  
She was the only flower I missed.  
And since she now my paths evades  
To listen to the ways of maids,  
Beyond the holly hedge I've seen  
The graceful walkings of Pauline.

I'll plant a red rose by the fir  
That shall climb up and call to her:  
"Pauline, Pauline, why walk apart?  
Come back and be my garden's heart!"

—Winnifred MacGowan

## OLD TRAILS

UP FROM the lonely days that dawned  
remote—

That dawned and beat on Loma but to  
sink

And die, forgotten little paths that link  
Old beaches with old hills were slowly  
wrought.

Perhaps a native willow-woven boat  
Ventured at times along the island's brink;  
But these thin trails quick Indian feet, I  
think,

Had stamped before canoes were made to  
float.

Out of a trackless dream, through age-held  
nights,  
Through slow returns of darkness to long  
sleep,

Where antelope and rabbit shared old rights  
To secret runways, banked and sunken  
deep

In grass and fern—arose these streets whose  
lights

Across to mountain, sea, sky, city . . . leap.

—Winnifred Davidson

## TO AN INCENSE BUDDHA

WITH curling smoke, and tip of light,  
Sweet incense, burn for me tonight.  
On teakwood stand, black Buddha stern,  
An alien at thy shrine I kneel.  
For thy Nirvana must I yearn?  
The weight of loneliness still feel?

This altar in my grief I raise,  
And light the incense here alone,  
With none to judge, and none to praise.  
Not that for wrong I would atone;  
Think not your wrath I would appease.

I court not bliss of idle ease,  
I fear not, Buddha, power of thine.  
Grant me—may spicy, curling rings  
Move through my room like living things;  
And waft me from myself tonight,  
In Buddha's peace, to find delight.

—Nora Moss McCaffrey.

## THE ESCAPE

NIGHT I rose from my narrow bed,  
The wet wind brushed the window  
pane:  
"I'll go while the moon is dark" I said,  
I said "I shall never come back again."

The grass was cool to my naked feet,  
Roses dreamed where the paths went wide,  
The breath of the garden was nectar-sweet  
And slim ghosts rustled along my side.

In the open place where the poplars cease  
The wind held forth in a carnival,  
I laughed aloud at the glad release  
And found the door in the garden wall.

I set my face to the road ahead,  
I lifted my throat to the singing rain:  
"Heart, we'll adventure a while" I said,  
"Love, we will never be bound again!"

—Gertrude Robinson Ross.

## INALIENABLE

YOU are a candle; even so I follow;  
Though you but flicker, yet I shall see—  
High to sunlit summit; deep to darkest  
hollow;  
This way or that way, all the same to me.

I am your shadow, so I cannot lose you;  
Even were you water, I should be land;  
Storms cannot sever us, even clouds diffuse  
you:  
Essence of eternity! Who may understand?

Were you a rainbow, still I should be near  
you;  
Air must be lit of you; I should be air;  
Silent though your bowstring be, yet should  
I hear you,  
Whispering of glory through your radiant  
hair.

You may be a fountain; I am then the  
water;  
Sparkle you give to me, guiding my way;  
I, a faltering son of Earth, hail you—  
Heaven's daughter!  
How can what you are be named in the  
words we say!

So that you be with me! That is all I  
pray you,—  
You—Star of Destiny; I—what you will.  
Though you hide in Nature, spirit will be-  
wray you;—  
Even though but woman I could love you  
still!

—Cecil E. C. Hodgson.



# Memories of a Frontier Childhood

(Continued from page 340)

were passing with their squaws and pony. The pony trailed sticks bearing large bundles laid across them. The women had papooses strapped to their backs. The men were carrying tall poles on which were borne aloft what looked like hair and pieces of faces. I was considerably older and wiser before it dawned on me that the hideous things I had seen that day were *scalps*.

I think I was half-reluctant to go away from this land of occasional fearsome things—as a child might hesitate to leave the beloved volume of Grimm's Tales behind.

As the packing went on, we gave away our fine red and yellow sleds, "Gypsy" and "Pony" and "Young American," on which we had gaily dashed down the snow-clad hill-side all the winter past. They would find no place in the warmer land of sage-brush and sand to which we were going.

Mother's treasured piano was removed, the books were packed. The big engravings came down from the walls—"The First Prayer in Congress," "The Scotch Covenanters," and "Elizabeth Signing the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Grey."

Suddenly, in the midst of the dismantling of our home came the startling word, "Fort Sumter has been fired upon!"—immediately followed by President Lincoln's call from Washington for the first volunteer soldiers for the Civil War. I heard for the first time the word "rebellion." Wagons began to pass our door laden with men who were our friends and neighbors. They carried bright flags, but in the farewells that were exchanged was an indescribable something which meant far more than any ordinary goodbye. A new gravity came upon me.

Of our journey, following, my memory is indistinct. I vaguely recall an uncomfortable boat trip down the Mississippi to meet the railroad somewhere, and an equally uncomfortable sleeper on the train which took us east—for it must be remembered that as yet, (in 1861), there was no overland railroad to the farther west, and we were to reach Nevada by the land trip to New York, followed by the sea-trip to San Francisco, and a long drive eastward over the Sierras at the last.

Of this early stage of our progress one vivid picture holds over in my mind, and that is of standing on a shelf of rock, my hand clasped close in my father's and trying to take in the wonderful spectacle of Niagara Falls. My eyes revelled in the play of light on the great sheet of water, and were fascinated by the seething white caldron at its base—but I was

mute. At length I seemed to have brought it all to the only standard that was familiar to my brief frontier life—my father's mill-dam. This was, it *must* be, the biggest and most wonderful *mill-dam* in the world!

At the old farm house which had been my great-grandfather's and was now my grandfather's, in the state of New York, the major part of our little caravan was obliged to pause for nearly a year, my father and aunt only going on ahead the long wearisome way to the new territory where the home was to be prepared for us. Our books, including my father's valuable law library and my mother's music, with some household goods, had already been shipped to make the passage by way of South America, rounding Cape Horn by sailing vessel, and requiring, probably, the whole year.

AS WE adjusted ourselves to an unaccustomed life on the farm of my grandfather, we saw him making a like effort of adjustment, for President Lincoln's call for soldiers had met with ready response from the farm-hand, and help of every kind was volunteering.

A tall flag-pole was put up on the lawn, and I was sometimes trusted to run up or take down the new flag.

My grandfather's active service in the "under-ground rail-road" often brought escaping slaves to him, and one day while I was playing in the dim light of the big barn, a guant, black figure suddenly pushed up through the loose hay, and a hoarse, quavering voice begged desperately for food. I hurriedly pushed back the big trundling door and ran to tell my mother. When I took out the package she had hastily prepared, I felt the importance of one who does signal service for her country.

Soon the papers were filled with the horrors of the first battle of Bull Run, and, later, a cousin who had been reported slain was released from Libby prison and came to us to gather strength after his wounds and confinement, before returning to his family in Minnesota—thus giving us an opportunity to hear, first hand, of the ghastly experiences of war. Again I felt that the privilege of patriotic service had come my way, for it was my daily duty to tie the shoes of the disabled hero.

All along letters had come from my father assuring us of his welfare, and telling us something of his experiences, but they were necessarily brief, and with what seemed like long intervals between, for, from Sacramento, California, to St. Joseph, Missouri, fourteen hundred

miles, they came by the new "pony express," and they cost two dollars each. Earlier the charge had been five dollars.

It was spring again when we started on the same long journey that my father and my aunt had taken—by way of coast steamer to the Isthmus of Panama, across the Isthmus by slow-trundling railroad train, (the Panama Canal being as yet scarcely even a thing of dreams), then by another coast steamer to San Francisco, by river-boat to Sacramento, thence by stage or private conveyance across the Sierra Nevada mountains into Nevada.

We sailed from New York in May. Discarded trans-Atlantic liners were used for these coast trips, and ours was called the "Champion." As we boarded her, it occurred to someone that a little girl who was just seeing her first ships might like to remember having seen the very largest vessel then afloat, and my attention was called to the "Great Eastern," which lay at anchor near us. I was too bewildered to notice particularly the beautiful harbor, and it was many years before the Goddess of Liberty proudly lighted it with her great torch.

Our ship proved to be extremely crude in many of its arrangements, yet we were fairly comfortable. My mother's cares were heavy, for instead of having the assistance of her nurse in caring for five little children, she was obliged to take the entire charge of us, and also look after the nurse who lay ill in the cabin below.

In recalling the ship's company, after my mature years, I realize that there were no conventional "tourists." Many, like ourselves, were headed for new homes, and took the situation cheerfully but seriously; and there were many who were turning towards this unknown West in quite the spirit of adventure. Among these last was a group of men who repaired each day to the dining-saloon after the tables were cleared, and at one end of a long table put down their pile of twenty-dollar gold pieces and packs of playing cards. Into my young and sheltered life had come but the vaguest idea of such a thing as *gambling*—but I knew it to be something that was very, very wrong. Consequently, mystery and fascination attended it, and I often made excuse to hover about the entrance to the dining-saloon, like a moth about a candle. One day a waiter served the men refreshment and, observing the inquisitive child in the doorway near, they offered me cake. Suddenly there came over me an awful sense of contamination, and hastily declining the cake, I fled to return no more.



Our eight days along the Atlantic coast seemed long and monotonous. Few vessels passed us, and we only saw Cuba in the distance. Every one felt the brightening prospect as we approached Aspinwall, and the passengers generally were on deck as we slowed up in the bay, where native boys came swimming out to live for pennies which we might toss to them.

I BEGAN to imbibe the pervading spirit of adventure myself. I recalled my limited knowledge of geography and hoped, when we were landed, to see many wonderful things. My mother's decision to take us to what I heard some one call "an English hotel" did not please me, but as we neared the place I saw a small monkey in a cocoa-nut tree across the street, and my spirits rose as I reflected that though this was an English hotel and we might have to have milk as usual, there was quite a chance that this time it would be *cocoa-nut* milk. Also, I felt that where there were monkeys in the trees there was still a chance for many things adventurous in the way of food. I shall never forget how crestfallen I was when we children were placed at a pleasant breakfast-table of ordinary arrangement and served *poached eggs on toast*. Later I discovered to my further chagrin that the monkey was secured by steel chain and was not actually a wild one.

We were soon put upon the slow-moving little train that was to carry us across to meet the Pacific steamer at Panama. Here at last I found the real pictures of my geography. A somewhat precarious rack, (I recall it more vividly from my home journey three years later), was laid through the treacherous swamp-lands, a rack whose every foot was said to have cost a human life, so unwholesome were the conditions under which it was constructed. On either side rose, tall and rank, the luxuriant verdure of the tropics; several varieties of palm, and strange trees and smaller plants. A number of the trees were conspicuous for their wealth of brilliant blossoms. There were little clearings with the thatched huts of natives, where the swarthy children ran about entirely unhampered by clothes, and once we saw a brawny man who was only swathed about the hips slip behind a line on which something was hanging, over which he could grin at us with less embarrassment.

As we neared the Pacific terminus of the road people spoke of the necessity of going as directly as possible to our ship, the "Sonora," as the much-dreaded Panama fever was then raging. We were hurried along like a flock of sheep and put into our new quarters where I made the delightful discovery as we swung out of the bay, that the water was quiet and no one need be sea-sick.

Eighteen days we spent on the "Son-

ora." We children were happy with the run of the decks for our games, and I was even permitted to join the "grown-ups" in simple games of cards.

The event of the greatest importance to me was our putting in at the Mexican port of Acapulco. It was one night after we children had all been put into our little calico night-gowns and had had our first nap, that I became suddenly conscious of unusual lights and unusual sounds outside of and below the port-hole of our state-room. I quickly sat up in my high berth, from which I could look through and down to the water. If I had been transported to Aladdin's cave I could not have been filled with greater amazement. I had gone to sleep in quiet and darkness, and here was a shimmering surface of water dotted with innumerable small crafts bearing flaring torches that played fantastically over everything, picturesque little cargoes of fruit and shells and gaudy birds, and swarthy, shrill-voiced, chattering boatmen. From time to time a torch would die down, and as its scattered sparks fell from the boat's bow, the boat with its burden would pass through various gradations of increasing weirdness until they sank into gloom. With the shriller cries there was a gentle under-tone from the splashing oars as the busy traffickers moved out and in among their fellows.

My mother explained that we were in Acapulco Bay. It was long before I slept again for I could not overcome my fear that by morning all would have vanished. The morning light did, indeed, blot out the charm of it, but there was much of interest as we lingered through the following day. When the night came upon us again an uncouth, cumbersome object moved out from the shore, and soon a peculiar rhythmic sound was heard at the ship's side, accompanied by a low chant that developed into a sort of boat-song. We were told that the ship was "taking on water." The natives were singing as they worked the great pump. We soon began to move and there was no further interruption until we reached San Francisco.

The year before, in the evening, in the light of the full moon, my father's ship had passed through the Golden Gate—that channel which is a "mountain-pass on which the sea breaks heavily"—but we entered the narrow way in the early morning, passing on to a city that was grey with the salt mist. However, we were indifferent to the somber light on the promontories on either side, and San Francisco was only, for us, the place where we would see our father again. It was a very happy family that was reunited that morning. Even the baby, recognizing the original of the photograph which had habitually hung above his crib, amiably joined in the welcome.

WE STARTED on to Nevada almost at once, and it was not till later that I became really acquainted with the beautiful San Francisco harbor, and with the city which an historian has happily described as "born a drowsy Spanish hamlet, fed on the intoxicants of a gold rush, and developed by an adventurous commerce."

We traveled by boat as far as Sacramento. From there we could see the Sierra Nevada mountains with the snow-covered peaks near where we were to cross them, while close about us was a wealth of cultivated flowers. On from there as far as Placerville, we travelled by stage. From time to time, as we drove along, we saw men working with pans on the borders of the streams. This was "placer-mining." They were sifting the particles of gold from the sand.

Placerville, the first mining town we had seen, we found an active village, with what my parents considered a fairly good hotel. We went into the dining-room through a wonderful bower of tea-roses, which reminded me of certain floral advertisements I had seen. The large vigorous vines were thickly matted, and were heavily laden with mammoth blossoms of clear yellow. The air was full of their fragrance, and we children hovered about them like bees.

It had been arranged that we should complete our journey by private conveyance, and presently we were comfortably packed into what, a few years later, would have been called a "Dayton," though it was perhaps more heavily built and more commodious.

From the valley of flowers, we steadily ascended, the verdure changing its character as the altitude increased. The road from Placerville was a toll-road, and a very fine one—much of it below the snow line was even *sprinkled*. It was generally of good width, though in certain places, by an arrangement of signals, teams waited for each other that they might not meet in a too narrow pass.

It was inspiring to see a stage dash by us. I think we children were a little envious of the gorgeous vehicle which seemed to us like a chariot—a smart Concord coach, vivid with color, drawn by six sleek, spirited horses, with a driver whose handling of the reins seemed simply magic. This stage service between Placerville, California, and Virginia City, Nevada, was said to be the most perfect in the world. But what dudes these drivers were!—with their long linen dusters, their large light felt hats, and their straw-colored gloves! It has been said that they "timed their grooms and their passengers by means of heavy gold chronometers held ostentatiously on the tips of their fingers." There was an

(Continued on page 384)



## Corbiestanes

(Continued from page 342)

that grew upon the farther side, but no bright ripple stirred the surface of the water; sullen and still it lay, and motionless as a sheet of slate. Lesley was passionately fond of water, and ran for the streams and artificial lakes as soon as she was taken to the London parks: but I noticed that she made no attempt to visit this dusky loch. She looked at it silently for a moment, and then passed to my other side and took my hand.

Her words were too few as yet to explain what she felt, but the touch of her cold fingers told me. There was a menace in the water,—or was it the hint of a past tragedy? Was the tale told, or was it still to tell?

We averted our eyes and hurried on, scampering, as Kenneth said when he met us on the steps, as if we'd seen a bogle. "Bogle!" I thought to myself, "this is the very haunt and home of bogles. They would breed naturally in Corbiestanes!" But I said nothing, and went about my morning's housekeeping duties, leaving the child with her father.

Alison's appearance was but little more prepossessing by day than it had been by night; but she was a superior person for her walk in life, and proved to have been in the family since the time of the Laird's grandmother.

She curtsied respectfully when I entered, bade me good-day, and asked me the conventional questions as to how the "bonny young leddy" and I had rested the previous night. The conventional questions—yes; but certainly not asked in the conventional manner. There was something of apprehension in the blue Highland eyes that watched for my answer, and when I mentioned carelessly that I had thought I heard my little daughter cry in the night, but on asking the nurse found I was mistaken, the very mouth twitched a little and there was the same strange glance backward over the shoulder. "An odd, uncanny old woman," I thought, "but she matches Corbiestanes as perfectly as if she'd been designed for it."

She seemed a little more human and ordinary when she asked for and received the latest news of the Laird, and she appeared pleased at my report of Ken's enjoyment of his dinner the previous night and his praises of the fresh eggs that morning. Still there obviously was a settled gloom upon her, and as obviously she was watching with great care whatever I said and did.

Ken made a lazy day of it, lounged and smoked and yawned prodigiously, and finally took a nap in the bare little drawing-room which had a quaint lat-

ticed window at one end with a platform beneath it. There was a spider-legged table on the platform where I first ordered tea to be laid, but on Ken's declaring that to look at the crumbling wall and the gaping window of the out-house beyond while he was eating would give him the blues, I had the tea service brought to the fire. I remarked, inwardly, though, that I'd never heard him fear the blues before, and wondered if he had begun to share my feelings in regard to Corbiestanes.

Lesley came in for tea, as usual, and was it that first day or the next?—I can scarcely remember now,—that she said, after a little, pointing to the quaint old window. "Who's the lady, mummy?" I started and looked, almost expecting to see a ghost in the old garden, but there was nothing there, only an odd effect of a hooded figure made by a neglected thorn bush. "There's nobody there, baby," I answered. "Lesley only sees the bushes moving when the wind blows."

The child looked up at me and then at the window again, as if only half convinced, but she said no more that day. Still the impression, or hallucination, or whatever you choose to call it, had evidently taken deep root, instantaneous though it had been, and the child was never brought to the drawing-room afterward while we were in the house but that she said sooner or later with her eyes on the window: "Lesley see pitty lady. Pitty lady in garden, mummy."

Ken told her more than once, quite severely, that she was not to say it again, for no one was there, and he asked me privately if I thought it possible that nurse Janet could have been filling the child's head with old wives' tales. "Scarcely," I answered, "Lesley is too little to understand them even if they were told. She is a nervous, imaginative child, and often has strange fancies. Let her alone and she'll probably forget. Who knows, any way, perhaps she *does* see something!"

"Pooh, Elsie," said Kenneth, striding away; "you're as nervous as a witch now-a-days, and you'll be afraid of your own shadow before long!"

THERE was a gay letter from the Laird next morning asking Ken for a week's shooting to one of the grand Highland estates where he had liberty to bring a friend. The Laird, you know, was one of those "penniless lads wi' a lang pedigree," in which Scotland abounds, and he seemed to be able to call cousins with half the titles in the

Highlands. "My love to Mistress Elsie," the letter closed, "and I hope my lint-locked wean is growing strong at Corbiestanes."

"She *is* better, isn't she?" said Ken, a little anxiously, looking at Lesley over the letter as she blew bubbles of milk in her silver mug.

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I'm sure she must be. And how splendid that you should have such an invitation! We seem to be very popular with our friends this summer." So saying, I hurried away lest I disgrace myself and beg Kenneth not to leave us. That was my first unregenerate impulse springing from those ignorant years of maidenhood before I learned that man is not yet a wholly domesticated animal, and that there are times when the savage instinct in him, to wander, to hunt, to fish, to mark down his prey and pursue it, must positively be appeased.

So I let him go, and resolved to have Lesley moved to my room in his absence.

The child slept by my side that night peacefully and tranquilly, and yet there certainly was a cry, a fretful, wailing cry in the house somewhere. I asked Alison next morning if there was a child about, but she answered with the same twitching mouth and repressed manner: "No, mam; not at all, mam; you'd be hearing the shutters creak. There's many a sound in an auld house like this, at night, mam."

Dauvit, Alison's spouse, who was as deaf as a post, an adder, and a had-dock combined, was quite useless for conversation, but delighted to drive the fat pony and jog about with baby and me, and, when we were on the road to Balweary, or out on the moor, we were perfectly bright and happy. I really think, though, if left to herself, that Lesley would rather have stayed in the mouldering garden, for she was a highly imaginative child and had framed for herself an invisible playmate who trusted her by the bed of forget-me-nots under the thorn hedges, and with whom she had apparently interminable conversations.

"What is she like, Lesley?" I asked one day; "the little girl you play with in the garden?"

"Dust baby," she lisped. "Nithe 'ittle baby. Lesley bwing her to thee mummy. Lesley yike p'ay wiv' baby."

Lesley had entertained imaginary playmates before, as every child without brothers or sisters is apt to do, but never one whose charms lured her from her mother's side so often, and I did not half



like the long plays in the deserted garden, while I particularly objected to the climb up the ruined wall and the peeping into the yawning window of the deserted outhouse, which seemed to make a feature of each day's program. I finally forbade this altogether, which cost Lesley a fit of crying and a labored explanation that "'tittle dirl yike go there."

"No matter," I said somewhat severely; "let the little girl go there if she pleases, but Lesley must mind mummy."

Was it that evening,—I think so,—that nurse came to my room and said, half apologetically: "I got quite a fright when I came upstairs from supper tonight, mam."

"How was that, Janet?" I asked.

"Why, mam, I went to look if Miss Lesley was covered, and I thought I saw a lady in a light blue cloak sitting beside the bed. I gave a start, for I thought some stranger had crept in; but when I came nearer there was no one there at all."

"Why, how strange, Janet!" I cried. "That room gets dark early, and the candle must have been flickering; but I wonder why you thought you saw light blue?"

"Indeed, I couldna say, mam," said Janet. "And I hope there'll be naething wrong with my eyes, for it's twice before I've thought I've seen a lady in a light blue cloak in the passage, and when I came near, there was jist naething. I've no taste for these old houses, begging your pardon, mam; and 'tis a place where anything might happen," and she looked over her shoulder fearfully.

"Nonsense, Janet!" I cried. "You won't say so when you taste Alison's good parritch and cream to-morrow morning." But, though I silenced her thus and bade her good night, I could not shake off the uneasiness her words gave me.

There was still another feature about the strange shadow hanging over Corbiestanes. There was a long avenue, you remember, to the entrance gate, and, in the early evening, just before it was time to dress for dinner, Kenneth was accustomed to run down and get the letters which the postman had just left. This duty fell upon me in his absence, for nurse was putting Lesley to bed at that time, Alison preparing dinner, and Dauvit serving as her assistant. I can scarcely explain it, but I dreaded that walk all day long, and would have given any money to avoid it, had that been possible. At the same point every night, as I reached the loch, an overpowering feeling of fear came over me. I had a sensation as if someone was walking behind me, close enough to lay his hand on my shoulder, and yet I was afraid to turn and look. I was ashamed of my folly: I would not yield to it:

and yet, when Ken returned, brown and vigorous from his week's sport, I was as glad to see him because I should no longer have that ghastly walk, as for any other reason.

He did not seem altogether satisfied with Lesley's looks, thought she was rather pale, quieter than usual, and noted that she ate but poorly.

"You've been letting her stay indoors too much, Elsie," he complained that afternoon; "or in this gloomy old garden that gives you the creeps just to look at. Perhaps it's because I've been on the moor for a week in the sunshine,—but none of you seem up to much. You are mum as a mouse,"—this rather irritably,—"and what in the name of

### SHADOW MUSIC

IT'S not the wind I hear, it's not the leaves  
But something of both wind and leaf, it  
seems

In these orchestral halls of silence weaves  
The music that forever haunts my dreams.  
As silver-frail as star-dust on a hill,  
As faint as moon-waves washing through  
the grass,  
Its song has sounded down the years—and  
still  
Across my heart its chords like shadows  
pass.

It lured me with a gay capriccio,  
I danced its tarantellas like a sprite—  
Oh, now I wonder why it quivers so!  
*Do shadows make no music in the night?*  
It's not the leaves I hear, it's not the wind,  
But love, the Shadow Music of the mind.  
—Henri Faust.

Jupiter is the matter with that old woman, Alison? She leaped when she saw me last night as if I'd been a ghost out of the wainscoting. The Laird asked me while we were shooting how we liked Corbiestanes, and I said it was a pipe-dream, and I believe now it is—and the wrong kind!"

I laughed at this, for it was comforting to find he was not too sensible to share my feelings, and was going on to say that I too was a little anxious about Lesley, when he exclaimed, looking at his watch: "It's just time for the letters. Come on; walk down with me, Elsie," and he held out his hand. I took it, and we were setting out together when he said, half-smiling, and in a lowered voice: "I can't explain just why this always seems such an uncanny walk to me. I believe I'm turning into an old granny in the air of my ancestors, for I invariably feel, when I get under those trees, as if some one was walking over my grave."

"Kenneth," I exclaimed just then, only half hearing his last words, "Why, who is that, coming up the avenue?"

"Where?" he questioned, looking about in surprise.

"Why, there: that lovely girl in the long blue cloak."

"I see no lovely girl, unless it's you," he answered, gazing about him.

"Don't you see any one by the loch?" I cried;—"a girl in blue? Why, where is she? I saw her a minute ago as plainly as I see you."

"Elsie," said my husband, half in vexation and half in amusement, "your liver is certainly out of order, or nurse's tales have infected you. There's no one here but us two, and we'll be somewhere else before long, if this goes on."

After one of Alison's good dinners that night, I was half disposed to believe that I had seen nothing either, or nothing that could not easily be explained, and next morning a domestic disaster occurred, for nurse, who had a ne'er-do-well husband occasionally appearing and bringing woe to our household, was telegraphed for to be present at his deathbed. She set off in tears, more at leaving her charge, I thought, than at her prospective loss, and begged me before she went to keep my eye constantly on Lesley, "For I'm not caring for this auld hoose, mam, that I am not; nor for that auld wife, neither," and she looked distrustfully at Alison.

Alison, who could not hear her words, watched her every movement and seemed unfeignedly glad when Dauvit and the fat pony bore her away.

"We'll be best by ourselves, mam," she said, turning to me in her strange way. "Pairsons of that class don't understand these auld hooses, mam, nor these auld families," and she waited with a mysterious glance for my answer. What could she mean? I said no word; but I wondered if she was sounding me to find out what I had really seen and heard.

Kenneth, who seemed decidedly apprehensive about Lesley, kept her away from the garden and out on the hill with him until luncheon, when they came in, apparently in high spirits. Afterward, however, he asked me abruptly: "Who's this child, Elsie, that baby's been asking for,—the one that plays with her in the garden?"

"There is no child, dear," I answered: "It's just one of Lesley's imaginary playmates. She thinks she sees her come out of that little building there with the creepers on it, and she makes believe play with her under the hedge."

"Well, I don't like it," he said, stalking about the room with his hands in his pockets. "It isn't healthy; it's morbid as the devil; it gave me the creeps to hear Lesley talk about it. Look here, Elsie, this place is doing the child no good. Let's be off tomorrow, bag and baggage, now that Janet's gone, and try the sea-shore, or some place where there are other children."



My heart gave a leap of delight. "But how will you explain it to the Laird?" I faltered.

"I shan't try," said Kenneth, brusquely. "We'll just tell him we've gone, and let him explain it himself. There's a good deal about this old rat-trap of a house that needs explanation," and here he looked around him uncomfortably.

IT was that night again, as we went for the letters—I shall never forget it—that I saw once more the flutter of the pale blue cloak in the avenue. We were not thinking of it in the least, that I can affirm, for we were balancing the respective claims of Brighton and Bournemouth to our favor. I stood still and grasped Ken's hand, and he stopped as suddenly, with every nerve in his body quivering. I could feel the quiver, and his wide-open eyes showed that he saw her too. She stood halfway down the avenue, looking directly at us,—a lovely young creature with dark falling hair and a dress and cloak of forget-me-not blue. Her expression was most wretched, most appealing; it seemed to cry out for help with a cry so bitter and so urgent that the tears started to my eyes in answer. It was but a second, the flicker of an eyelash, and we saw her running towards the loch, her dark hair streaming behind her. I cried out in agony, and with the cry she was gone as utterly as if she had never been. Ken and I stood there with the quaint firs moaning over us and looked at each other in silence.

"There are more things in heaven and earth," said he, slowly, shaking his head, "than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and the Lord have mercy on that poor

girl's soul, whoever she is or was."

We walked back together to the old house, holding hands and silent, but the fear and oppression, strangely enough, seemed gone from my soul. Was it because heart spoke to heart in the long appealing look the lovely creature gave me, and she knew that I sympathized in her anguish of long ago? It may have been. I only know that I was calm and self-possessed that night, and even when Lesley was fretful at bedtime and cried for "pitty lady to tum and thing to her," I heard the words without a tremor. "Pitty lady tum every night," sobbed Lesley; "thing 'Hush-a-by, lammie!'"

"Poor creature," I mused. "Where was her own baby? Did they take it from her? And has she been coming to my little one for comfort through all these weeks? Never mind, Lesley," I said, as I held her closer, my own, my treasure that no one could take from me, "never mind; mummy will sing," and as I hushed her to sleep I thought of the mystery of motherhood, and of the yearning hearts beyond the grave that still must yearn for human love and sympathy.

Kenneth had told Alison himself of our departure, and said that she had received the news in absolute silence; but she broke down completely when I went to bid her good-bye.

"'T is all to live over again, mam; all to live over again!" she sobbed. "My bonny young leddy will brak her hairt to have this wee lammie taken from her as they took the first one!"

"What bonny young leddy, Alison?" I asked, curiously. "Tell me what you mean." But she would tell me nothing

and only sobbed behind her apron.

No questions could have been heard by Dauvit, even if they had been asked, and he only sighed portentously all the way to the station, and drove away again with bent head.

It was a dejected trio that left Balweary, and for days Kenneth and I sat on the sands and watched Lesley at play, brightening a little as she grew to seem more normal and ceased to ask at bedtime for the "pitty lady."

We grew anxious as time passed without hearing from the Laird, and it was nearing the end of our holiday before at last a letter came. It was postmarked Balweary, and I knew what news it held before I opened it. Yes, Alison was dead. A second paralytic stroke had descended the day of our departure, and Dauvit had found her unconscious on his return. She had revived somewhat, it seemed, the Laird had been sent for, and she had improved enough to talk a little before her death.

"I learned some bits of family history at her bedside unknown to me before," wrote the Laird; "and I have decided to sell Corbiestanes and pension old Dauvit from the proceeds. Alison told me, as best she could with her poor twisted lips, the wretched story of my distraught and unhappy cousin; and if she still must walk the halls of her ancestors in search of the child they took from her, I shall not be there to hear her footsteps. I never want to see again the old garden where she used to stand among the flowers."

And so the letter ended abruptly as it began, and never again in the years that followed did we three speak to one another of that gaunt old house in the North.

## Romance of the Adobe

(Continued from page 349)

sion, or paced the shore of the bay, below the Customs House, where the fishing boats lay, there can be little doubt. Could he not visualize the old order of things, the baile, the serenader with his guitar beneath the grated window, the holiday crowd at the adobe theater?—the first theater in California. Perhaps, too, by virtue of the magic that was his, he repopulated the old town, bringing back "the caballeros, the great Spanish landowners, the senoras, the senoritas—their wives and daughters, the peons, and the Indian herders" who sometimes adventured to town, "the Commandante of the military post, in crimson and gold, riding at the head of his leather-jacketed soldiers," the

padre in the brown habit of the Franciscan Order—common dust, these long years, in the campo santo.

A fisherman with whom Stevenson walked and talked, with whom he sailed, a man whose family name was a part of the romance of the adobe days, said of Stevenson:

"Senor, but the man was crazy! He sit in my boat, senor, and look in the water, and look and look. I, too, but I see nothing. Si, senor—me, I think he is loco. I say to him: 'Shall we go outside?' And he nod his head, and drag his hand in the water. Fish? No, senor. Why, then, should he hire my boat if not to fish?"

"I say to him: 'Shall we go back?'"

And he don't give the dam'. Of a certainty he is muy loco. But me, I don't care. I like that man.

"And look you, senor! He would go away from this place. Why, then, should a man leave one place for another? Me, I go one time to San Rafael. Pronto, I come back. But the Senor Stevenson, he goes—and he does not come back."

The Spanish caballero, the stately senora of the mantilla, la senorita of the shy glance, the serenader under the grated window, "the Commandante and his leather-jacketed soldiers"—they, too, have gone, not to return. But—we are here, and:

"To us an heritage she gave;

'Tis ours to cherish, ours to save."



# Shepherd Basques of California

(Continued from page 344)

Raking in a long pit of red ashes, they draw therefrom a ponderous pot which steams of a mighty stew; raking further, they draw forth a dozen double pans; these being separated disclose huge molds of crusted bread the size of grindstones. Bowls of soup are set around the rough table indoors, and a cup of sour claret poured into each bowl. Our plates are piled with stew; a jagged portion of the tough French bread is laid beside each plate. The mutton's head, a prized delicacy soon bereft of tongue, flesh and brains, gazed sad-eyed on this boisterous feast.

*Basques* drink wine from ebony-mounted bottles resembling shot-pouches. One flask passes among all present; no lip touches it; a violation of this rule by visitors is sure to bring muttered disapproval. Holding this yielding flask in both hands at arms length above his head, the *Basque* shoots a quill-sized stream of wine into his mouth. Moving to the accompaniment of a shouting chorus, my own efforts in this quaint art at last proved reasonably successful; before my stay was over I also had grown enamoured of this most sanitary mode of drinking.

Candles standing in bottles light the smoky half-gloom. An accordion, a French harp, and a damaged snare drum are produced; the drum, it is explained, having suffered much through a too strenuous observance of our Glorious Fourth. Lively French songs, melancholy Spanish songs, plaintive *Basque* airs, creep up the alien sky. Oft-filled flasks mock the lean wineless days of the valleys. The tumult grows. Tense young fellows spring across the floor, whirling, advancing, retreating; their white teeth gleaming, their fingers snapping the staccato of absent castinets. Abetting laughter sounds and a rhythmic stamp of heavy feet.

**W**INE POUCH at elbow, the more sober spirits smoke, sing and played strange games of cards. Thus their simple peasant revel mars away. Far up the darkening sky glow the campfires of the herders, like low-hung rosy stars. From the rocks a coyote howls; the bravest sheep-dog puppy answers him. And now to bed,—a pile of fragrant hay tossed on the floor, long-wooled sheepskins over it, soft, woolly smelling blankets over me; and so to sleep, my blistered face well smeared with mutton tallow.

In the morning this rough womanless camp wakes to gipsy-like activity; saddles to mend; shoes to hobnail and sole; puppies to train; pelts to cure with milk

and endless rubbing. On the rocks above, horsemen appear, dragging dry wood for the cook pits. Pack-mules stand loaded with salt for the sheep, provisions, wine and one of the great cheese-shaped loaves of bread. With these, camp tenders set off, each to seek at some distant *rendevous* his herder, and the band of sheep: bearing also to the solitary boy that gift most precious,—the voice and manner of his far-off home.

Now begins the making of the famous sour-dough bread. A sack of flour, a pail of water, and a great pan are set within easy reach along the kitchen floor. Aproned with flour bagging, huge arms bared, the cook kneels to his task. The bit of hoarded sour-dough is thinned to a milky liquid, flour is dumped unsifted into it, and then ensues a mighty pummeling, and pushing, and tossing, the like of which no housewife ever saw. The windows rattle; a white dust snows on all around. At last, already light with captured air, the dough is set away. Bread-making seems a gladsome ceremony in which all love to take part. With great pans swabbed in mutton-tallow, a file of *Basques* receive the moulded loaves and set them to rise in warmth and safety—on their beds!

Down huge slopes wavers a glinting line,—a flock bound for the sorting pens. Here a sheep, moving through a narrow lane, suddenly finds a gate shut in his face; a gate swung open at his shoulder. He springs aside, to stand corraled with other sheep of his exact age, sex and brand; the door swings shut behind him. For hours the woolly backs stream down that path of destiny,—the wethers toward the distant markets, the strong ewes to the upper ranges, and the worn mothers of the flock to choicer feeding grounds, where, slow-traveling, they may regain their strength.

Over empty barns, stout corrals, and boulder-walled meadows, over the great unkempt ranch itself, lingers a spirit of cattle days and cattle men. Now the ditches are dry, the mountain brook follows an ancient bed; mules graze the hay lands; the spreading ranchhouse is become a transient camp. All such mountain homesteads, the *Basques* tell me, are passing to the sheep men. They take the water and the strategic positions. I picture here another blue-eyed cattleman, gone, Esau-like, with his mess of pottage.

Through peaceful days following, a hidden lore unfolds of sweet and bitter herbs, of pure and deadly waters. The ruling of the stars inclines the shepherds' ways,—sets them a time to sear, to geld, to wean. With dark herders in lonely

passes I sense the swift answering intelligence of the dogs, when whistled signals drifted from band to band through the linked wilderness.

At last, storm and menace in the air, the flocks ebb toward the East. The rams join in the fleeing rout; and winter following buries the mountain pastures. Safe on the low level of the Nevada desert, the sheep graze the untouched, ripened herbage, a burning climate has conserved for them.

Here, in the light snow, week long camps are established, provisions stored; and, swinging in arcs of a ten mile circle, the bands come nightly to the central fires. Under dry snows, a hummocked field of white, the flocks sleep safe and warm. Wet snows are what the shepherds dread; and ghastly tales they tell, of sodden, ice-rimmed thousands lost. At best the winter takes a heavy toll, of old, and weak, and crippled. The sheep men shrug their shoulders. Around their fires they sometimes whisper of herders murdered; how, strange to tell, the dead men's scalps were taken; dark stories they tell of herders gone mad with loneliness.

Spring sees the long-wooled flocks again creep westward, following the sweet, new grasses; and in some green sheltered valley, they rest and bear their lambs. By day and night the shepherds nurse their flocks aiding the weak, warming the cold, feeding the hungry. Through the incessant babel of the band they hear the bleat of the ewe whose young lies dead; the cry of the orphaned lamb. The dead lamb's skin is tied over the back of the little waif, and the mother, sniffing her own darling's wool, adopts him. Kidnapping and desertions are frustrated, triplets and twins parcelled out. At last, each ewe leading a lamb, the band moves upward through rich pastures toward the shearing pens.

A motley crew the shearers,—“bucaroos”, Indians, homesteaders; and from these jovial barbers the sheep escape, slim, leggy caricatures fresh branded; the ewe lambs leaving all their tails behind them, the wethers leaving only half. Now, loaded with sacks of wool, great freight wagons toil toward the railroad, fifty, a hundred miles away. The sale of the wool must pay the wages and upkeep of the herders for a year.

**T**HE long white wave of sheep sweeps leisurely westward. The young lambs celebrate their ancient games,—threading the cliff in fantastic procession, weaving mystic dances in the grass. Blent with the raucous bleating

(Continued on page 377)





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### Cornelia Stratton Parker

*PORTS and Happy Places* is the luring title under which Mrs. Cornelia Stratton Parker tells how she and her two young sons saw Europe. "Travel books are fun if you've never traveled to the places described," she says, "and still more fun if you have." Many readers varying her words will say,

"Books are fun if you know nothing about the author, but still more fun if you know."

*Ports and Happy Places* will appeal to very many people in the bay region where Cornelia Stratton grew up, attended the State University, and was married to Carlton Parker, the young idealist who saw as deeply, perhaps, as anyone has seen, into the question of labor and capital, and who, because of his understanding did much to harmonize factions. He died in Seattle working to the last on a difficult problem of adjustment between employers and employed.

In *An American Idyl* Cornelia Stratton Parker has told the story of their ideally happy years together, their buoyant joy in life and love, their defiance of poverty, their struggles exemplified in deed rather than in word to make this old world a better place to live in.

The way in which an editor accepted the manuscript of *An American Idyl* makes a real Christmas story. Left without means, a widow with three little children, she poured out the story of those priceless years of young joy and effort. She then mailed the manuscript to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which had published some of Professor Carlton Parker's writings.

"I think you will not want this", she wrote, but if you must return it, please don't send it till after Christmas." It was her first Christmas alone.

The end of the story is for the people who contend that editors have no hearts. A special delivery letter was brought to her late Christmas night—acceptance—a check—the letter timed by the editor so

as to reach her on Christmas, though he had not taken into account the North Berkeley hill which delayed the delivery. The two-part autobiography in the *Atlantic* attracted much attention and was soon published in book form.

Subsequently Mrs. Parker went East and followed up her husband's achievements by studying the problem of the unskilled worker at first hand. The result of her experiences as a worker in a laundry, and in various factories, she published in the magazines. Her stories too, have appeared from time to time. *Jennie the Joyful* is now running in *Pictorial Review*.

*Ports and Happy Places* is as the jacket tells us, autobiographical in the vein of *An American Idyl*.

Mrs. Parker had three reasons for writing the book. The first justifies the informal tone.

"All my personal correspondence has gone so fearfully by the board, it seemed the only way of letting friends and relatives know what has been happening to us the last twenty months." Her second reason was to refute the idea that it is not wise to take American children abroad, and her third reason was that which would have been Carlton Parker's own:

"Of course if you don't feel that one of the crying needs of America—especially will it be true of the generation to which our children belong—is a deeper understanding of Europe, its peoples, its problems—if you don't feel that—well, I wouldn't know what to say."

When the Glarisegg vacations came, Mrs. Parker left the little daughter with a friend and took the two boys "for our first experiment at seeing the world."

"I suppose those who are wont to travel conventionally would actually be pained by a recital of our methods." The pain will sometimes come from laughter at Mrs. Parker's hilarious accounts of how an intrepid woman and two lively boys and three rucksacks saw Europe, but you must read those parts for yourself.

At Bremen "to our hot weary joys we discovered a Charlie Chaplin film across the street from the station, only to be told they allowed no children under eighteen in the movies in Germany. Goodness knows I'm all for that. It's worth bringing children to Europe if for nothing else than to get them away from the eternal movie pull at home. Switzerland allows no children under ten in the movies, and between ten and sixteen they must be accompanied by adults.

"In our customary state of hunger we sat down at the sidewalk table for a hurry supper. The waiter said they had cheese sandwiches, ice cream, or chocolate. I said 'bring all three. 'Ach, gracious lady,' he fairly wept, 'they do not mix! 'Bring them anyhow.' I said, 'the responsibility's mine.'" He wrung his hands and eyed us anxiously from time to time. He knows we died soon after. That night we slept in Heilbronn."

Many will be interested in Mrs. Parker's account given here of the German Youth Movement. "As soon as we returned from the German trip I wrote an article on the German Youth movement. When there is so much discouraging going on in Europe, it is just as well to give a bit of publicity to such constructive signs as show their heads above the mess." It is estimated that more than half of the youth of Germany is definitely organized. Mrs. Parker considers the movement ethical, "an idealistic revolt against the materialistic mess the world finds itself in. The world is richer for the spirit of thousands of boys and girls, young men and women, revolting against the superficialities and mediocrities and tyrannies of modern civilization. The youth movement stands practically solid against alcohol, narcotics, prostitution."

Mrs. Parker's first acquaintance with the movement was accidental.

The Hospiz which had been recommended to them was in such a locality that the worthy inhabitants of Tübingen felt justified in directing us only three blocks at a time. Should we reach that



complicated and twisted point, we could ask another inhabitant how to proceed from there.

"Arrival at the Hospiz, the kindly *Wirt* informed us it was entirely occupied and always was; with the air of, 'If you had written a year in advance, it would not have helped in the least.'

"But we had to find a place to sleep!

"He eyed us, the three small boys (her nephew had joined them) and me, the mother of two of them, and our four ruck-sacks.

"Are you traveling alone without your parents?"

"That was flattering to one of my advanced years. I love the *Wirt*.

"You can try the *Jugengherberge*."

and he directed us on up the hill toward the castle. The building itself was a rather small low many-sided affair built into the castle wall and extending far down the precipitious hillside. Were we going to be able to sleep in part of an old castle? There were three exclamations of *Oh Boy!*

"How much would the beds be?"

Yes, as foreigners, we would have to pay six marks. Otherwise it would be four. She was sorry.

"Naturally my face looked queer. Whose wouldn't nowadays, to be told one could get a bed for a bit over a cent? But the old dame thought it was dismay. The boys were wearing their Swiss school tans.

"So—so, are they *Schuler*? asked the woman.

"Yes, in a Swiss L. E. H.

"So—then for them it would be only four marks a bed."

"And naturally I wondered what in the world a *Jugendherberge* was. So I talked that night with the housekeeper. She gave me literature on the subject—She gave me a list of all the *Jugendherbergen* in Germany, so that we could sleep every night in one. But that is not a thing a person of American dollars can do with good conscience, even though one paid according to other standards. *Jugendherbergen* are not for

MRS. Belloc

Lowndes

the

English author

famous

for her

detective stories



From a portrait by Lady Lavery

tourists. They are for the youth of Germany who can afford nothing else."

The humor, the naive admissions, the childlike frankness, add to the interest of *Ports and Happy Places*. The author refuses to put her best foot foremost, or even to admit that one foot is better than the other, a joyous democracy of mind as refreshing as a glass of mountain spring water. One may criticize this presentation or that omission, or point out faults of various kinds; but read it at bedtime, and waken next morning with a happy sense of having just come from Stein am Rhein or Fiesole or Granada, for Cornelia Stratton Parker has the ability to put her impressions into the reader's mind with a negligible loss from the medium of cold print.

Laura Bell Everett

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES

An American Mother and Her Sons

See Europe

Illustrated by Photographs

BONI AND LIVERIGHT, NEW

YORK, 1924

## WHO IS GUILTY?

THIS MYSTERY TALE by Mrs.

Belloc Lowndes is bound to hold the reader's interest until the last page is turned. Not that the mystery remains a mystery to that point—if the reader is of average intelligence he has taken short cuts and arrived at the solution far in advance of the detectives—but the story is so well told, so really interesting with its charming love theme, that there is no inclination to lay the book aside.

Mrs. Belloc has written many successful stories in which crime and its detection form the chief motif, but she is firmly convinced that practically all crime finds its inception in the love of man for woman—or woman for man—and in consequence these motifs parallel each other throughout her writings.

THE TERRIFORD MYSTERY,  
by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Doubleday,  
Page & Co., \$2.00 net.

## UNCONQUERED ABYSSINIA

AFRICA has always been a land of romance, a setting for tales of adventure and mystery. As the world has grown smaller, foot by foot the deserts, the jungles, the mountain fastnesses, have been penetrated, until today's generation knows the one time "Dark Continent" almost as thoroughly as its own Main Street. But there is one section of the romantic land which still retains much of its mystery; the country from which the Queen of Sheba set forth on her visit to King Solomon, which gave shelter to the prophet Mahomet, which sent forth its fleets to far-off India and whose armies subjugated a part of Arabia—Abyssinia still holds aloof from

the world.

Charles F. Rey, F. R. G. S., has lived in Abyssinia, and in this most interesting volume gives at first hand a vivid picture of the little known land. He says in his introduction:

"It is far from easy to convey a really accurate idea of the state of evolution of this strange land, for it is such a quaint blend of the modern, the mediaeval and the ancient, and the impressions it leaves are so kaleidoscopic, that a clear and definite picture of the country or the people as a whole is difficult of attainment. One meets with violent contrasts. Compare the culture of Ras Tafari and his wife, the former so advanced as to read the latest Bolshevik

works, giving luncheon parties with a European menu and an excellent wine list, and then, perhaps the next day, the royal banquet of 15,000 men devouring raw meat; the railway running into Addis Ababa, and within a few hundred yards a man having his hand or foot amputated for theft; native tailors working busily with the latest type of sewing machine, under the shadow of their fellow-countrymen hanging on trees in the market place; a reception of Europeans and Abyssinians at the palace graced by cigarettes, coffee and liquors, and in a field near by priests dancing before the Ark of the Covenant; the peasants almost within Addis Ababa ploughing with the same implements that



were used 2000 years ago, whilst bills are being discounted on Paris and Bombay. 'The mosaic law, the feudal system, and the most modern ideas jostle each other throughout, and the introduction of the new does not appear to displace, but to survive side by side with the old in the life of a nation that, to quote a recent writer, is young today, though it was powerful when the book of Genesis was written, and was Christian when our ancestors still worshipped Thor and Odin.'

Mr. Rey takes his readers entertainingly through a liberally illustrated volume of more than 300 pages; dealing with the history, the customs and practices, the government and religion of the country. The chapters on slavery, on the army, and on travel, are particularly interesting. The book is a valuable one for the student. It is of interest to the casual reader.

**UNCONQUERED ABYSSINIA**, by Charles F. Rey, F. R. G. S., J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, \$5.00 net.

#### "GALLOPING DAWNS"

"GALLOPING DAWNS" is a novel which directly and simply portrays the eternal struggle that youth and years have in endeavoring to obtain a common viewpoint. Mr. Tuckerman has shown remarkable capability in gaining and keeping the reader's sympathies with Mr. Dulac and his impetuous modern daughter Beryl as well. One is a bit reminded of the technical construction of Mr. Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl," but the love element has more play under Mr. Tuckerman's able pen, and we feel that great happiness and satisfaction are in store in the years to come through the blending of Beryl's aristocratic lineage with the modern briskness of Frank Haubern's splendid freedom. "There is nothing novel in the struggle between the ideas of the young and old. Even Ovid deplores the manners of the young men of his age with those of his own youth. It is growing old tolerantly and gracefully that one must do—so says the beloved one of Lawrence Dulac's own youth, and by careful sympathetic characterization does Mr. Tuckerman have us feel that his people grow old gracefully. One feels the atmosphere of the modern as well as the past and enjoys the story of daily life of the protagonists. We feel that many readers will be glad, indeed, to become acquainted with this very lovable human father and his two daughters, and perhaps benefit in their problems by the solving of their troubles of the Dulacs by Mr. Tuckerman.

—Helen Crawford

*Galloping Dawns*, by Arthur Tuckerman, Doubleday, Page and Company, 1924. Price \$2.



Christopher Morley and Don Marquis Collaborate

#### TROUBLE

**THAT'S THE RESULT** when "Pandora Lifts the Lid." Pandora is a modern young girl, though possibly with more of romance in her make-up than the cynically disillusioned school girls of the day. Pandora has convictions, however mistaken, and she has enterprise also. The mixture makes for complications which carry on through a mysterious disappearance of Pandora and her friends from an exclusive girls' school, the marooning of her would-be rescuers, search for treasure, bootleggers, hi-jackers and what-not, to a most satisfactory ending for everybody concerned—including Pandora and the reader.

The tale, which is really a delightfully fresh and interesting conception, is the product of Christopher Morley and Don Marquis in collaboration. There is humor and poetry and a world of interest. Maybe someone can figure out which author wrote this chapter or that.

Of the writing of the story, the publishers have this to say:

The exact truth of the matter, confessed to by both Christopher Morley and Don Marquis, co-authors of the romance, is that they met at lunch one day at the Players

in New York. Each discovered to the other his extreme singleness of purpose. It was to get some money.

After selecting their simple repast of three courses and seven heroines, they proceeded to discuss the entree and the plot. The plot on this occasion progressed as far as a publisher's office and was successful in extracting a sum of money.

Nothing remained but to write the romance, which, it was agreed, should be called "Pandora Lifts the Lid." Mr. Morley undertook to furnish the feminine psychology from memories of his days at Oxford when there were no flappers but plenty of charming young wimps with whom the Oxford undergraduates took Psychology 17. Mr. Marquis insisted on the yacht, having once written a work called "The Cruise of the Jasper B." Mr. Morley pointed out that he knew something about sailing, as evidenced by his "Where the Blue Begins." Mr. Marquis tit-tatted by saying that he was an authority on falling overboard, owing to his experience with "The Old Soak."

Thus, one thing leading to another, the book was written. It is now published in a jacket so gay that no one who knows good form will appear in a yachting cap this summer without a copy of Pandora under his arm. (Of course, if you are wearing knickers, you will carry P. G. Wodehouse's Golf Without Tears. But, as Mr. Morley used to say when he edited "The Bowling Green," that's another column.)

**PANDORA LIFTS THE LID**, by Christopher Morley and Don Marquis. George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND CIVILIZATION

**THE HISTORY** of a people is very much influenced by the geographical conditions of the country. Physical environment is perhaps the clue to political and aesthetic development.

"Economic Geography," writes John McFarlane of the University of Aberdeen in his scholarly treatise, "may be defined as the study of the influence exerted upon the economic activities of man by his physical environment, and

more especially by the form and structure of the surface of the land, the climatic conditions which prevail upon it, and the place relations in which its different regions stand to one another."

Thus we learn from a perusal of "Economic Geography" that in the mountain areas, a different type of civilization develops from that in the lowlands. Dense population can only be found in the plains having a favorable climate, where agriculture, commerce, and industry are possible.

The historians who emphasize the



materialistic conception of history are having their theories well substantiated by the researches of geographers. Not that climate and soil and geographic location tell the whole story, but they help to explain in part the reasons for historical evolution.

—Anna Dondo.

*ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY*, by John McFarlane, second edition. New York, Isaac Pitman and Sons, \$3.00.

### EVE'S FRUIT

**I**T WAS the tree of knowledge and the fruit thereof, to say nothing of the curiosity of woman, which, so we are told, brought misery to a hitherto happy world. It is improbable that Helen Hoyt had the Biblical story in mind when she gave to her new volume of verse the title "Apples Here in My Basket." And, of course, we are told now that the forbidden fruit was not an apple anyway, so there is doubtless no connection at all.

The publishers say of Miss Hoyt that "—she has been relentless in casting aside conventional attitudes and obscuring prejudices." Certainly she has cast aside in her expression here much of that reticence which has been a part of woman since the world began. It may be that nothing today is sacred, that there is no experience of life which should be veiled from the peering world. That at least seems to be Miss Hoyt's belief if the reader may judge from the personal expression in this volume.

That aside, there is charm in the beautiful simplicity of the poems. Free in

form, there is still music. Miss Hoyt knows the poet's tools. If she could forget sex consciousness, could realize that the greatest poets of all time have attained greatness with other themes, she might herself find assured place among American poets.

*APPLES HERE IN MY BASKET*, by Helen Hoyt. Harcourt Brace & Co., (No price given.)

### INDUSTRIAL ADJUSTMENT

**T**HE history of the industrial worker in the two decades preceding the Civil War is described in great minuteness by Dr. Norman Ware, professor of sociology of the University of Louisville, in "The Industrial Worker, 1840-60." This study won the first prize for 1923, offered each year by Hart, Schaffner and Marx for the best essay in economics.

The period of 1840 to 1860 was the transition period in the United States between the era of domestic economy and that of our specialized machine age. It was a painful process of adjustment from the good old way of working in the home, with gardening and farming on the side, to the fourteen-hour day in the factory, with absolute dependence for a livelihood on the good will and whim of the employer. And it was also a losing game at first, for "the share of the worker in the general prosperity was not commensurate with that of other factors in production."

Many were the attempts on the part of workers and reformers to shorten hours and increase wages, but all their

efforts came to naught. Horace Greeley, Robert Owen, Albert Brisbane, and others attempted by agitation and colonization to bring a measure of happiness to the industrial workers. But "the labor movement in America finished the period 1840-60 as it had begun—practically in nothingness," is the discouraging concluding sentence of the writer.

Anna Dondo

*THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER 1840-60* by Norman Ware, Ph. D., Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$2.50.

### THE AVALANCHE

**A** LOVE STORY which holds between its lines a greater interest than that of the struggle between Dorothea's love for her husband and her love for social success, is this brilliant novel by Ernest Poole, "The Avalanche."

Llewellyn Dorr is a young neurologist, the possessor of psychic power. To Dorothea, a modern society girl, this strange power is of value only as it may serve to bring to her husband and herself financial success. In her ignorance of these unknown forces and their operation, she wrecks her husband's career and brings to an end their marriage of a year.

The story is a powerful one, depicting the clash of the spiritual and the material, the struggle between the ideals of the man and the woman's ambition. The climax is dramatic, the ending unexpected. You may not like the story, but you will remember it.

*THE AVALANCHE*, by Ernest Poole. The MacMillan Company. \$2.00 net.

### A FORGOTTEN CITY

(Continued from page 359)

Harriet

Wife of J. B. Booth

Died August 28, 1859

Aged 25 years, 2 mo., 23 days

"DON'T CRY"

California's first Congressman, Edward Gilbert, a printer and writer, also lies at Lone Mountain. He was the first editor of the "Alta California," that famous sheet of the early days. Gilbert was killed in a duel near Sacramento in 1852 by Gen. James W. Denver, whom he had challenged. First buried at Yerba Buena cemetery, his body was removed in 1862 to the plot of the Typographical Union in Lone Mountain where a modest head-board still stands to his memory in the northwest corner of the plot.

Prominent among the eleven United States Senators who were buried at Lone Mountain is David C. Broderick. He also was killed in a duel, that famous affair with Judge Terry. Although a wealthy man, Broderick's monument

was raised largely by public subscription, the deficit being made up by the state legislature some years later. One of the more recent interments made at Lone Mountain was that of Senator John P. Jones, born in 1829, who lived to an advanced age. His ashes were recently brought here to Lone Mountain and placed in that costly vault of Colfax marble which he had erected more than fifty years ago.

Another editor to find place at Lone Mountain was James King of William, founder and editor of the Bulletin. He was moved to Cypress Lawn. It was his assassination by James Casey which directly led to the Vigilante government. Casey and Cora were executed by this body at the hour when King of William was being escorted to his grave. Casey lies in the neglected cemetery of the Mission Dolores, while Cora's monument stands in equally neglected Calvary above the bodies of Cora and his wife Belle. At Lone Mountain, too, is the grave of Mayor James Van Ness, who in the name of

law and order spoke so eloquently in the endeavor to save Casey and Cora.

Loring Pickering, an editor of the "Call," and George K. Fitch of the "Bulletin" are also buried here. John Bonner, for many years a contributor to the "Argonaut," and other journals of the time, lies here, as do the ashes of Ferdinand and Lawrence Vassault, both writers for the "Argonaut," and various eastern periodicals.

Many loved and famed writers of those days, in fact, are here at Lone Mountain. One of the contributors to the *Overland Monthly* of more than a half century ago, Judge Timothy H. Rearden, is here. A friend of Bret Harte and—later—of Ambrose Bierce, he was a talented man, a classical scholar, and a linguist of unusual versatility.

Samuel Woodworth, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," was brought here from the East for burial. The ivy-covered vault where for many years he rested is still owned by the family, but his ashes have been removed to another city.

(Continued on page 379)



## The "High-Graders"

(Continued from page 357)

get a more concentrated vision from the open one. After a minute or so of this pantomime, at which Ann could neither laugh nor cry, Mrs. Carson, too, dropped into a chair and faced her.

"Now, honey, tell me all about it," she demanded with the same authority a mother would have manifested toward a daughter who was holding out on her. "Come on now, spill it to Auntie."

"There isn't anything to say," Ann stammered, "What did you want me to say."

"I want you to tell me what he said and how he said it, and what you said," Mrs. Carson went on with stern authority.

"What who said, I don't understand?" Ann made a visible effort at perplexity.

"Why, Jimmy, of course," Mrs. Carson's voice had that note of triumph that might have been heard from some skilled attorney who had trapped a witness upon cross examination, "Come on now, I saw your hole card. You can't draw out on an old timer like me. What'd Jimmy say, and how'd he say it? Come on and tell Auntie. It'll do her almost as much good as bein' courted over again. Pete never was a very good courter. I had to do most of it, but he did first rate when I showed him how. I guess Pete wasn't what they call romantic." Mrs. Carson paused long enough to heave a sigh of resignation. "Was it that way with you and Jimmy? Did you have to do all the courtin', honey? If you did, it was too bad and—"

"No, I didn't," Ann had undergone that quick emotional transition from embarrassment to anger. She sat upright. Her hands clenched. Her face was flushed but with a coloring different from that of the previous moment. Her eyes were defiant, through the tears that she was trying to suppress. "No, I didn't have to do all the courting," she answered with a stamp of her foot for emphasis.

"There, there, honey," Mrs. Carson soothed. "I didn't mean to fluster you all up, but when I saw your whole card I just had to let you draw out and beat you. Don't get all riled up and hard boiled. I didn't know you could, and I don't like to see you do it."

Ann reached out her arms and clutched Mrs. Carson around the neck and began to cry. Mrs. Carson drew her close and with pats and words and caresses such as she might have bestowed upon her own daughter, had she been blessed with one, she assisted, more than retarded, Ann in shedding a copious amount of tears, for Mrs. Carson knew

tears of happiness from those of sorrow, even if they both looked and tasted like salt water.

A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Carson knew of many little incidents which had occurred during Jimmy Rawlins' wooing of Ann Dorr. She knew that Jimmy had asked Ann to marry him at once. Ann had promised, but not as to the immediate date.

"Why don't you do it now?" Mrs. Carson eagerly inquired.

"I couldn't now. There's Barbara, you know. I mustn't be unfair to her. We have the business. She couldn't run it alone."

"Shorty'll marry her tomorrow if she says the word," Mrs. Carson interrupted.

"Yes, I know," Ann resumed, "That is, I think he would. Shorty isn't very good at masking his feeling, and I have watched. I wish she would take Shorty."

"But won't she?" Mrs. Carson asked with bland incredulity.

ANN'S HEAD SHAKE was enigmatic. Mrs. Carson let the questioning drop. She would have to pursue her own researches into this matter. It must have her immediate and personal attention.

"Is that all the reason you won't marry Jimmy right off?" Mrs. Carson asked, as Ann was preparing to depart.

"No, not all the reason. He will have his mother and sister here before long, as soon as he has the new house finished. I want them to see me, and like me. It will be ever so much better then. He's building the house big enough for—"

Mrs. Carson interrupted with an admonitory shake of her forefinger and a judicial look. "Take it from me, honey, they'll like you all right. I shove my stack into the middle of the table on that bet, but don't let him build that house big enough for two families. That bet never won, once in ten thousand times. Build your own little nest and live in it, and hatch if you want to; but remember, two hens can't roost on the same nest without cluckin' and peckin' at each other. They may be right nice hens, too, but remember, they're human hens." Ann dismissed the advice with a disarming smile, but Mrs. Carson was reiterating it as her protegee departed.

The popularity of the Tin Can became so wide spread, its service and cuisine so good, that more business than its limited space could accommodate came to it. The proprietresses consid-

ered a plan of converting it from a lunch counter into a restaurant. This was shelved because it would not increase the revenues in proportion to the increase in operating costs. Ann with her usual business judgment decided this issue. She was a little surprised at Barbara's ready acquiescence. A week before Barbara had been strong for the change.

"You're right, Ann," she said, "It would really make too much work for us, and we've got enough now. I'm tired enough to sleep standing every night. What we can do is to put in a department in which we can put up lunches for the miners. Several of them have asked me about it. They are all kicking about the lunches they get at some of the other places. Sam Govich and his partner told me this morning they would pay seventy-five cents a day for a lunch; that is, for each one. Now we can hire another girl to help you, Ann, and I can take charge of the lunches. I think it would be a bully scheme. There will be a hundred per cent profit in the lunch end of the business. Think of it, we can get at least twenty miners to take their lunches from here. That will mean they will come here for all their meals then. You know some of them won't board with us because they can't get their lunches here. You see, don't you? Now, take the profit on twenty lunches. It will be seven dollars and a half a day, Ann, just think of it." Before Barbara had finished her espousal of the lunch scheme, Ann had caught her infectious enthusiasm. She readily agreed to this addition. The net profit, after deducting wages for another waitress, would amount to nearly one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

This was Ann's afternoon off. After the decision was reached, she left The Tin Can to go to their home for a brief rest and ultimately to consult Mrs. Carson upon the hiring of the waitress. There were several girls available, but Ann insisted that the one they should employ must be the right sort.

From this observation post inside the window of the Townsite Company's office, Joe Bullard had watched Ann leave the Tin Can. When she had disappeared from view up the side street, he turned to McHarg, the shyster lawyer attorney, and said, "Mac, I'm goin' up to the Tin Can for some lunch; if anyone comes in lookin' for me, hold 'em till I come back."

"You ought to buy into the Tin Can," McHarg replied with insinuated meaning. "Say, how does it come, Joe, that



you eat only every other day there?"

The innuendo was not lost upon Bullard. He turned about and faced McHarg, who was a vacillating, soft-palmed man of more than ordinary stature.

"Cut out the slurs, Mac," Bullard snapped. "That little brown-eyed lady at the Tin Can is a queen, take that from me. If you've got anything to say about her, you've got to fight me, see?" He thrust his jaw toward McHarg, who slunk backwards, cowering and apologetic.

Bullard turned on his heel and left the office. He held McHarg lightly, and rightly, for the attorney had done so many crooked jobs, of which Bullard knew that the latter held him in the hollow of his hand. Bullard frequently displayed his bravado by imposing upon the shyster.

WHEN Bullard entered the Tin Can there was but one other patron at the counter. Bullard did not order his meal at once. He spoke to Barbara, nodded to the other diner, and began to scan a newspaper he took from the counter. No one else came in and in a few minutes the miner finished his meal, paid Barbara and went out. Harvey was busy in the kitchen. Bullard called to the cook, "Come here, Harvey, I want to see you a minute." As Harvey came to the opposite side of the counter, Bullard slid a dollar across under the palm of his hand with a wink which the cook easily interpreted. A moment later Harvey had doffed his apron and donned his hat, and was on his way across the street bound for the Northern Saloon.

"What do you think of that for slick work?" Bullard asked with a self-satisfied smirk, "Come over here, little one, and let's talk."

Barbara did as requested. She stood before Bullard, letting her arms rest upon the counter edge, and waited.

"You're tired, little woman," Bullard continued and reached out to pat her cheek. "But it won't be long, and you're the finest little queen goin', tired or fresh. Do you get that?"

"Oh, that's what they all say," she replied coquettishly.

"Maybe they do. They couldn't help it, but take it from me, I'm the one that means it." He gave his words intended earnestness by pinching Barbara's chin playfully. She did not resist the caress. Rather she seemed to expect it, for she laid one of her slim, well manicured hands over one of his thick, coarse ones.

"I haven't got much time to talk," Bullard said with a businesslike brusqueness quite opposite to the oily suavity of the previous moment. "Somebody's likely to butt in. How'd the lunch scheme work out?"

"Bully," replied Barbara with enthus-

iasm. "We're going to install it right off. I'm going to have full charge. Why are you so interested in it?"

"Because there's money in it," he replied, "for you and for me, see? Now listen. I've got to have high-grade. The Roarin' Annie's got to make shipments. That boosts the stock. The suckers don't ask where the gold comes from. Get me? They want to see the stock climb. Now about the lunch business. I got a lot of friends workin' at the Sultana. They'll board here if I give them the pass to do it. My friends are in right. They get the high-grade. I pay them more for it than the assay offices do. You're to help me out. The stuff comes in the lunch buckets, savey? You take the lunch buckets when they come in. You have a chute to dump the garbage down. It's all plain as day. Old Higgins, the hog man, comes round to collect the stuff. He gets the barrel from under your chute, and takes it to where I tell him, see?"

"I see quite plainly," she answered a little acidly, "but where do I come in?"

"You've got the right to take out your percentage as it passes you, haven't you?"

"Oh," she gave a happy little cry, "that's how. Well, Joe, I won't take it all but I'll take some."

"Now," he said, "I'll take a little kiss to bind the bargain." She leaned forward and allowed him to kiss her lips.

"You're awfully good to me, Joe," she said, withdrawing from his embrace, flushed and panting, "but don't you think we might be caught?"

"Faint heart never won a fair dame like you," he answered flippantly, "and a chicken heart never got the high-grade. Ta-Ta, I've got to be goin'. It'll work like it was oiled."

Since Mulligan Mike's sale of his business, his conduct had been good, almost exemplary. After the grand spree, upon the proceeds of the sale, he had come back to work, perhaps a little grouchy, but this sullenness was the after effect of his debauch, not his nature. He was content with his work, and his station in life.

Mulligan Mike always appeared for duty at six. Because of the afternoon shift from the mine having come from work at three, and the evening's press of business being over, the two girls generally were in a position to turn the Tin Can over to him at this hour, or soon afterward. Whenever Shorty could find an excuse from his work, he was on hand to escort them to their home. This was almost every night, for Shorty had no regular hours. He was as likely to be in the mine at midnight as at midday or at three in the morning. When he made trips to the railroad with the automobile he did his

best to return before the Tin Can changed shifts.

This evening Shorty appeared at his usual hour. He dined, and then waited for the two girls. Mulligan Mike appeared, and donning his always spotless apron and cap, assumed charge. Ann began to work on the accounts of the day, and looking up, noticed that Shorty sat idly upon his stool smoking his after-dinner cigarette. There was no "No Smoking" placard upon the Tin's walls. The only admonitory sign upon them was one which hung over the entrance to the kitchen. It was in bold letters and had been printed by Ann. It read, "If there are not enough words in the English language for the expression of your thoughts without resorting to profanity, do your talking outside. If you do not understand this, it means 'No Cussing Allowed in Here.'" Ann was inordinately proud of this legend. It had accomplished what she meant it to, thoroughly and without friction.

"Shorty, I had almost forgotten you," Ann said, as she poised her pencil over the day book. "I've got about half an hour's work yet, but Barb is ready. Go with her. I'll be along soon."

"That goes with me." Shorty replied with the nonchalance he always had when not angry. "I'll see her home pronto." He stooped and slipped under the counter at its open end, and took Barbara, who stood ready and smiling, by the arm and said, "Come on, little Tin Can; let's beat it."

IN HIS DEARTH of self-consciousness, Shorty was oblivious of the few smiling diners. He led Barbara, laughing, through the side door. Once outside, she halted him and began to explain the new addition which was to be added to the Tin Can. She moved to a position from which she might survey the ten foot square area upon which the new room was to be built. Shorty followed.

"It's to be right there in that angle," she explained, "There will be a door leading into the kitchen and on this side will be a wicket where the men can leave their lunch pails as they come from work. The pails won't have to come through the main room at all. What do you think of it?"

"Fine," responded Shorty, "better than I could explain. There will be that many buckets that won't need to be watched. There's high-grade comin' from the mine in the buckets, Barb. We know that. It ain't put in there. It gets in afterwards. The whole trouble is caused because Bill and Jimmy and old Terence won't make the men strip in the change room. They are using some sort of smuggling arrangement. Some day I'll find out what it is, or

(Continued on page 380)



# The Dream House

(Continued from page 348)

a house a home? After all, would she trade one hour of those precious years of labor when her children had been dependent on her and her alone, or one of those quiet smiles of Jim's for all the houses in the world? Walls and decorations did not make homes as she had thought, nor the lack of certain comforts bar a dwelling from the name. It was the human contact, the sharing of small joys, the bearing of burdens together, the magic of the unbroken circle that made a home.

And she had not kept the faith. She saw it all now as clearly as if a veil had been torn from her eyes. And this was to be her punishment. With a choking cry she fell on her knees beside the bed and tried to pray. "Oh God!" she said brokenly, over and over again, "Don't take him from me. Don't! I couldn't bear it—I couldn't—"

Then a sound that seemed to still her very heart. A machine that stopped before the house. Voices. The shuffle of feet on the porch. An opening door. Admitting what? She swayed giddily to her feet, hands outstretched as if to ward away some fearful thing.

She must go down. She must. *Must*. The stair landing was so far away. She started out cautiously, holding with clammy fingers to wall and door. Would she never reach it? The voices in the hall were hushed, subdued. They were bringing Jim! *Carrying* him! And today was their anniversary. Their anniversary! Fifteen years—

Someone was coming up the stairs. A hand grasped hers reassuringly.

"There, Mrs. Hardy, try and keep up." The cheery voice of Dr. Bates was an anchor in a pitching sea; it calmed and steadied her.

On a roughly-improvised stretcher they brought Jim in, white and so terribly motionless, the quiet eyes closed, the patient, smiling mouth twisted with pain.

"A machine struck him, Mrs. Hardy. They didn't see him. I think he had started to cross the street. It pitched him to the pavement and he struck his head. I think he is only badly stunned, so don't lose heart." Again Dr. Bates voice brought her courage.

Mechanically she followed them into the room and watched them lay the inert form, with clumsy care, upon the bed, and with shy, awkward words of whispered sympathy, tiptoe heavily out and down the stairs again. Only the doctor remained. Watchful. Dominant.

In an agony of suspense Mollie sat by Jim's bedside and waited and prayed

for the white eyelids to open. How worn and tired he looked! Strange she had not noticed before, the furrows that seamed his kindly face. One hand lay listlessly beside him on the coverlet, the calloused, work-hardened palm upturned. Something in the pitiful helplessness of it tugged at her heartstrings and gathering it up in both her own she slipped to her knees beside the bed and held it to her breast.

"Jim! Jim dear!" she begged in passionate entreaty, flinging one arm across his body. "Speak to me—speak to me! Jim! Jim!" Her voice broke piteously. "Jimsie!"

It was an old pet name she had not spoken in years. As if in answer the quiet, blue eyes opened slowly and met her own dark with anguish, and the old smile flickered about his lips.

"Why—Mollie—" The voice was just a whisper, but she felt the doctor's hand on her arm. "Some more water, Mrs. Hardy, please."

With flying footsteps she hastened to do his bidding. The wild, tumultuous joy that flooded her seemed almost more than she could bear; her heart ached with its burden of thankfulness. With hands that shook uncontrollably she filled the glass, but within her something was singing—singing.

Doctor Bates straightened up from his stooping posture and smiled reassuringly as she returned to the room. "Things are fine, Mrs. Hardy. It was a close call, but it missed a vital spot. If you'll keep these compresses on his head and not let him talk much until tomorrow he will do nicely. Just see that he is kept quiet and not disturbed. I'll look in on my way to town in the morning.

Now be quiet, Jim," he admonished sternly as the patient moved and tried to speak. Then turning again to Mollie:

"I'll pass the Smith's on my way back and tell them how things are, and if I were you I'd let the young ones stay there for supper tonight so as to keep the house quiet. You might try to snatch a nap yourself if you can—it wouldn't hurt you any as I can see. Well, Mrs. Adams is expecting a new baby so I'll be on my way. Good afternoon, Mrs. Hardy, glad things came out so well. No, don't come to the door with me. I ought to know the way by this time I guess. Good-by Jim, can't keep a good man down, I always said." With a friendly clasp of the hand the little man was gone.

LEFT alone with her husband, Mollie was content just to sit by his bedside. She wanted nothing but to be near him, asked nothing but to minister to his needs. With solicitous care she applied compresses to the dark swelling on his forehead where the blow had fallen. An inch more—she shuddered at the thought. After a murmured question or two Jim fell asleep, but she never stirred from his side through the remainder of the hot, sultry afternoon.

The last, lingering rays of the sunset were gilding the homely, little room to a thing of beauty; a faint breeze stirred the draperies with elfin fingers; the inferno of the day had departed and the brooding peace of the gloaming fell like an enveloping mantle. Mollie stirred slightly where she sat. Jim's eyes opened suddenly and he looked up with the smile she loved so well.

"Still here," he said, "Why I've slept all afternoon; what do you think of that! You look worn out, little mother."

"Maybe, but I'm not really." She smiled in return and stooped to kiss him almost shyly.

He reached out and took her hand without speaking, and for a few moments they sat thus, silent in the softness of the deepening twilight. Then Jim made a movement as if to rise.

"Don't try to get up," she begged. "You must be very quiet. Is there something you want? Let me get in."

"My coat—where is it? There—on the couch. Will you bring it here, Mollie?"

With a curious feeling of something momentous pending Mollie brought the coat and put it in his hands. He fumbled in the pocket for a moment or two, then with his free hand drew her down to sit beside him on the bed.

There was an almost embarrassed silence. Mollie felt her heartbeats quicken, though she knew not why. Finally Jim spoke. Slowly. Almost haltingly.

"Well, I guess you know what today is as well as I do, Mollie. Though it might look like it at times, I'm not forgetting what you've meant to me all these years we've pulled along together—and sometimes the pulling hasn't been so very easy either. Every years we've been together has meant a lot, but the fifteenth is always—well—kind of a—celebration somehow, and I wanted you to remember it specially, so—" He paused and cleared his throat self-consciously, fingers still clumsily busy in the pocket of his coat. "Here! And I hope

(Continued on page 382)



(Continued from page 369)

of the ewes, their never-varying treble cry floats ever in the dusty air, now slanted strongly down the breeze, now wafted thinly upward. Thus through bright endless wastes the flocks graze on; the harvest of the desert.

The patient *Basque* boys follow, through dust, through rain or snow; the fires of their wild blood banked, the springs of their youth welled in. The men around the bar spoke truth. This is no work for us of other breeding. No jingling spurs, no singing saddle-leather here! It takes a *Basque* to be a sheep man. Alone, half round the world, across deserts, through canons he comes, seeking a waiting kinsman. Never before out of call of father, and mother, and sister, now he is solitary in the wild mountains with the sheep, the whole wealth of a countryman. To his unwonted eyes the great slopes should rise plaided with cheerful farmsteads; studied with pleasant villages; but they lean harsh and savage around him. Women are gone out of his life. From the few hard-eyed, gestureless horsemen who in terse, meaningless words sometimes accost him, he learns to shrink away. He sees his camp-tender through tears of joy. The suns scorch him, the rains drench him. Through dripping chaparral he plods all day in mud-clogged shoes, at night to shiver in wet blankets; perhaps to wake under a coverlet of snow. The coyotes howl around his sleep.

Two or three years of this, and then, if meanwhile his young blood has not surged in riotous overflow at Reno or the Coast, his savings will buy an interest in the sheep he tends. A few years more, and he is owner of a band of sheep. Back to the Pyrenees a letter goes, and, some months after in a wild spot of our West, stands another slim, dark boy, lonely on a jutting crag, his uncle's sheep below him.

By hard study of a volume made up of literary gems, such as "Duuspik Anglis? Es, Ispik Anglis," that uncle has added to his own linguistic attainments in French, *Basque* and Spanish, a jargon of useable English. He has become a man of affairs, trades in sheep and wool, rides a hundred miles to see a bunch of choice rams, rents a watered ranch.

There comes a day when, sturdy and sunburned, still in his early thirties, he stands on some little desert station platform surrounded by vociferating *Basques*. The slim nephew, now part owner of the band of sheep, so far forgets himself and the present hour as to kiss his kinsman's cheek. Whereat three lounging "bucaroos" teeter on their high heels in merriment. The train bears the traveler eastward and away, followed by a babel of messages to fathers, moth-

ers, sweethearts, in the loved Pyrenees. The homesick *Basques* seek solace at the bar.

What does he in the Pyrenees, this gleaner of the desert, this home-gone wanderer? He marries the girl who has been waiting for him. With his six or seven thousand dollars, he buys the farm she has chosen; stone house, stone wine-cellar, barns, fences,—everything stone, he tells you; fine vineyard, horse, cows, pigs,—everything fine, he tells you. He is rich, he is successful; he has won the Fleece of Gold.

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42 Years Without Loss to Any Investor

(Continued from page 351)

That lovely scene,—a glimpse of Paradise?  
Yonder the fertile valley, there the hills,  
And here the little river banked with trees,  
A thread of laughing silver 'neath the sun;  
And over all, a vast cathedral dome,  
The great, clear, azure vault without a cloud!  
A flock of ducks was flying toward the West,—  
Dost thou remember?—Whilst on every side  
The larks gave joyous welcome! On a tree,  
'Midst emerald meadows starred with living gold,  
We hung the holy bells, and forth there flowed  
Thro' all the wilderness the call to prayer!  
I prayed, and preached, and pointed to the Cross;  
And in my zeal I cried, 'O Gentiles, hear,  
And come for healing to the holy cross!  
A single Indian stood afar, and gazed  
With wide-eyed wonder. Then he turned and fled  
Into the forest, like a startled deer  
That hears the huntsman's horn, and flees away  
To warn the herd. But soon he came again,  
And others with him, eager, all, to hear  
That blessed Gospel. So our work began.

'T WAS such a night as this when first I saw  
The narrow strait betwixt two seas, beyond  
Our San Francisco. All the sea was clear  
And flashed like molten silver 'neath the moon  
League beyond league. On every side the hills  
Seemed melting shadows in a moony mist  
That clung about the forest trees, or slept  
Like milky lakes in many a sheltered vale!  
The mountain lions yelped in unison,  
And wolves made answer; while the booming tide  
Breaking its strength against the lofty cliffs,

Made distant thunder. Far away to north  
An Indian camp-fire like a blood-red eye  
Blazed in the forehead of a distant hill!

A H, PALOU, listen! Thro' the fragrant dusk  
There comes a sound of singing, rising up  
Like incense from a censor, clear and sweet!  
It is our Indians chanting in the night  
And, mingling with the chant, a sound of tears!  
God bless and keep them! They are my reward,  
My crown of triumph! They the priceless gems  
I, all unworthy, offer to my God!  
Feeble and faulty has my service been,  
Yet, blessed be his name, not all in vain!  
The night is passing, and a new day dawns;  
And I, as from some Pisgah-height, behold  
Across the gulf of years, the promised land  
I may not enter. Surely I have sown,  
And other hands shall reap the golden grain!

A vision of the blessed day to be  
Rises before me! See, the morning breaks!  
The darkness, shudd'ring, folds its ebon wings  
And silent steals away. The Eastern hills,  
Black outlined 'gainst the opalescent sky,  
Stand all expectant. Mighty beams of light  
Shoot thro' the glowing air, and touch the clouds  
To gold and crimson. Thro' the waking world  
A deep thrill passes: nature holds her breath  
And stands a tiptoe, watching for the day!  
The sun, like some great warrior armed for war,  
Leaps from the hill-tops; and the golden light  
Streams over land and ocean flood on flood!  
The mountains shout their welcome, and the sea  
Makes myriad answer: every wood and vale  
Echoes the sounding joy from bluff to bluff!  
And lo, the wilderness is thronged with men.  
Great cities rise where hitherto hath been  
The silence of the forest. And the waste  
Becomes a garden rich with flower and fruit.  
And there, high up in heav'n, a golden cross  
Flashes its benediction thro' the land!

But I grow weary. Lay me down again  
That I may sleep a little. Thanks, dear friend,  
I have no pain. I feel a deep content  
That wraps both soul and body. Take my hand,  
And I will sleep a little. Dost thou hear  
That strange, sweet music, as from harps of gold  
And angel voices? Hark! it comes again!

But I am tired, Palou. Let me sleep.  
A mist comes o'er me. 'Tis a golden mist;  
And thro' the mist a face looks down at me.  
Mother of God, 'tis thou! I come. I come!

O Palou, I am tired. I will rest.  
Goodnight, dear faithful friend, Goodnight! Goodnight!"



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## A FORGOTTEN CITY

(Continued from page 373)

with San Francisco, a resident here for old headstone which bears the following inscription:

And these are only a few of those who, in their lifetime, were in themselves San Francisco and California. They went to rest in the expectation that their bodies would lie through all time in these quiet ways above the city and the bay. If the dead may not find rest within those plots legally acquired and legally owned, passed down to their descendants by due process of time and law, who of us may feel certain of our continued ownership of home or chattels.

Whosoever the fault, be it city government or cemetery officials; be the incentive desire for gain or lack of funds, the cemeteries have been shamefully neglected, for only in small part have the grounds been kept in condition.

Moss and ivy have over-grown the half-forgotten names. The trees which have grown to gray maturity in the years have overthrown with their wide rooting both wall and headstone. Plots and paths reclaimed from the wilderness seventy years ago have returned again to wilderness, and shame it is to those responsible that this should be so. Yet San Francisco and California have in this plot of the illustrious dead at Lone Mountain a heritage which should be preserved.

Guard, if you love California, these few remaining monuments of her romantic days.

Reclaim again these plots and quiet

ways from the obliterating hand of the wilderness and make of these now neglected cemeteries a park, a breathing spot for the people, which shall be a worthy memorial to those who builded toward the San Francisco of today.

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## THE "HIGH-GRADERS"

*(Continued from page 375)*

"I'll tear my right hind leg off."

"Oh, Shorty, I am so glad you trust me. I shall never forget what you said about these buckets being safe. I wish they could all come to me. I'll attend to them. You must have an awful lot of worry on your mind, dear. Isn't it strange how people who are getting good pay will steal?"

"No," replied he, "it ain't strange; it's the nature of some men to steal. I can't understand it. I never knew one of them who profited in the end by the high-grade he took. They either lose it at the gamblin' table or some woman cleans them out of it, sooner or later. Why, if I wanted to high-grade I could get away with a thousand a day, and not half try."

"But you won't," she took his arm and they started across the street. "I know you wouldn't, Shorty, and I am so proud of you for it." Shorty gave her arm a grateful pressure to which she responded.

*(Continued next month)*

## ADVENTURE HIKES

*(Continued from page 354)*

Each boy can swim, and is accustomed to hiking and camping; he knows first aid, and is familiar with the plants and wild life of his locality. Some two hundred boys take these trips through the Olympics every summer; about twenty boys, under competent adult leadership, form a party. Only two scouts have ever been disabled on a hike. (In each case, the cause was badly fitting shoes). This is evidence of the skill and ability of these boys as well as of the quality of leadership.

Before starting the trip, the leader divides the duties of camp and trail. One or two scouts are cooks; two others rustle the firewood; another fetches water and others collect boughs and moss for the beds. Others have charge of the tents; to the scribe is assigned the log. This log is extremely important, for since many of the hikes are made through entirely unexplored country the scout must write a sufficiently accurate account to enable other parties to follow the same trail, through the clouds or sunshine. Occasionally an experienced and qualified scout is assigned as guide. The post of "Olympic Guide" is a coveted honor.

The equipment these boys carry is interesting, since it must all be carried on their backs, and they travel light. The average pack for a mountain hike of seven or eight days weighs only twenty pounds. This includes blankets, clothing and food. Usually they use a pack board, riding high on wide comfortable straps. It holds a woolen sleeping bag of light weight with waterproof envelope cover—or perhaps two blankets and a poncho. A suit of light underwear is worn at night. An extra wool shirt or light sweater, handkerchiefs, a pair of socks, toilet articles, compass and waterproof matches, flashlight, hunting knife in secure sheath, chewing gum or lemon drops and perhaps a camera complete each scout's personal outfit. Certain members carry aluminum cooking utensils and the food rations are divided among the party. The rations depart from pioneer traditions. Flapjacks and bacon and cornmeal and steaming coffee—none of these for the hardy mountaineers of the Boy Scouts of America. Scotch oatcakes, baked in camp are more nourishing than hardtack and taste better even than flapjacks. With stewed fruit and dried cereal and milk they form a substantial breakfast. The trail lunch consumed beside a dashing stream or in the middle of a shining glacier is highly concentrated—cheese, raisins, chocolate and nuts. Luncheons are issued in individual cloth sacks each morning so that packs need not be opened at the noon halt.

They make their camp at night not

too tired to prepare the famous scout mulligan, of meat and potatoes, rice and dried vegetables, with bread and jam, tea and cake to follow. Or perhaps the main dish may be meat loaf and tomato sauce, followed by rice pudding for dessert. Mouth-watering fare for the heart of the wilderness, is it not? And carried every inch of the way on the back of the happy diners loafing luxuriously in the glow of the campfire.

**H**ERE is how the scouts manage. All cereals are ground through a fine food chopper to condense the bulk before packing. They carry dried milk and dehydrated fruits and vegetables. Meat is the only canned food they take. They bake the meat loaf and dry it for several days in a slow oven. A rich pound cake or nut cake, made with many eggs, satisfies the need for sweets and provides concentrated nourishment. Cartons contain the cake and meat, and a cardboard cylinder the jam; a waterproof bag holds the sugar. All the other food they pack in plain cotton sacks.

Hikes containing fewer thrills to the mile, but full of interest, are the annual pilgrimages of the Boy Scouts to spots connected with the lives of characters famous in American history.

Anniversary Week, however, early in February, celebrated by all scouts with ceremonies, is the time usually selected for these hikes. In 1924 the scouts in Spokane, Wash., visited the old Spokane House, the first settlement in the Inland empire. The scouts of this council, in cooperation with the State Historic Society, have undertaken the duty of marking various spots of interest. The marker consists of a large granite boulder bearing a small bronze plate which gives the essential information and the phrase, "Erected by the Boy Scouts of America." They have also placed wooden road signs along the nearest highways, directing tourists to these monuments. The Spokane Council is extending its plans to other scout councils throughout the Inland Empire and it is probable that before another decade has elapsed, Boy Scout markers will be known from one end of the continent to the other.

A scout pilgrimage takes place in September at Estes Park, Colorado when scout executives from every council in the United States gather at their Third Biennial Conference. The scout Executives are paid scout workers of the Movement, and number some 800. There are also over 143,000 volunteer leaders. These executives meet biennially to develop and discuss the scouting program,—how it may be adapted so as to be most helpful to the boyhood of America. "Adventure Hikes" and Patriotic Pilgrimages are important features that are being constantly extended.



## Poets and Things

PERHAPS the Poetry Editor is growing toward that broadminded state wherein he will cheerfully tear up those labels wherewith critics delight to besmear their readings; saying, "This is—this is not, poetry." He hopes he is; for, deep in his heart, the Poetry Editor knows that there is not nor ever can be any formula which shall define poetry.

He has arrived, at least, at the point where he demands but two elements as being essential: Beauty, and Rhythm. Not *prettiness*, mind you, but Beauty—and he begins to find Beauty in unsuspected places.

Poetry, any art, is in its final analysis the expression of some glimpse of the beauty of the Spiritual Universe. No poet, no artist, may more than glimpse this universe of Beauty, may see more than an infinitesimal part of its perfection; and so his expression must perforce be imperfect. Could he see Beauty in its infinite perfection, in its wholeness, then might his expression be perfect; and then—and then only—would it be possible to formulate a definition of poetry, of art, which would stand the test of all time.

The universe of man is progressing spiritually. Man is widening his vision. He sees continually more and more of that Beauty which is Reality; and since that is true his art is not static, but continually changing in accord with man's progress. That which is still Art to one man is to another a discarded husk.

And so if the Poetry Editor ventures to place upon the published verse of the July magazines some of those few remaining labels of his stock, and if his judgment does not agree with that of the reader—and the writer—of the verse; why, just know that in the course of inevitable progress the P. E. will sometime arrive at the correct estimate of things—and poets.

PALMS, in its "Early Summer" issue, falls far below its usual standard. The Poetry Editor finds in it little worthy of comment; but two poems, in fact, which—in the P. E.'s estimation—are worthy of taking rank as such. One of these is a sonnet, "When I Am Dust You Cannot Say I Died;" the other the "Ballad of the Brown Girl." And as for "A Soldier Went Up To God," "The Literary Lady," and "You Get Paid Just the Same,"—well, if this is poetry, then "God forgive me, I would enjoy murdering—" poets!

CONTEMPORARY VERSE holds, in its July number, one delightful picture, "Basking," by Margaret Lee Ashley, too long for quoting save in part:

*"A sagging roof, half wrecked by winter winds,  
A ruined chimney, and a thin, thin swirl  
Of smoke etched carefully against the sky;  
A slant old shell for gales to whistle by;  
A gray old house that artists—time and rain  
And wind—have silvered, tilted all askew;  
And now June laughs and sends her sunlight  
through  
Its chinks and crannies, warms its walls, and  
finds  
Green velvet for its thatching and a curl  
Of friendly ivy for a broken pane."*

AMERICAN POETRY MAGAZINE sets for itself in its Fifth Anniversary Issue a new high mark. Being frankly an exponent of poetry conforming to the older, time-tried standards, there is nothing of modernism in the contents of this magazine. Pleas-

ing as this may be to those who object to any departure from rhyme and meter, the Poetry Editor must confess that the drawing of the line seems to exclude much that is fresh and virile in the work of contemporary poets. There is of course no reason why it should, but adherence to old forms seems to unconsciously force a following after old themes. The effort to secure rhyme appears to bind the writer within certain phraseology, certain thoughts which poets have sung for generations. The necessity of holding thought within lines of measured length clips the wings which might otherwise soar above the commonplace. While the Poetry Editor does not lend his approval to the extreme phases of modern verse, he strongly feels that the movement has been a valuable one. It has been the opening of a window, bringing fresh breezes into a vitiated atmosphere.

Yet if in this issue of *American Poetry* there is nothing of striking originality or freshness, there are nevertheless no few lyrics of beauty. The value of the number lies perhaps in its sonnets; and of these the Poetry Editor would place "Lassitude" by Faith Baldwin as the best.

*The mist weaves strange, grey nets about  
this house;*

*There is no wind, to catch my thoughts  
and run*

*On rough brown feet, to fling it to the sun;  
Time hurries past me, secret as a mouse—  
Loud talk is in the smothered room; like  
glass*

*The brittle voices break in empty sound,  
And I, that thought to be so free, am bound  
By little terrors, watching shadows pass.*

*Down 'on the beach, the flood tide waits  
slow ebb,*

*The supple water slides among lost shells;  
With sullen ease, a dim gull stirs in flight—  
And I am caught in lassitude's fine web,  
Until, with sudden, silver shock of bells,  
Dawn comes to bring the hot release of light.*

By the way, if you believe in maintaining old standards, keeping American poetry in the purity of the forms followed by the masters, you owe your support to the American Literary Association, which publishes *American Poetry*. Membership—including the magazine itself—is low, and the Poetry Editor knows of few places where two dollars can be invested to greater advantage. Membership means, from the selfish standpoint, that you are associated with interesting men and women, prominent writers, all over the country. It means a year of enjoyable reading. But it means, too, that you lend your support to a movement which needs it if the extremists are not to have their way. Address the magazine in care of Clara Catherine Prince, 310 Fourth Ave., Wauwatosa, Wis.

THE STEP LADDER, published by the Order of Bookfellows, has this in its July number, by John Richard Moreland:

### FALLING STARS

*I saw the earth all wrapped in gray,  
Beneath the sky's immensity,  
A beggar who was spurned by day  
Holding her hands for charity.*

*Night passed and in his dusky palms  
Was all the wealth that he could hold,  
And to the beggar asking alms  
He flung a shower of yellow gold.*

THE NOMAD in its spring issue attempted to have an "Alabama number." The Poetry Editor can sympathize with the con-

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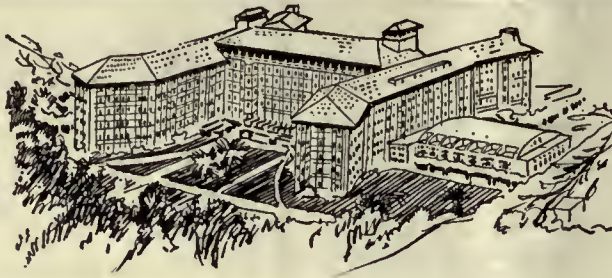
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test judge, M. E. Lanie, who says: "—the several hundred manuscripts submitted—I am weary of heart and soul from the reading of these." And so the editor, Albert E. Rosenthal, is to be forgiven if his spring number fails to contain any poems of merit, since its contents was gathered after the "Alabama Poetry Contest—closed without a single acceptable poem." Mr. Rosenthal, however, includes a triad of his own under the title of "Colored Folk" which holds this:

OSKEOLA GEORGE

(Preacher)

*My heart cries out for my people  
My soul aches and cries out  
For the beauty and loveliness  
That has forgotten their lives*

*Out of the steel mills and furnace  
Out of the coal mines and coke ovens  
Out of their labor and toil and sweat  
The world culls its treasures  
With never a word of reward  
Never a word of kindness  
O Lord*

*What have we done that we should suffer  
so?*

POETRY—Harriet Monroe's magazine of verse—in its July issue features a group of the lyrics of the late Hazel Hall, a group to which has been given the title, "Songs of Farewell." These are lyrics which but make more poignant the sense of loss which came with the unexpected news of her passing. They are heart songs, songs of sincerity which—even with their undertone of sadness—breathe of life rather than death. But one of these lyrics can be quoted here, and that the one to which *Poetry* has given the place of honor:

BEFORE QUIET

*I will think of waterlilies  
Growing in a darkened pool,  
And my breath shall move like water,  
And my hands be limp and cool.*

*It shall be as though I waited  
In a wooded place alone;  
I will learn the peace of lilies  
And will take it for my own.*

*If a twinge of thought, if yearning  
Come like wind into this place,  
I will bear it like the shadow  
Of a leaf across my face.*

THE STRATFORD MONTHLY announces the award of the \$100 prize for "the best poem published by it during the past three months" to Robert Hillyer for his poem, "The Halt in the Garden," appearing in the May number of the magazine. Choice was made from over 7500 poems submitted. Almost 8,000 poems—How many aspiring poets are there in America? Wouldn't it be advisable to start a "Society for the Discouragement of Would-Be Poets?" The greater distinction today would seem to pertain to those who do not write verse.

THE DREAM HOUSE

(Continued from page 376)

you'll like it, dear." He withdrew his hand from the pocket. A long, white envelope lay in Mollie's lap. Striving to appear casual he watched her, but his honest face was radiant.

Wonderingly, utterly unprepared for its contents, Mollie tore open the flap.

"Oh!" The word escaped her involuntarily, and her face lost every vestige of color. As if mistrusting her eyes in



the dimness, she stared. The deed to the Carson place lay in her hand.

Helplessly she looked at him, a thousand conflicting emotions struggling for expression. "Jim! you bought it—you bought it—for me? But how—how—I don't understand—I thought Tevis—" The words tumbled out wildly, incoherently.

"Well," he said, smiling happily, her pale face quite escaping his attention. "That's where everybody made a mistake. Yes, Len Tevis bought it all right, but—he bought it for me. I wanted to fix it up and still keep it a surprise, so the sale couldn't be in my name." He chuckled over his deception. "But I've known ever since we were married you liked it, and a couple of years ago Charlie Severs, the real estate man, and I came to an understanding—he was anxious to get the place off his hands—and I've been paying what I could on it. A month ago I had a chance to sell that little bunch of stock Pa left, and with

that I paid the rest down and had the deed made over to you. Only Len did the actual paying. He helped me fix it all up. He was as tickled as I was to think how surprised you'd be. I wanted to have everything in order by today, but I couldn't go help myself, the kids or someone'd have been sure to tell you, and I wanted to give you a real surprise. I hated to let you think Len had that place too; you looked kind of upset about it that first day. I came near telling you." Again he chuckled audibly. "And—oh yes—old Williams is going South for a month on account of his rheumatism, and he said he needed a younger partner in the garage, so he's asked me to—to go in with him. I've told him I will. So now, dear, I guess things will be a little eas—Why, Mollie! What's the matter?"

For without warning she had slipped suddenly to her knees beside the bed, her head was buried in her arms and her body shook with uncontrollable sobs.

## With Oregon Writers

OREGON WRITERS grieve because all senses are keyed to their uttermost in vivid competition with constant danger." Hazel Hall passed away Sunday morning, May 11th, and now with enlarged vision she is looking upon the "Walkers" upon the gold paved streets of the New Jerusalem. During the few years that she had been expressing her soul in inspiring poetry she had won an enviable rank among the modern poets.

Of the many tributes from her friends perhaps the following from Anne Shannon Monroe is the sweetest and tenderest: "There must have been gladness on the other side that day she left us—gladness that she had come among them—that bright, brave spirit that never failed. What hands came first in greeting? Browning, Emerson, Stevenson—lesser ones crowding close—I seem to see them all, those who sought steadily to find life's better way, marking it with line and phrase as with clear white stones, for those who would come after. In her going, beautiful young strength of soul has gone from us—but, oh, how much strength it has inspired."

Oregon is proud to know that she has a novelist who is now ranked as one of the strong triumvirate of Western novelists—Oliver Curwood, Peter B. Kyne and Edison Marshall. The last honor to come to Mr. Marshall is to be asked to sign a contract with the Hearst Publishers, in which he agrees to write exclusively for the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and the same firm will bring out his novels. Ever since "The Strength of the Pines" appeared, this virile and realistic writer has been rapidly advancing to an honored place among Western story writers. His latest work, "Seward's Folly," is a historical novel describing the purchase of Alaska by Seward, and its theme seems to be that "America will always win because she will always be inspired to action by a gentleman's code of honor and by her citizens' ability to outwit and outshoot any enemy on the planet." "Seward's Folly" is a thrilling story of adventure and the author revels in describing the wonders of his beloved Alaska, "a-sparkle with snow and a-crackle with wind and frost and fresh and envigored with open, stark spaces where

that I paid the rest down and had the deed made over to you. Only Len did the actual paying. He helped me fix it all up. He was as tickled as I was to think how surprised you'd be. I wanted to have everything in order by today, but I couldn't go help myself, the kids or someone'd have been sure to tell you, and I wanted to give you a real surprise. I hated to let you think Len had that place too; you looked kind of upset about it that first day. I came near telling you." Again he chuckled audibly. "And—oh yes—old Williams is going South for a month on account of his rheumatism, and he said he needed a younger partner in the garage, so he's asked me to—to go in with him. I've told him I will. So now, dear, I guess things will be a little eas—Why, Mollie! What's the matter?"

Another story writer that claims Oregon for his home is surprising his friends by the great number of stories from his pen, appearing in many of the current magazines. "Prolific Dick" as his "pals" call him, is rather the Albert Richard Wetjen whose skill creates thrilling tales of the sea, alive with action and intensely interesting. Collier's prize his stories most highly, judging from the number appearing in this periodical. Knopf is bringing out his first book, "Captains All," a collection of his best stories. An unique honor has just come to him, as a native. "Our very own." His story, "The Sea King," was listed in "The Best British and Irish Short Stories for 1923" by The London Bookman. A reviewer thus commented: "Now Wetjen started out as an Englishman, all right, but he is almost as cosmopolitan now as Conrad, although not yet quite as good a writer. There is no harm in English anthologies listing him as an English writer, but we know he is American and an 'Oregonian.'"

Sara Teasdale and Carl Sandburg have set their seal upon a young poet who seems to have been inspired by "Spoon River Anthology" to have "Visions of Women" who have achieved throughout the ages. Margaret Skavlan, a student at University of Oregon, was given honorable mention in the recent contest of colleges. Such themes were chosen as "Greek Goddess," "Lilith," "Botticelli's Women," in her "Visions of Women."

Mable Holmes Parsons, popular Professor at University of Oregon, lecturer and poet is going to Europe for a year of study. Her enthusiastic classes will miss her greatly but

(Continued on page 384)



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(Continued from page 337)

**EMMA NORTH MESSER**, whose "Memories of a Frontier Childhood" commences with this issue, has had a life unusually rich in its experience. Her father was John W. North, Minnesota pioneer, friend of Lincoln and chairman of the delegation to the Chicago convention from Minnesota which nominated him for the presidency. He was active in starting the University of Minnesota and was one of its first regents, while he was later equally active in the affairs of his adopted state of Nevada. Naturally his daughter was brought in contact with many of the great figures of the day, a contact which was continued when she became the wife of Edmund Clarence Mener.

Mr. Mener was head of the Corecoran Art School, connected with the famous Corecoran Art Gallery, and the two for many years made their home in Washington, D. C. It is a virtue of Mr. Mener's position as well as his attainment as an artist, Emma North Mener was brought closely in touch with national figures in the world of art and literature. She is at present residing in Berkeley, California.

**ISABEL BELLMAN** is a Californian—though a large share of her time seems to be spent in other parts of the world. Immensely interested in the romance and tradition of California, Miss Bellman shares in the admiration for Bret Harte and regrets that the state which benefited so largely from his writings has so neglected so fittingly honoring his memory.

**ALICE GREER** is a young Irishman, an artist at present connected with the London Daily Herald. He served with the British forces in Mesopotamia and Persia throughout the war, and—like many of his countrymen—has wandered the world over. He says: "San Francisco is a city dear to my heart. A short time after the earthquake (in 1906) I spent a never-to-be-forgotten year and a half in California, and I got to know almost every street in San Francisco and the surrounding town."

**WINNIFRED MACGOWAN** is one of the most talented of the California poets of the younger generation. While her active interest lies in social service work with children, her world travels have given her material which forces an all-over-occasional expression in verse.

**VERNON PATTERSON** is of the promising group of poets produced by the University of California, and has been prominent in the University publications.

**SAMUEL M. SARGENT, Jr.**, is a poet—and a modest one. In response to a request for biographical data he writes: "I have been living in California for five years. I have been writing for about three years. I have contributed to the special poetry magazines. I also write prose."

**AGNES CORNELL** "divides her time between New York City and the Southwest desert, coming to the desert for contrast, and fondness for it as a mental work-shop." Her verse has appeared in various magazines of the East and West.

**CECIL E. C. HODGSON** is English-born, spending most of his 34 years of residence in America in what is now Hollywood, growing famous and—for the past three years—poetry. He says: "One's real life is inside and isn't for publication, though the color of it shines through at times when nerves get a bit threadbare."

**HENRI FAULT** is a name seen frequently of late in various periodicals. He is a resident of Monticello, Arkansas.

**E. B. MARTIN** is secretary of the Boy Scouts of America, with headquarters in New York City. He must be a regular fellow, otherwise he could not hold such a position.

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**DORRIS MARCIA HUME** is a Californian by birth, and though the greater part of her twenty-three years has been spent in Ontario she returned to her native state six years ago. She writes *Overland*: "For the past year and a half I have been living in the mountains seven miles from a town, in a small green cabin tucked away in a hollow; a dog, two horses and a gray kitten our companions. . . . I feel honored that my first story is going to appear in the *Overland Monthly*."

## WITH OREGON WRITERS

(Continued from page 383)

with her "bon voyage" and a safe return. Mrs. Parsons is compiling "An Anthology of Northwest Verse," to contain poetry of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. She recently presided as toastmaster at the Italian dinner in Portland given by the Oregon Writers' League. This was a most enjoyable occasion recalling to some those gatherings in Jules Simmeau's restaurant in Monterey, when Stevenson was an honored guest. The poets contributed to the merriment by giving definitions of poetry. The writer read the following limerick written about Anthony Euweritis, the famous author of limericks, by an admirer from Salem.

ANTHONY EUWERITIS

by

A Salem-mite 'tis

Sir Anthony Euwer;

We can't kill or cure

The appeal of your wonderful phrasing;

We wax blue and bluer,

Can't resist the allure—

Your word-brewer sure is amazing!

Our motive is pure;

Where do you procure

The rhythmic ingredients we're praising?

Pray tell us, demure

Horn of the Ruhr,

Where the poetic pastures you graze in!

And may we just come near and gaze in?

O Anthony! You're

Our Euwer!

—Viola Price Franklin

## THE SINGER BY THE WINDOW

(Continued from page 353)

them, and of her hopes of giving another book to her publishers.

It was upon this book that she was working at the time of her death, although, for the past few months, she had been able to do very little.

Sewing and dreaming and singing, weaving delicate patterns into fine cloth and later into the fabric of literature—that is the picture we shall always have of Hazel Hall, the singer beside the window. At her physical release we cannot grieve too sorely, but rather, accept with gratitude the treasures she has left—to be cherished by true lovers of poetry.

## MEMORIES OF A FRONTIER CHILDHOOD

(Continued from page 369)

insolent nonchalance in the grace with which the mountain Jehu executed his

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brilliant maneuvers.

As we neared the summit of the mountain range, although it was now June, we drove through a deep cut where walls of snow rose on either side of us to the height of twenty feet. The road here was necessarily in bad condition, and the cut was so narrow that as our carriage lurched from side to side, its top scraped the white wall and threw snow in upon us. Looking up we could see only these walls of snow and a gray sky, but voices came to us from somewhere above, and the mysterious tinkle of bells.

(Continued next month)



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San Francisco Building, 501 Kearny Street, San

Francisco. Telephone Douglas 5555.

Los Angeles Office, First Building

Chicago Representative, George H. Myers,

5 South Wabash Avenue

Subscription \$2.50 Per Year

25 CENTS PER COPY

Entered as Second-Class matter at the post-office, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1879

(Contents of this magazine copyrighted)

## OUR SEPTEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

ERIC HOWARD is a writer of national reputation whose short stories have appeared in many of the leading periodicals. He has been for some time past connected with the Extension Department of the University of California in the teaching of the short story. At present that same wonderland of which he speaks in "A House With a View" has again seized upon him, and with Mrs. Howland he is on his way to New Mexico. The two are driving some more or less disreputable car, but as they are equipped to camp in the roadside there is no need to worry.

IGNEE MORLEY CLEVELAND is one of the few writers of Western stories who really knows the life of which she writes. It might be better, perhaps, to say "knew," for her New Mexican characters are those of that earlier, more picturesque day portrayed by Eugene Manly Rhodes, with whom she collaborated in "A Prodigal Call." Mrs. Cleveland has published in Cosmopolitan, Metropolitan, Munsey's, and in the Sunday magazines of half a dozen newspaper syndicates. She has been a member since its first year of the California Writer's Club.

"The Drawn Line" in this issue of OVERLAND is an actual experience of Mrs. Cleveland's girlhood.

MCKINLEY KANTOR is—well, here is his characteristically modest note: ".... there is little to write. I have seen a shade of the world, in common with most young men of this day and age, and am at present with my mother, who has been in newspaper work for many years—assisting in rustling the news items for a daily in this mid-western town. Am not roaming very far from Webster City these days owing to six inches of steel in my left leg and the resulting complications. .... I have written a number of poems in the last few years, most of which have appeared in newspapers, "Outdoor America," and a few other publications." If Mr. Kantor's work continues up to the standard of his "Garris Town," the "other publications" will require longer listing.

(Continued on page 432)

# Overland



# Monthly

ONE

## Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Eric Howland in 1885

VOLUME LXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1924

NUMBER 5

## Contents

Our September Contributors.....

283

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

A Mountain University.....

Leslie Higginbotham

287

A House With a View.....

Eric Howard

291

Margaret Wilson—I Sketch.....

Katharine Evelyn Putnam

295

Woods and Woodchips.....

Edmund Everett Snow, M. D.

299

The New-Old Houses of Santa Fe.....

S. Omar Barker

303

A Foot in the Molding.....

Torrey Connor

307

Where Fruit Boxes Come From.....

Philip K. Perkins

311

### BIOGRAPHY

Memories of a Frontier Childhood.....

Samuel North Moore

315

### FICTION

The Arranged Date.....

James Frederick McManister

319

The Drawn Line.....

Agnes Morley Cleveland

323

In the Shadow of Pajaro.....

James Munson

327

Interest.....

E. Tabor

331

An Offering on the Mexican Border.....

Don Field

335

The "Witch Graders".....

339

### VERSE

Nevada—Overnight.....

Linda Lee

343

Albuquerque.....

Edna Leander Norcross

347

Witchcraft.....

Margaret Owl Ketter

351

Suppliment.....

John Grayson

355

The Garden.....

Edna Putnam

359

Wash. Street.....

Margaret Skidmore

363

The Coronation.....

Lucas Lane

367

Telephone.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

371

Aspiration.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

375

Foot in the Mountain.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

379

Tribe to Charles Keeler.....

Torrey Connor

383

Transportation.....

Margaret Skidmore

387

Choler.....

Margaret Skidmore

391

Swimming.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

395

An Evening Flight.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

399

A Page of Verse.....

403

The Palmdore.....

Linda Lee

Full Moon.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

Garris Town.....

Margaret Skidmore

Brooklyn.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

Interior.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

The Slave.....

Edna Ketter Wilson

### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers.....

407

Poets and Poems.....

411





A View From the Campus—University of Nevada

## Nevada

By LINDA LEE

*WHERE silver sage and drifting sand  
For ages ruled a vacant land  
Which stretched in solitude away  
Beyond the heat-waves mocking play--  
Where blazing suns parched withered earth,  
Knowing the weird coyote's mirth;  
While all about was desolate,  
Creation of an ancient hate.*

*Now trees flaunt high their waving plumes;  
And, high above, a symbol looms  
Significant of man's emprise,  
While broad beneath his structure lies.  
Though man has built of brick and stone,  
Yet not of these man builds alone.  
Who builds of body, mind and soul  
As here shall find a greater goal.*



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXII

SEPTEMBER, 1924

No. 9

### A Mountain University

By LESLIE HIGGINBOTHAM

AS THE COVERED WAGONS of the forties, bearing seekers for rich land and for gold in the Pacific West, jolted into the valleys of western Nevada, there came to the pioneers visions of a great civilization in the country they had just discovered. Among their dreams was that of a great state university, educating the youth and serving the commonwealth—a beacon blazing forth their ideals.

A few weeks ago the University of Nevada, located at Reno, paid tribute to the aspirations of these pioneers. Students, alumni and faculty celebrated the institution's first fifty years of successful effort, which has just ended. The dreams of the covered wagon drivers have come true.

The struggle for the development of the university has been typical of the struggle of the state for the development of its natural resources and to secure the benefits of civilization.

A half century ago there stood on a hill half a mile from Elko, surrounded by sagebrush desert and rocky desolation, a small building, called the University of Nevada. The name was a courtesy, for there was nothing about the school housed in that structure to give it university rank. Within the building were seven pupils, gathered without regard to preparation, from the nearby country, and one teacher, who acted as the entire faculty and administration. The subjects taught were of the caliber now offered in our upper grammar grades.

Today, on another hill, in Reno, stands the real University of Nevada. It is a restful, green spot of beauty. There are a score of beautiful buildings. Within the halls are three colleges in which nearly a thousand students are taught the higher branches of learning by a large and well-prepared faculty.

In the gap between these two pictures lies the story of the building of the university through five decades—a story of the fight made by pioneer settlers and pioneer educators against the handicaps of a rough, Western land.

In many respects the University of Nevada, this collegiate institution that a handful of conquerors of the mountains and desert have erected, is the most unique state-supported school in the country.

THE CAMPUS of the University, to many, is its greatest wonder. Set upon a hill on the boundary of the city of Reno, it is a green haven of rest for the eyes that are tired of the brown, barren hills and the sagebrush desert.

From the west the towering peaks of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada s—



Across the Manzanita Lake

Mount Rose and Slide Mountain—look down on the campus. To the south of the University is the city of Reno, and, stretching off for many miles of green, the fertile Washoe valley. On the east lies the brown Virginia range, from which has come much of the wealth that helped build San Francisco. But on the north, even creeping insidiously up to the very edge of the campus green, is the barren, sage-grown desert. Not so many years ago the campus was only a continuation of that desert. The first students in Reno trudged over sagebrush and through adobe to their classes.

Years of struggle against the desert have made the University of Nevada campus one of the most beautiful settings for an academic institution.

The hilltop that composes the sixty-

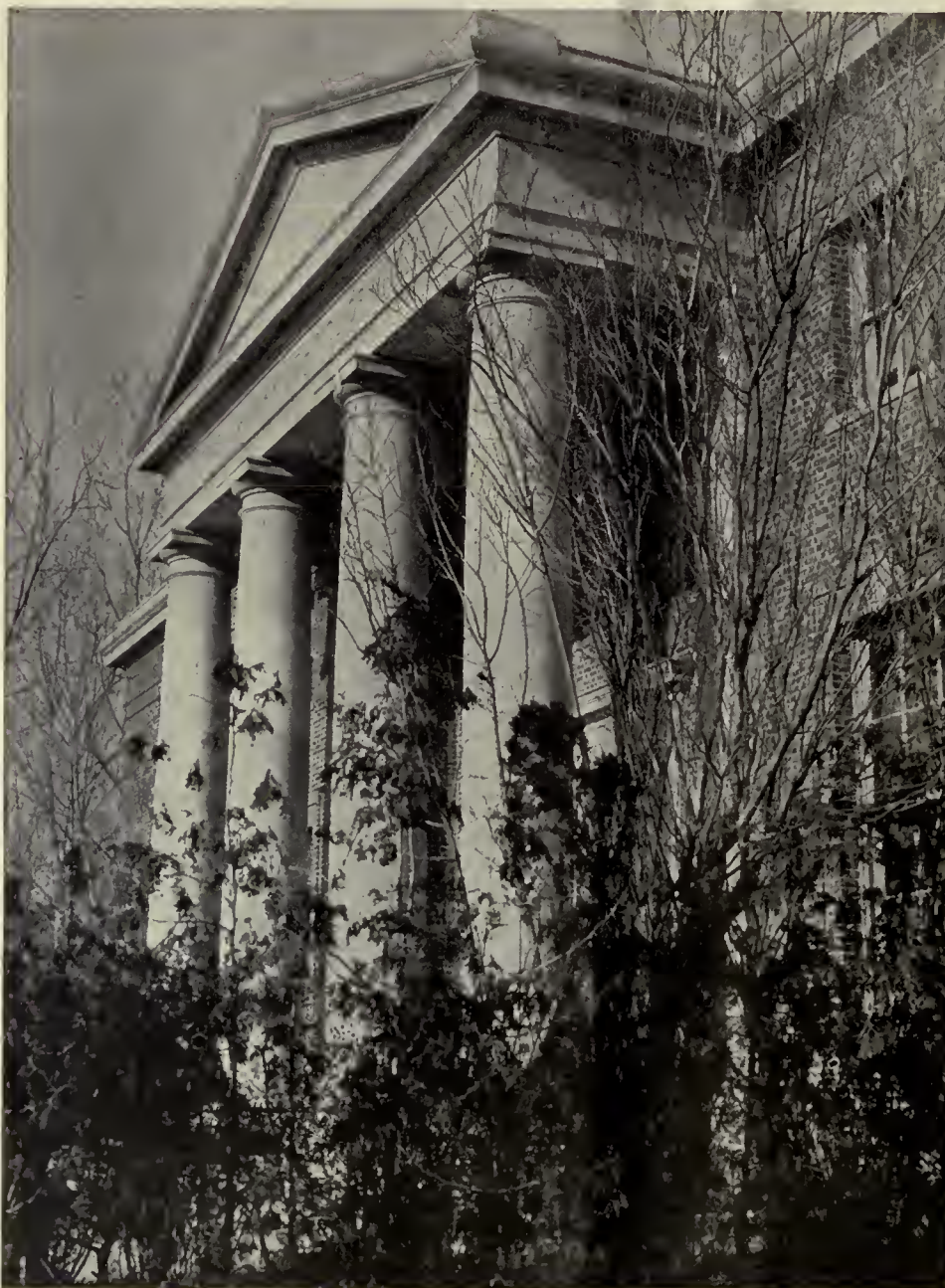
acre campus is now carpeted with turf. Where only sagebrush grew, now are green trees that tower above the warm, red-brick buildings—academic elms, rustling cottonwoods, box elders, ashes—and many varieties of shrub. Nestling alongside the buildings is Manzanita Lake, a sparkling body of water, fed by mountain streams, in which the men's and women's dormitories and other buildings mirror themselves at night. A rushing, tree-banked stream wanders about the campus edge. Around the long, tree-lined quadrangle are arranged the University halls. Some are of an incongruous design, reminiscent of older days. The newer ones, pleasant colonial

halls of red brick with tall, white columns that shine through the trees, represent the type which soon will prevail on the whole campus and make it an architectural unit. Upon the slope of a natural amphitheatre are built the concrete, column-sheltered seats from which the athletic events on the field below are watched. The field itself is one of the best to be found anywhere. Altogether there are a score of well-equipped buildings in which is carried on the University's work.

When the establishment of a state university was proposed, a sceptic scoffed the idea. He declared no one would attend an institution set on the rocks and in the sage, when he could study on the green, pleasing campus of some easily accessible school in a neighboring state. And he declared impossible the erection of such universities as there are elsewhere, in Nevada. But today students come from many other states to Nevada University, where there is greenness and freshness. After his trip across the brown plains and hills, the returning student and the prospective one must find the U. of N. campus a very restful place.

The University of Nevada probably has a larger proportion of its state's population enrolled as students than has any other state university.





The Mackay School of Mines

NEVADA is one of that group of Western states which covers a tremendous area. One hundred and ten thousand square miles of valley, mountain and desert are within the broad sweep of her boundaries. She is sixth largest of all the states in area.

Yet, within this tremendous expanse there live only 78,000 persons, scattered over the great territory in mines, on ranches, upon the range and in the towns. Forty-five cities in the United States contain more residents than does the State of Nevada.

But of these scattered Nevadans, one in every 150 is a student in residence at the State University. In the college year just closed, 521 of the 855 students enrolled in the only higher educa-

tion institution in the state, were Nevadans.

If the student body were entirely of residents of the state, from small and isolated communities, an undesirable provincialism might result. This has not happened. A healthy cosmopolitan and democratic spirit exists. There are students enrolled from every county within the state. Some of these must travel a thousand miles from their homes to reach the University, and they pass many other colleges on the way. Twenty-two other states are represented in the enrollment, as well as two territories. California, with some hundreds, leads the outside commonwealths, and from the Golden state forty-four of her fifty-eight counties are repre-

sented in the Nevada University.

The school is a true outgrowth of the interests of the state it represents. It is a Nevada institution for Nevadans, although it does welcome a certain number of students from outside the state's borders. Realizing this and recognizing the advantages of a small institution, the board of regents, governing body of the University, has limited the enrollment of those from the outside the state to fifty per cent of the number of students from Nevada. This means that for some years there will not be more than 1,000 regularly enrolled students at the University.

Small as she is, in comparison with such great state universities as that of California, Nevada's big neighbor to the west, Nevada is, nevertheless, a very complete little school. The University includes three colleges and seven schools.

Of these probably the best known and most representative is the Mackay School of Mines of the College of Engineering. Nevada has been pre-eminently a mining state and the important part she has played in the life of the Pacific West is centered around her great campus—Virginia City, Tonopah, Goldfield and others. That there should have been emphasis on courses in mining from the very first years of the University and that there should have been developed the strongest mining school in the West is only natural.

THE MACKAY SCHOOL of Mines is a memorial to one of the most fortunate of the pioneer miners of the West, John W. Mackay, who shared in the enormous wealth of the Great Bonanza of the Comstock Lode. The building in which the school is housed is one of the numerous gifts from his wife and from his son, Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, who now resides in New York City. This structure, which is in the colonial style, was designed by the late Stanford White, modeled after the University of Virginia building style. By it the plan under which all subsequent buildings have been erected and all future ones will be was determined.

Before its shrubbery-set columns stands the greatest art treasure of the University and the expression of the spirit which has made the institution what it is—"The Man with the Upturned Face," Gutzon Borglum's statue of John W. Mackay. The pioneer miner is represented clad in the rough





A Glimpse of "The Man With the Up-Turned Face"

garb of his work, holding a piece of the Great Bonanza ore in one hand and grasping a pick with the other. His eyes are lifted toward the peaks of the mountains about Virginia City, where he dug a fortune from the rock. It is the spirit of always looking up that has led the University through fifty years to its present high status.

The School of Mines building and the statue are not the only means by which Clarence Mackay and his mother have sought to express their debt to the state. Together they form the greatest benefactor of the University. The Mackay Quadrangle, grass-carpeted, tree-shaded and paralleled by red brick walls, is another Mackay gift. One of the best athletic fields in the West is Mackay Field at the University of Nevada, with its concrete grandstand and artistic training quarters. These, again, are the gifts of the Mackays.

At the semi-centennial celebration in May Mr. Mackay announced plans further substantially to increase his gifts to the University in the near future.

The citizens of the state have been

loyal in their support of their state school for higher education, the only place in Nevada such training can be had. Aside from the Mackays, the University is without substantial benefactors and the colleges and schools have been supported by moneys from the state taxes. Again, in that its material resources have come from within the state, the University is typically Nevadan.

The government of Nevada's university is more democratic than that of most commonwealths. Its control is vested in a board of five regents elected by the citizens of the state from among the citizens of the state. It is believed that this plan is more in keeping with our form of government than is the appointment of regents by the governor, which is the custom in many other states.

Although mining still contributes greatly to the industry of Nevada, its future is thought to be agricultural. The University early recognized this and for many years has been turning out technically trained Nevada agriculturists. This work has had its effect on the state. With the development of irri-

gated sections, such as the Newlands project, has come the discovery that Nevada is peculiarly suited for the growth of certain farm products. Although cattle and sheep continue to range the great open spaces of the state and keep Nevada in high rank among the stock-raising areas, there have developed chicken raising, the breeding of dairy cattle, and the production of vegetables and the ordinary farm crops.

In the University, for the training of students, there is the College of Agriculture, with its School of Home Economics and its School of Agriculture. For use in training students and for experimentation is the University Farm of 213 acres, a few miles from the campus. To benefit those not in attendance at the University, there is a strong agricultural service. This is centered in the Agricultural Experiment Station, which conducts research into agricultural problems facing the Nevada ruralist. Through the Agricultural Extension Division instruction and practical demonstration in agriculture and home economics is given in every county in





President Walter E. Clark

the state.

The service to the state as a whole does not stop with the agricultural divisions. Within the University, as the nucleus of the education program of the state, are centered all public service headquarters.

Available to the miner are two services which have modernized and developed the mining industry in the state until in many respects it is the most scientific anywhere to be found. Particularly for the prospector is the State Mining Laboratory at which any citizen of Nevada may have ores and minerals taken from within the boundaries of the state analyzed without charge. For the miner in general a corps of trained metallurgists, mineralogists and chemists is continually at work in the United States Bureau of Mines Rare and Precious Metals Experiment Station, operated on the campus in connection with the University. The present problem at the bureau concerns the possibility of developing more commercial uses for silver, a problem vital to the state. The bureau is responsible for many improvements in ore milling methods valuable to the Nevada mines.

Working on problems which will benefit Nevada is the University Engineering Experiment Station, recently established.

TO protect the health of the state there has been organized the State Hygienic Laboratory, which provides facilities for the diagnosis and control of infectious diseases. Further to insure the physical well-being of Nevadans is the Pure Food and Drugs Laboratory, in connection with which is the department of weights and measures. The State Veterinary Control Service has as its purpose to keep domesticated animals free from disease. It has been active in seeing that Nevada is uninfected by the foot and mouth disease.

The Mackay School of Mines, while serving the engineering interests of the state more directly than other divisions of the College of Engineering is but one department of that college. Others which make the college complete are the schools of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering and Electrical Engineering.

Education in the arts and sciences, the backbone of all specialized training, is the most popular in the University of Nevada. Consequently, the College of Arts and Science has the largest enrollment. Within that college professional training in business, journalism, chemistry, teaching and other lines is offered.

The science of educating the youth of the state and country has a special divi-

sion, which has had much to do with the high educational standard of the state, in spite of the obstacle of sparse and scattered population. This training is given in the School of Education and Nevada State Normal School, where teachers are prepared for grade school and high school instruction.

In the relation of the students and of students and teachers, the University of Nevada is again typical of the spirit of Nevada and of the West. In it is an informality, a comradeship, not lacking in respect, that is productive of inspiration and interest. This is due, in part, to the smallness of the institution, which throws everyone, whether he will or not, in contact with his neighbor. In the classroom the spirit expresses itself in small classes, where a friendly, informal attitude is encouraged. The proportion of teachers to students is larger than in most institutions, giving opportunity for more individual attention.

One of the greatest struggles has been to raise the University from less than a preparatory school to the academic standards of the best universities in the country. This was accomplished in 1920, when Nevada was placed on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Since then standards have gone up still more, until today no student can enter Nevada from outside the state who is not prepared to enter the best universities in the country.

Very far from recognition as a university was that mythical University of Nevada that a young man fresh from Princeton University, D. R. Sessions, came into the wilds of the West to take charge of. Young Sessions found a single building, erected by the people of Elko county, standing in the desert near the town of that name, on land donated by the Central Pacific (now Southern Pacific) Railway Company. There were no students, no faculty members, no courses of study—nothing but a building known as "the University."

It had taken the state many years to reach even this humble starting point. In the fall of 1864 Nevada was permitted to become a state, mainly because its strength was needed to support the Union in the Civil War. The Nevada constitution makers, meeting in that year, provided for a state university and placed its control in a popularly-elected board of regents.

For nearly a decade the University of Nevada existed only in the constitution of the state. There was little need for a school of higher education. Early in 1873, however, after meetings of the board of regents of the mythical institution, it was decided to establish an actual university. The legislature acted accordingly and the Elko site was selected.

(Continued on page 416)



# A House With A View

By ERIC HOWARD

YOUR SAN FRANCISCAN is quite a different animal from your New Yorker, Chicagoan or Los Angeleno. He does not boast of his city, for he is too proud to boast. If you appreciate its charm to the full and in the proper manner—he is a stickler for propriety, having won the appreciation of experts—he will slowly, graciously, surely welcome you. If you should wish that you were in New York, or—to go to extremes—if you should prefer Chicago or Los Angeles, he will shrug and perhaps smile.

And your ostracism from the charms of the city will begin. The San Franciscan is very tolerant, but he is also exclusive. If he is insular, it is the insularity of the Parisian, which is cosmopolitan. He will grant the charm of New Orleans, Boston, Baltimore, even Philadelphia; with a certain condescension, perhaps, Paris, he will admit, is a sister city; Vienna he has heard of; Buenos Aires, Havana and the City of Mexico all deserve attention. But, of course, there is only one San Francisco—and Stevenson, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Frank Norris, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce and a host of others are its prophets.

You must love the city, but you must not become too lyrical. In Los Angeles, growing lyrical, you will be dined and feted—in the best cafeteria. But in San Francisco you will be looked upon with suspicion.

We came through the Golden Gate at seven one morning. The sun had risen over Mount Diablo and the Berkeley Hills, and now it sparkled across the wide blue bay. We were coming home! We, the vagabonds, the restless ones, whose home had been everywhere and nowhere, were coming home! We had sailed into many harbors, but never into a harbor like this.

There were the green hills of Marin, soon to grow tawny, and the gentle majesty of the Sleeping Princess that is Mount Tamalpais. Before us, in the bay, rose the bleak rock of Alcatraz Island—a bit out of the Mediterranean. The gray-white walls of its prison gleamed in the sun; it was a white castle in a sea of southern blue. From Sausalito came the ferries. A sailboat veered in the wind from Richardson's Bay. Angel Island reclined like a sleeping lion.

But our eyes turned to the city. The Cliff House, the Seal Rocks, and Sutro Heights we had glimpsed. We were

coming home! It was hard to restrain that lyrical impulse.

ONCE, thousands of miles away, some one had asked us to explain what it was about San Francisco that caught in our throats and could not be uttered. We had looked at each other, and our eyes had dimmed. We could not speak. We had turned away, ashamed of our feelings, unable to control them.

So we felt as we saw, after the years, Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill like a double-humped Parnassus. And there below was Fishermen's Wharf, with its lines of bright blue and green and yellow

had it now?

"I'd like to live there!" She pointed directly at the house.

"Do you see those eucalyptus trees?" I responded obliquely. "They were among the first in California. There was an old street preacher named William Taylor who used to denounce rum and gambling in the Plaza when it was surrounded by rum saloons and gambling houses. He lived on Russian Hill, and had the first garden in San Francisco, in '49. Later he traveled around the world as a missionary, and from Australia he sent the first eucalyptus seeds that ever came to California. That was some time in the '60s, if I remember rightly."

"How much you know!" she marveled, maliciously. "But I want to live there!"

"Yes," I said. "John Fleming Wilson had that house once, and wrote some of his best stuff there. It's a great place. Maybe we can get it—but there was always a long waiting list."

"You always say that. And we always get a house with a view!"

I knew then that once more I was to be harried and worried and harassed and coerced into finding that *sine qua non*—a house with a view. It could be a small house; in fact, she hoped it would be. It could be old or new, well or badly built, convenient or inaccessible, as low in rental as we might hope or as high as we could possibly afford; it could be everything or nothing—if it had a view!

We always find a house with a view. And queer, funny houses have they been! One was so small we called it the "postage stamp." In more than one the roofs were like sieves. One was a converted barn, and the conversion had not been complete. Another creaked whenever we walked across the floor. But they all had views!

So we set out to find it, in San Francisco. As everyone knows, the only way to find a house is on foot. It is an exploration, an adventure, a thrilling quest. No newspaper advertisements or rental bureaus! No real estate agents! No! They are interested chiefly in plumbing, hardwood floors, and such non-essentials. Our method is altogether different.

We see a hill, and we climb it. We see all there is to be seen from the top. If it is a view we can live with, we look for a house, as high up on the hill as

## SILHOUETTES

*I hate the gaunt old poplar trees  
When the moon is high and white,  
They seem like ghosts of old gray folk  
Staring across the night.*

*They lean against the dawn streaked sky  
Like weird old workhouse crones  
Mumbling harsh embittered word  
In little futile moans.*

*They croon the lonest drearest wail  
When winds are walking by;  
It shatters the sparkling silence like  
The broken echo of a cry.*

—Elinor Lennherr Norcross

fishing boats and Sicilians mending their nets.

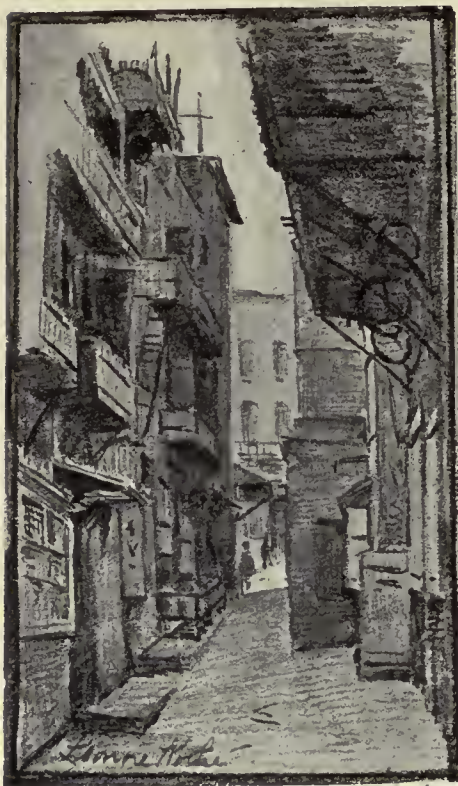
"Russian Hill!" said my fellow-vagabond, and she tried to make it sound commonplace. It was impossible.

She was not a San Franciscan, yet it was home to her. I had known the city "before the fire," and that of course was almost the same as being a native.

"And there's Telegraph Hill!" I observed.

The wind from the Gate had bent the eucalyptus trees almost double. The hill was scarred, bold, proud. Almost at its summit, on the edge of a cliff that dropped two hundred feet to the "made" land below, there was a house that had, it seemed, always been there. I felt as if I owned that house. I knew its long, wide living room, and the balcony at the end. I had spent many a windy night before its great, rough fireplace. An artist of distinction, an eminent architect, an unsuccessful but brilliant novelist had successively lived there. Who





possible. If there is no house there we wonder if we could buy a lot and build one, knowing in our hearts that if we owned it—a most unlikely event—we would not live in one place for more than three months of the year. If there is a house on the hilltop, and it has a view, we do not look for signs and omens, but march boldly up to the door and ring the bell.

"How do you do?" we say. "We would like to live in this house. Is it for rent?"

To be sure, they give us queer looks and queer answers. But sometimes we get the house, or one nearby that they know about. People who live on hills are kindly disposed towards others of their tribe.

We walked from the Ferry Building through the wholesale fruit and vegetable district to Montgomery Street.

"'When the water came up to Montgomery Street,'" I quoted, "this was the scene of great deeds and stirring events. A history of Montgomery Street would be a fairly complete history of California. This is where Captain Montgomery landed with his men from the sloop-of-war Portsmouth when he took possession of San Francisco—only it was Yerba Buena then—in the name of the United States. Then he marched a block west to the Plaza and ran up the American flag. We'll pass Portsmouth Square, which used to be the Plaza, on the way. Right across the street is where they shot John King of William—the great pioneer newspaper editor of the West."

"And here's the old Montgomery block!" exclaimed my fellow-tramp. "Every artist that ever worked in San Francisco has had a studio here, I think. But it hasn't a view!"

WHERE Montgomery Street is intersected by Columbus Avenue—which your true San Franciscan still calls Montgomery Avenue, because that was its original name—we saw a bank building with its windows decorated with portraits of Signor Fugazi, its founder.

"Where that bank stands, on the Columbus Avenue side, there used to be a little frame house. Robert Louis Stevenson lived there. He lived farther down on Montgomery Street, too, in the old Occidental Hotel. San Francisco was always the city of his heart. There's a new Occidental Hotel now, not half so charming as the old, but downstairs there's a French restaurant where you can get a real dinner for fifty cents. It used to be a quarter, with wine, and I've known the time when fifteen cents would buy a French dinner and a pint of good California claret."

"You sound so ancient! That must have been ages ago."

"It was," I grinned, "in the good old days."

At the corner of Montgomery and Jackson we passed the spot where General Sherman, long before he was a general, had been a banker. Just then we caught a glimpse of the green Plaza—or Portsmouth Square—with red and gold Chinese balconies in the background on the upper side. Seen through the narrow street, a block distant, the willow trees and darker shrubs seemed part of a Chinese garden, below balconies overhanging the street. As we crossed Kearny Street we looked again towards Telegraph Hill.

"I want to live there!" she repeated.

But it is best to approach one's future home slowly, for the approach is as important as the place itself. So we walked through the Square, pausing a moment before Bruce Porter's beautiful ship memorial to R. L. S. and into Bartlett Alley. On one side of this square, living in an old house that has since been demolished, Mark Twain wrote most of "Roughing It."

"This is part of the old Barbary Coast," I said. "These narrow alleys, as well as the cross streets, were lined with dance halls, saloons and brothels. Sailors were shanghaied here, men were thugged and robbed, hatchetmen of the tongs really used their hatchets—before they acquired a taste for automatics. Life was lively, mad and golden! Most of that's gone—and too bad, too, for there was copy on every curb."

"And pictures!" agreed the artist.

"Remember all the paintings and etch-

ings that have been made here, and Arnold Genthe's first photographs?"

We paused for a long moment before the old joss house, now innocuously converted, that had been the scene of both artistic and religious worship.

We turned into Grant Avenue—which is always Dupont Street to the true San Franciscan—and found ourselves in the heart of Chinatown. Not the old, glamorous Chinatown of before the fire, of course, with its mysterious underground dens and passages; but nevertheless a Chinatown that is more Chinese than anything else in America.

"Genthe made his first photographs along this street, with a twelve dollar camera!"

"Oh, look at the Chinese baby! I'd like to adopt one! And see that door! Oh!"

"Hold on!" I warned her. "Mustn't get lyrical."

"I will be lyrical if I like!"

And, indeed, the child was as droll and charming as little Hoo Chee, the tiny hero of Chester Bailey Fernald's story, "The Cat and the Cherub," who ran away from home in search of the House of Glittering Things, presided over by the Lady of Teas and Cake.

We dashed from one side of the street to the other, looking, looking, looking. Pictures everywhere, characters everywhere. And the street itself an amazing thing that traversed hills and hollows, and sheltered the far-flung children of ten races. Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, and then—so suddenly that it

(Continued on page 413)





# The Avenging Joss

IN A PLEASANT GROVE of second-growth pines and feathery cedars at the rear of Colonel Leneve's kitchen garden overlooking Cedar City stands a little square Joss-house, top-heavy with its ornately carved and fluted pagoda roof. Within it, on his teak-wood altar, squats Wong Lee's Joss, benignly contemplating through open door the Colonel's bungalow sprawling on the hillside below, the shingled roofs of the town, the tall stacks of the Colonel's saw-mill, and the white-walled salmon cannery, past which the river flows gently down to the blue Pacific.

Old Wong Lee will point a skinny yellow finger at the idol's bright green eyes and tell you dreamily, "Gleat Joss happy now! Mebbe so stay here—mebbe so not play debbil any more." And this you cannot understand unless you are wise in the ways of the Yellow Gods and know the story of Wong Lee's Joss—of the good ship Bonny Mora, and of what Barton Mucklow found on the slopes of Cathedral Mountain.

Thirty years ago there were Chinamen on the River, hundreds of them, coolies in the salmon canneries. Among them was Wong Lee, who did not work in the canneries, but overlorded the cook-house at Colonel Leneve's then small and struggling lumber mill at Cedar City.

To the many Chinamen their insignificant cannery and cook-shack wages were unbelievable wealth. Their aspirations mounted. They desired a Joss to smile upon their newly-won prosperity. Plenty money—plenty Chinamen—no Joss!

They built the little pagoda of cedar shakes and petitioned Heaven for a Joss—none came. Then Wong Lee, somewhat more subtle than the rest, explained that an authentic Joss could only be lured so far from the tombs of his august ancestors by much silver money. So they saved money and deposited it with Wong Lee until he judged there was enough and wrote to a cousin in Shanghai, long and laboriously, describing the particular kind of

By JAMES FREDERICK KRONENBERG

Joss, and sent the silver by a returning coolie.

After many weeks the mail steamer brought notice that the Joss had sailed aboard the staunch China clipper Bonny Mora in company of a faithful servant and guardian.

It was the Bonny Mora's last voyage. Some time between midnight and dawn she blundered into that Devil's footstool of rocks and foam below Cathedral Mountain, stripped to the bare poles and riding high to destruction on huge gray-green rollers that seemed to have stolen their sinister pigment from the stinking fog. She struck close in, but neither

bursting of his conveyance has deeply offended him. He is now pursuing the souls of his careless servitors through the hundred and ten torments, and when he has punished them he will appear—for truly he is a great and powerful Joss whom water can in no-wise drown. Therefore, be patient."

To curious whites who commented on the empty Joss-house, Wong said succinctly in pidgin English, "Joss mad. Go play debbil—plitty soon come back."

So it went, and the little Joss-house remained untenanted. Years passed, and the iron chink came to the canneries and drove out his flesh and blood brothers, who drifted away southward to the orchards and truck gardens, until up

and down the River, of his race, only Wong Lee remained, growing older and yellower and more expert in his culinary art, until the Colonel gave him charge of the kitchen in his big new house on Cedar Hill and moved the little Joss-house up into the kitchen garden, where it stood, weather-beaten and empty. Surely the great Joss must have been very, very angry; but he would finally come. Wong Lee was sure of that. You cannot drown a Joss!

Barton Mucklow was the Cedar City banker. Every year he and Colonel Leneve and the Colonel's friend, Dr. James Darrel, the eminent San Francisco scientist, spent the opening

days of the hunting season in the woods near Cedar City. The Colonel planned the trips. This year his whim dictated a long return tramp over the forested shoulder of Cathedral Mountain.

On the southwestern, or ocean slope, where neither fire nor saw had scarred the great brown trunks of the Douglas fir, the floor of the forest was smooth and springy with the deeply-matted fir needles of a thousand years. The scant undergrowth struggled anemically with almost impenetrable gloom. Only where an occasional windfall had riven the green canopy of massed fir tops, did the sunshine pierce unfiltered to the ground, and even there the broad, white bands were tempered and yellowed by the million-moted forest haze.

At the foot of one of these dancing

## WITCHCRAFT

*I'M sick with all the loneliness of all the lonely nights—  
I'll break a heart or maybe two and set my mind to rights.  
I'll take a shawl of wove-mist and wrap it round my head  
And sure the lad I pick for love is just as good as wed.*

*I'll dance in the moonlight across the rotten quay  
And anyone I beckon to will up and follow me;  
The planks are full of rat-holes and just about to fall,  
But sure I'm not afraid of them at all, at all.*

*With him who takes me in his arms I'll make a fair exchange;  
He won't regret his bargain though he finds it over-strange.  
I'll give him kisses on his lips as salt as any tears  
And wager he'll be tasting them the end of sixty years.*

*Whenever I grow tired of him I'll wilt upon his breast  
And the echo of my laughter in his heart will do the rest;  
His people will discover him beside the silver sea  
With wilderment within his eyes—and dreams—of me.*

—Margaret Tod Ritter.

man nor boat could live in that boiling surf.

THE Joss never came ashore, and Wong Lee was sad. There was talk against him. Plenty silver—no Joss! Water could not drown a Joss, nor wind nor wave destroy him. Therefore, why had he not come? Where was the money?

Wong Lee was perplexed and doubtful, but out of his superior wisdom he evolved an answer to his accusers.

"The great Joss," he explained to his countrymen in the dignified language of his ancestors, "is very angry. This matter of the shipwreck has caused him great humiliation. Like the Mandarin, who must be concealed from the curiosity of common eyes, and therefore travels in a curtained palanquin, this rude



saffron shafts, the Colonel stopped and stared perplexedly at the huge stick of down-timber that barred his path.

"Reckon I've missed the trail somehow," he opined as his two companions joined him. "I don't recollect climbing over this log, and its an old fall—look at the depth of that moss!"

"You've fattened up and let down on training since last year, Bob," laughed Dr. Darrel. "I've seen the time you'd vault that little stick as lightly as a gazelle."

Like the Colonel, Darrel was tall and white-haired and kindly humorous of eye—though inclined to angularity rather than embonpoint.

The short pousy banker was out of breath. His tone displayed want of that calm serenity of temper that characterized Leneve and the Doctor.

"Looks like you've run us up a blind alley, Colonel," he panted. "I know we're way too far down the mountain."

"Oh, well," replied Leneve, laying down his rifle, "we'll boost you over the log, Bart, and we can gradually work up to the trail again without going back. What say, Doc?"

"Suits me," returned Darrel affably, and together they helped the short-legged Mucklow over the mossy obstruction.

The little banker's red hunting cap had scarcely disappeared on the other side of the log, when his voice rose in shrill astonishment.

"Colonel! Dr. Darrel! Come quick! I've found a skeleton!"

Not one skeleton, but two! Mere heaps of mouldy bones. One almost beneath the fallen log, the other a few steps down the forest aisle—each with an eyeless skull turned and gaping horribly at the other—and between them Mucklow in his tan breeches and red cap and hunting shirt danced like a fat and greedy gnome, holding a gleaming bauble to the light.

It was an exquisitely hideous figure of gold and ivory, perhaps eight or ten inches high, and in contour much like himself, fat and round, complacently squatting on an ebony base, with pudgy hands, cunningly fashioned of purest jade, clasped on a distended paunch.

True, the ivory was stained and yellow, and the gilt had peeled in patches, but the figure was unbroken and complete in every detail, even to its carven eyes that slanted with an Oriental cast and stared coldly from pupils of cloudy emerald.

"By George!" exclaimed the Doctor enthusiastically, plucking the little image from Mucklow's quivering fingers, "a perfect Buddha! How in the world—look here Bob!"

"A Chinese Joss," pronounced the Colonel, judicially inspecting the figure in his turn. "I shouldn't wonder—

Say! Where'd you find it, Bart?"

"Right in front of him, in a rotten leather bag," said Mucklow, his voice still trembling with excitement as he pointed to a heap of bones beside the log.

"H'm, h'm," clucked Leneve, as if turning over some weighty conclusion in his mind. Then he handed the evilly grinning Joss back to its finder and turned to Darrel.

"Let's take a look at these fellows, Doc. I've an idea we may be able to reconstruct a mighty interesting little drama."

Search of the skeleton nearest the log revealed only bones and shreds of tattered clothing, some of which had been of a bright, unfading red, and a small, square can, sealed and painted with some shellac-like substance that had tolerably preserved it from rust.

Near the other lay a heavy old-style revolver, clogged with rust and mould. Mingled with these bones were tatters of discolored clothing, some trinkets such as a man might have in his pockets, a few coins, an oxidized brass watch, and two knives, one a sailor's clasp, unopened, the other a long, curving Chinese dagger, buried to the hilt in sifted fir needles.

Time and continued dampness had left the bones themselves in bad condition; but to the trained intelligence of the scientist certain conclusions were obvious.

"This fellow," said Darrel, holding up the skull he had found beside the log, "was a Mongolian, probably a Chinese," his long fingers tapped the mouldy cranium, "see—compact, small, rounded occiput. There," he added laconically, "is where he got it," one finger searched out a small round hole in the forehead between the empty eye-sockets.

"H'm, h'm," commented Leneve, "the other lad shot him. Go on, Doc."

"The other," continued Darrel, "was probably a white man, a pretty low type, I should say, from the configuration of his skull, but of good size—see the length of the leg bones."

Mucklow, who had been standing by, hugging the little Joss in the crook of his arm and running his fingers over the smooth, stained ivory, spoke up suddenly.

"What killed him? Was it suicide? There's only one gun!"

"Not suicide, I guess," drawled the Colonel, "looks to me as though one was chasing the other, and when the yellow boy came to the log, he turned and knifed him, chucked it at him, you know, it's a pleasant custom some of the Orientals have, knife-throwing. Before he died, the big boy shot the chink, and there you are! Reckon they quarreled over something, maybe over that Joss—he looks valuable."

"Too bad," murmured the banker with a nervous chuckle, "still," he quoted sententiously, visualizing the re-discovered Joss in the place of honor in his Chinese collections, "it's an ill wind—"

"It is," agreed the Colonel. "I guess old Siwash Charley was right, after all, and there'll be one happy China boy in Cedar City tonight."

"What are you talking about, Bob?" said Mucklow quickly, "nobody got off the Bonny Mora alive! That old Indian was full of whiskey!"

"What's all this? You don't know who those fellows were, do you, Colonel?" broke in the Doctor.

"Well, no!" answered the Colonel slowly. "I was just speculating. A good many years ago, Doc, a big sailing ship went on the rocks just below here. Siwash Charley, an old Injun, quite a character around here then, was sneaking down the beach that morning looking for sea-otter. He said he saw the foremast go over the side of the wreck just before she broke in two and sank, and that while the cordage hung for a moment on a pinnacle of rock, two men scrambled down the mast and bounded up the bluff into the woods. They were never heard of, and Charley got drunk on a bottle of Chinese liquor that washed ashore and didn't tell about it until a long time afterward. Hardly anybody believed him, but it sort o' looks to me now as if he told the truth. The ship was the Bonny Mora, from Shanghai, bound into the River, and among other things she was bringing over a Joss for the colony of cannery chinks. This may be it. My old house-boy, Wong Lee, has always said it would turn up some day. He was the one who sent for it."

"Yellow man and Yellow Gods!" mused Darrel. "I remember now that Wong did say something about a Joss that was out playing the Devil, or something or other, when I asked him once why he didn't have one in that little Joss-house of his."

"Yes, Wong thinks the Joss was so angry over being shipwrecked that he's been chasing the responsible parties through a complicated Chinese conception of Hades ever since," answered Leneve.

The color suddenly drained out of Mucklow's plethoric cheeks, and in a voice that was almost a croak, he exclaimed: "But that's all rot! Heathen superstition! I found this thing, and I'm going to keep it, it's—it's a work of art."

"Now, Barton," reproached the Colonel, "surely you wouldn't do that without giving old Wong a chance to identify it. He knows what kind of a Joss they were sending him, and if this isn't the one he won't claim it—Wong

(Continued on page 414)



# Memories of A Frontier Childhood

WHEN we emerged into the open road, we found an interesting picture. Spreading out over the white expanse were innumerable great empty freight-wagons with their many pairs of mules each, awaiting our exit that they might go through. They were returning from the Nevada mining region. The wagons were gay with paint, and with the brass-studded harness of the teams and the frames of bright bells on their shoulders, they were very effective in the environment of gray sky and snow.

As the caravan began to move towards the cut, the sturdy voices of the teamsters rang out in the profanity which is picturesquely described as "exhorting the impenitent mule." To my juvenile mind this was but an incident of the great experience.

As we progressed our driver told us of a chivalrous custom of this road. If a team wearing a set of bells met with an accident and was helped out by a team having *no* bells, the bells of the rescued were transferred to the rescuer.

We travelled on now through snow but a few inches deep, marked here and there by blood-red blotches of "snow-cactus." When we reached Lake Bigler—now called Lake Tahoe—the road lay close to the shore for some distance and we looked down into its clear depths. It was here said that from a boat upon the lake one could see down fifty feet or more to its bottom. The trout here were considered exceptionally fine, and I remember with satisfaction our fish supper at a wayside tavern.

Here we appeared to have come through a sag in the range and the next day we ascended again, to another summit, from which we could look down into Carson Valley—real Nevada at last. It was bare and desolate—only interesting for the play of light upon this bareness. There was an endless stretch of sand and low gray bushes which we were told were sage-brush, and grease-wood, another shrub very similar. A hot sun burned over the whole landscape.

WE MADE the descent by a sharply zigzag road down the steep mountain-side. The track was still fine, but, to quote from an old letter of

By EMMA NORTH MESSER  
(Continued From August)

my father's, of the year before when he, also by private conveyance, had first traveled over it, "it was really frightful to look down from one bend in the road to another and another." "We were almost discouraged in looking for the bottom." At that time he saw a woman at one of the stopping places who had come thus far by stage and had been actually frightened into convulsions. Her maid had had to be held in the coach. In the swift descent the massive vehicle would sway threateningly in one direction only to be reclaimed by a sharp and skillful turn in another; and this would scarcely be done before it was

fortified by a few new laws, lawyers were now undertaking to practice.

As we advanced toward our destination the sun, with no modification of its glare, continued to blaze down upon us pitilessly. Alkali dust was everywhere. We drove through it and it rose in thick, suffocating clouds. Presently an offensive odor began to assail us—something which came neither from the alkali nor the wild sage. My father had become so wonted to it that he did not think to mention it until we found our desert road leading across acres of putrifying carcasses of cattle which had almost completed their weary journey across the plains to the east of us—and had died here on the last lap. On all sides were horns, hoofs, dry hide stretched

over protruding bones—and then that awful stench! Here and there a large black carrion bird perched over his ghoulish feast. During our stay in Nevada this characteristic experience lost its strangeness.

Washoe Valley was so narrow that the walls of mountains drew comparatively close about us. On one side these were bare, with undulating hills, equally bare, at their base; on the other side rose the superb, forest-covered Sierras, one peak towering above the rest with a crest of perpetual snow. On the farther side of the range of bare mountains was

the string of particularly important mining towns, Virginia City, Gold Hill, Silver City, and Dayton. Down the graded road which cut across the face of our nearest foothill on the north, long double lines of oxen, their heads drooping from their heavy yokes, plodded with their loads of lumber from the saw-mills in the canyons above, and the drivers' voices with the sharp crack of the "blacksnakes" came to us across the intervening strip of valley.

Washoe City was a typical settlement—a few scattered wooden dwellings of the simplest kind, two short business streets lying at right angles, where little saloons predominated, and where there was one smarter structure, from which the county paper was issued. A short distance away, where the valley narrowed to a deep gorge, stood an active quartz mill, to which the ore was brought from the famous mines on the farther side of the range—strictly

## SUPPLICANT

THE earth is nearer to me since we made  
The little grave upon the hill; I know  
What Buddah meant that time he laid  
Upon the anguished mother long ago  
The gentle task of seeking out a door  
Where Death had never passed and there beg seed  
Which, given her child, would make him live once more;  
And I shall test that word in this, my need.

But I shall shun all portals here below,  
And I shall bear no fragile, earthly bowl;  
Most patiently at starry doors above  
I'll knock, and holding forth my empty soul—  
Shall wait till it is filled with Heavenly love.

—John Brayton.

to do again. In our slower conveyance we felt less fear, and, as far as we children were concerned, we did not really know of what we should be afraid.

We passed through Carson City, the meager little commonplace capital of the new territory, and fifteen miles beyond, into Washoe Valley, for the office of Surveyor-General, originally held by my father, had been abolished, its immediate task mainly achieved, and my father and aunt had already moved from Carson City to Washoe City, the county seat of Washoe County, where, being a lawyer by profession, it was most natural that he should open a law office.

He had been admitted to practice at the Nevada bar the year before, but had then written to my mother, "we shall have to wait for law practice until after the legislature meets and gives us some laws." An election had at last taken place, a legislature had convened, and,



speaking, on the other side of Mount Davidson. Small as the settlement was it was so placed in relation to Carson City on the one hand, and Virginia City, the center of the mining interests, on the other, that the new law office prospered well.

My father had had the good fortune to secure a fairly good house without building, and to this we were welcomed by the friendly citizens with a serenade. He managed to get us in in time to be properly protected during the siege of measles which followed immediately upon our arrival. My mother's courage and cheerfulness through it all were most wonderful, though I was too ill to realize it at the time—probably, also, too young. I remember that she found time to puzzle over the fact that she constantly heard my father called "General N." As he was the least military of men, she could not understand until she recalled his one year of service as "surveyor-general" of the territory. This brief experience satisfied all of the demands of the title-loving West.

At this time mails from the East came by sea and the Isthmus and the Sierras, requiring about a month to reach the territory. There was also a daily overland stage which, somewhat irregularly, brought mail. From April, 1860, to October, 1861, the most important postal matter between the East and the Pacific Coast was carried by "pony express" between the two points, St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California. This pony express was one of the most unique features of the early frontier life. Its greatest exploit was the carrying of President Lincoln's first inaugural address the whole distance, 1400 miles, in seven days and seventeen hours.

MARK TWAIN best pictures for us in "Roughing It" the lithe little light-weight men, "brimfull of spirit and endurance," and each "splendid horse that was born for a racer, and fed and lodged like a gentleman." He describes the swift messenger most vividly as he flashed past the overland stage. The driver exclaims: "'Here he comes!'" "Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling—growing more and more distinct, and more and more sharply defined—nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging

away like a belated fragment of a storm!

"So sudden is it all, and so like a flash or unreal fancy, that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe."

When telegraphic communication was made in the autumn of 1861, the pony express, having served its purpose, was discontinued, and when we arrived in 1862, it had passed into history. The treasured letters, mute as to their romantic transport, began their yellowing with age and many of their picturesque stamps went in the course of time to grace the stamp collections of youthful enthusiasts.

As we children convalesced from measles, we began to get acquainted with our new home. Bare as it was, it was *home*. Presently our boxes of books and of household goods arrived. We had not seen them for more than a year—not since they were packed in Minnesota. They had come by sailing vessel from New York, around Cape Horn, and then over the Sierras by freight-wagon. When the books were unpacked how we welcomed our old friends, Robinson Crusoe, Grimm's Tales, my beloved volume of Hans Christian Andersen, and many others! Rows upon rows of the books were placed on shelves which covered a good part of one wall of our living room, and they brought a great sense of companionship.

I think an engraved portrait of President Lincoln was the only picture on our walls, for, like my mother's piano, the old engravings remained behind, in Minnesota.

Neighbors dropped in frequently. Eastern friends came to live near us, and we thus secured a little girl playmate who loved our books as well as we did. This child and I played with our dolls together. One calamitous day we made our first acquaintance with a desert sandstorm. We had sewed for these dolls until we were tired, and then we decided to have a lovely funeral. Several of the smallest members of our playhouse family were selected and we sallied forth. The sagebrush had been cleared away and a high board fence enclosed our back yard. There was in one spot particularly deep loose sand, and here, in most primitive fashion, we proceeded with our burial. It would seem that we had already imbibed something of the spirit of light estimate in which life was held in this wild country, for there was no attempt to simulate the ordinary emotions of such occasions, but we performed the last offices with great thoroughness. Presently a wind

sprang up which increased in force until we were driven indoors. With ready and cheerful adjustment we turned our backs on the new mounds, the incident forgotten.

It was not until the next day, and after what had proved to be a severe sandstorm (known to early history as a "Washoe Zephyr") that we bethought ourselves of our buried treasures and went out for the purpose of resurrection. Alas, the whole topography of the place was changed, all trace of the little mounds was gone! Anxiety grew as we searched, until conviction was forced upon us that they were permanently lost; and so it proved. We never saw our little dolls again. It was then that we grieved—and we did grieve, but it was in secret, for we knew we had done a rather foolish thing, and we did not care to discuss it with our elders.

THESE "Washoe Zephyrs" were a trial to our elders as well as to us. They came up in the afternoon, apparently from nowhere. They discovered the vulnerable points of any building and viciously ripped off roofing. They had a particular spite against insecure hats, and they blinded us so with flying sand that we could not tell where to turn for possible escape.

I recall two figures, far down our street, battling with its caprices. One was our family physician, who was resolved not to lose his shabby but treasured silk hat. The other, walking by his side, was a Chinaman who was holding out at arm's length the long queue which had been blown from its coil about his head.

My small brothers, in due time, began to interest themselves in gathering the only crop in sight—old tin cans. They built small fires and melted the solder, with which they proposed to do something rather brilliant financially.

I was a little depressed by the absence of greenness around us, and finally asked mother if my oldest brother and I might try to make something grow. She was favorably inclined to the idea, and after due consideration we decided that we would try to raise a small crop of potatoes; that they would be green quickly and at the last would have something desirable at the roots. We cut the seed potatoes, keeping the proper number of "eyes" in mind, planted according to directions, and with our tin watering pot, established a daily line between the well and this insatiable bit of western desert. How it did drink the water, and how we hailed the first appearance of green! Then how we watched the development of the particularly tall and vigorous stalks! Our enthusiasm was great and our muscles grew as we ministered to the thirst of this plot of ground. Large blossoms in course of time appeared, and finally we began to



think of our harvest. We could scarcely wait for the day when we might pull up the roots. When the time did come, every one in the house was made thoroughly aware of the tragedy that was unearthed. The little sprangling roots bore *not one potato*—the whole splendid growth had been tops!

**T**HOUGH potatoes raised here were generally poor, they *were* raised, as were many other vegetables—more or less successfully—in localities where there was less alkali, and where mountain streams found their way down to the valleys. These smaller ranches were few, yet in the larger settlements hucksters were beginning to come to kitchen doors with quite an assortment of garden truck. Of course, like everything else, it was very expensive. Apples came from California; also grape jelly in tin cans. "Pie fruit," as it was labeled, came in glass jars from England—black currants, gooseberries, egg plums, damsons, etc. When we arrived fresh eggs had dropped from three dollars per dozen to one dollar and a half. Hay had been as high as five hundred dollars per ton at an earlier date, but had come down to thirty-five dollars, though it was expected that it would soar again—owing probably to the increasing of the demand with the present increase of population.

A certain fluffy vegetable product, a growth from Sandwich Islands trees, supplied the common filling of mattresses and pillows on the market. It was called *pulu*.

The brother who had shared my potato-raising venture was also my companion in the daily walks to a ranch a mile distant, where we obtained our milk. A gallon can swinging between us and a silver dollar held tight in a small palm, we would set out. As we came to the strong log fences which confined the herds of half-wild cattle, and above the logs saw the creatures roll glaring eyes and lock enormous Texan horns, it took all of the grit we had to go on, and we breathed great sighs of relief when well on our way home again.

Some distance beyond this ranch was a larger one, owned by a man called Dick Sides. As the wordly possessions of that locality were then apportioned, he stood for a rich man. In this capacity he assisted in illuminating the text of our new minister one Sunday morning. That day is not easily forgotten, for when my father came home after the service and told about it, I noted that Mr. M. had permitted himself to use slang from which I was emphatically debarred. My father said that the sermon was about the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and that he zeal of the new minister had led him to explain, in

the local vernacular, that "Lot had as good a ranch as Dick Sides or any other man, but when the Lord rained fire and brimstone he had to *git up and git*." My father used to love to tell this with a whimsical, reminiscent twinkle about his eyes. As characteristic of the Far West I must mention that this minister, upon his arrival, had received at the hands of the citizens, a customary social attention—the donation party, closing with a ball.

The two older of my brothers became interested with me in the establishment of our first Sabbath school. I was indefatigable in my efforts to secure financial help for it, and to illustrate the general interest in the enterprise I must mention that while asking aid at the village stores a saloonkeeper passed me, leaving in my hand a gold piece which was one of the largest contributions I received from anyone.

Our day school was small and my aunt did duty there—as she always did in the place of greatest need—until a regular teacher could be secured. Finally a pleasant lady, a widow, came out from Boston, as amiable in intent as the new minister, but differing from him in this that she endeavored to pass on to us some small fragments of the feasts of culture which had been hers, and made an immediate onslaught upon the exuberant English in which our thought had been wont to speed ahead like colts in light harness. She impressed us immensely, but oh, how dismally our ideas did struggle along under her restrictions!! It was like a sack race. None of the children present at the time will forget how awestruck we were when she briskly transformed the old eating-house man's stepdaughter from the "Bettie Cappie" whom we had known ever since we came to the valley, to Elizabeth Rutler, which the child would have been christened—if she had been christened.

But the idea of a superior language quite appealed to me when it was some one else who had the trouble of expressing his thought in it, and when the school term closed with an "exhibition," it was with my bosom filled with pride that I stepped forward on the platform of the new brick court house and, stars and stripes in hand, recited Drake's "American Flag." My selection was natural for my patriotism had never abated though we were now far from governmental affairs and the seat of war. I never forget the group of our friends whom I had seen go from Minnesota at President Lincoln's call for soldiers to protect this flag, nor the cousin who had come to us at grandfather's from a battlefield and a rebel prison, nor the pitiful slave I had found in grandfather's barn.

Our little territory was standing

bravely by the Union. So much I knew, though I did not understand until I was older, that she was one of two of all the states and territories to provide, through legislation that first year, for payment of her share of the war debt.

**W**HEN the Sanitary Commission was organized she came splendidly to its assistance, contributing generously at first and a certain amount per month afterwards. This, too, I learned when older, though the famous Gridley sack of flour which figured at that time made a story which, even then, was familiar to old and young alike. Gridley was an old schoolmate of Mark Twain's. He carried a sack of flour a certain distance on a bet, out at Austin, a town even newer than ours. When he did not know what to do with it afterwards some one said:

"Sell it to the highest bidder, for the benefit of the Sanitary fund."

The suggestion was respooded to with enthusiasm. It set the ball rolling and again and again the sack was sold. After it had had a wild but fabulously successful career in the various Nevada towns, San Francisco telegraphed for it, and after still more triumphs in California it was carried east, where it gathered still further glory. Nevada's contribution was there displayed in the shape of silver bricks, and the flour was finally baked into small cakes, these selling for much money. The whole enterprise brought an enormous amount to the Sanitary Commission—the Red Cross of our Civil War.

In speaking of Austin I am reminded that I heard, when the town was started, of a miners' lodging and eating house which was put up and called the "Occidental Hotel." A rival structure was at once erected across the street and with true miners' wit called the "Accidental Hotel."

As is well known to history, all social conditions in Nevada were very chaotic at this time. The first legislature made many corrective laws, but they quite commonly could not be enforced, and gambling, highway robbery and murder continued rampant. We children were familiar with all sorts of tales of disorder, and were wise beyond our age. It was impossible to shelter us according to eastern ideals.

One day some one came in and told my parents of the legal parting of a couple that morning and the woman's marriage that afternoon to another man. Following a typical frontier ball at Steamboat Hot Springs, not far from us, word came that a couple of our citizens had married, their acquaintance having measured but ten days.

Although it was said of Virginia City that the first twenty-six graves in its

(Continued on page 412)



# The Drawn Line

In men whom men regard as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still,  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two, where God has not.  
—Joaquin Miller.

"IF HE don't find a fresh horse, we'll git him sure. He passed Burley on a lean sorrel that was 'bout played out. He's likely to head here for a new mount, so I left the posse to cut in ahead of him."

Blivens, sheriff of Salado County, leaned against the counter, watching Harding, postmaster at Centerfire stage-station, toss letters and papers into the gaping mouths of canvas bags variously labeled with geometrical designs, letters and combinations thereof. Unaccustomed to thinking of two things at once, Harding plied interested questions, and tossed mail order catalogues destined for Bar O. P. into Mule Shoe mail sacks.

"How big a haul did he make?" he asked.

"Twenty thousand in gold from the express car, 'sides the passengers. Done the job alone. Talking 'bout your bad men! He's *one*."

"Thought something was wrong when the hack come in so late," Harding prompted the conversation along. "It's us'ally in about sundown. I reckon it waited for you to come up on the Socorro train. And say! Miss Lucy's been here four hours." He jerked his head toward a figure so quiet that the other man had not heretofore noticed it.

Seated upon an upturned horseshoe keg, beyond the radius of the lamp's faltering efforts, was a twelve-year-old girl. When Blivens spoke to her, she turned upon him round, solemn eyes which met his evenly.

"Howdy! Expectin' mail?"

Blivens' tone granted full recognition to the poise of the child.

"Yes. We are sure anxious to find if there is a cattle buyer in town. I had to wait till the stage came so's to get word back when it goes in the morning. Dad has got his steers gathered; he can't hold 'em any longer. Do you happen to know if there is a buyer, and what he's giving for yearlings?"

The lines graven in Blivens' leathery skin grouped themselves into quizzical little areas.

"I guess you're expectin' to make money while the market's up," he parried. The serious child-eyes became luminous with expectancy, and the man dropped further banter. "There's a buyer offerin' twelve-and-a-half for picked yearlin's."

By AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

He would have amplified his statement, but with a bound the girl had leaped to her feet, her hands clasped ecstatically to her breast.

"Oh!" Then, slowly: "Are you sure?"

## THE GARDEN

*YOU asked me into your garden,  
fresh and green,  
I walked demurely through your garden  
gate.*

*I saw slim lilies, neat stupidities,  
Like servitors who silently await.*

*I saw bland roses, flushed a pious pink,  
And grapes that hung like marbles in  
the sun,  
A fountain whose pale waters were a  
sigh  
Of anxious thoughts that have nowhere  
to run.*

*I saw the virtuous paths, severe and  
trim.  
Each blade of grass seemed indexed into  
place.  
I turned to you, and felt my heart contract  
To see the fore-planned pride upon your  
face.*

*I turned and ran. My skirts disturbed  
the hedge.  
It bristled with resentment and amaze.  
And all the flowers rustled their disgust  
That my impetuous ways should cross  
their ways.*

—Idella Purnell.

"Sure as shootin'. Talked with him myself. Says he'll take six carloads more if he can git 'em this week."

"And now I can go to school! Do you know, I never been to school in my life? Pa said if he got twelve dollars for every yearling, I could go to Socorro; and if he got more'n twelve, there'd be money enough to send me to Topeka to boarding school." The words tumbled out in a joyous little cataract. "Isn't our mail ready, Mr. Harding? I got to ride like a Navajo racer to get home and tell Dad, and get a letter back to the buyer by the morning stage. It leaves about sun-up."

"How far you got to go?" asked Blivens.

"Ten miles up Nigerite Canon, to where Dad and the boys are holding the

herd. I won't get much sleep tonight." The cataract continued to tumble out joyously.

"Goin' all alone?"

Blivens was staring above the child's head at some picture in his own mind.

"Oh, yes! Mala Noche hasn't been ridden lately, and he'll just hit the road in the high places. He's about got a hump in his back now from standing hitched so long. Please, could somebody help me to tie the mail sack on?"

She darted out into the cool iridescence of the night. Blivens prepared to follow, but paused long enough to answer the postmaster's uplifted eyebrows.

"The' ain't one chance in a thousand he'll git so far west as Nigerite Canon. Besides, it would be plumb cruel to keep her. That buyer don't want but six carloads, and this is the last lot he'll take at that price. Told me so himself. *I think* it's safe for her to go."

"Anyhow, it's safer for her to be alone if she *should* meet him than to have a man along—that is, if he takes time to get a good look," Harding reassured himself.

Blivens nodded, and followed the child out of doors.

"S'long!" he bade.

He slapped the rump of a black cowpony and sent it plunging into the night, carrying with it an exultant human soul to whom life had suddenly become a golden dream; sent it out into the night that somewhere held a morally broken-down man upon a physically broken-down horse—hate, fear and desperation in the heart of the one, uncomprehending, ultimate suffering in the heart of the other.

"Just a chance in a thousand that she'll meet him," Blivens repeated to himself, to still the uneasiness beginning to trickle into his mind. "But if she should, that there horse of hers would be worth more to him than his twenty thousand dollars in gold."

The thud of pounding hoofbeats died away. The unblinking stars looked down upon a world wrapped in solemn shadow, through which vague silhouettes of mountain-mass, upflung to kiss the sky, seemed whispering:

"Mortals, all your golden dreams are as fleeting mist before the glory of that Reality which I contemplate. Mortals, do you hear?"

"I hear! I hear!" cried the heart of a child.

"Hell!" cursed a man.

He damned his slow, tired horse, the  
(Continued on page 432)



## Margaret Wilson--A Sketch

By KATHERINE SCOBIE PUTNAM

WHEN Margaret Wilson signed herself "An Elderly Spinster" in the series of charming articles that she wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago, we, who were in college with her, wondered why. We were not feeling elderly, whether married or single, and some of us were older than she. Even when we had read the entire group, classed under the general heading, "The City of Taffeta Trousers," we could not understand her pen name. Later we came to feel, however, that on her return to this country from India, she felt as many of our soldiers felt when they returned from the battlefields of France. They had been dealing with big things, with vital things; so had she. They returned and found their families, their neighbors, the community immersed in trivialities; so did she. They saw with amazement, with despair, how many men gave their time, their conversation, their lives often, to the inconsequential; so did she. And she signed herself "An Elderly Spinster"—"because," as she has said, "I was at that time the oldest woman in the United States."

The fall after Margaret Wilson was graduated from the University of Chicago she went out to India, under the auspices of the United Presbyterian Church, as a missionary. I shall never forget the letters she wrote us. After reading and re-reading them, we read them aloud to our friends. One letter in particular, written after a short stay in Gibraltar and Naples, was so vivid, so colorful, so earnest, so humorous, and so original that it fascinated many who had no personal acquaintance with the writer. It was a forerunner of "The City of Taffeta Trousers," although that came out years later.

The months which Margaret Wilson spent in the Punjab and other parts of India caused her to say that although some of her experiences were so terrible that she would not write home about them, nevertheless she was happier than she had ever been in her life. Although she was not a medical missionary, a large part of her service in India was in a hospital for women and children. How fully she gave herself to the work was glimpsed by readers of her *Atlantic* articles. "I left India when I did," she wrote recently, "because if I had not, I should have died quite futilely of compassion."

THE award by Harper and Brothers in their novel contest of a prize of two thousand dollars to Mar-

garet Wilson for her book, "The Able McLaughlins," caused considerable questioning as to the author. Who was this unknown writer whose novel outranked the novels of her seven hundred and fifty competitors? Some thought that she was the daughter of Woodrow Wilson, and few connected her with "An Elderly Spinster." We, who were members with her of a girls' club at the University of Chicago, crowed loudly, exhibited her photograph, and reminded our friends that "The Able McLaughlins" was her first novel. She,

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### SANS REGRET

*ALL beautiful and perfect things  
must die*

*As music on the summer wind, and so  
Let us be reconciled, be free to know  
The breath of newer beauty passing by.*

—Margaret Skavlan

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however, shunning the limelight, slipped away to Europe soon after the award, and was quietly married in Paris on Christmas Eve to Mr. G. D. Turner, a tutor at Oxford, thus culminating, no, not culminating surely, *continuing* a long romance.

NOW that the Pulitzer Prize of one thousand dollars has been awarded to the author of Harper and Brothers' best seller of the season, people are again asking who Margaret Wilson is, and what she has written besides this book, pronounced "the most distinctive novel of the year." She was born in Iowa of strong Scotch Covenant stock, farmers, "not good at keeping up appearances," as she herself says of them. "Indeed, they were too poor to have an appearance to keep up. \* \* \* 'Tis lamentable to consider how greatly they lacked books of etiquette. \* \* \* Still their creditors slept easy, knowing they scorned the lazy evasion of bankruptcy. If they plowed with hard hands, they plowed with long heads and high hearts. And when their crops failed, they groaned internally only, attributing their failures not to lack of legislation, populistic or otherwise, but to their own lack of knowledge of the resources of their soil."

The Wilsons moved to Chicago, and Margaret attended the Englewood High School, later the University of Chicago, where I first knew her. When I was told that she was going out as a foreign missionary as soon as college days were over, I thought that some one was telling a pledge one more big story, for she was a full-fledged sorority member, and I preparing for my initiation. Margaret Wilson a missionary! Preposterous! No girl in our group better enjoyed a joke, found more joy in living, was gayer company than Margaret; it could not be that she was planning to leave home and friends for a far away mission. Yet so it was. She and I are not of the same religious denomination, but I freely say that if the religion of all professing Christians was the vital thing to them that Margaret Wilson's is to her, this world of ours would be transformed to a noticeable degree. I remember she wrote us while she was in India that she would rather wear out than rust out. She felt that "he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good" (Ps. 34:12), should serve his fellow-man.

She spent some six or seven years in India, and then returned to Chicago. Putting some of her experiences on paper, she decided to send them to a magazine, and boldly determined to attempt to break into *The Atlantic* first of all. To her surprise and delight they accepted the first installment of "The City of Taffeta Trousers," sent a cheque, and asked for more. Some teaching in the West Pullman High School intervened between the completion of the *Atlantic* stories and the writing of "The Able McLaughlins." She contributed, also, to *Asia*, narratives full of deep human interest.

Then came her first novel, which you have probably read. I could dwell long on the merits of "The Able McLaughlins," on its strong American appeal, its splendid craftsmanship, its high moral tone, its freshness, its simplicity and its truth, but I am not writing of the book, but of its author. I should like to remind you, however, that Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, in speaking of the Harper award, says of it: "'The Able McLaughlins' deserved the prize for its literary art and for its sound and solid substance of rich American life. But it also possessed that quality rarer in fine literary work than style or penetration; it stirred the emotions and appealed to the universal love of a good story, effectively told."



## Music and Musicians

IN my mental rambles it will not be difficult to trace back my steps to the subject of my columns, Our United States. "We are great, we are rich, we are all kinds of things, but did it ever occur to you that somehow we are not interesting, except as a phenomenon? It may be safely affirmed that for one cultured man in this country who studies American history, there are fifty who study European, ancient or modern." We should mend our ways and not let "our villages rush into motion, following Westward and Eastward the bewitching music of some Pied Piper of Hamelin." As we have always paid the Piper, now let us call the tune.

What makes France so interesting? It is because Frenchmen find her so. As soon as America, especially in the field of musical art, becomes interesting to Americans, then will we interest outsiders.

If we know we can make Art, submit ourselves to standard cultural weights and measures, and prove ourselves capable, then it is time to drop provincialism and build up and recognize *Our Art* to a degree that will be, not only interesting to Americans, but to the whole world. "The divine faculty is to see what everybody can look at." Let us hear *our* music-dramas, as well as those of Europe, and give this heritage, among others, to our race.

This has been my objective—nothing more nor less—without which we will remain a land of commercialism, and cannot hope to leave the only history that lasts, the history represented by Art.

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, M. M.

"And for our tongue that still is so impaired

By traveling linguists, I can prove it clear,

That no tongue hath the Muses' utterance heard

For verse and that sweet Music to the ear

Struck out of rhyme, so naturally as this;

Our monosyllables so kindly fall,

And meet, opposed in rhyme, as they did kiss."

We are again in receipt of European news concerning the triumphs of our gifted and beautiful American singer, Luella Melius, whose talent is equal to Galli-Curci, but whose marvelous voice seems to be reserved for Europe rather than her own people . . . due, perhaps, to this fashionable and artistic altruism which we are still prone to carry to a fault.

The past spring in Vienna the crowds followed her car from the theatre to the hotel. In Italy and Spain the kings have honored Mme. Melius with medals and decorations. We read in the French journal *Commoedia* that Paris is carried by storm by her singing at the Paris Grand Opera House . . . and yet, the opera companies incorporated in the U. S. A. are minus her name. Does it not seem fit that American artists should, now, take the definite stand of requesting recognition first at home?

Often "running away" seems a confession of defeat, and will our public defeat the purpose of these artists by forcing them to obtain just recognition first from Europe? Surely we are a loyal, just and intelligent people. America must have her Art, and this can be determined alone by the Americans.

John Barclay, the gifted English baritone, who is so rapidly becoming part of our musical life, has developed sudden foresight in having many of the great Lieder translated into English for his future concert repertory in English-speaking countries by the well-known and inimitable writer, Charles Henry Meltzer, the two having had a happy meeting in London this season. This is good news.

"Why, by God's name, may not we, as Else the Greeks, have the Kingdom of our Own language?"

"And who in time knows whither may we vent

The treasure of our tongue? to what strange shores

The gain of our best glory may be sent

To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?

What worlds in the yet unformed occident

May come refined with accents that are ours."

## The Coronation

WHEN first one Star, then another, and another until all the Stars peeped out from their windows to see whether the blazing Sun was gone to distant lands;

When Breeze stole from his hiding place and glanced hither and thither, then exalted himself to ecstasies and danced fantastically over the lawns of blue grass;

Even then did I seat myself beneath a giant oak, and called forth my Future—my stark bony Future.

Then I dressed the skeleton in green and red and yellow; annointed him with the perfumes of the East; placed a crown of pure gold upon his head; and called forth all the Fairies of the Land and the Sea to witness

The coronation of my king!

From the reedy silver stream drunken Pan emerged, followed by his troupe of hoofy creatures, blowing pipes and beating time with their feet;

Lured from the shadows of the woods came sylphic groups of sprites and goblins, impish dwarfs and elfish brownies, joining hands, encircling Pantomime, and dancing to the rhythms from the Pipes of Pan.

And the graceful silhouettes of the dancers upon the moonlit grass were reflected in my heart.

I turned my head to see my king—I saw him sitting motionless upon his throne, and from his eye-sockets poured forth two streams of eternal darkness.

—YOSSEF GAER



# In the Shadow of Fujiyama

CARSON BRENT—roamer, man of the world, buyer of silks, gentleman of leisure—was shortly to hobnob with the worst rascallion in Japan.

Brent was aboard the *Rangoon Maru*, which had just dropped ten fathoms of anchor chain into the turbid waters of Yokohama harbor. He watched an insipid quartermaster lower a Jacob's ladder over the lee rail to accommodate the numbers of saffron-hued folk who inhabited the sampans that swarmed about the ship's sides.

"Humph!" he added enigmatically, with a cursory glance off toward the bunds, through the smoke spiraling skyward from the slim, speckled cigar held between his teeth.

Then the wolf-breed and their scrabble of baroque, stilted voices came aboard to purvey their whatnots . . . the men hawking air-ferns, puffed rice, *waraji*-sandals, tiny sorobans, *soba*, camellia-seed hair oil . . . the unchaste women offering their flesh to the crew . . . The deck was a swirling maelstrom of myriad-garbed humanity.

"Mis'er, you rike go 'shore?" queried a coolie, baring his fangs, his eyes gleaming avariciously over high, oily cheek bones, his mongoloid hands hanging like overgrown carp from his cotton kimono.

"Sure," Brent said, "and show lots of speed."

The coolie kowtowed humbly and, still grinning, motioned him to follow. Brent tarried for a moment. The sight of a blue-uniformed custom officer caused him to remove hastily a sparkling stud from his shirt front and secrete it in his ear.

"No use paying duty on that, if I don't have to," he murmured.

They descended the ladder.

"Now," continued Brent, as he seated himself in the harbor taxi, "you savvee a nice, fast boy with rickshaw—take me round a little?"

Again the sampan bandit made obeisance over his crooked, wobbling stern-oar, grinned, and sucked in his breath.

"My brother. Hifty mile run. Neber stop."

AT the *hatoba*, or landing place, the boatman jabbered a string of staccato words with another of his kind who, under a mushroom straw hat, had been snoozing between the shafts of his jinrikisha.

Translated into the speech of Nippon, it was in part:

"— he must be very rich, for he

By JAMES HANSON

has hidden his shirt jewel from the custom men; and he smokes cigars. Why, the fool gave me two *yen* for his fare ashore, when the price is but ten *sen*. Charge him plenty."

At that the rickshaw puller bowed affably, after the manner of his kind, and exposed his simian teeth to Brent.

"Me run fas'. All same rayroad train. Where you rike go—geisha houseo?"

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## TELEPHONE

(To Evelyn Vaughan)

YOU are enshrined upon your hill  
Within encircling trees of dusky  
green

That line unevenly against the sky.

Between,  
Vales, deep valleys, intervene  
Filled with light—  
Sometimes with the hue of lavender  
Growing in my garden—  
Through the night  
Their depths are dark and still.

My longing to hear your voice  
Flashes along the wire—  
Four bells—  
I hear your answer—  
Your voice,  
So wonderful and sweet,  
Guided by a silken thread—  
Thread of my heart's spinning—  
Spans the starlight.

—Ethel Brodt Wilson

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"No," growled Brent, frowning at the delay. "Hotel first, then to the Tenno Silk Bazaar. Hurry! I'm only here for a couple of days."

By the time he had finished his lunch the news of his generosity to the sampan man had preceded him to the ears of Hito Matsuoka, the proprietor of the Tenno Silk Bazaar, thanks to the garulous jinrikisha coolie.

And Matsuoka fixed his business partner in a bland, myopic gaze through the horn rims of his spectacles and grunted:

"So he is free with his money, is he? Well, I can handle him. I'll get his money as I got it in Colon, Calcutta, Havana, and San Francisco"—he sucked in his breath—"I'll clean him well, even if I have to enlist the police."

Matsuoka clapped his hands. A *nesan* answered his summons.

"Bring me eat and drink," he ordered, again inhaling his breath through compressed lips—"some eels, prawns, sponge-cake, *kakes*, shredded fish, a little sake,

a salad of chrysanthemums, and a shell-cup of amber tea with a salted cherry blossom in it that will again unfold into a perfect bloom."

And Matsuoka closed his eyes and imagined himself to be an aristocrat on the soil of cloud-capped Fujiyama, glow-worm lanterns, butterfly women, iris and wistaria festivals, and tea-house maids in voluminous sleeves and ornate coiffures, *torii*s, gnarled camphor trees, and geishas in stork-covered kimonos, with *obis* tied Osaka fashion, who struck *samisens* with ivory picks.

Again Matsuoka muttered to himself:

"I was educated in 'Frisco. I know these buyers—just out of college—rickshaw man will bring him here—then watch me—. Ah-h-h, Yemma, King of Hell, stand at my side. The holy emperor, Shotoku Taisho, talked when he was four years old, and but a few years later he spoke in eight languages all at once; yet I shall speak only one language, but, by all the thirty-three Kwannons, I shall talk it well."

Brent's arrival at the store was well advertised. A motley crowd of beggars and street wastrels had joined forces with the jinrikisha master in his demand for an exorbitant fare.

The situation was becoming serious when Matsuoka ceased fingering his soroban to glide to the door.

A few cryptic words from him had a dynamic effect. Without a protest the mob departed before the officious tones, and Matsuoka continued to Brent:

"Give the fellow thirty *sen*, which is enough."

After the bit of unpleasantness was over Brent tendered his card.

"Representing Blum & Plummer of San Francisco," he added, by way of further explanation.

Matsuoka rubbed his hands and bowed effusively.

"Ah, yes, I know the firm well—done business with them for years. Well, sir, you shall have the best."

Brent proffered a cigar and made an inquiry.

"Not yet, not yet," objected Matsuoka unctuously. "We don't do business that way in Japan. Before we can think of mere business, you must sample my hospitality."

He smiled, revealing a set of perfectly kept teeth, and called to his partner.

"Here, Tanizawa, show Mr. Brent about. Treat him to your utmost. Give him the finest."

To which he added in his own tongue.

"Get him drunk—anything to get him in a receptive mood. Befuddle his brain



with women. Then we'll show him how to do business. Eh, Tanizawa?"

Brent scowled. Yet, he knew he could ill afford to ignore their customs. Dang 'em! Why did they persist in such tomfoolery before getting down to business? Anyway, he accepted with as much grace as possible.

And before Tanizawa was half through with him, Brent was leaning back enjoying a cigar. His purpose had become a secondary matter; the sweet but treacherous rice wine had attended to that.

"Hm-m-m," he sighed, "Japan's not such a bad place after all."

He smiled benevolently upon a serene geisha girl, whose lips were carmined and face was white with rice powder, while she refilled his tiny cup with sake, as she had learned it years before in Number 9.

The mystic influences of the East seized Brent and held him fast. By the grace and purse of Tanizawa he saw tea-houses and soft-toned *amahs* (maids) who served cakes and played moon lutes, toy gardens with toy children skipping about like gossamer-winged butterflies, Benten Dori, Isezakicho, Homura Temple; and in the eating pavilions that were lantern-hung and spread with red blankets, he ate the finest of *kakes*, *taifish*, lily bulbs, bits of eggplant, bamboo soup, Shikoku salmon, and soy to season it all.

"Come on," smiled Tanizawa, with a poetic inflection of tone, shaking Brent from his somnolent contentment, "stir yourself. There is much yet to do. You must see a portion of the No dance, and involve yourself in the rites of the *cha no yu*, as well as a hot Sugita bath and a rub of straw pads. By the red *toriis* of Chiuzenji Lake, I'll commit *hara-kiri*, the honorable death, if I ever allow myself to return without having done my duty."

And when the aftermath of Tanizawa's generosity came—

Brent bought without stint, silks of Shieno, Shobey, Musashiya, Kinuya, and Matsuishiya—*kabe* and *kabe habutai* crepes—and of *yesso nishikis*, of which one *obi* length is appraised at about two hundred *yen*.

Brent's unerring judgment and selection caused Matsuoka to spit wrathfully and tear his hair in 18-carat Yiddish fashion, in the back confines of his store.

"Spent all that money on him for nothing!" he hissed. "And to think that I played him for a boob. Why, hell, that man's a Foch when it comes to buying. Hump! I'm the boob"—suddenly a streak of vengeance shot through his eyes—"maybe."

He sent promptly for a captain of police.

A diminutive, blue-clad personage with a cock-sparrow mein answered the request. Then an abundance of hissing and bowing followed.

"He can't beat us all," said Matsuoka, at the conclusion of their conversation; "he'll find that out. Eh, captain?"

"I'll say he cant," was the rejoinder.

CARSON BRENT was smoking a cigar and abstractedly studying one of Matsuoka's windows containing some images of Takara Bune, when he received a touch at his elbow.

He turned and beheld a police captain, companioned by four subalterns, evincing considerable surprise when he was placed under arrest.

After a walk of several blocks he found himself interrogated by a Dyak-faced lieutenant in a police station which stunk of raw fish, sea weed, and airplants.

"Why have you evaded the custom laws?" queried the lieutenant, preparing to argue, knowing that most white devils of his previous acquaintance had refused to admit their defaults.

The officer was taken aback by the answer. There was no argument.

"Because to me it is merely an ornament," he answered truthfully. "I had no desire to break any of your laws. If I had to pay duty on that gem in every port I visit, it would cost me much money in a year. I'm sailing tomorrow, and I'm taking it back with me. I have no intention of trading or selling it."

An oily, snake-tail smile became smeared on the lieutenant's lips, and he stroked the wheezing Chinn nestling in his lap.

"Take it back? Impossible. You have forfeited all right to it. We hereby seize it, in the name of the government."

Brent rolled a deliberate, indignant American oath into the insolent face opposite him.

"I'll report this to the consul," he affirmed.

Again the lieutenant grinned.

"The consul can't change the laws," he insinuated; "and besides he's over in Tokio taking in the iris festival."

Brent paced the floor in irate agitation for a moment, then he again spoke in a different tone, persuasively and sincerely.

"Officer, that stud is an heirloom. It's valueless to me, and I don't want to lose—"

"It can't be helped," was the reply in finality. "You can consider yourself lucky that you're not getting a jail sentence with it. As it is, you'll be confined till we see the higher officials."

"Can I see Matsuoka?" suddenly inquired Brent.

He knew the way of Oriental policemen; they had itchy palms. Matsuoka would surely know just what procedure

to take so that the gem would not be lost forever.

The officer complied, and Matsuoka was promptly sent for. In the meantime Brent sampled the accommodations of that Yokohama bastille. It consisted of a fellowship with a half dozen bay pirates; the stone floor was his seat; and his meal amounted to a few raw fish and some lily roots.

The same fare was served to him in the morning, when Matsuoka made his appearance.

Matsuoka offered an extemporized excuse for not coming the evening before when sent for, pleading business as his reason; but Brent knew that the fat storekeeper lied and that his apologetic air was false, for he had heard Matsuoka in close confab with the captain of police two hours after the arrest.

"Just ask that cop with the yellow jaundice," began Brent, "what he wants to let me out of here. I've got to catch that boat."

A jangle of words followed between Matsuoka and the lieutenant. Brent listened until they had finished.

"Well, what did he say?" he asked irritably.

"He says you're a very bad gentleman," replied Matsuoka.

"Oh, goldfish!" groaned Brent.

More conversation followed rapidly. Literally translated, according to Matsuoka, the spokesman, it was:

"Fine him a small amount, and I'll pay it for him. You keep the fine and I'll get the stone. The fool will think I've done him a great favor. It'll aid my future business with him. I'll help to ease his pain by giving him a fair amount of worthless merchandise."

At the close of his speech both smiled and turned to Brent.

"You'll get off with a small fine, which I'll pay. But one thing is certain, you can never recover the stone, except after much talk and law. Now I'm willing to take a chance; I'll trade you some merchandise for the right to it, in event I can get possession of the gem. In that way you'll not be much the loser."

"How much are you willing to give?" he asked.

Matsuoka bowed, sucked in his breath, and cleared his throat.

"You'll be very surprised," was the non-committal answer.

Again Brent nodded an agreement.

And just before his departure on the boat Brent cast an appraising look upon an array of trinkets. Spread before him were porcelains, lacquers, images and altar pieces, *karos*, camphorwood boxes, bronze gongs like those in Asakusa Temple, Sea and Banko ware, *inros*, *fukusas*, upon which were embroidered fish, dragons, maple leaves, wistaria, and the

(Continued on page 431)



# The New-Old Houses of Santa Fe

By S. OMAR BARKER

THE SOUTHWEST as a land of the rude, hard-riding, hard-living, straight-shooting pioneers of cattle range and mining camp is not unknown. A tradition of pioneering has sprung up and flourished until even today America knows the Southwest as a frontier. And so, indeed, it is. Yet where once its pioneering was that of conquest, of settlement, of development in a vast and unknown land, we have, of recent years, begun to assume a leadership, here in this land of the sun, in the realm of the beautiful and artistic; in art, in archeology, in the sort of realistic romanticism in literature, and above all in architecture.

The houses that men live in, their temples, their buildings of whatsoever nature, constitute a vital part of their culture, and so it has been said—almost pityingly—that America of all nations is unfortunate: she has no native architecture. Doric temples and Roman palaces in the East, old English and Flemish homes, Hindoo bungalows, even California missions—all of these have been borrowed at least partially abroad. Yet we do have a native American architecture. Our own Southwest, offering its bit to the development of beautiful buildings in America, has evolved a style that is undeniably beautiful, practical and indigenous. It is the Santa-Fe-Pueblo type, thus far to be found, aside from some original source buildings, only in and around Santa Fe, ancient city of the *Conquistadores*.

Before discussing the modern adaptations of this unique and only true American architecture, let us trace briefly its origin and some phases of its development. Its beginning is prehistoric and its story is the story of centuries of romantic racial history.

When the cliff dweller, probably because of an increase in population, found it necessary to enlarge his home, instead of carving out additional rooms back in the dark cliff wall, he took the rough, untrimmed natural bricks of broken *tufa* that lay all about and, using clay mud for mortar, built two- and three-storied additions. These were terraced back from the first story, each roof forming a sort of bench in front of the next higher wall. From these *talus* houses these prehistoric tribes next developed the terraced community houses built entirely away from the cliff: In all of these wooden beams were used and protruded out in front of the walls.

WHATEVER may have become of the cliff dwellers, there can be no doubt something of their style of building was perpetuated by the Pueblos into whose peaceful lives came the Spaniards near the first of the 16th century. Probably—almost certainly—these peaceful, round-faced folk were the descendants of the dwellers in the cliffs. And so when the Spaniards came they found a score of Indian villages, each of which consisted of terraced community houses, some built of mud and some of

and so they had to depend upon the assistance of the Indians themselves. Thus, while the monks directed the work it was the hand of the Indian that performed it to a great extent, and there resulted a combination of the ideas of the Spanish priests and the workmanship of the Indian that effected an actual creation: the Pueblo mission. Yet the greatest influence upon the type of building erected was the natural environment, plus the nature of available materials and tools.

The Pueblo had long since learned to build with the *adobe* mud of the country. It hardens easily, the sunny climate helps not only in hardening but in permanency afterwards. He did not, however, mold his mud into bricks, but mixed it into a very thick mass and poured his walls, fashioning them with his hands and without the assistance of forms, thus making impossible any sharp or hard lines. Like the undulating outlines of the New Mexican hills were the final outlines of these mission buildings.

The woodwork was roughly hewn and often hand carved. The rough *vigas* or beams were left protruding. The surfacing was usually of the same material as the walls, though smoothed with infinite care and labor. Sometimes various tints of clay were used, these in each case being determined by the locality and available materials. Each mission was in itself a creation, not a mechanically plotted and mechanically constructed edifice, but the outgrowth of a natural sense of symmetry and fitness.

It is from these old missions directly, and all of the old Pueblo buildings more generally, that Santa Fe has taken its inspiration for a new and beautiful architecture. The School of American Research, under the leadership of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, has fostered a renaissance of the type and the result is that today old Santa Fe is a wonderland of beautiful buildings in a style found nowhere else in the world. Its adaptability to modern uses and modern materials has been proven.

Besides the dozens of residences, each a distinctive example of the type, Santa Fe has several garages, office buildings, a motion picture theatre, a large hotel, a high school building, a number of state buildings, a quarter of a million dollar Federal Building and, gem of them all, the New Mexico State Museum. The flexibility of the style is one of its most

## ASPIRATION

A MOCKING desert stretching wide,

A sun that is burning hot,  
The last faint vagrant breeze has died  
And shadow and shade are not.

The heat waves rise, a rippling haze  
From sand and the sagebrush cast,  
The lava slopes reflect a blaze  
That stings like a furnace blast.

Afar through sun-drenched day loom high

White peaks in a stainless glow,  
How sweet to softly, safely lie  
At ease on the cool, clean snow!

The thought a benediction seems,  
I'm free as a bird, as gay,  
I fly my soul where a mountain gleams,  
Lo, the desert fades away!

—Irene Welch Grissom

stone, but all attractively well balanced in the mass although anything at all but uniform in detail.

When the first *conquistadores* gave way to colonists there came also the gray-cowled Franciscan friars to carry the cross of Christianity to the pagan Pueblos. These were hardy souls, for while most of the Spaniards grouped themselves in settlements the Franciscans went out by ones and twos into the various Pueblos to live among a strange and unknown people. One of the first enterprises undertaken by these missionaries was the erection of a *sanctuario*—a church—in each village. It meant something tangible to which to attach their teachings. Naturally Spain could not, if indeed she had had the will, furnish these outpost Friars with laborers,





"The Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs"—Photo by The School of American Research

attractive features. Cozy cottages or majestic temples, alike offer possibilities for beauty, originality and convenience. Terraces, *patios*, courts, walled gardens, alcoves, built-in-balconies, wall seats, turrets—all of these are wholly consistent and natural to the type.

As I have said, there is no longer any need for the use of primitive mud-concrete. Beauty need not be sacrificed in making use of modern materials. Brick tile, *adobe* in bricks, even stone and concrete can be used, though the first named is the most successful. Tiling can be molded for the tops of walls so as to form no square corners nor stiff lines, and it takes the natural *adobe* plaster quite readily. Naturally the use of *adobe* and of hewn and unpainted beams and *vigas* is also dependent somewhat upon the environment. These materials would not stand the climate of—say—New England any more than the type of building itself would harmonize with a New England landscape.

The State Museum, called "The Cathedral of the Desert," and also "The Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs" is undoubtedly the most perfect and the most beautiful example of Santa Fe-Pueblo architecture. Artists and architects of world fame have pronounced it a gem. Unlike our temples and palaces of Greek or Roman type the Cathedral of the Desert is at home, right in the very midst of the civilization and culture that produced it. Neither time nor distance separates this creation from its sources. In its facades are reproduced six of the old Franciscan missions of New Mexico. Those of Acoma and San Felipe are prominent in one of the accompanying illustrations. Some of these old missions are still standing in their ancient villages. Those of Pecos and of Santa Ana are now in ruins, though an effort is being made to preserve these ruins from further loss.

Each view of the Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs offers a new charm, a new architectural composition and a

revealing beauty. The hills themselves are not more responsive in their beauty to the change of sunlight and shadow than is this temple. There is no mechanical balance of detail, no repetition in the entire structure and yet a unified grace and symmetry is preserved.

In the center, between the auditorium wing (left) and the art gallery wing is

#### FOG IN THE MOUNTAINS

##### Surf

THE white surf runs into green inlets  
And breakers pile over rocky points  
Lifting spray into wooded hollows.  
The tops of trees  
Like drift,  
Or little boats,  
Beat through the mist.

##### Tide

The fog rises like the tide  
And in the sea of white  
Two distant peaks  
Become blue islands.

##### A River

Fed from the great white wall  
That looms miles away  
The fog, like a river,  
Steals silently along the mountain pass;  
Winding in and out  
Blotting out the landmarks,  
Hiding trees and hills  
Until  
The near valley  
Is flooded.

—Ethel Brodt Wilson

a beautiful *patio* or inner court. Here are shown to the best advantage the carved corbels and primitive pillars. All of the woodwork is handcarved and bordered with broken lines of beading, oil-painted in alternate colors of blue and vermillion. These can be seen in the illustration showing the pillars of the inner court. Ceilings are of angled, hewn poles laid close together over hand-carved *vigas*. There is a complete harmony of primitive beauty about the building, and yet not one single feature was supplied by any imaginative whimsy. The whole is a blending of the original

features of historic and wholly unsophisticated mission and pueblos. It is this immediacy of source as well as the obvious beauty of the building that makes of it the flower of America's own native architecture.

Called the State Museum, the Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs is in reality only the Art Museum portion of the state institution, the other portion being housed in the old Palace of the Governors. Here are exhibited the paintings of the half a hundred nationally and internationally known artists of Taos and of Santa Fe: all of whom are doing work in Indian art which is fittingly appropriate to this building.

Similar architectural features are to be found in other Santa Fe buildings. The carved oak of the Federal Building is a work of art. So much so that perhaps it was responsible for a stranger asking, one day last summer, in the lobby of the Post Office, where he could find the Post Office. Indeed there are not many post offices housed so artistically and beautifully. Small wonder he failed to recognize it.

Surface tints vary. Gray and brownish, clay-like yellow seem to predominate but there are tints of red and of deeper brown to be found here and there among the many buildings of this type in and around Santa Fe. The tints, however, are in each case quite natural and, whether they were or not, might very easily have been obtained from New Mexico clay beds.

It must be remembered, of course, that here in Santa Fe these buildings are in the midst of the environment that produced them. Here they harmonize. Just to what extent the style might be adapted to other than hill sections of the Southwest is problematical. Santa Fe, at least, has learned, like a well dressed woman, just what is becoming to her romantic and at the same time modern needs. There are many other places in the Southwest whose history and whose local coloration and environment might make their use of the Santa Fe-Pueblo architecture consistent. That it can ever be used all over the country is, of course, out of the question. Yet, local though it may seem it is the only real American architecture and it disproves emphatically and beautifully—the statement that America has no architecture of her own.

And if houses mean history and tradition and culture and symbolism, as they most assuredly should, there can be no doubt that this type is a nationally significant and important one, whether we call it Santa Fe, Pueblo, Santa Fe-Pueblo, New Mexico-Mission, Southwestern Mission or just American.



# A Poet in the Making

By TORREY CONNOR

**A** LOVE of nature, conspiring with the love, home-fostered, for all the gracious arts, set the feet of Charles Keeler, a Wisconsin lad, in the paths of beauty.

He was a naturalist at the age of ten years, and the organizer of an Agassiz Society. Daybreak found him climbing the nearest hill to view the sunrise. Brother to the birds, the shy creatures

Joseph Le Conte, physicists and geologists; Professor Howison, the philosopher; Bernard Maybeck, the architect who designed the home in which the poet dwelt during the first years of his married life. Other warm friends were Charles Warren Stoddard, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, Charles F.

Lummis, William Keith, John Muir and John Burroughs. With the latter he was associated on the Harriman expedition to Alaska. In a Coolbrith has been a white light in his life.

He had lived during a period of ill-health in the Mojave desert; and later at the picturesque Mission San Juan Capistrano. There was a wonderful journey which took him to Tahiti, Cook Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Samoa, Hawaii. What dreams, what visions, he must have had in his wanderings! Something of "the height of the sky, the depth of the silence," out there in the desert waste, he made his own; something of the eternal peace that seems to dwell within old mission walls crept into his work; not a little of the beauty, the charm of far, strange places he made imperishable.

But in all these years of rich experiences—riches wrung from a niggard fate that, even in boyhood, burdened his frail shoulders—the dreamer, the idealist was also a "doer." His horizon of activity constantly widened. He was first in the arts and crafts movement, which brought to public attention "the beautiful and the true" in architecture, in gar-

dens, in city planning. He officiated as superintendent of the Berkeley Unitarian Sunday School which his children attended. He wrote "Cosmic Religion," which sought to establish a universal religious basis for daily life. He wrote plays which were successfully produced. He was made president of the Berkeley Studio Club. Just previous to the death of his wife he wrote a book descriptive of travels in California—a classic in its way—which was illustrated by Mrs. Keeler's pen drawings.

Came his world tour of recitals—original poems—during which his appearances in the Princess Theater, New York; in Huntington Hall, Boston; in London, Italy, Egypt, India, Burma, the Philippines, China, and Japan were markedly successful. With a personality that attracts—and holds—friends wherever he goes, he won new and valued friendships with James M. Barrie; Hamilton Wright Mabie; S. Wier Mitchell; Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Thomas Nelson Page; William B. Yeats; Sarojini Naidu, the Indian poetess; Hind Amoun, the Egyptian authoress of a history of ancient Egypt. With Yoni Noguchi he went to Nikko and Kyoto; spent months exploring the country, visiting monasteries and living at native inns. He saw the sun rise on the Himalayas; sailed the Red Sea to Port Said; journeyed up the Nile to Luxor, Karnak, the Tombs of the Kings; he climbed the pyramid of Cheops; went on to Rome for the Easter service. A year in London followed.

Thus, in briefest outline, the story of a poet in the making, to the time of his home return, his happy marriage to a friend of years, Ormeida Curtis Harrison. He is still the dreamer, but more than ever the "doer." He is Managing Director of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, and president of the California Writers' Club. He is prominently

(Continued on Page 432)



Charles Keeler—dreamer and "do-er"

of the forest, the shouting winds, his waking hours were employed in the study of bird and insect life, the wild flowers, the trees; in photographing them. The lake, the river, the hills—each had a message for him. Here then was the dreamer, the idealist, the poet in the making.

Later, in his highschool days, with California as the field of his activities, the United States Department of Agriculture sent him out as Western agent of the department to make nature studies. Before he was twenty-one, the California Academy of Sciences had published his monograph on the evolution of color in birds; he was lecturing on a variety of subjects; his scientific articles were receiving notice; and he was writing—"verse." His book on bird coloration won high praise from European, no less than from American scientists.

His friendships, at that time, embraced men of such note as John and

## A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES KEELER

**H**E SPEAKS to us in words that poets know,  
And God's fair sunshine touches shadowed faces;  
Across the tides of life that ebb and flow  
His message wings to hearts in lonely places.  
With him we tread sequoia's sacred aisles;  
Wind-songs are ours and happy children's laughter;  
At every step the earth in flowers smiles  
And little fragrant winds come running after.  
And if we journey with him, day by day,  
To peaks of high emprise he points the way.

—T. C.



# The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW  
(Continued from last month.)

"I'M GLAD Ann could not come just now, aren't you?" she pursued. "I want you to help me make the plans for our new room. We can work them out together. You have such good ideas about such' things." Again Shorty pressed her arm, this time so hard that she flinched, but he said in self-deprecation, "I haven't got but one good idea, and that's that you're about the one best idea goin'."

It was her time to exert the pleasant pressure and she asked Shorty, "Why do you think that?"

He replied that he did not think it; he knew it. Their walk to the home was punctuated by many little colloquies like this, and accented and emphasized by reciprocal arm and hand pressures, for once they had passed the corner of the Northern, before which there was always a crowd of loafers, Shorty had found that her hand would lie unresistingly in his.

To reach her house it was necessary for Barbara to pass the Carson home. Shorty, as was his custom, opened the door and called a cheery "Hello inside;" The Carsons answered from the rear room, where they were at supper, and extended an invitation for the two to come and join them.

"Too busy," Shorty called back, with his hand on the door latch, "Barb is goin' to put a condition on the Tin Can, so she can contain her guests in a more hostile manner. I've got to draw the plans."

"A what?" Mrs. Carson demanded with such alacrity that she rose and came to the door, from which she stood regarding Shorty and Barbara. "You talk like a Missourian I knew once. What are you drivin' at?" Shorty repeated his excuse.

"Get out of here and come back when you can talk United States," Mrs. Carson said with good natured severity. "Shorty, you've got somethin' on your mind that ain't sense." With this, she forcibly closed the door in her callers' faces, and went back to her meal.

Mrs. Carson did not attack her steak at once. Instead, she sat with brows wrinkled with perplexity. At length she ventured an inquiry, "Say, Pete, what does Shorty mean? He wasn't drunk, I swear that."

"He means, my dear wife," he replied with an air of one who possesses knowledge of rare and prodigious order, "that the Tin Can is a goin' to put an addition on it, so they can entertain their customers in a more hospitable manner."

Mr. Carson was fully satisfied with his explanation, and showed his satisfaction by placing his thumbs under his arms, for he wore no waistcoat, and leaning back to regard his wife triumphantly.

"Pete Carson," she said with fine sarcasm, "In all these years, we've lived together, I've had fleetin' ideas that you might have sense. Now I know it, and Pete, I'm goin' to kiss you for it."

"That was sure good," he said, "Why don't you do it oftener? I'd about forgot how it tasted. Come to think of it,

---

## TEMPTATION

*"Having pierced the heart of a young tree, inject arsenic, a reagent and corrosive sublimate, diluted with alcohol, so as to envenom even the fruit."*

—Leonardo da Vinci

The poisoned peaches glisten on the tree  
And lie in amber bowls along the wall—  
Ah, shall I eat this fruit forbidden me,  
And in the streets of Florence faint and fall?

Which is the worse—from stolen sweets  
to die,  
Or starve to death because I pass them  
by?

—Margaret Skavlan

---

it's about the same as it used to be. Remember the night you proposed to me? Why, when I accepted you you about kissed me to death."

"Pete Carson, you're a liar," she flared up with outraged dignity. "I never proposed to you. You pestered me till I had to marry you to get rid of you."

"Well, have it your way," he responded with the air of one who succumbs to the inevitable. "I can't waste time arguing when there's this much good grub spoilin'."

NEAR the stove stood a small steamer trunk, which by the use of some cretonne and a few sofa pillows had been tastefully disguised into semblance of a cosy settee. Barbara went to the table and, after having selected a pencil and a writing tablet, strode resolutely to his converted piece of furniture.

"Come on, Shorty," she said with an inviting smile, "Sit down beside me. I won't bite, if you won't, and we'll draw our plans." Shorty needed no second invitation. Their close proximity swept away all of Shorty's vacillating indecisions. He took the pencil and paper

from Barbara before she could think of resistance, had she wished, and tossed them into the middle of the room. She turned to him for an explanation and received a kiss full upon her lips. Shorty's arms encircled her and he drew her to him with a strength that was bear-like. She did not resist, however. She lay quietly against his shoulder for some moments. Then her hands stole up to caress his cheeks. He kissed her again, and once more there were some moments of blissful quietude.

"I've been tryin' to get up nerve enough to ask you to marry me," he blurted out, schoolboy fashion. He met her gaze so truly that her eyes fell before his.

"I knew it," was her answer.

"Then will you?" he was encouraged by her voice, which had been barely more than a whisper.

"Why, of course, Shorty dear," she answered and looked up to remove all incredulity at this good fortune from his countenance. She drew him to her, and kissed him.

"We can't get married right away," she explained in reply to his persistent request for action. "We've got the business, and there is Ann to be considered. I can't forget her."

"Jimmy'll marry her any minute," he impetuously interrupted her explanations.

"No, Shorty," she pursued a little thoughtfully. "We'll have to wait a while. Think of how good it will be to be engaged. Why, I never knew how it was before."

"Gosh, I've got a plenty of money to support you," he persisted. "Can the old Tin Can. Sell it, or give it away. It ain't no place for two girls like you and Ann. Let's give it back to Mulligan Mike for a present. Why, I've got ten thousand shares in the Sultana Extension. Got them at four cents. The stock's forty one now, and Ben Denton told me on the quiet, that he is sure of high-grade within two weeks, and Ben Denton knows formation." She shook her head resolutely.

"We must wait a while, dear," she said, and before he could expostulate, she offered her lips to his, and patted his cheeks. He accepted what delay did not promise by enfolding her with his arms. At length Shorty laughed loudly. She freed herself to gaze at him, wondering at this turn in his emotions. An instant before he had been the most serious person she had ever known.

"Why, what's the matter?"



"Oh, I was just thinkin' about some-  
thin' I read in the paper today. Some  
guy that takes care of the New York  
Zoological Gardens says that we in-  
herited our habit of holdin' hands and  
spoonin' from our ape ancestors. Maybe  
he's right, I never thought of it before,  
but take it from me, little girl, if he is,  
I remove my hat to the Ape God, for  
he was the real one, and he taught us  
somethin' worth while. He sure did."

With characteristic impetuosity he  
rose from the settee, and dropping to his  
knees, raised his hands and eyes to some  
imaginary deity, "You long-tailed, hairy,  
ugly Irish faced old scholar of the jung-  
les, my Ape Ancestor who is next to his  
job; if he couldn't talk about it, I salute  
you." He might have offered more hom-  
age to the deity of his impulsive creation,  
had not a merry laugh brought him to a  
sudden period. Ann had entered, unno-  
ticed, and stood at the door.

"WELL, what does this all  
mean?" she demanded. "Why  
all the worship, Shorty?"

"Oh, we're goin' to be married," he  
replied, "and I was just thankin' my  
old ancestor for showin' me how to  
spoon and how good it was."

"Shorty, you couldn't be serious at  
your own funeral," she laughingly said  
and went to Barbara and asked, "Is this  
true, Barb?" Barbara nodded.

"Then I am so happy. I have been  
awfully worried of late. There were  
so many things, and now it will be all  
right. Let me kiss you both." She  
kissed them as she would have kissed a  
happy sister and the man who had re-  
moved this cloud of doubt that had  
blurred the sky of her own happiness.  
Barbara gave her a quizzical scrutiny  
and added, "Why, I didn't know you  
had been worrying, Ann. What has it  
been about?"

"Oh, nothing, mostly. I see it was  
only imaginary, and the business has  
been such a trial," Ann replied serenely.  
Staley and Rawlins had taken every  
precaution to prepare for the vicissit-  
tudes of the approaching winter. Build-  
ings had been reinforced. Supplies had  
been accumulated.

The leak of the high-grade was  
steady. Miners were spending several  
times their earnings. Business men,  
though they charged exorbitant prices  
and did voluminous business, assumed  
an ostentation for which any close ob-  
server could have told the reason. Thou-  
sands of dollars worth of high-grade  
were coming down the mine trail daily.  
Every one in the camp was getting a  
higher or lower percentage of it in some  
way or other.

The problem Shorty faced was stupen-  
dous. He knew positively that miners  
were stealing, and their identity in most

instances, but he could not approach a  
man and say, "You're a thief. Hand  
me over that high-grade you've got."  
Had he done this, he probably would  
have gotten what ore the man had upon  
his person, and no more. Moreover, he  
would have aroused suspicion. He had  
to proceed more cautiously, to plug the  
leak at its source. Shorty's days were  
long and full of work and thoughts of  
Barbara. He saw as much of her as  
his and her work permitted. He would  
have seen more of her, had not his con-  
scientious attention to duty kept him at  
the mine for the most of his time. He  
no longer drove the automobile on its  
trips to town. A new car had been  
bought, and a chauffeur hired. Occa-  
sionally Shorty went out with this driver  
as guard over the weekly shipments of  
gold bullion. The small mill was grind-  
ing out gold at the rate of more than  
one hundred thousand dollars a month,  
and the reserves of ore were steadily ac-  
cumulating. No ore was milled that  
did not return at least fifty dollars per  
pound. The lower grades were piled  
for treatment at a later period. It was  
physically impossible to house this vast  
tonnage of ore. It must be piled in  
the open.

Here, too, it was practically impos-  
sible to prevent the piles being picked  
over by visitors and miners, and in fact,  
by whoever came near them. The own-  
ers knew that it was hard for men, or  
women, to resist the pleasure of sorting  
over the dumps, searching for fragments  
which showed gold. There was some-  
thing alluring about this gold in its vir-  
gin state. Men and women stole it  
without injury to their conscience. Min-  
ers sent up large and easily recognized  
pieces of high-grade in the skips. The  
trammers threw them over the dumps,  
where they were picked up by confeder-  
ates. The ore house had been broken  
into and three sacks of high-grade car-  
ried off. These three sacks had weighed  
approximately three hundred pounds,  
and were appraised at fifteen thousand  
dollars. The thieves were known to a  
moral certainty, yet they could not be  
arrested. The ore, once off the property  
of the mine, could not be identified as  
being the mine's property. Witnesses  
could be had who would readily swear  
it came from some other mine or pros-  
pect. However, the steady stream of  
drainage was the gold which was carried  
away from the mine by the miners them-  
selves, as they left their work.

Shorty was certain on this point. His  
investigations had proved this beyond  
any doubt he could have entertained,  
yet he could not persuade Staley and  
Rawlins and old Terence to force the  
men to strip to the skin at the change  
room. Beneath their underclothing they  
were using some contrivance by which

each man was enabled to carry off sev-  
eral pounds of ore each day. Shorty  
felt helpless, even impotent, in the mat-  
ter of tracing the high-graders. He  
spoke his discouragement to Rawlins one  
day, and threatened to "take the bull  
by the horns, it's the only way to get  
them," and added, "Let me bring this  
thing to a showdown." Rawlins had  
laughed at Shorty's seriousness and this  
had disconcerted Shorty more than ever.  
He was out of sorts anyway, for he  
and Barbara had quarreled the night  
before over the date of their coming  
marriage. He had insisted that it should  
be celebrated at Christmas. She had  
insisted that it should not occur till  
spring, and had won.

"I'll get these sons of guns anyway,"  
Shorty threatened as he left the com-  
pany office.

"That's what we want," Rawlins re-  
plied, "but keep within the law. We  
don't want to be tangled up in any kill-  
ing scrapes. We had rather lose some  
gold than have any man's life taken."

"The hell," snorted Shorty in disgust.  
"What's one of these high-gradin' skunk's  
life worth anyhow?"

"Not much, I'll have to admit, Raw-  
lins responded. "Go to 'em, Shorty, but  
don't use a gun except in self-defense,  
and don't let your temper get the best of  
you."

"Nobody ever got my goat," Shorty  
answered as he went out the door, "and  
he ain't goin' to unless he plugs me first."

AT THE FORKS of the trail, a  
short distance from the office  
Shorty hesitated, debating whether he  
should return to the mine, or go down  
town. After a moment of deliberation,  
he chose the trail, a short cut that led to  
the left and made his way slowly toward  
town. His days of bad humor were rare,  
but this was one of them. He had been  
out-maneuvered. Everywhere he had  
turned he had bumped against some  
obstacle. He had not been given the sup-  
port that his position should have been  
accorded. He wanted authority to do as  
he pleased in running down these high-  
graders. Without it he could do no more  
than detect some petty thief and dis-  
charge him.

Walking slowly, with head down, he  
pursued his meditations. Some one was  
at the head of this thieving ring. This  
person must be found. One by one he  
eliminated the possibilities. Neither  
Staley or Rawlins could be implicated.  
Their ownership precluded any such con-  
tingency. He had not suspected old  
Terence, for the foreman had given  
more than ordinary attention to his  
work, and had not been drunk since as-  
suming the foremanship. Besides, he  
had not been spending unusual amounts  
of money. Tierney's conduct was ex-  
emplary. One by one he discarded the



three shift bosses as possible leaders of this thieves' circle. He knew the assayers who were buying the high-grade, but here again was the impossibility of identifying the ore. He might procure a search warrant, or a number of such documents, and search all the assay offices. Should he find any high-grade, the burden of proving its origin would rest upon him. He was morally certain that Joe Bullard's Roarin' Annie mine was making shipments, even paying small dividends, from ore stolen from the Sultana mine, but he could not arrest Bullard on suspicion and surmise. The rapid rise of Roarin' Annie stock had given Bullard a strong following. An intricate legal tangle might follow any attempt such as Shorty might have precipitated, had he possessed the authority. His natural inclination at this moment was to throttle and hog tie every man he met and search him and his property, proceeding with each inhabitant till he found all the thieves. He had all but decided to throw discretion to the winds and begin, when, as he was passing a third class saloon at the upper end of the street, a man stepped from the open door and accosted him.

Shorty recognized the man as one had seen in one or another of the desert mining camps. He was trying to decide which, when the miner spoke.

"Howdy, Shorty," the fellow said, extending his hand. "Last time I saw you, you was in Gold Dyke. How's tricks? They tell me you're the Mazuma boss here. What's the show for a good miner to get on?"

"Nothin' doin', Bo," replied Shorty. He listened to such appeals every day. "We're full-handed."

"What if you are?" the miner continued, "That don't make any difference. There's always room for one more if he's the right kind." There was innuendo in the words, which was not lost upon Shorty. He looked the stranger over carefully and then demanded, "Say, what do you mean by the right kind?"

"Don't pull any high-stuff around here, Shorty," the miner confided. "We're all on to your game. Come through with a place in the big stope. There's fifty a shift in it for you if you put me on. I was makin' the same proposition to your —" The fellow never finished the sentence, because Shorty's right fist had lulled him to silence by landing resoundingly beneath the left ear. The miner was sleeping peacefully when he reached the ground and stretched out. Shorty resumed his walk, more angry now than ever at the insinuation cast upon his honesty, and at his own impetuosity for not having allowed the miner time to complete his sentence. Shorty realized that the fellow had intended disclosing the identity of some one whom

he had made a similar proposal, that had been rejected because it was too low.

The encounter received little attention. Shorty turned to see two men from the saloon come out and assist the reviving miner to his feet. Fights were too common a sight to receive more than casual notice.

Shorty had driven automobiles so long that the sight of a machine and the sound of its open exhaust had much the same effect upon him as is manifested by a veteran fire horse at an alarm clang. He stepped faster now; his head came up from the droop it had assumed after the miner's fall. A machine loaded with passengers was coming up the stiff grade into town. Shorty waved to Simms, as the latter pulled his car up before Lee's hotel. Shorty was there to inspect the passengers as they alighted.

A crowd of the idle and curious gathered about the car as soon as it had stopped. The five men who were alighting from the tonneau Shorty did not know. The young man who sat by the driver was no stranger, however. Shorty recognized him instantly through his coat of dust as Roy McGarvin, alias the High-gradin' Kid. The thought that the fabulous richness of the camp was what had brought the Kid to it was Shorty's next thought. McGarvin was a genial, likeable young fellow, of some thirty years. He was not the usual type of miner, neither a 'rough neck' or 'hobo'. The Kid had indubitably been born a gentleman. In stature he was slight and below the usual height. He always wore his well made clothes with an air quite unobtainable by the ordinary miner. He was nearly always smiling in a disarming manner, and his gray eyes twinkled with an infectious light, as if to say to every man or woman or child they saw. "You know, I'm a darned good fellow. Now, on the level, I wouldn't take candy from the baby, would I?" Strangers invariably agreed with the Kid's own estimation of himself.

Shorty in his experiences had known McGarvin well. He knew the Kid had nearly always found employment in one or another of the rich mines of the other camps. Shorty was also aware that the Kid had amassed several very comfortable fortunes within this period. He had lost each in a short time, either by travel or prodigious spending.

"Why hello Shorty! How's everything," he said, catching sight of Shorty.

"Well I'm shooting on four, and only missing occasionally," Shorty replied, reverting to the vernacular of his past profession. "How's it with you, Roy?"

"It might be worse," the Kid replied, and it might be better."

"Lookin' for work?" Shorty inquired, struck by a sudden idea.

SHORTY knew McGarvin was a high-grader, who applied the finest of technique to his work. In fact, McGarvin never tried to disguise the manner by which he made his stakes. It might be possible by giving him work in one of the richest slopes of the Sultana, and watching him, to gain some accurate knowledge of the methods used to loot the mine, and the men who were doing the actual looting. It was not the same as suspecting a man, who might be innocent, of any wrongful intentions. Shorty was positive the Kid would high-grade if given the barest chance. He was equally certain that it was this possibility that had brought McGarvin to Sultana.

"I'm a working son of a gun," McGarvin replied. "Is there any chance to get on at the Sultana? To tell you the truth, Shorty, I'm rather flat right now. If you have any pull with the bosses, could you get me on? I'll take any sort of a job. What are you doing yourself, Shorty?"

"I'm the high-grade boss at Sultana," said Shorty in reply which carried none of its veiled meaning to the questioner. The Kid blew a "Whewee" of surprise and eyed Shorty quizzically.

"Are you offering me a job?" said McGarvin, a little incredulously. "You know the high-grade just sticks to me. Shorty, I can't help it. I never mean to take it. It simply won't let me get away without it." His smile was that of unblemished virtue and innocence.

"Well," said Shorty meditatively, "I think I'll put you on, because we've been old friends, Kid, and I think you'll lie straight this time."

McGarvin's features grew serious for the moment. His expression was one of combined gratitude and incredulity. He was thoughtful for a few moments. Then he inquired blandly, "Don't I have to come through with anything for this job, Shorty?"

"No, you do not, we don't hire men that way, Kid. You're the kind of man we want, and you don't have to buy your job. You report for the three o'clock shift tomorrow. I'll put you in Number Two stope. It's the best in the mine. I've got to be goin' now. See you tonight, maybe, or sure tomorrow."

McGarvin stood watching Shorty walk rapidly away in the direction of the mine. Shorty no longer carried with him the attitude of utter dejection. His head was up, and he walked with resolution.

"Well, I'll be damned," the Kid muttered, "He's the high-grade boss, the old oil-burning, rubber-eating mahout. If he's half as good at this job as he was in rolling a car on the desert, I don't see any great fortune ahead. I wonder what the game is. Shorty knows I was

(Continued on page 417)



# Interest

By P. TARON

THE LITTLE mahogany desk clock registered four-thirty; electric lights had already been turned on in the office, glaring down upon the ash blonde hair of dictator and henna hued coiffure of stenographer.

Gloria Paget, prized ad writer for the Pepful Advertising Agency, Incorporated, curled her high heels over the rounds of her desk chair, clasped her hands on the pile of papers in front of her and said,

"Miss Martin, did you ever hear such rot! Isn't worth transcribing—" she smiled at the henna headed one. Miss Martin was a little machine, subject to errors of humanity, but Gloria suspected her to be lacking in human imagination. "You may go for the afternoon. Good-night."

Alone, Gloria Paget, age twenty-four, rose abruptly and walked to the windows. Before her lay the Bay, below her people hurried to and fro, apparently pigmies toiling at the foot of pyramids—really tired folk performing their daily toil.

"It's no use," she murmured, and there was something like tears in her brown eyes, something like panic in her voice. "You're stale! They won't accept that series and you know it. What's wrong? You were able to write ads once upon a time. What's the matter?"

She set the lock on the door, switched off the lights and drew a chair up to the windows. She intended to figure it all out before she left the office.

She looked back through the past three years, saw the girl she had been. A nice little girl, not overly neat, but superclean and fresh, hair softly framing an eager little face (for marcelles were unheard of luxuries in those days) and the sheer joy of living shining from the now tired brown eyes—enthusiastic, interested.

The lovely head was lifted sharply—"That's it," again her voice quivered suspiciously. "Interest—in everyone, in everything. You've lost it."

She looked around the perfectly appointed little office, and remembered the dark, funny little office where she had done her first work. Her employer had been a temperamental writer of a sort, he had encouraged her neglect of short hand notes when she thought an idea had come to her.

"Some sort of an adventure, something—"

The phone had been ringing unheeded for several moments. Some harassed operator, with more calls than she could properly manage and a stern supervisor

at her back, jabbed the button viciously, preparatory to saying "They don't answer—" the insistent call brought Gloria almost unconsciously to her feet and she lifted the receiver, thinking as she did so that it must be late, for the operator in the main office usually took care of all calls.

"Yes?"

"Lovely, can you meet me at Marquards?"

The voice was assured, decisively masculine, and there was a bit of English in the accent. Gloria's cheeks flushed at the first word, and she was a bit breathless as she shamelessly continued the conversation—"like a high school girl" she thought.

"Why—I suppose so—how."

"Just say Arthur Howard's table—they'll show you; perhaps we'll dance. You do dance, don't you, Lovely?"

Such a persuasive voice! Gloria smiled and murmured "Yes—I—of course I dance!"

"I say—I hope you're going to hurry. I'm dreadfully anxious for you to get there!"

Adventure! Offered by the Gods—who was she to defy their reply to her plea?

"I'll hurry."

"All right—Lovely—please do!"

SHE did not stop for thought as she switched on the lights and swept all the papers strewn over her desk into the top drawer. She refused to think as she pulled on her coat and hat, except to breathe a little prayer of thankfulness that she had worn her most becoming hat that morning.

She smiled at her reflection as she adjusted her hat and nervously powdered her cheeks and rouged her lips. Interest—it had returned for the moment to her life and eyes.

"And the word shall be Excraco"—she chanted in a whisper. "I'll fix that ad up first thing in the morning."

Marquards was crowded as she stepped from the taxi she had hastily summoned, but Gloria swept past waiting couples to murmur into the ear of the majestic Master of Service—Arthur Howard's table, please," and felt an old-time Gloria thrill as the magic words sent the Master ahead of her through the crowd.

She had not had time to map out a course of action. Of course, she must explain, he could call the right girl and his evening would be unspoiled. But the

Master and a tall, thin man gave her no time to explain—she was seated, her coat off, before she could even look at Arthur Howard, as he sat across from her and smiled.

His face was thin, his hair neutral in color, slender shapely nervous hands clasped each other before him on the table; startlingly deep blue eyes looked straight into hers. An Englishman surely, a gentleman certainly, and—Gloria smiled wistfully, some other girl's Romance.

He had been speaking for several moments before she began to listen understandingly.

"—you were so lovely. I wanted to talk to you. So I asked questions till I found out who you were, then I phoned. I almost prayed you'd understand. You did—didn't you, Lovely—and I am forgiven?"

So the Adventure might be her very own! Gloria smiled straight at him—an old-time Gloria smile—

"Don't, Lovely. Don't smile like that! I'll pick you up and run away with you—I swear I will!"

And Miss Paget of the Pepful Advertising Agency, Incorporated, laughed aloud, a soft little gurgle of sound—

"Did you order pimiento salad—Arthur Howard, did you?"

"I did."

It was a beautiful month which followed. Arthur Howard's flowers met Gloria each morning at her office. Each evening at her little apartment, shared with a woman doctor who gave her evenings to a charitable clinic, they were awaiting her. His voice in long amused conversation as they sat before the little fireplace, his face across the tables of all sorts of places where they ate, his arm around her as they danced, his little notes on the evenings they could not be together—these things filled her days and she began to write ads again, ads which held interest, ads which drew attention, and which brought about an increase in her salary.

Arthur Howard never spoke of love to Gloria. He made lovers' speeches in a tired fashion. He called her "Lovely" and "Adorable" always—his attention was untiring, and so the days sped by. He never held her in his arms, though the opportunities were numerous. He held her hand with almost studied carelessness, but Gloria was satisfied.

They re-enacted their first evening about a month later. It was Gloria's idea and she sat at the window of her darkened office, waiting for the phone to

(Continued on page 424)



# An Offering On the Mexican Border

By BEN FIELD

"THERE ISN'T much use trying to rid yourself of them. The den is full of filth."

The man who spoke to the partially disrobed boy was young, not more than twenty-five years of age. He had bribed the guard for a can of water and had just finished shaving. Now he half reclined against a much worn, tan-colored grip. They looked almost like brothers, the man and the boy.

"But my mother, she brought me up to clean be. We were poor, but filthy, no!"

"Where was that?" asked the man. There seemed to be a purpose in the question. A firm line showed about his jaw and he looked to be what he was—American.

"It was from Wien, a distance out," the boy replied. "We a truck garden had and I happy was. Do you think us they shoot in the morning?" The words came easily but in a whisper. The speaker was very thin and looked sick.

"That's the orders," snapped the American.

"But if Velasquez, Juarez attacks perhaps we escape will. I heard he coming was."

The other made no comment for a time, then: "What is your name?"

"Hans Bockitch."

"Ah, I thought so, Austrian!"

"Ya, I Austrian am," and the boy spoke proudly, no longer in a whisper.

"And what are you doing here? How did you get mixed up in this mess?"

"I Austrian am and I come to Mexico when they in the draft get me for United States. I for Velasquez work and this 'General' bandit he me capture and put last night in jail."

"I see," mused the American, "a slacker and a draft dodger," and he drew away a little.

"Now you can me hate," whispered the boy.

THE World War was at its height and the United States was fighting with the Allies. Jim Henshaw, mining engineer, had been for many months in Sonora, Mexico, in the Yaqui country. His fortune was made and that also of his chum, on a rich ledge of gold ore. Glowing reports had been sent to the New York company which they represented. Then, without warning, their camp was raided by a band of Mexicans, their gold, stock and machinery confiscated by a leader who styled himself "General." Jim's chum was killed. The two had fought stubbornly and several still forms, sprawled

in the early sunshine, gave evidence of their marksmanship. Jim was tied astride one of his own horses and the band hastened away. He was taunted with his helplessness by the "General" and his only hope was that perhaps he might escape and cross the border to the United States. But first he would do something to the "General."

The band rode towards the North, this much the stars told Jim Henshaw. Angry red flamed in his face when the Mexicans pointed out the road which General Pershing had made on his punitive expedition and jeered at the United States army. Once they passed through a little settlement of sturdy, well built houses and his captors told him General Pershing had created it. "Drive the gringos out!" they shouted and fired off their revolvers.

And now Jim Henshaw was in a filthy, thick-walled adobe prison at Juarez. "To be shot at sunrise," was the judgment pronounced.

"You said you heard Velasquez was coming?" he said as his gaze took in again the drooping figure of the Austrian boy. "How did you hear that?"

"I told you. Me, I work for him," answered his companion, unconsciously falling into the Mexican manner of expression. "I starved was nearly and I help with the cook and get to eat some food. And then, when I away from camp was, this other one he get me; but God I weak am and hungry!"

"You look hungry," said Jim. "Wait, I have a little money hidden and I will try and get the guard to bring you some food."

"You food get me?" questioned the boy. "You call me slacker!"

"Oh, well," said Jim, "'a man's a man for a' that,' and I guess Uncle Sam wouldn't begrudge you a feed just once again before sunrise."

The boy stiffened and covered his face with his hands. "I do not want to be shot," he whispered.

"Why the dickens should they shoot you, anyway!" Jim exclaimed. "Me, I killed a half dozen Mexicans, but you!"

"The guard, you heard what he say," whispered the boy. "But I my mother would write to. She one very good woman is."

"It's a damned outrage, and I'm going to see what I can do. Here, get writing materials from my grip!" Jim sprang to his feet.

"Wait, tell me," the Austrian boy asked, "why not you have go to the United States for the draft?"

A slow red welled into Jim's face. He did not answer at once, then: "I was going. We did not get much news at the mine; but I wrote the company I was going very soon."

"Good," whispered the boy. "What your name is?"

"Jim Henshaw."

"If we are not shot, if get away we do, Jim Henshaw, I go and give up myself. Perhaps they let me fight will."

"Bully for you!" said the American and then he hammered at the barred door.

By and by a guard came and Jim talked to him in Spanish. Late that night a package of food and bottle of tequila were brought. The food was tortillas, just Mexican tortillas in a greasy gravy. The boy ate as one famished, but Jim dried his cakes. He could not bear the grease. Hans Bockitch looked at him quietly. "It reminds me of home at Wien," he said. "We our brodt ate with lard and I like never the butter here. Roggenbrodt und lard, das gut vas."

Jim turned away, then said: "The guard agreed to speak to the 'General' about you. I told him you were a fine cook and ought not to be shot, so you'll have to make good, kid, if they put you in the kitchen."

"And you money gave him?" questioned Hans.

"Well, maybe they will let you off and I don't expect to spend much myself after tonight." Jim's voice trailed away to nothingness.

When they had drunk again from the bottle, the boy continued: "Jim Henshaw, will you my hand shake?"

They clasped hands and lay on the straw, side by side, and slept.

At dawn a surly Mexican entered and roused them. "Senor Henshaw," he snarled, "you will be shot at sunrise. And you, you Hans, go behind the lines and help the cook. Be ready in half an hour, you gringos!"

Jim Henshaw rested on one elbow and looked at the dawn, through the prison bars. Except for one quick glance, he paid no attention to the boy. But something had happened to Hans Bockitch. As the guard clanged the door shut a subtle change came over his face. No longer passive and weak, it took on a look of determination and exaltation.

Quickly he tore away a portion of his ragged shirt and tucked under his belt a piece of old rope which lay on the floor. Jim's lips were moving, perhaps he was praying, or was it that he

(Continued on page 431)



# A Page of Verse

## THE PHILANDERER

C AVALIER, wooer and rover,  
Wandering carelessly,  
What delights are you bearing  
To the implacable sea  
As spoil from a gypsy city  
Veiled in bright mist? Your feet  
Danced on its carnival highways  
Where loves and laughter meet.  
The revelers are forgotten  
Who trysted with you there;  
Yet, one face stays a grave-eyed  
Vision with shadowy hair.

They set meat and drink before you  
And held you by a chain  
While I, without in the tranquil  
And cool gray April rain;  
Scorning to enter as they did  
That facile door, your heart;  
Exultant with life and freedom,  
Sang, as I stood apart  
Melody spring had taught me  
(The call of a mating bird)  
And then—from your rosy prison  
You looked and leaned and beard

And followed after. I flitted  
Quickly, away, away. . .  
But though we have gone forever,  
I and my roundelay,  
Never again shall you lose us  
In the implacable sea  
Far from the harbor which gave you  
Wine and kisses and me.  
O I pay! That ghosts may voyage  
Beside you through the years  
I have bought your dreams with silence,  
Your troth with lonely tears.

Cavalier, wooer and rover,  
Wandering carelessly,  
These are burdens you carry  
To the implacable sea!

—Lilian White Spencer

## FALL PLOWING

THIS stubble-field must blacken when a  
ploughshare  
Goes gliding through the loam behind my  
team:  
White frost was on each stable roof this  
morning—  
The barn-yard sent up little wreaths of  
steam.

A gopher flees in terror from the furrow—  
The glossy field-vole leaves his corn-silk  
bed:

I watch my mold-board cleave a torpid bull-  
snake,  
A reckless hoof has crushed a lizard's  
head.

Not long ago I turned this same loam over—  
Only last spring I razed each field-thing's  
nest:

Why must I rout these earth-locked ones  
in autumn  
When they have settled for their frost-  
time's rest!

It matters not that we have had a harvest  
And lately filled our gaping bins with  
wheat:

I must combat the bony hand of Hunger  
Who lurks near every board where world-  
folk eat!

—Jay G. Sigmund

## GARRIS TOWN

" . . . But down on the Magdalena  
They can go there when they will."  
—Kipling.

THE men who go to Garriss Town  
Are young and bright and clean,  
They dwarf the people on our ship  
And make them small or mean;  
Laughing the harbor up one side  
And down the other shore—  
They pass beyond the purple haze  
Which closes like a door.  
Closes like a door, it does,  
And all the stinking street  
Throbs with the heat waves in the sun  
Or tramp of brown boys' feet—  
And velvet steps go in the night  
They pad so deep and still,  
Like ghosts of men who left our ship  
And headed past the hill.

Dry are the days in Garriss Town,  
But livid, curling damp  
Breeds in the marsh along the bay,  
There by the fever camp. . .  
A thousand years have closed their eyes  
Since we saw young men go  
Over the grey horizon's rim  
That we will never know.

Bloody and blue and saffron  
The months go flowing by:

Is that a shimmer in the space  
Below the buzzard's eye—  
Or is it crusted caravans  
In from an aching run  
Over the riven spaces there,  
Shuddering in the sun?

The men come back to Garriss Town  
Are lean and calm and old;  
They never talk about the days  
They spent where lives unfold.  
Oh, as a door the deep miles swung. . .  
The purple clouds of day  
Closed on the ancient leagues beyond  
Those mountains far away.

Only a humming in the trees,  
Or brown boy in the street. . .  
The men who came through desert miles  
Sit on a canvas seat—  
They watch the buzzard overhead,  
And see the sun go down  
Behind the hazy hill which bars  
The years past Garriss Town.

—MacKinlay Kantor

## PSYCHIATRIST

WHENEVER I am tempted sore to slip  
A cog emotional; whenever I fret  
Lest Fortune's cup shall never touch my lip,  
I flash a thought to you. When first we met  
You knew too much, too much of human ills,  
Too well the labyrinth of mortal mind;  
But mingling irony with iron pills  
Worked wonders; keen your scathing knife  
. . . but kind.

The Agora of Sophist Athens knew  
Your voice dissentient; scorning precedent  
You searched for wisdom, looked things  
through and through,  
Provoking passers-by to argument.  
You taught men first to know themselves, I  
think,  
And drank the lethal hemlock . . . with  
a wink.

—Mildred Fowler Field

## EUCALYPTUS

THEY are climbing the slopes in Indian  
file,  
To the crown of the farthest peak  
Where the winds and the clouds and the  
drift white mist  
With a sweep and a swirl and a sinuous  
twist,  
Are playing at hide and seek.

They are fringing the slopes of the billtop-  
heights  
These trees of the winds and dews,  
For they love the storms and the gales that  
blow  
And the rains that veil with a silv'ry glow  
Their plumes in the opal hues.

So they chant and they shout on the moun-  
tain crest,  
In long lean colonnades;  
They fling the refrain of the wind in his  
face,  
These stately knights in their tilting race,  
Agleam in the lights and shades.

They beckon and sway, advance, retreat,  
Like wraiths in a forest dream  
In the fresh, light breeze up the far, blue  
flights  
With face toward the east on the tow'ring  
heights  
To capture the day's first beam!

—Nina May

## INTERIOR

NIGHT past the windows lying  
Dark on the trees,  
Evening and its old laughter,  
Firelight on floor and rafter;

Slow hands that turn and flutter  
On the white keys,  
Calm face above them bending,  
Singing of love unending;

Lamplight that lies like music  
Where music dreams,  
Far water falling, falling,  
Like some old sorrow calling . . .

Nothing the evening brings us,  
New nothing seems . . .  
Only—we shall remember  
In some less kind September!

—Margaret Widdemer

## THE SLAYER

THEY brought him through the prison  
yard  
To join the wistful band;  
For he had killed—though why he killed  
No one could understand—  
And with a frown they "dressed him in,"  
For blood was on his hand.

They took from him his garb of blue  
To give him one of gray.  
His surly countenance went pale,  
As sober as the day;  
For something chilled his heart like lead,  
And something fled away.

With dread he slowly came to join  
The grim and wistful band;  
There was a weight upon his heart,  
A stain upon his hand.  
For he had killed—though why he killed  
No one could understand.

—Inmate No. 12148



# Memories of a Frontier Childhood

(Continued from page 397)

cemetery were those of murdered men, in our settlement there was rarely the free handling of "shooters." However, there had been instances. Within a week of the Steamboat Springs episode, when my mother had sent me to do some shopping errands, I found myself suddenly at the edge of an excited crowd which seemed to center at the newspaper building. As I sprang away and into the shelter of a store there was the report of a pistol, and some one said that the editor of the Weekly had been shot. We heard him spoken of as a young man of much refinement, not long out from the east. He had refused a demand of one of the roughs, and it had cost him his life.

Another day, as I was passing the village tavern, a man slipped under a big freight-wagon drawn up before the door. As his manner was that of one trying to escape something, I understood and ran back towards home. Presently the inevitable shot was fired, and then another. The tavern-keeper had shot the man under the wagon. This time the victim did not die.

Once a rough fellow had been shot and killed a short distance away and had been brought to our village cemetery for burial. His was the first grave, I think, in the forlorn, unenclosed plot. That afternoon I stole away from home with one of my brothers, and we stood by the new mound, picturing to ourselves the figure that must lie beneath, all booted and spurred; for we had heard that the man had "died with his boots on."

We could only reach the stores and my father's office by passing the tavern I have mentioned, or the row of little saloons just across the street. The ground about these was always strewn with cheap playing cards. Occasionally a pack was thrown out as I was passing, scattering as it fell, about my feet. Through the open doors and windows strong language might issue, but during the two years of our stay in the valley I never saw about these places anything which approached a fight.

From time to time novel interests claimed the attention of us children. Once it was a peculiar business enterprise which had opened up in the town. There was much talk on the streets of "tickets" and "numbers." We frequently heard the word "lottery." My mother was too busy just then to be bothered with many questions, and so was my father; therefore we went to a friendly neighbor for enlightenment. Briefly but quite graphically the enterprise was explained to us and it took our fancy greatly. What a lovely game

it would make! There was no end to its possibilities. So, with the promptness that usually characterized the execution of our projects, we proceeded to construct a working plan. I had learned to make candy, and this supplied our capital. We molded it in small tins of fancy shape; then we cut and marked our "tickets." When my mother discovered us our business was moving briskly. She was shocked, and at once "took possession of the premises and confiscated the property"—at the same time giving us a dissertation on the immorality of lotteries which we never afterwards forgot.

THERE seemed to be something in the atmosphere of this crude West which fairly drove veracity to the point of gross exaggeration, and it was quite customary to clinch a statement with "You bet your bottom dollar." Even our baby, now nearly three years old, emphasized his infantile prattle with "Yuh beh' yuh boh'om doll!" His favorite book at this time was "The Robber Kitten." Some time later when my best doll was found with a broken neck, it was discovered that this small but patriotic citizen had followed up his wild frontier proclivities by hanging in effigy the president of the Confederacy.

With the colder weather the mountain peaks around us drew about them their wrappings of snow—exquisite garments that gleamed in the sun, or made them a circle of ghosts in the moonlight. The dry atmosphere brought the stars, and the moon itself, very near to us.

Our indoor life during the Nevada winters is chiefly memorable for the evening readings in the bare living room, whose only beauty was its wall of books with the blazing fire of pitch-pine in the ample fireplace. From two or three of the homes near by, friends would thread their way to us through the sand and sagebrush, and my mother, whose buoyant voice withstood the cares and fatigues of the days, would read. We children, of course, were dispatched to our beds prior to the meeting of the small company.

Father was fond of certain old Irish tales in Chambers' Miscellany. They were fine and tender, and withal, full of humor. They appealed to the Celt in his blood, and he was played upon like an Irish harp. When he was at home one of these tales was quite likely to be read. During the weeks that "Les Miserables" held the group under its spell, I lay listening through the imperfect walls, following Fantine and Cosette and Marius, and always the sad Jean Valjean, through their vicissitudes,

and picturing as vividly as I might the event which appealed to me most, the flight through the horrible sewers of Paris.

I have wondered since that just that book should have been chosen, but it was then new, and I suppose the more open troubles of the young West grew less in the light of the endless misery that festered under the more effete conditions. It was strange literature for a child of eleven, though my mind was elastic and stored no morbid thoughts. I had begun to stalk about with the two older boys on beautifully bright blue stilts which a good carpenter friend had made us, and to make short excursions up the canyons on an old cream-colored horse from which the last atom of spirit had been extracted by his recent journey across the plains from the Mississippi Valley.

Some nights there was no reading, and previous to one such occasion I selected a favorite story from my Hans Christian Andersen, and in the strictest privacy, drilled and drilled myself on the reading of it, hoping that I might be asked to officiate—but I wasn't. At other times I would get to my bed in good season and construct chapter after chapter of a story of my own. There was no attempt to imitate the style of the French writer. Indeed, a story which contained more well-dressed people, and put them to doing more pleasant things, it seemed to me would be, at least, quite as satisfactory as Victor Hugo's. There were very natural reasons for my mind's taking this turn as to clothes. Ours and our neighbors' life called only for the simplest, and all else that I saw was the very same garments, readjusted, after we had cast them off, on the grotesque figures of the Washoe Indians. I clearly recall my mother's bestowal of a worn calico nightgown—relic of the previous year's voyage—upon a stout squaw, the mother of many children herself. She wormed herself into it at once, and then completed her costume by slipping over it a cast-off "skeleton" hoop-skirt. This indolent, simple-minded tribe was most essentially commonplace. Their shelter, in this region of little rain, was often but a section of ragged and much soiled sheeting supported by four long sticks driven into the sand. When nuts were ripe they wandered from house to house among the settlers with sacks of "pi-nuts"—the seeds of which they had extracted from the pine-cones, and which but few of us would buy, for we did not relish their strong resinous flavor. What they did in the coldest weather I do not know.



From time to time there were guests in our pioneer home; tourists, perhaps, who were observing the varied aspects of this unique life, or men active in the field of politics. One of the most interesting to remember was the Rev. Thomas Starr King, the Unitarian minister from San Francisco. He came, I think, to lecture upon some subject pertaining to the war. His clear, deep insight into matters of principle made him a valuable guide to the thought of that time. I recall vividly the evening when he sat in our plain living room, and how much less bare the room seemed since we had his presence. A luminous look would come into his face as he talked, and although I never saw him afterwards, when I hear of the "light of the soul" I think of him.

A few months after Mr. King's visit,

two young German noblemen came to the territory, and were, for a week-end, my parents' guests. Their youthful, active interest in what was about them gave their new acquaintances much pleasure. Both Baron von Richthofen and Baron Steck were geographers as well as geologists. The former, as is well known, afterwards became professor of geology at the old University of Bonn in his native country, then professor of geography at Leipsic, finally accepting and holding until his death in 1906, the professorship of geography in Berlin.

Another guest was the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the State of Minnesota, the man holding the position my father had earlier hoped President Lincoln would be moved to bestow upon

him, instead of sending him to Nevada. There was an interesting meeting between this man who had had to face the subsequent Indian troubles of Minnesota and the man who had escaped them.

When such men friends of the family as were residents of the territory came to the house they paid tribute to the young daughter in "coin of the realm." No flowers, no boxes of candy! They dug deep into their pockets and produced fluttering certificates of *mining stock*—"wildcat" the most of it proved to be, for new prospectors generally had their hopes blasted—but I became the proud possessor of several feet in the "Kohinoor" and the "South Valley Forge," the "Halcyon" and the "Flurence" mines.

(Concluded next month)

## A House With a View

(Continued from page 392)

startled us—we came on Little Italy.

Bacigalupi, Lazzarini, Sanguinetti—the names on the shop windows were all Italian. There was a *salame* factory, and next door a pastry cook's windows held rich and beautiful desserts. On a corner a swarthy son of the south sold freshly roasted chestnuts; beside him sat a grim old Sicilian pirate with a basket of live snails. As they crawled to the edge of the basket and thrust their antennae over the abyss a stubby, dirty forefinger knocked them back to the bottom.

"Gimme panny!" screamed a merry three-year-old vagabond, in the most useful English words he had acquired.

To the left, half a block down the street, was the restaurant where, on a certain evening each week, San Francisco's poet laureate, George Sterling, danced and dined and talked, amid a gathering of artists, poets, and Bohemians. To the right, two blocks away, was the heart of the Mexican quarter.

On the west rose Russian Hill, and the steep ascent of Vallejo Street. Up those steps, along the untrafficked, grass-grown street, Stevenson had walked, for it was on Russian Hill that he first met Charles Warren Stoddard and learned of the idyllic South Seas. How often he must have paused, and turned to look back over the city and across the bay towards Goat Island or north to Alcatraz.

On our right Telegraph Hill lured us. Between the two hills, which together are the Montmartre of San Francisco and the most picturesque Latin quarter in this country, Columbus Avenue ran on to Fishermen's Wharf and Meiggs' Wharf. North Beach! Scene of a thousand stories. Stevenson, Frank Norris, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London and a score of lesser

writers have peopled it with fictional figures.

AT Union Street we came upon a park—Washington Square—with old weeping willows touching the grass. The benches were occupied by old Ital-

### CHOICE

SMALL heart, small heart.  
Tell me what you fear.  
You'd better be glad with loving  
For it's the time of the year  
When trees stir and hearts wake  
And humming-birds mate in the sky.

You'd better be glad with loving  
And it's I can tell you why  
There is only loving or dying,  
These two under the sun....  
Come now, young heart,  
Which do you choose, which one?

—Margaret Erwin

ians, men and women; and on the grass dark-eyed children played. It was like the Fourth and Macdougall Street side of New York's Washington Square, though ever so much more joyous. Here everyone looked happy and well-fed.

On one side of the park was Gianduja's, a famous old restaurant, commonly called John Dewey's; and opposite the spires of a new cathedral seemed to touch the sky. I thought of Chesterton's: "From the tavern to the cathedral, and from the cathedral to the tavern." Here, in a measure, the two great institutions of the Middle Ages were duly respected. Each had its place.

As we walked slowly up the Union Street hill, two unmistakable and charming odors issued from doors and windows and basements. The odor of garlic-seasoned food, heavy with oil, and the odor—fragrant and heady—of wine. Truly, this was Italy, not the United

States, and these good people knew not the name of a certain Mr. Volstead.

"This is where they fought the fire, in 1906, with wine," I said. "Which proves that in case of fire, when the water supply may be cut off, it is well to have many barrels of wine in the cellar."

Three-quarters of the way up the hill the Italian names were supplanted by Spanish, and as we reached the top we came again to Montgomery Street, where a row of tumble-down shacks perched precariously on the cliff—with here and there a newly painted one of yellow, blue, red or green—housed the numerically small, but amazingly prolific, Basque colony. Milch goats paraded up and down the hillside, munching grass or gazing pensively across the bay. Below us was the Embarcadero—what a name for a water-front!—lined with wharves and ships—steamers, salmon-fleet schooners, tramps, anachronistic windjammers, and even one Chinese junk.

A bearded Basque grocer, *sans* customers, stood in the doorway of his store with a sketching pad in his hand. His pencil drew the outlines of a schooner, square-rigged and her sails furled, with Goat Island in the background. Within the store the grocer's lovely young daughter swayed rhythmically to "La Golondrina", played by a small and ancient phonograph.

"The slums of San Francisco!" I smiled, ironically.

"It's beautiful! Beautiful!" cried my companion. We drew a long breath of the salt air and drank in the beauty of the bay.

"Half a block down Union Street, just off Montgomery, on the sheltered bay side of the hill, Edwin Booth lived



when he was an unknown actor. He continued to live there after his *Hamlet* had captivated San Francisco and his fame had spread to the East. The old house is gone now. It should have been made a memorial."

"Oh, if we can only get *our* house! We must live here!"

We followed the goats and circled up to the very top of Telegraph Hill. The wind met us with a sweep and a laugh as it raced in from the Golden Gate. There was the loveliest view of all—the long neck of the channel, the Marin hills in the distance, Mount Tamalpais, and in the foreground Alcatraz and Angel Islands, and an eternal procession of ships from the ports of the world.

We rested on the old broken walls, like bits of a Roman ruin, and gazed first at the bay and then towards the city. The city of eleven hills! A skyline like that of no other in the world. There on the hilltop, sitting on the old ruined walls, with the wind blowing fierce but not cold, we felt that coming home had indeed been worthwhile.

Where the flagpole stands, in 1849, a small frame building was erected as a station of observation. It could be seen from every part of the city and commanded an unrestricted view of the Golden Gate except on dark nights or in dense fogs. Whenever a ship came in, bringing its quota of eager Argonauts after their long cruise around the Horn or their dangerous journey across Panama, two long wooden arms, attached to the station were raised by the observer. Then all of San Francisco hastened to the dock, to greet friends and relatives and fellow-pioneers.

"I've rested long enough," announced my companion. "I want to see our house."

"Remember," I said, "it may not be ours. There was always a long waiting list."

"Come on!"

The house was just below us. Its long low roof looked very dear, though many would have scorned it. But suddenly we stopped. What desecration, what sacrilege, was this? They were tearing down our house! Men were at work demolishing it. In another day it would be gone.

A steam-shovel was cutting deep gashes into the side of the hill; a score of men were working on a new road, which circuitously approached the top of the hill.

"What's all this?" I demanded of one of those ubiquitous onlookers who seem to haunt such scenes of progress.

"They're going to put in a park," he said. "This here is the new boulevard. Great, huh? Machines can drive up here then and it'll be fine."

"I suppose so," I mumbled. Already my companion had turned away from the desecration. I caught up with her to see her eyes wet with tears.

"Damn progress!" she declared decisively.

"I'm sorry," was all I could say.

You see, we really wanted that house. And we didn't want glorious old Telegraph Hill changed a bit. We loved it as it was—scarred, ragged, proud, defiant. It somehow symbolized the old San Francisco, and the traditions of the westward-looking city.

But— Well, damn progress!

We followed our noses along the

narrow goat-path that skirts the edge of a two-hundred foot cliff. We had no thought but that we must get away from what we had seen.

A moment later, to our astonishment, we came to a high brown fence, enclosing a large garden in which a tangled, informal mass of trees and shrubs appeared. We opened a most hospitable gate and walked in.

Here, on the eastward slope of the hill, sheltered from the wind and the fog, a miracle had been worked. Within this spacious garden, where the grass was dotted with golden California and with Shirley poppies, with iris and with roses, was a quincunx of enchanting cottages.

"Look! This is the place for us!"

Fortunately, too, one of the five cottages, with enormous windows to the north and the east, was vacant. From the outside it seemed a part of the hill; within it was soft, cheerful, comfortable, with a great stone fireplace and couches invitingly clustered with vivid pillows.

"We'll take this!" my companion announced positively.

"Yes, we'll take it," I said, "but—perhaps—considering everything—we had better ask how much it is."

Well, it was more than we could afford, really. But we took it, as we always do. For a while, at least, we shall live in our house with a view, the blue bay spread before us, and defy progress to do its worst. In the end, probably, our defiance will be futile. But we are lucky to have come home while San Francisco retains the charm of its golden youth and its great traditions.

## The Avenging Joss

(Continued from page 394)

Lee may be yellow, but he's honest," he added with sly significance, squinting up at the declining sun, whose slanting ray no longer penetrated to the ground, but drenched the tree-tops far above with green-gold radiance.

The greedy banker gave in with bad grace.

"Oh, if you put it that way, let the old chink have it!" he blurted irritably, handling the image to Leneve. "I don't think those eyes are anything but green glass anyway, they won't polish at all." He stamped petulantly off up the hill.

"Sour grapes," commented Dr. Darrel, smiling. "Shall we take in any more of this stuff, Colonel?"

"The gun and the knives, I guess, and this little black can seems to have some Chinese writing on it. We'll show that to Wong, too." He stuffed the articles

in question into the capacious pockets of his hunting jacket, and then the two old friends followed Mucklow up toward the lost trail.

All the way to the Colonel's car, which had brought them down from Cedar City, Barton Mucklow walked, and thereafter rode, in silence; but his mind was busy dragging from the secret sepulchres of conscience apprehensions as mouldy as the rotting bones that profaned the forest aisles of Cathedral Mountain. He knew now that old Siwash Charley had been right, and in a way it was comforting to know also that the last of the Bonny Mora's ill-fated company was accounted for; but there lingered unpleasantly the picture of the little Joss as he had found it between the two heaps of bones, grinning malignantly, its greenish eyes opaquely alive in

the yellow light. He was still thinking of it when he left the machine at his own house in Cedar City with scarcely a parting word to his companions.

"Huh! Joss he commee!" was Wong Lee's phlegmatic comment as he put forth a skinny hand to grasp the proffered image. "Where you ketchee him, Klunn'l?"

Wong was very old now, and wrinkled, and almost as yellow of countenance as the stained ivory itself. He said nothing as the Colonel narrated the circumstances of the find. After all, what was to be said? Had he not always maintained that you could not drown a Joss?

But when Leneve had finished, Wong held the idol up to the electric light in the Colonel's kitchen and mournfully pointed a claw-like finger at the dull-



green eyeballs.

"Joss still angly—no ketchum blight eyes! Mebbe so play debbil plitty soon. I ketchum player plapers." He shuffled off toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Wong," called the Colonel, pulling the little lacquered can out of his pocket. "You savvy this?"

"Huh! Hebben smoke! B'long Joss."

"What?"

"Hebben smoke! Makee ni' smellee flo Joss!"

"He means incense, Bob," laughed Dr. Darrel, who had been interestedly watching the old Chinaman.

"Ni' smellee," repeated Wong dreamily, "mebbe so plitty soon make Joss happy."

He put the little can into the pocket of his black silk blouse, tucked the Joss under his arm, and ambled out into the garden, muttering to himself in the language of his fathers. At last the little Joss-house was to fulfil its destiny.

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"I'm not superstitious, as a rule," said Darrel, when Wong had gone, "but, do you know, Bob, I've a sneaking suspicion that that little green-eyed chap is a dangerous fellow to tamper with. Best leave the yellow gods to those who understand them."

"You need a bracer, Doc!" vouchsafed his host, "then we'll wash up, and if Wong lets that Joss of his interfere with my supper, I'll take it out of his yellow hide. Come on, let's see if I haven't got something in a bottle that'll tickle the white man's Joss."

The broad level rays of a late-rising moon that sluggishly disentangled its mis-shapen bulk from the mists and spiked tops of the sturdy second-growth above Cedar Hill played full upon the blank, closed door of the little square Joss-house, fetching it out with startling clearness against the heavy background of the Colonel's wood-lot.

Barton Mucklow lurked in the shrubbery and cursed the moonlight that rendered the Joss-house door visible to the windows in the rear of Leneve's bungalow. He wondered if he might dare to open it—but he must! He must!

For hours Mucklow had sat in his own house and felt the dreadful conviction stealing over him that Wong Lee's

Joss had searched him out, and marked him down for punishment—the last of the wreckers. Wherever he turned he seemed to see its mocking grin and baleful stare—green eyes, clouded with fearful knowledge.

Feverishly he had examined his Chinese collection of jades and porcelains and plaster Buddhas for assurance that after all, like them, Wong Lee's Joss was but a lifeless image, wrought with hideous cunning by human hands—they were stupid, fatuous things—mere silly idols—but there was something in their eyes, he saw with horror, in all their eyes, something he hadn't noticed before—accusing! With an oath he had swept them from the cabinet shelf and stamped

#### SWEETNESS

SWEET lavender and roses fair—  
I love their blended fragrance so  
When they are old and shrivelled up;  
No longer bud, no longer blow.  
For then I place them safe away  
Amid the linen snowy white,  
Where I can smell their aftermath  
When I drift off to sleep at night.

And so I think if passing bloom  
Its summer fragrance still may hold,  
The human heart may, too, keep sweet  
Within a body that is old.

—*Florence Van Fleet Lyman*

them to dust beneath his heavy boots, but Wong Lee's Joss remained. It knew! It would punish him, brand him, disclose his infamy! It, too, must be destroyed!

In an excess of courage or desperation the harrassed banker darted up the path, pulled open the unlocked door, and flung himself inside the Joss-house, pulling the door to behind him.

Moonlight, the trees, pale shreds of mist above them, sighing of wind in the leaves—all vanished. Darkness and silence walled him in. The air was heavy with a slightly acrid perfume, an aromatic blend of pleasant smells, whose subtle odor flowed through his very pores, numbing him. He remained where he had half-fallen in a kneeling posture, staring into the darkness, until he slowly became conscious of a sensation of light, as if the darkness receded before his readjusted vision, a glow that seemed to come from the interior of some shallow vessel somewhere in front of him, so faint as to cast no perceptible shadow. Then above it, the green eyes of the Joss emerged as from a fog.

Mucklow tried to put forth an arm to seize it; but the muscles refused to heed his will. Langour flooded him. His gaze was transfixed by the eyes of the idol, brightening and brightening into vivid points of emerald fire. The Joss was punishing him, but he could not stir. He did not have the strength to dash it from its pedestal.

Then the emerald sparks broadened unbelievably, softened, and dissolved into lighted hues. Mellow daylight filtered through an aisle of forest trees, and ahead, where a windfall had torne the forest roof, fell a long, slanting shaft of molten sunshine.

There was motion down the glade. Two figures bounded between the three-trunks, a yellow man in pantaloons and a red sash fled like a frightened monkey before a huge bearded sailor. From he knew not where, Mucklow watched them with a curious detached fascination. They reached the mossy log—stopped—then, to his horror, he saw Wong Lee, limned in the amber light, clutching in one withered hand a leathern bag, and in the other a long knife, poised with threatening glitter. Facing the quivering celestial, hunched forward with menacing revolver, leering greedily at the leather bag, crouched—himself!

With soft swish and thud the snaky blade drove home, the shot barked out, and thin blue smoke curled up from the pistol's muzzle to mingle with the forest haze. Thereafter, silence, broken only by the gentle sibilance of falling fir needles. Time—dissolution—two heaps of mouldy bones, two grinning skulls, with a rotten leather bag between, green eyeballs boring through the crevices, grotesquely dancing with the forest motes—dancing in the long, long, fading shaft of amber light.

The vision died away, and slowly the tiny glow flickered out, but Mucklow marked it not—he had his punishment.

Reverently scattering paper prayers before him, Old Wong Lee opened the Joss house door, only to start back, chattering wildly at what he saw slumped upon the dusty matting.

Dr. Darrel, hastily routed from his morning sleep, turned the body over and informed the Colonel in a somewhat shaken professional voice that Mucklow had suffocated. The odor of the Heaven smoke still eddied about the closed room.

"This stuff," said Darrel, picking up the blackened can that held only gray ash, "must have been almost pure gum opium. The fumes would have been very dense in this little space. What could he have been doing in here!"

"I don't know," sighed the Colonel, "perhaps you were right about the Yellow Gods, Doc. All I know is that he," with a sorrowful glance at the floor, "owned a half-interest in the Bonny Mora, and I do remember that at the time there was some loose talk about a conspiracy to wreck her for the insurance—not that I believe Bart intended to drown anyone—"

"Joss happy now," purred Wong Lee from the doorway, and turning, they saw that in their yellowed ivory sockets, the idols' eyes blazed royally green.



# A Mountain University

(Continued from page 390)

Principal Sessions immediately set about starting the "University." He visited the homes in and near Elko, selecting here and there young people he thought suitable to profit by his individual instruction. An important quality in candidates for admission was their ability to profit by moral instruction under their young teacher's example. Finally Sessions assembled the first class—three girls and four boys. The course of study was unusual. Each student pursued any subject he wished. As none was prepared to do work of a collegiate grade, the study was of a preparatory character.

SO began the University. The man who was its first executive and sole teacher lived to see it keep lusty pace with the development of the West. He died in his California home three months before all Nevada celebrated the closing of the fiftieth year of the institution he had inaugurated.

For several years after its founding the infant school grew slowly. Never was the enrollment for the whole year more than thirty-five, and many did not return for a second year. Of course there were no graduates. A \$7,000 dormitory was erected in 1875, but never was occupied by more than two or three students at a time. After being principal and president for four years, Sessions resigned to become State Superintendent of Public Instruction. In 1882 work in mining and metallurgy was emphasized and placed in charge of a practical mining man. At the end of twelve years the school was not greatly advanced over its first year.

Probably the slow growth of the institution was caused partly by the location at Elko. The majority of Nevadans lived in that western part of the state that lies along the eastern slope of the Sierras. It was a long and expensive journey to Elko and not many students made the trip.

The citizens of the state recognized this in 1885 and decided to move the school to the center of population. Then began one of the friendly battles for state institutions between Carson City and Reno. Washoe county, in which Reno is situated, ended the debate by paying into the Elko treasury \$20,000 to reimburse that county for the loss of the University. In 1886 the school was moved to Reno and began the years of rapid growth which are continuing.

The start at Reno was practically the organization of a new school. The first year there were but twenty-five

students and two teachers, one of whom taught mining and assaying and the other acted as principal.

The moral tone, inaugurated by Principal Sessions, continued. The regulations provided that: "Profane language is forbidden; the use of ardent spirits, gambling or card playing, frequenting saloons or billiard rooms, associating with persons of known vice or dissoluteness, leaving school without special permission, etc., are prohibited." The rules of schools for children still hung to the institution.

But at the end of its first year at Reno it shook off its distinctly preparatory character and assumed the semblance of a real University, with a course of study that approximated collegiate grade. The day of the principal passed and that of the president arrived. LeRoy D. Brown, of Ohio, assumed that position and vigorously fought to build a first-class school.

Characteristic of the age was Hannah Kesiah Clapp, the first instructor in English and President Brown's only teaching assistant. Lured by the spirit of adventure, she left her Connecticut home to try the rough country west of the Rockies. Although still under twenty, she joined the caravan of 1862 to Carson City. She dropped the "Miss" from her name and became simply "H. K. Clapp." She competed with men in their own lines of work. The iron fence around the capitol building grounds at Carson City was constructed under contract by her, won in competition with men contractors. With the spirit of a true pioneer among her sex, she bobbed her hair in a day when bobbed hair was unknown. Instruction in English under H. K. Clapp was extremely practical, for she had little faith in theory.

Even at that day the course of study was as practical as it is today. The first four departments were those of mining, commerce, normal education and liberal arts.

Stephen A. Jones succeeded President Brown in 1890. He expressed his personality through his minute supervision of every activity in the school. Every week he visited each class. In 1891, the first class, consisting of three men, was graduated from the University of Nevada.

The man longest in service as president of the University and its greatest builder now took the executive chair. Dr. Joseph E. Stubbs, former president of Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio, came to the University of Nevada in 1894. In the two decades he served as

head the physical equipment of the institution was developed to permit satisfactory instruction, the course of study raised to distinctly collegiate grade and entirely reorganized, the faculty increased in number and in quality. He secured sufficient funds from the state legislature to place the school on a firm financial basis. Under his direction the reclaiming of the campus from the desert was begun and partly completed. President Stubbs' administration saw the school become a true university. He was aided in his work by an energetic and loyal faculty. Himself a comparatively young college president, Dr. Stubbs surrounded himself with youthful instructors rather than with men of more experience and less enthusiasm. At the end of twenty years of service President Stubbs died. He had lived to see the University placed on a real foundation.

The institution left by President Stubbs was a university, but it was not a first-class one. There were rough spots to be smoothed, both in equipment, organization and instruction. This raising of the school the last rung in the ladder until now it ranks with the best in the country has been accomplished by the present president, Dr. Walter E. Clark.

Ohio had contributed two of the University's most outstanding leaders. President LeRoy D. Brown was an Ohio man. Dr. Stubbs was a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and president of an Ohio college. President Clark, too, is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan. He came to the University in 1917 from the headship of the department of political science in the College of the City of New York with a record as an economist of the first rank.

The enrollment upon his attainment of the presidency was 300, a figure which had not grown during the preceding decade. Today it is nearly triple that, accomplished in seven years. The financial status and physical equipment have kept pace. Yet it is not in bigness, but in quality that the great advance has been made under President Clark. He raised standards until came the recognition by the Association of American Universities that Nevada is a first-class, collegiate-grade institution.

As the University has neared its semi-centennial, dreams of the pioneers that the institution they visioned should be the exemplification of their ideals of service have come true. The spirit of

(Continued on page 431)



## The "High-Graders"

(Continued from page 408)

the man who high-graded all the gold out of King Solomon's Temple, and he gives me a job in Number Two stope. "Well," he paused in soliloquy long enough to scratch his head thoughtfully, "if he puts one over on me, he's got to get up right early, and remain up late. I think I'll go and buck the Tiger. It'll sort of change my luck if there's jinx around. I've got a ten spot left, and why worry, when there's work ahead?"

He carried his suitcase into the hotel, engaged a room, and told the proprietor he was going to work the following day at the Sultana, but could not pay in advance, an arrangement acceptable to the hotel keeper. Ten minutes later the Kid stood before the Faro table in the Northern Saloon and made his bets with as much unconcern as if he had been a millionaire testing out the resources of the Prince of Monaco.

WHEN Shorty began to retrace his way toward the mine office, above town, it was his intention to go straight to Rawlins with the explanation of the hiring of McGarvin, and the reason for it. A hurried consideration of the advisability of this course caused him to alter it. Acquainting Rawlins with the reason for this action could be of no advantage. It might prove harmful. It had always been old Terence's prerogative to do the hiring of the men, though at infrequent instances, Shorty had employed miners, and men for outside work. With the latter, Terence had readily acquiesced, but when miners had been hired without his knowledge he rebelled, and in each instance discharged the man as soon as an excuse offered itself. These actions, of which there had been half a score, had aroused Shorty's suspicions. He had recently spoken of them to Staley and Rawlins, but had been laughed at for his zeal. The owners had refuted his contentions with the argument that Tierney was competent and efficient and was not drinking any more, nor was he spending an amount of money inconsistent with his salary. Shorty saw the uselessness of rebutting this argument, and he did not have the presumption to assume authority above that of the owners of the mine. He realized that he must have conclusive proof before they would hear him.

Shorty could see the men for the afternoon shift stringing up the trail toward the mine. He wondered how much this shift would cost the Sultana Mine, besides the wages these twenty miners would draw. Inside an hour, the morning shift would come straggling down the same trail. Then the life of the camp

would reawaken. Shorty speculated as to the amount of high-grade this shift would bring with it into town. He suddenly decided that it would be useless for him to be present at the shift's changing, even if, by hurrying, he could reach the change house in time. Tierney, a shift boss, and perhaps Rawlins would be there. Staley was away on business, and would not return for some days.

Having eliminated affairs of business from his thoughts for the time, Shorty's mind naturally reverted to Barbara. The thought became a desire to see her. This would be Ann's afternoon at the tent house. The extra waitress would be resting too. Barbara would be alone, or a few diners would be at the Tin Can at this time of the day. There was no reason why he should not execute this desire. He turned and strode rapidly toward the Tin Can. He swung the door open and stepped within, to find the place deserted save for Barbara and Bullard. The latter sat upon a high stool, dallying over the remnants of a steak. Barbara stood before him. Evidently their conversation had been rudely interrupted. After her first gasp of surprise, which Shorty did not notice, she greeted him with her usual smiling self-possession. Bullard, without dismounting from his high perch, turned and acknowledged Shorty's arrival with his invariable brusque, coarse cheerfulness. For all his apparent welcome, Shorty was a little taken back by thus finding Barbara and Bullard alone. He had never forgiven Bullard, and never trusted him.

"HOW'S the mine, old scout?" Bullard inquired before Shorty could open the conversation. "You'll have to be humpin' yourselves, or the Roarin' Annie will skin the socks off you before the winter's over. We've shipped thirty thousand in bullion already and we'll have another shipment off before the holidays. How's that for little Joe?"

"Goin' to pay a dividend, Joe?" was Shorty's reply.

"First of the year, old scout. Five cents a share. I was just tellin' the little girl here," he indicated Barbara with a gracious nod, "that my talk about gettin' high-grade within ninety days was not all bull, not by more'n a fistful. Sultana's on the map now, with two mines in the high-grade ranks." He paused long enough to allow his countenance to assume a boastful leer, "and some of these pikers 'round here thought I couldn't make good."

"Well, don't go too strong," Shorty advised. You've got to be careful of

stockholders. They ain't used to getting dividends in some companies, and they might receive a shock from it," Shorty was smiling enigmatically.

"Cut out your kiddin', Shorty," Bullard said with a forced smile as he let his feet come to the floor and stood as erect as his pudgy body would allow. "Don't worry about the stockholders. I never saw a man die of heart failure when he was given money."

"Some of 'em have bad hearts," persisted Shorty, "especially if they've had too much whiskey, or tobacco, or been buying wildcat stock often."

"Well, I'd like to stay and talk it over with you, old scout," Bullard said with an air of intimacy, "but the shift changes and I'll have to toddle up to the Roarin' Annie and keep my peepers on them fellows. It beats the devil, how a miner will high-grade every time your back is turned."

"It sure does," Shorty agreed significantly, and added, "So long, good luck to you and don't forget the stockholders' hearts."

An expression of relief showed upon Barbara's features as she saw him close the door.

"Oh, I'm so glad he has gone," she sighed. "He is such a pest with his boasting. He comes in here nearly every afternoon and has to tell me all about the Roarin' Annie and more about himself. Ann says he gives her the Jimmys talking about it when I'm not here."

"Well, I don't like him comin' in here this way when you're alone," Shorty said doggedly. "People will be talkin' about you. Say, where's the cook. He had just noticed Harvey's absence."

"Oh, he went over to the Northern for a drink," Barbara replied sympathetically, "He wasn't feeling well, and I told him to take a little rest and he said a drink was all he needed."

"Well, I don't like that fellow comin' in here this way," persisted Shorty. He took one of the stools and leaned his elbows upon the counter while he regarded Barbara keenly. "Anyway, have Harvey stay here while Bullard is here. It'll keep people from talkin'."

She took his face between her two hands and twisted his head slowly from side to side, while she scrutinized him keenly, as if trying to read his thoughts.

"I know what's the matter with you," she said at length, triumphant at her discovery. She leaned forward to kiss him. "You're jealous. Why, you old dear, you're jealous." He tried to encircle her shoulders with his arms, but she freed herself and laughed mirthfully. "You're jealous," she smilingly taunted.

(Continued on page 421)





## BOOKS and WRITERS



### The Life of Abraham Lincoln

**T**HE TWO volumes of Miss Ida M. Tarbell's revised and enlarged study of this wonderful man, the savior of the American nation in the



CHAS. H. SHINN

war between the states, and now for all time to come one of the most loved and revered characters in human history, are published at the low price of five dollars by the MacMillan Company. They contain many pages of documentary evidence never before in print, and every page is worthwhile.

For one thing, they completely disprove the stories that Nancy Hanks, who became Lincoln's mother, was an illegitimate child, and that Thomas Lincoln, his father, was a no-account poor white.

They condense and yet fully use such new material as that in the Diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of War; the Reminiscences and other papers of Carl Schurz, and Newton's study of Lincoln and Herndon, an excellent authority. It will do any reader good to look up the thirty or more references to W. H. Herndon's misstatements which are scattered through the two volumes. Though one of Lincoln's law partners, his book is both silly and dishonest. For instance, it was he who, when a clerk in a Springfield store, circulated the story that Lincoln had publicly broken his engagement to Mary Todd by absenting himself from the wedding!

Stripped of most of the romance which some novelists have woven into the story, is the account given by Miss Tarbell of poor Ann Rutledge, of her engagement to a queer character, John McNeill, who deserted her; of Lincoln's love for her, though too poor to support a wife, of his sorrow when she died; of his proposal to Mary Owen, and still later to Mary Todd. Taken all to-

gether, one cannot discover a life-long romance in these affairs—merely the young, hard-working lawyer's desire to establish a home.

**W**HEN Lincoln was a boy, he was glad to get twenty-five cents (paid to his father) for a day's work. For this he did chores, plowed, chopped wood. He told Seward, once, how he earned his first dollar. "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down south 'the scrubs,' people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there; but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by

#### AN EVENING FLIGHT

**G**IVE me a ship, that I may sail  
The azure sea of western sky,  
And dip my oars within the bay  
Of slender moon that swings close by.

I'll set my sails as breezes blow,  
And cruise along the golden strand  
Of two bright stars that nestle near  
The sunset port which they command.

I'll traverse all those mystic realms  
For Hope's bright tower built for two;  
When found I'll speed by starlight gleams  
In my strange ship back home to you.

—Fannie Hunter Clark

my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flat-boat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western stream, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,'

said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put on my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money."

The authentic stories of Lincoln's love of books and hard study, and how he made himself one of the best of lawyers, will delight all readers. But we must pass on to Miss Tarbell's conclusions in the last chapter of the second volume. The real Lincoln, she says, is not the prophet and martyr, "He is the simple, steady, resolute, unselfish man whose supreme ambition was to find out the truth of the questions which confronted him in life, and whose highest satisfaction was in following the truth he discovered. He was not endowed by Nature with the vision of a seer. His power of getting at the truth of things he had won by incessant mental effort. From his boyhood he would *understand*, though he must walk the floor all night with his problem. Nor had nature made him a saint. His lofty moral courage in the Civil War was the logical result of lifelong fidelity to his own conscience."

The Macmillans have never published a biography of more value to the knowledge and understanding of the American people, or to the education of the younger generation. Is it any wonder that travelers in remote Australia, India, China, Siberia, the Crimea, the Balkans, have over and over found magazine pictures of Lincoln fastened on the wall beside those of the saints and heroes of the land?

One of the charms of these volumes is the way in which they have been illustrated by the publishers.

—Charles H. Shinn



## FROM NEW MEXICO

IT IS ALWAYS interesting to receive the first volume of a new poet. There is always to be found between the lines an eagerness of expression, an enjoyment of life and its living, which seem somehow to be lost when expression is less of an event. And in this late little book by S. Omar Barker, "Vientos de las Sierras" it is apparent that the author is enjoying every line that he sends forth. The title—its translation is, "Winds of the Mountains" is an appropriate one. Barker is an outdoor man in spite of his sometime sedentary occupation as a school-teacher, and his subjects range from coyotes and cowboys to the mountains and the sea. And it's good, swinging outdoor verse, too, with the sincerity which comes of firsthand experience.

We quote but one:

## MOUNTAIN LAKES

These are the things my heart had lodged and loved,  
As when some lone hill cabin welcomes home  
With simple faith its grizzled miner men:  
Strong plowmen's hands, fresh from their fertile loam,  
Slow-setting suns, and mellow-cockled souls,  
Old songs, spring hills, stout hearts and salt sea foam.

These were my soul until one gentle day,  
I rode up timbered mountains drowsily,  
And topped the hill and viewed in sudden awe  
A limpid jewel tucked in tree-fringed lee  
Of higher slopes, and added these three more:  
Still mountain lakes, and truth, and purity.

## TALE OF THE OXFORD ROAD

THERE ARE always those who delight in the romantic days of the stage coach, when highwaymen were rife, and when lords and ladies were as frequently found—if not as common—as buttercups on a spring meadow. And those will no doubt find entertainment in the reading of this latest novel by Harold Brighouse, "Captain Shapely." Truth to tell, there is nothing at all original in the tale. There's the same highwayman of double life; a gentleman by day, a thief by night. There's the same lady in distress with whom the hero—he is one of course—falls in love, and the same happy ending. But, being a comedy—it is, at least, so announced—it is not to be taken too seriously.

CAPTAIN SHAPELY, by Harold Brighouse. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.00 net.

## POETRY OF GARDENS

THIS is a unique little volume, dedicated by the author to her brother "Dr. Walter Van Fleet, lover and originator of roses for rose lovers the world over." It is made up of verse, essays and letters, all inspirational and helpful to those who delight in small gardens, and those who found pleasure in the author's book of last year, "Old Fashioned Songs of a House and Garden," will find equal pleasure here.

A LITTLE BOOK TO GARDEN LOVERS, by Florence Van Fleet Lyman. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. (No price given.)

## BLACK MAGIC AND WHITE

CHILDREN of every age will be fascinated with this recent addition to the series of juveniles gotten out by Doran. "The Magic Makers of Morocco" is a thrilling story of adventure in this ancient land, adventure in which the occult arts as practiced by Abd el Kehr and his sons take prominent part. Ali and Hassan are both students of the magic arts, and under the father's tutelage acquire wonderful powers which are ingeniously used in the swaying of political destinies.

Incidentally the reader acquires no little of the history and color of this African land, and a knowledge of its people.

THE MAGIC MAKERS OF MOROCCO, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. George H. Doran Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

## INDIA'S LABOR PROBLEMS

AMONG the lower castes of India, a woman and child labor is quite prevalent. Over eighty thousand women are employed in mines, and one hundred thousand in the cotton and jute mills. Wages are inadequate, hours of work long—from ten to fourteen hours per day—and poverty is general.

Trade unions are springing up, but the government views them with suspicion as they are usually tinged with political aspirations. Of labor legislation there is little, hence factory inspection is ineffective.

Janet Harvey Kelman does not confine her study to labor problems alone, but gives intimate glimpses into the home life of the people. The social and religious customs of the country vastly complicate the labor situation. The standard of living is low, ignorance of health and sanitation quite appalling, and housing in most industrial centers is inadequate with the resultant overcrowding and misery. Illiteracy is the general rule.

The author makes this charge against modern industrialism in India:

"It is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly any part of India in which the ordinary unskilled worker can provide an adequate income for his family, either in agriculture or in industry."

—Anna Dondo.

## LABOR IN INDIA

A Study of the Conditions of Indian Women in Modern Industry by Janet Harvey Kelman; Selly Oak Colleges Publications, Geo. H. Doran Company.

## "These Eventful Years"

FEW PUBLICATIONS of the year seem more purposeful than the two volumes which are issued under this title by the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The editor says of this work: "These two volumes have no connection of any kind with *Encyclopedia Britannica*. They have been prepared quite independently and with an entirely different purpose . . . not for consultation or reference, but for connected reading. . . . The aim of the work is to tell what has happened in the years of this century, where the world stands today, and what the outlook for the future. The authors of the various chapters, eighty-four in number, are those who by their personal part in the events, or by study of them, are best qualified to tell the story, whether regarding the past, the present, or the future."

And so we find such interesting chapters as "Causes of the World War,"

written by Carlton J. H. Hayes, professor of history at Columbia; "How the War Was Fought and Won," by Maj-Gen. Sir Frederick B. Maurice, Director of Military Operations, British General Staff, 1915 to 1918; "Germany Never Defeated," by Maj-Gen. Ludendorff; and "Victorious Armies of France," by General Mangin. The story of the Battle of Jutland is given from both the British and the German side, by the respective naval commanders in chief, chapters as vividly interesting as any sea-novel ever penned.

Succeeding chapters deal with post-war problems, written both by statesmen and students. Ireland, India, Palestine, the Balkans, Russia—all the sore spots of the world are considered by those best qualified to deal with them. And then other chapters deal with science and its achievements; with the recent discoveries of archeologists; with medicine—



this by Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University; Sir Oliver Lodge contributes a chapter on psychical research; the president of Yale, James R. Angell, gives a chapter on "Democratic Tendencies in Education;"—these to mention only a few.

The entire work is a well-rounded resume of the achievements of the present century in the various fields of endeavor. It is presented from no pre-conceived viewpoint, but broadly spreads forth the facts from many angles. Lacking other opportunity for education, here is a university in itself. And for those who, by virtue of over-much reading of newspapers, have but a hazy conception of events and their causes in "these eventful years" will find the volumes clarifying as well as intensely interesting.

So important a work would justify reviewing chapter by chapter, but space forbids. Publication date is announced for September 15.

*THESE EVENTFUL YEARS*, in two volumes, each of 700 pages, containing 160 full-page plates. The Encyclopedia Britannica, publishers, New York. \$11.50 net.

#### A HARVARD STORY

**T**HERE'S a college story, always popular with those who are living in college days or fondly remember them. *Dick Blaisdell* enters Harvard with keen anticipations and a belief in the kindness of the world. It is a story of his trust, of his disillusionment and fall to the depths; of his redemption and his rise. The telling is a vividly drawn characterization of the times, full of

color and atmosphere. There's a deeper side to the story if one cares to seek it, in its portrayal of the psychology of the younger generation of today.

*NONE SO BLIND*, by *Albert Parker Fitch*. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50 net.

#### PACIFIC ISLES

**T**HE DREAM SEAS of the Pacific, those blue waters that hold coral islands with their mirroring lagoons, have a fascination for readers of every age. The mystery of their beauty, the romance of the island life, is a fertile source for the writer. But when the writer has really lived the life of these tropical islands, has been in and of them for years, his tales take on a convincing strength.

Louis Becke, the collected edition of whose works has just been issued by Lippincott, knew the islands intimately. His was an adventurous career. A native of New South Wales, he was sent to San Francisco at the age of fourteen to enter commercial life. But the lure of the sea was too great, and after two years of clerical life he took ship to the South Seas. For twenty-eight years he remained in and about the islands, save only for an occasional visit to civilization as supercargo on a trading vessel.

Newspaper acquaintances induced him to put on paper some of his adventurous experiences, and that collection of stories, "By Reef and Palm," was the result, the first of many similar collections. Besides these there stand to his credit several long novels. Two of these are included in the first list of the new pub-

lications, together with two collections of the shorter tales, "By Reef and Palm," and "Pacific Tales." They are vividly written, splendid portrayals of the beauty and pathos of the life of the island folk.

*BY REEF AND PALM; PACIFIC TALES*; both by *Louis Becke*. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. (Our copy gives no price.)

#### SILVER DAYS

**O**LD SAN FRANCISCO and the Comstock lode. The days of "easy money" and the newly rich. Days of exploitation, of adventure in finance. In his "Golconda Bonanza" the author has given a vivid picture of the days of silver, scarcely less romantic and adventurous than the preceding days of gold. It isn't history, this story, nor does it pretend to be; but to those who care to search it carefully there is many an incident—perhaps not a few characters—which might be identified. The Owl Club, of course, where much of the action transpires, is but a thin disguise for the Bohemian Club, and Mr. Hart has woven into his tale many an incident connected with the history of that organization.

The Golconda Bonanza may not be literature; measured by accepted standards the construction may not be all that it might, nevertheless Mr. Hart has given up an intensely interesting story, full of thrills and unusual twists.

*THE GOLCONDA BONANZA*, by *Jerome A. Hart*. The Pioneer Press, San Francisco. \$2.00 net.

**W**ILLIAM MacDONALD, in turn university professor, foreign correspondent, editor, and author, has sounded the clarion call for the organization of intellectual workers. In his recent volume, "The Intellectual Worker and His Work," he analyzes the qualifications and conditions of various types of professional activities and comes to the conclusion that from the viewpoint of society "the intellectual worker is worthy of his hire."

Take a hypothetical case of a society minus its brain workers. It becomes a group reduced to the satisfaction of immediate physical wants. In such a society there could be no churches, no libraries, no art galleries, no education, no medical service, no invention, etc. In short, whatever makes life richer and more worth while is due to the efforts of intellectual labor. And yet, public appreciation is scant if we are to judge by monetary rewards:

"The average wages of American teachers and clergymen are less than the average earnings of coal miners and

#### ARTICLES WANTED

OVERLAND will be glad to give reading to interesting, well-written articles on phases of western industry and commerce; or articles covering historic scenes and incidents of the West. They should be brief and with literary value. They may or may not be accompanied by photographs.

—The Editor.

considerably less than those of policemen, the average reporter earns less than a good compositor or proofreader, and the average incomes of doctors and lawyers do not equal the wages and tips of the average waiter in a restaurant or hotel."

The remedy lies in professional solidarity, in the organization of intellectual workers into unions, very similar to those of trade unions, and, whenever feasible, these unions may be-

come part of the general federation of labor. What the musicians and actors have done to better their economic status may be accomplished by the writer and the artist and the teacher, for the time has passed for individual bargaining and is ripe for collective action.

"The greater need of the moment is that the various natural groups of intellectual workers shall organize, that professional group organizations shall federate, and that the united strength of the whole intellectual class shall everywhere be brought to the support and enlargement of intellectual work."

To prove that this is no utopian dream, the author tells at length of the federation of intellectual workers in Europe, particularly in France and England, where such organizations have become important factors in social and economic development.

*The Intellectual Worker and His Work*, by *William MacDonald*. Macmillan Company, New York. No price given.

—Anna Dondo



## The "High-Graders"

(Continued from page 417)

"Jealous of that skunk?" Shorty asked angrily. "Say, if I was goin' to be jealous, I'd be jealous of a real man." Her face went white at his vehemence. Her smile vanished. "Do you know what kind of a man he is?" Shorty continued. "Do you? Did you ever hear of that little blonde he has down the line? Geraldine LeFeur was her name. Never heard of her? Well, if you haven't, you're about the only one in camp that hasn't. It cost him a thousand to get rid of her. He shipped her out of camp. That's the sort of man he is, besides bein' a high-gradin' thief."

"Shorty," she said, aghast, "Is he really? Why, I didn't know. Well, I shan't talk to him alone any more. You aren't jealous, are you?" Again she carressed his face, allowed his arms to go around her.

"If I was jealous, it would be of somebody worth while," Shorty replied, after he had kissed her.

"You haven't the slightest cause to be, dear," she confided. "There's only one you, and that's you." She patted his cheek. Shorty was convinced and told her so.

"Shorty, I'm awfully sorry," she said with sudden contrition, "but I won't let it occur again, I'll be careful. Let's take the old car tonight and just ride and ride over the desert. It will be cold but it will be fine. I'll just snuggle up to you in the dark and maybe there will be places where you can drive with one hand. We'll take Jimmy and Ann along in the back seat, and we won't as much as look back to see what they are doing. Will you? It will be a treat, and it is such a rest to ride after a hard day's work."

"Be ready at half past six," Shorty replied with alacrity. "Here, one more! Here comes Harvey to commence supper."

The next morning Shorty was at the mine early. He wanted to find old Terence before the foreman went down into the underground working. Terence, as was his custom, was supervising the changing of the shifts, walking about the change room and hoisting plant, keeping an eye upon the men who were leaving work and the men who were going down the shaft upon the hoisting skips.

"GOOD MORNIN'," Shorty called to Terence, who stood at this moment in the open door of the hoisting room, "how's the world usin' you this mornin'?"

"It might be worse," replied Terence,

"It might be a lot worse, if it wasn't for watchin' these dommed thieves. How's it with you, Shorty? Ye're lookin' run down. Do ye not know ye cannot work eighteen hours a day and be courtin' a girl at the same time, and do them both justice, my boy? There's limits, even to the strength of youth. Ease up on your work at bit, my lad. The high-grade'll keep; but, speakin' of high-grade, the girl assays pretty well, eh, Shorty?"

"She'll do," admitted Shorty frankly. "Say, I hired a man yesterday, Terence, he'll go on the afternoon shift. Put him in number two. He's a good miner at this kind of ore. I told him I'd fix it with you. His name's McGarvin."

"You mean 'The High-Gradin' Kid'?" the foreman queried incredulously. Shorty nodded as he re-lit his cigarette.

"The dommed thievin' scoundrel," pursued Terence. "You hired him? Why, man alive, he'd steal the eagle off a twenty-dollar piece with it in your pocket." Shorty laughingly admitted the truth of the accusation.

"Well, give him a chance," he insisted. "He's up against it and he says he'll lay straight this time. I'll keep a close watch on him, myself."

"I'll think it over," Terence said after a few moments of deliberation. "I'll have a talk with him when he comes, and if he promises to do the right thing, we'll give him a tryout. I heard he was in town. Did you used to know the Kid?" Shorty explained his acquaintance with McGarvin, making a plea for the young man upon the ground of their past friendship, and the fact that McGarvin was broke.

"I'll have a talk with him," finally agreed Terence, "Where're you goin' now?" The skip was just passing from sight with the last men of the morning shift.

"Down through the works," Shorty answered, and turning, called to the engineer to return the skip, that he might descend.

In accordance with Staley's directions, the development of the mine had been rapid. It was his purpose to open up the mine with the least loss of time, consistent with economy, so that the ore could be extracted in the shortest possible period. Number One Level had been driven into the mountain for nearly two hundred feet beyond the shaft station. At a point midway along this length of tunnel, however, an upraise had been made to the surface for the purpose of ventilation and ore development. A considerable amount of high-grade ore had

been taken from this upraise, and still larger quantities had been left along its vein exposure, to be extracted at a later period. This upraise, which was known as "The Raise," had its mouth in a small ravine that cut the mountainside not more than a hundred yards from the hoisting works. It was so situated that it was not visible from the shaft head, and gave a view of the town, as the depression drained to the eastward. A door of heavy lattice construction had been fitted into the raise near its portal, and while this allowed a liberal draft of air, it precluded any possibility of entrance, as it was securely locked from the underside. Occasionally this means of egress was used by one of the operating staff of the mine, all of whom were provided with keys.

The main shaft had been sunk another hundred feet below Number One Level, and here a large station had been cut in the rock walls, that drifting might be done in each direction on the vein, without interfering with the further progress of the main shaft, which was now to a depth of nearly three hundred feet from the surface. This station was Number Two Level, and from it little exploration work had been done to the northward, though the high-grade ore gave strong evidence of extending in that direction. The principal development had been done to the southward, directly into the nucleus of the ore shoot. This drift had been extended for a hundred feet, and from this point another upraise had been driven which connected Number Two Level with Number One, above. This raise served to afford air circulation into the lower working, as well as another route, by which the lower working could be reached. This was Number Two Raise, and was fitted with a ladder way and ore chutes, through which the material broken from the adjacent stopes were dropped down to Number Two Level and trammed to the shaft. The block of the vein lying between the main shaft and Number Two Raise, and bounded above and below by Number One and Number Two Levels, was called Number Two Stope. Over this area of a hundred feet square, the high-grade seam of the ledge had maintained an average width of about nine inches, widening toward Number Two Level. Though considerable work was being carried on in Number Three Stope, which lay directly south of Number Two, and at other points of the works, the principal efforts at ore extraction were confined to Number Two Stope. From less than its upper half



more than half a million dollars worth of high-grade ore had been taken. Its lower section promised, because of the greater high-grade width, to yield twice this amount. Ten miners on each shift, a total of thirty, worked in the Number Two. On account of the high-grade nature of the ore, the method known among miners as underhand stoping was employed. While this method was slower than the over hand practice in use in the low grade mines, it was sure of more accurate results. The ore was mined from the top downward, instead of from the bottom upwards. This allowed the waste footwall rock to be stripped from alongside of the vein, the lower grade ore to be broken down and removed, and lastly, the high-grade to be broken down upon canvas and sacked. When this method had continued till Number Two Level was reached, Number Two Stope would be worked out. It would be a void, four feet in depth on the average, and some one hundred feet square, supported by occasional timbers. At some later date it could be filled with waste rock from development, if this course was found desirable.

"You're not goin' down?" Shorty inquired of Tierney as he stepped onto the skip at the shaft head.

"Not for a bit," replied the foreman, "I've got some work above for a time."

Shorty called out his orders to the hoisting engineer and the cable slowly began to reel out, as the skip disappeared into the black throat of the shaft. It came to a stop at Number Two Level, and Shorty alighted, and rang the skip down to the shaft's bottom, which was the point from which the hoisting was to be resumed.

**H**IS intentions were for but a short reconnaissance of the workings at this time. He wanted to reassure himself upon some prior observations and then return to the surface to await the night.

Half an hour later he had finished the rounds of Number Two and Number Three Stopes, and had climbed to Number One Level, at the head of Number Two Raise. Here he stood debating whether he should ascend the shaft ladder to the surface, or make some further inspections before going up. His thoughts were more centered upon events of the future than upon the present. He had nothing definite to do, but was reluctant to leave the mine. It was warm down here, when out of the draughts from the ventilating shafts. At length he decided to leave the workings by way of The Raise. First he went to the face of Number One Level, where he remained for a few minutes, chatting with the miners, and examining the streak of high-grade which still persisted southward. From this point he retraced

his steps to the foot of The Raise and began ascent. His movements were still rather aimless. As he slowly mounted the ladder, Shorty held his candle so that its light fell upon the vein which persisted upwards. This side of The Raise had not been stoped, though it had a considerable showing of high-grade ore. Opposite, at his left, some stoping of the vein had been done. Shorty stepped from the ladder into this excavation; from its floor to the top of the stope was some twenty feet. It was approximately the same distance in length, with a width of about four feet. The flickering candle light fell fantastically upon the irregular walls, as Shorty made his way along. He was merely looking about. Now and then he jabbed the spike of his steel candlestick into the wall rock, and pried out fragments, which he examined carefully, hoping to find some indication of ore which might have been overlooked, as this part of the mine had been but partially prospected.

Though this part of the mine was little frequented, in fact there was no occasion for it being visited at all, he noticed footprints in the loose dirt of the floor. His curiosity was instantly aroused. He soon became suspicious as to the motives for any one being her. The foot prints were fresh. He at once connected the foot prints with the proximity of the door at the head of The Raise, which afforded a mode of egress. He dropped to his knees and began to examine the tracks more closely, following along the slightly upward trend of the stope floor. He was quite alone. From far away came the clink, clink of the drill hammers, or the rumble of the ore cars on the steel rails, or the dull whirr of the skip as it ascended and descended the shaft. The feeble flickering of the candle fighting against the murkiness of the void above, the isolation, the fact that he was alone below the surface of the earth, and the presence of the mysterious foot prints caused the skin to creep along Shorty's spine. Yet, for all these, his mental processes were rendered more acute. Here was something out of the ordinary, something to be ferreted out, which, when unravelled, might lead to some other leak of high-grade. Shorty was never mentally inert, not even indolent. He had been hired for his integrity, not for his experience in running down thieves. He had indubitably prevented the theft of much high-grade, but he had apprehended very few of the high-graders, and those were the small thieves. This failure, as he termed it, was not remarkable, for he had to deal with men who knew every trick of the trade of high-grading, yet it had aroused a feeling of self-resentment. He must accomplish something worth while, or he must quit his post, in favor of some other man.

"Hell," he muttered to himself so loud that the echo came back to him uncannily from the cavern walls. "If somebody else can catch these fellows, I can." which might have been translated, "If I can't catch them, nobody can." He was now using the spike of the candlestick, prodding into each small section of the floor as he slowly went along. He had proceeded to within a few feet of the stope's end when the slim steel spike struck some hard object. Shorty's first impression was that it had encountered a loose rock, or the hard floor. He repeated the process several times at short distances from the place he had struck the first obstacle. Each time he felt the steel grit against something quite foreign in feeling to the wall rocks of the stope, from which the floor detritus had fallen. He was acutely alert now. Here might be at last something worth while. He hung the candlestick upon a projecting piece of rock and with his hands began to scoop away the soft dirt. His hands felt something soft, yet resistant. A moment of frenzied work, and he had an ore sack half exposed. He swore volubly and delightedly, but instantly his enthusiasm took a cautious turn. His first impulse was to drag the sack, which he now saw to be full, from its hiding place. His next resolve was to unearth it without disturbing it. He felt the contents of the sack through the heavy burlap, and assured himself that it was high-grade. The sack had not been completely filled, allowing enough of its end for tying. Working the dirt from about this end he found no difficulty in loosening the knot of string which held it. He reached into the bag and withdrew a half pound piece of rock. An instant's survey of this piece with the candle held close convinced Shorty that this was ore from Number Two Stope. He took several other pieces from the sack and examined them carefully. There could be no doubt of the origin of the ore. There was still less doubt that its route from its present resting place would be via the trap door at the head of The Raise. The doubtful points were, who had transported it from Number Two Stope to its present resting place, and who would take it through the trap door to the surface, and possibly, who would receive it at this point and carry it to the place of disposal?

**F**URTHER digging disclosed another sack, similar to the first. Shorty opened this to assure himself of the nature of the contents, and then tied both sacks securely, covering them as nearly as possible in the manner in which they had originally been buried. He erased his own signs in the dirt, and substituted his own tracks, so they resembled those of the men who had left the sacks. He next went to the head of



The Raise, and found the trap door securely locked. He descended the ladder to Number One Lever and following this out to the shaft, rang for the skip. Five minutes later, he was making his way rapidly down the trail towards town.

As Shorty swung down the trails, he was deriving the first real elation from his new work. Up to this moment he had faced insurmountable objects, or climbed over but inconspicuous ones. Now he had two irons in the fire, either or both of which were, if properly watched, likely to admit of being forged into some semblance of results. He was walking jauntily as he entered the main street. He paused at the door of the Tin Can, opened it and called in a hurried, but cheery, "Hello," closed it and resumed his journey. He was looking for Pete Carson. Pete was now more firmly entrenched as a member of the opulent and idle rich than ever. He had sold another claim the previous week. After a ten minute search, Pete was located amongst a crowd that stood before the door of the townsite company, wherein the newly established telephone office was located. Pete was with the others, watching the stock quotations, which were coming in over the wire and being posted upon a blackboard that was visible through a window.

Picking a pebble from the street, Shorty threw it, striking Pete between the shoulders. Pete turned angrily upon his insulter, and seeing Shorty changed his scowl to a smile. In answer to Shorty's signal he left the group reluctantly and followed Shorty a few rods up the street.

"Well, how does she hypo?" inquired Shorty, using an idiom coined by the old time silver miners.

"She's sure showin' the blue," Pete replied, vernacularly. "Extension's up to sixty-eight, and still a-goin'."

"Whewee!" Shorty interrupted jovially, "I'm in there ten thousand strong. Pete, what're you doin'?"

"Just what should a millionaire of my standin' be doin'?" Pete countered, assuming a serious countenance.

"Standin'," responded Shorty. "Now that you are fully occupied, I want you to put in some of your time for me."

"Call the game and I'll bet. I'll be glad to help you out at anything, Shorty, even do your courtin'."

"It ain't that, Pete, I can attend to that. Do you know the High-Gradin' Kid?"

"A few hundred dollars' worth," responded Pete readily, "and," he added, "that's quite a plenty."

"All right," said Shorty, getting down to business. "I guess what I want you to do won't call for a very intimate association with Mr. McGarvin. Now here's the lay. The Kid's goin' to work tonight on the three o'clock shift. He's bound to pull off somethin' sooner or later. Now, I can't watch him all the time and I want you to keep your eyes on him. Watch the autos and if he tries to beat it, get me, and if you can't get me in time hold him, if you have to do it by force. If he tries to leave camp it's a cinch he's made a haul. If he's made a haul I want him. Get me?"

"I do," replied Pete cheerfully, "and what you call work will be a pleasure. If the Kid gets out of camp without me knowin' it, he'll sneak like a coyote."

Shorty returned to the Tin Can, but finding Barbara busily engaged about the new lunch preparation room did not remain for more than a few minutes chat and to make an appointment with her for three o'clock, when she would be at leisure. From the Tin Can he strolled over to the Northern Saloon, where within a few minutes after his arrival he was sitting in a poker game in which the stakes were small. He played till a few minutes before three o'clock, forgetting entirely that the lunch hour had passed. He had lost about eight dollars, and smilingly cashing his remaining chips, he left the place.

Barbara sat upon one of the high stools, swinging her feet, and talking glibly to two diners and the other members of the culinary staff as Shorty entered.

"You're late, give an account of yourself," she demanded, looking very serious.

"Three minutes early," replied Shorty, who took most of the things she said seriously, and looked at his watch for verification. "Time to swallow a bowl of soup and some coffee." He took a stool and rapping his fist upon the counter, said, "Bring on the chow, Harvey!" Harvey ladled out the soup and poured the coffee, while Tilly Dalton, the new waitress, carried them to the counter and deposited them before Shorty. Tilly had been hired upon Mrs. Pete Carson's recommendation. She was a tall, red haired girl, of some twenty odd years, and while she was rather pretty, she was unmistakably of the rural type. Tilly certainly was not over-sophisticated, nor was she illiterate, and she was, because of her sharp ready tongue, able to hold her own against stiff odds. She scowled at Shorty. He returned the scowl, and said, "That's rotten soup, Tilly."

"We keep that for rotten people," she returned serenely. Shorty winced and shot a glance at Barbara and Ann who stood at the other end of the counter. They were giggling. Shorty returned his attention to Tilly.

"Tilly," he remarked, after looking her over critically, "You're the prettiest girl in town, and that hair! Step up till I touch a match to your hair; it won't light on the under side of the counter."

TILLY ignored the reference to her fiery coiffure. "You sure put your money on the right card, Shorty," she said. "You don't have to copper the bet when you say I'm the best looking girl in town." She held her face close to his and grimaced lugubriously, "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, Shorty?" she teased, her face a little closer to his. Before she had time to realize it, Shorty had clasped her cheeks between his hands, drawn her head forward and kissed her upon the lips. She drew back, angry and scandalized. She was upon the point of slapping Shorty, when Barbara called sharply.





## Interest

(Continued from page 409)

ring, as she had done on that day which seemed so long ago. But, tonight she was smiling and her eyes were bright.

They had the same table at Marquards; he called her "Lovely" as she seated herself across from him, but tonight there was a worried look in his eyes, and Gloria, sensitive to his every mood, felt the strain at once.

As she toyed with a monstrous concoction of dessert, Arthur Howard smoked nervously, and finally, breaking into an unimportant, to-fill-the-space speech of Gloria's, said—

"Lovely, is Dr. Moran at home this evening?"

"No, she won't be home tonight."

"Can we go out to the apartment? I want to talk with you."

"Surely."

Almost in silence they left the restaurant, and Gloria, impulsively, turned at the door for a last look around.

"It's ours, this place, isn't it, Arthur? Yours and mine. I shall always feel that it is, and love it for that."

He held her hand tight in his as, after a word to the driver, the car sped over the slippery, wet streets and stopped before the apartment. She led the way, with fingers which trembled she unlocked the door and fumbled for the light switch. The big living room was flooded with amber light.

They were quiet for several moments as they sat before the little fireplace as they had done on so many evenings. He looked for her consent to his cigarette—she loved the way his slender fingers

fitted it into the long holder he affected. He did not really wish to smoke; after a puff or two, he threw it aside and lifted her hand in his.

"You are Lovely! So soft, so sweet, so smooth—and yet so firm, so strong. I never dreamed of any one half so dear as you are!"

Gloria's color rose, how she loved his loving her.

"I was—am a writer of verse. I had gone stale. I needed inspiration, and I saw you. You were a flower in the midst of the brick and stone city. A melody in a desert of ugly noise. I needed you, I felt you were the only thing which could bring music to my pen again, so I called for you. You were all I could have dreamed you were—and more!"

So she had been able to give a little, she had helped him! She tried to tell him how glad she was over it all, but he was speaking again.

"I didn't mean we should love each other. I am married, you know, dear. I only knew I needed you—for my work. But Lovely, I love you—more than anything in the world. Dear—what shall we do? I love you so much!"

There was fire in the deep blue eyes as he turned to her at last.

Inspiration! Verse! Love! Married! His words hammered their way to her understanding, and she stared at him, brown eyes meeting blue, with no answering fire—only bewilderment. His voice, her interest,—things swam before Gloria Paget. Her world reeled and gradually the brown eyes cleared, her

voice was almost steady when she spoke. "I see. We both needed adventure. You needed inspiration. I needed interest. I was realizing it that night when you called,—I don't make a practice of answering cheap anonymous phone calls—"

The voice which was almost metallic broke—the brown eyes blurred with tears, but only for a moment. The voice was firm again.

"I have written some excellent advertising copy during our acquaintance. So, it has been mutually beneficial. Please go."

"Lovely! You can't be hard like this—you—"

"Please go."

And Arthur Howard knew that she meant just that—and without another word, without a handclasp, without a backward glance—he was gone.

It was dawn when Dr. Moran came into the apartment, but the lights were all ablaze, and from Gloria's little study came the sound of a Corona clattering swiftly. She knocked at the closed door.

"Gloria Girl—what are you doing; have an inspiration?"

Gloria's voice was a trifle hysterical as her reply came.

"Yes, Moran. I'm writing a wonderful cracker advertisement."

"Gloria—are you laughing or crying?"

"Neither, Moran. I'm—I'm—interested—"

And, because Gloria was an independent soul, Dr. Moran—after a moment's hesitation, went to bed.

## THE "HIGH GRADERS"

(Continued from page 423)

"Shorty, you just get down and come with me." She flounced out the side door, and Shorty, after hesitating a moment or two sheepishly followed, beckoning for Ann to come along. She obeyed, arriving outside in time to save Shorty from the vortex of the storm. Barbara was saying in a voice such as she might have employed in reprimanding a wayward child, had she owned one, "What did you kiss her for, anyway?"

"Oh," replied Shorty with regained nonchalance, "She needed it, and she wanted it, and I didn't have the heart to disappoint her. I never could deny a woman anything. I'll kiss you, Barb, if you want me to," he archly added.

"Well, you can't," she replied defiantly, and then, "You can come on up to the house with me, if you want to."

"Just two kids," said the practical and methodical Ann, as she took Shorty's disengaged arm, "You'll never be anything else, and I sometimes wish I was that way." She pressed Shorty's arm in a sisterly fashion.

By the time they had reached the tent house, the incident of Tilly had been forgotten by all save Barbara. When they were inside, she whirled Shorty around a little roughly and scrubbed his mouth with her handkerchief. This done, she planted a kiss very firmly upon his lips.

"Just two kids," reiterated Ann, looking at them fondly, and going on into the bedroom.

An hour later the two girls had returned to the Tin Can where the evening trade was in full swing. Shorty had eaten his supper, and with a paper

wrapped lunch in the pocket of his overcoat was climbing the trail to the mine. In the change room he met old Terence, who after a twelve hour day of work was preparing to leave for town and supper.

"Just comin' on shift?" Terence ventured.

"Yep," said Shorty, removing his overcoat and placing it near the stove. "How did you and the High-Gradin' Kid make out?"

"Oh, I give him a chance," Terence replied judiciously. "He says he'll do the square thing and from the way he talks, maybe he will. Any way he'll have a tough time gettin' away with any high-grade from this place. Shorty, to tell you the truth, I don't believe there's a pound of it gettin' out."

"You're dead right," Shorty enthusiastically agreed. "There may be a little



gettin' by, but it ain't much. Our system's all right Terence," he assumed a confidential tone. "I'm thinkin' there ain't much use of my stayin' with my job. I'm just drawin' my pay for doin' about nothin'."

"There might be a lot more money in the automobile business," Terence said after a few deliberating moments. "There's a lot of people travelin' and you know 'em most all, and you've got a good car."

"I'm thinkin' about gettin' another one and puttin' them both on the run," Shorty confided. "There would be more money in it and it's my work. I like it."

"I think you're wise, my lad," Terence said with a fond pat upon Shorty's shoulder. "Take my advice and quit this game. It's no work for anything but Bohunks and Chinks, this workin' underground. The automobile business will let ye have plenty of good fresh air, and let ye see the people. Now I've got to get down to supper. Will ye be down soon?" Shorty replied that he would be down before midnight, and Terence went out the door and clumped down the trail.

Half an hour later Shorty lay concealed in a small clump of sage brush. The night was moonless, and only as his eyes became inured to the blackness, could he make out the mouth of The Raise, thirty feet, or more, distant. He smiled a little sardonically, as he recalled old Terence's reference to "plenty of good, fresh, air." Surely, Shorty thought, there was no scarcity of ventilation in this spot, which might be his bed for one, perhaps many nights. He was certain that the two sacks of high-grade would be removed at night. His only course was to be upon guard till they were brought up The Raise, for he was sure this was the route by which they would be removed.

He felt the cold. From behind him came the chug, chug, of the hoisting engine. Below him were the few lights of the town, and occasionally, as the night wind whipped up the mountain side, he caught snatches of hurdy gurdy music from the dance halls of the Red Light Line. Above him the stars seemed to look on with icy coldness. Close by, on the mountain side, a coyote broke into a staccato of yelps, which ended in a long drawn, doleful howl like the wail of some Banshee. Instinctively Shorty felt for the automatic pistol in his overcoat pocket to reassure himself that it was there. At intervals the rumble of a mine car came up to his ears through The Raise. The miners, he knew, were tramping ore or waste from the face of Number One Level.

It was much like this till midnight, except that he grew colder, and down in the town a few lights went out. The

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hours dragged as if they were chilled as he was. Then the earth beneath him trembled, and the dull rumble of the midnight blasts sounded. He stood up and swung his arms to brink back the normal circulation, deadened by his long prostrate attitude. He did not fear detection at this hour. Too many men would be moving to the mine stations to eat their lunches. He slipped across to the mouth of The Raise and listened. He heard nothing now. He tested the latticed door, finding it still firmly fas-

(Continued on page 428)

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## Where Fruit Boxes Come From

By PHILIP R. CALKINS

ALL DURING the harvest seasons long trains of fruit and vegetables go over the mountains behind puffing engines, carrying the product of the orchards and ranches of California to the hungry markets of the East. Occasional cars are dropped from these trains at the various junction points, but the majority are "billed through" to Chicago, or to New York. From Oroville, Porterville and the Los Angeles districts come the oranges; the plums, prunes, peaches, apricots, cherries and other tree fruits from a dozen different points in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. Lodi and Fresno are the principal grape shipping points, with raisins almost entirely from the latter. Then in season are the carloads of canteloupes and melons from the San Joaquin; or, earlier, from Brawley in the Imperial valley.

These products as well as those of the dairy and the factory demand boxes for shipment, and so support a little known but vast industry in which California stands second among the states of the Union. Few realize the magnitude of the Box-shook industry in California, although it is no exaggeration to say

that its products go into almost every home in the nation.

"Box shook." That in itself is an unfamiliar term to most. This is the name given to the wooden sides, ends, tops and bottoms of boxes as they come in bundles from the mill, ready to be nailed together into the finished box. During the packing season carloads of the fragrant pine boards may be seen on sidings or "spotted" at warehouse platforms for unloading, whence they are trucked to the packing sheds and rapidly nailed into boxes.

These carloads of box-shook come from the big sawmill and factory plants, and from the small, solitary box factories of the white- and sugar-pine regions of the California and Oregon mountains. Spruce shook, seldom used for the finer grades of fruit, come from the vast forests of Washington; sometimes making the entire journey south by train, but more often being shipped part of the way by boat. White fir is also used for boxes, particularly where an odorless and non-resinous material is desired.

Forests of lumber are cut for this purpose every year; still, with adequate fire

protection, the supply of box lumber is in no danger of exhaustion. The California White Pine grows in thirty or forty years to a size sufficiently large for most dimensions of box lumber; and inasmuch as a large part of the shook is now sawed from the lower grades of lumber left over from the finest trees, and forms almost the entire output of many small sawmills, there is less waste than might be supposed.

THE usual sawmill or factory operation reminds one strongly of the missionary hymn: "Where only man is vile—" Nothing is more beautiful than a forest of giant pines with the wind in the tops and the sunlight trickling through to the vines and flowers which spring from the fragrant carpet of pine-needles. Big-eyed deer turn to stare and steel-muscled trout dart in the clear streams. But even as the pines murmur they fall by axe and saw. Then the country becomes a wilderness of stumps, young growth, chapparal and snow-bush. When the latter starts it increases the fire menace and shades the seedling trees to their detriment. The streams run muddy or dry up, and the ugly, noisy factory is surrounded by unpainted shanties and accompanying heaps of tin cans.

Lumber comes from the saw-mill to the box-factory after drying usually in



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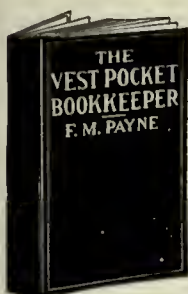
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six-quarter (inch and a half) thickness and varying widths. It goes through the screaming planer, which surfaces four sides and rips the board to the exact width of the sides, ends, tops or bottoms that are being run through the factory. From the chains which carry it away from the planer the boards go to the cut-off where they are cut to the proper length, and bad knots or other defects are cut out. Then whining band saws cut these blocks to the correct thickness; three-quarter inch ends and three-eighth inch sides being about the average. The shook is then counted into bundles and trucked to the cars. The waste from the cut-off saws is conveyed to a block-bin or pile of the mill-blocks which form such a staple of fuel in California. The sawdust is burned, either beneath the boilers or in an incinerator. The utilization of this waste for the manufacture of wood pulp, alcohol, or turpentine has not yet proven commercially practicable in small plants.

Labor conditions in the woods, mills, and box factories are interesting. The itinerant lumberjack, without home, family or purpose in life, and naturally intensely selfish, is a familiar figure. Accustomed to fairly good wages but hard living conditions, he usually stays around the towns in winter when many of the logging operations are closed down because of mud and snow. He is of independent disposition and his only means of self expression is to quit his job, whether because of dissatisfaction with the boss, the food, the working conditions, or just pure restlessness.

The workers in the sawmills are generally of more stable character. Their work is liable to require considerable mechanical skill and experience, and conditions permit of having homes and families. It is worthy of note that the large companies are now providing family homes for many of the workers in the woods.

Most of the work in the box factory is fairly light but excessively monotonous. This has its effect on the character of the laborers, many of them boys and women, and on their minds, seemingly dulled by the deadly routine. The usual isolation and lack of sanitary facilities characteristic of box factory camps makes them undesirable except to that type of itinerant family known as Ford tramps." The present tendency seems to be, as the sawmills and lumber camps penetrate farther back into the woods, to locate the box factories in towns or

(Continued on Page 428)

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## WHERE FRUIT BOXES COME FROM

*(Continued from Page 427)*

cities where the labor question is simplified. The box shook trade has its own customs. The shook is largely sold through brokers and agencies, frequently cooperative agencies handling the output of a number of factories. Salesmen call on the large users of box shook, and keen competition has keyed the industry up to such a point of efficiency that an order for one or a dozen cars of shook can, except in the height of the fruit season, be cut and shipped in remarkably quick time. In fact, when certain types of boxes are in demand it is customary to have cars "rolling" from the mills even before they are sold, ready for quick diversion to the point of sale. Naturally the telegraph and long distance telephone are much requisitioned in this work, and when crops are ripening activity in the broker's office is usually at high pressure. Failure of a shipment of shook to arrive may mean the ruin of a ripened crop and the loss of thousands of dollars.

## The "High-Graders"

*(Continued from Page 425)*

tened. He went back to his hiding place, and before lying down went through a series of violent gymnastics. When he did lie down there was the warming sense of accelerated blood going through him.

It was past three o'clock now. He had watched galaxies of stars sink below the Western horizon. He had taken his watch from his pocket and propped it against the root of a sage, that he might, by watching it, fight off the drowsiness that could creep upon him. The cold and the zero hour were lulling him to slumber, taking away his powers of resistance and acuteness. He thought of his comfortable bed, of a roaring fire in the cabin stove. He thought of a good, warm, satisfying meal, with hot coffee and a big sizzling steak. The cold lunch which he had brought had been partly eaten, and this without relish. His senses were growing dull, though he knew it was three hours yet before he could expect his vigil to be rewarded.

Four thirty-nine, the watch recorded. Suddenly a chill swept over him. The next instant he was warm, his ears were tuned acutely, the lethargy induced by the cold and darkness had vanished. He was straining his eyes into the murkiness for a better view of The Raise mouth. He wriggled forward a few feet where, through a small opening amongst the low lying branches, he could get better vision. His ears had caught a faint sound in The Raise, somewhere below the door. There it was again, this time louder. Some object was being dragged along the ladder. He caught the sound of steps on the wooden rungs. The noises became more audible. He pictured a miner stealthily ascending the ladder, bringing with him one of the sacks of high-grade. His visualization was so vivid that it lacked but the man's identity.

He caught the sound of voices, low and muffled. He imagined another picture, this time of two men, with two sacks of high-grade. Once more he reassured himself of the presence of the automatic in the overcoat pocket. He caught the sound of the door being unlocked. He heard it creak upon its hinges as it was swung upward. He saw the door itself rising till it rested against the back wall of the mouth. Next a man's head, indistinct in the darkness, appeared. A moment more and a man stood, silhouetted against the skyline. Shorty could discern the sack the fellow carried in his arms, but could not identify the man. The man stepped two paces in Shorty's direction and placed the sack upon the ground. Then he

quickly retraced the steps to the mouth of The Raise.

"Stay where you are," Shorty heard the fellow whisper to his confederate. "I'll come down and bring it up."

The man below apparently obeyed this injunction, for the first man disappeared within the black void. Shorty counted the steps he took down the ladder. There were twelve. There might possibly have been more, but at this rung, Shorty rose quickly and stole stealthily and rapidly forward. A short moment later he had retrieved the first sack of high-grade and had it close beside him in his resting place. Half a minute or so later the man reappeared, bearing the other sack. He stepped out to place it beside the first. Evidently he had some difficulty in locating this sack. Shorty heard him swear, and then grope about in the dark.

"Well, I'll be damned," the fellow muttered in exasperation, then incredulously, "Well, now I wonder!" The next instant he had stampeded for the mouth of The Raise and was clambering down. Shorty laughed softly as he heard the door bang shut, and the sound of fumbling for the lock marked this man's state of agitation. Shorty had recognized the voice.

He stood up and swung his arms wide and deliberately. He whistled a bar or two from, "I won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear," and forthwith forgot all about being cold and tired and hungry and sleepy. He had saved the Sultana mine two sacks of ore, valued at about eight thousand dollars. He was more exuberant, for he knew the identity of one of the high-graders. He was morally sure of the other one.

His next movements were to carry the two sack of ore to the mine works where he left them in care of the hoisting engineer, whom he could trust. Then he repaired to the change house, where, after removing his heavier outer garments and transferring the automatic to his hip pocket, he poured himself a cup of coffee from the pot which sat upon the heating stove. He drank the coffee slowly, then rolled a cigarette, which he smoked leisurely, absorbing the warmth from the fire as he inhaled the tobacco smoke with relish. He lolled back in his chair and half closed his eyes, as he reviewed the night's work. It had been good. He smiled. There was one more thing to which he must attend; before it was finished. He got to his feet, found his hat and went out to the hoisting room.

*(Continued on page 430)*



## Poets and Things

*THE POETRY EDITOR* wonders at various times just what it is in the artistic make-up which so develops the ego of the individual. It is an ego carefully suppressed in some; yet, even where modesty decries the pronouncement, deep in his inmost heart each writer of verse knows himself to be a poet equal to any. Now where the ego is thus governed by modesty this belief is not objectionable. If one's neighbor considers himself the better poet of the two, this belief is not offensive provided it is not given undue prominence. One may always hold a modicum of pity for so misguided an opinion. But where this belief is given evidence in season and out, pity gives way to contempt; or—where it is more than ordinarily ill-founded—to ridicule.

It is likely that the Poetry Editor sees more of this ego than is apparent to most. It is easy to open one's heart to the elderly, gray-haired person whom one has never seen, holding down that editorial chair so many miles away, and so to the Poetry Editor come many revelations of the ego which prompted the writing of the submitted verse.

There was that person who submitted a poem which he conservatively pronounced the finest ever written on the redwood—the Poetry Editor could not agree with him—and that other person who accompanied his effort with a statement that he "understood that poetry was paid for according to its quality, not quantity; that he considered both quality and quantity just right, and would be willing to accept \$250 for the poem." And again the Poetry Editor could not agree.

There are those again who submit what is evidently a sincere expression of feeling, with the statement that they would be so glad to see it in print. The Poetry Editor finds it not easy to return such, yet it is plainly his duty to consider the feelings of his readers rather than his contributors.

It is in a different manner that the ego is perhaps more unconsciously displayed, the submitting of manuscript with neither stamp nor return envelope enclosed. Apparently the writer—and he is not always a beginner—feels that the possibility of rejection of his effort is something not worthy of consideration; or, at least, not to the extent of a two-cent stamp. And so he sends his poem in—note how politely the Poetry Editor uses the masculine throughout this screed—and, months after, indignantly inquires what has become of his treasured verse.

But it adds to the pleasure of living for the Poetry Editor. He would have little to do were it not for addressing

envelopes to those contributors who, from motives of economy or from pure laziness, enclose stamps only—stamps which they carefully stick to their manuscript. And, after all, what a dull level this life would be if all were perfection.

**J**UST the other day the Poetry Editor was pondering over the vagaries of modern verse, and it seemed to him that there was a distinct tendency toward a shoving aside of the heavier-than-lead proclamations of revolt against all established things which—to the younger generation of poets—have been alone poetry. But as he reads the August crop of poetry magazines he is impelled to believe that this shoving aside has been merely that an even younger generation may bring forth a more startling phase of their emancipation. From the standpoint of those who love poetry it is a more dangerous phase in that in expression and content it is truly poetry where much of the verse of the previous phase might be disputed as such. The danger lies in the absolute throwing aside of all veils which formerly held the mass from intruding on the intimacies of daily life. The poet presents herself—it is significant that nearly all of those who thus throw down the bars are women—unclothed and naked to the world; or, at least, to that portion which will pay the price of admission. It is prostitution, no less. That which is sacred within the home becomes un-holy when tossed to him who hath tuppence to pay therefor.

Since those who thus sell themselves obviously do so for the sake of the notoriety to be gained, the Poetry Editor refuses to add to the publicity. But by the Generation-Which-Revolt these will be hailed as Truly Great.

**Y**ET, with all this lack of reticence, on the part of a group of our women poets there is nothing of vulgarity. That much at least may be said for it. For those male versifiers who likewise defy convention the Poetry Editor must confess a sincere feeling of aversion, largely because—search as he may—he can find no real reason for the writing of these over-frank expressions, to say nothing of their giving out to the public. The fault, of course, lies largely with those editors who are willing to give space to such vulgarities. Whatever may be said against so much "sweetness and light" in poetry, this much stands to its credit—it is clean.

**F**ROM THE SOUTH comes welcome news. *The Lyric West*, pioneer poetry magazine of the West, which suspended publication last spring, is to resume. The *Lyric West* during its three years of existence was a splendid

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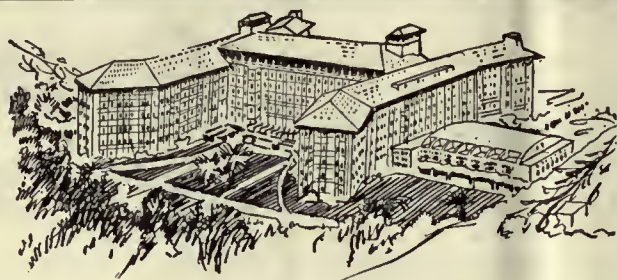
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source of encouragement to the younger verse writers, giving them an opportunity to reach the public which they might have found slow of attainment otherwise. It is no doubt true that some of them shouldn't have been encouraged, but better a hundred rhymesters deluded into the belief that they are poets than one real poet discouraged for lack of appreciation.

**P**EGASUS, too, that poetry magazine, which lived for a year in San Diego and discontinued publication shortly after the *Lyric West*, will again issue, probably in October, and this time from Los Angeles. Since *Pegasus* is inclined toward the radical movement in verse, while *Lyric West* is more inclined to be conservative, there is no reason why both should not receive the cordial support which they deserve. Certainly the literary publications of the Coast are so few in number that we can afford to let none of them languish for lack of a strong and growing subscription list.

## THE "HIGH GRADERS"

*(Continued from page 425)*

"Where's the skip?" he asked the engineer.

"At the collar," replied the man who sat reading conveniently close to his throttle.

"Then lower me to Number One," Shorty ordered, and taking a candlestick lighted its candle and went toward the skip. He left the skip at Number One Level and made his way along the tunnel towards the South. When he reached a point directly beneath The Raise, he paused and flashed his light up into its blackness.

"I'll bet somebody came down there in a hurry, not so long ago." He chuckled and went on.

He heard the clink, clink, clink, clink of the hammers on drill heads. He could now see in the dim light of the tunnel that Sam Govich and The Mucker were drilling industriously. He was near enough now to cough rather loudly. The two miners let their hammer swing to their sides and turned, looking their surprise.

"Oh," exclaimed The Mucker, "It's you, Shorty."

"It's me," verified Shorty.

"Don't you ever sleep?" Govich inquired. "Why, it's purty near morning."

"Sometimes, when I'm through work," Shorty replied, rather crisply.

With a quick movement Shorty shifted the candlestick to his left hand. His right went back to his hip pocket, and came out gripping the butt of the automatic pistol.

*(To Be Continued Next Month)*



## A MOUNTAIN UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page 416)

the University of Nevada today, due in great part by the influence and personality of President Clark, is that of service.

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## IN THE SHADOWS OF FUJI-YAMA

(Continued from page 402)

Seven Household Gods: Benten Sama, Bishamon, Hotei, Fukurokujin, Jurojin, Ebisu, Daikoku—ink boxes, plaques and fans of all kinds and ages: ogi, Uchiwa, Hiogi, Suehiro, Gumbai—and vases from the Maruyama of Kyoto, traced in arabesques, hair-lines, cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums, and done in russet, mottled gold, rich red, and green . . .

"I'm a lucky cuss," he soliloquized, as the steamer blew her first whistle, signifying departure.

Brent went out on deck and mingled with the passengers, and gave a last inspection to all concerning the Land of the Rising Sun.

The nondescript shopmen and venders were packing their things ready to go ashore; and the sampans over the side were bringing the late-coming passengers.

"Sayonara," hissed a voice behind Brent. "Man zai raku. (Good luck for ten thousand years.) Guddumn whiteo man!"

Brent turned and beheld the leering face of the rickshaw coolie with whom he had had the argument. There was no mistaking the contemptuous undercurrent of his words.

"Whiteo man," went on the coolie, slurring, "you learn muchee in high schoorr? Maybe you learn some lots in Japan, too?"

Brent took a slim, speckled cigar from his waistcoat pocket, at the same time answering leisurely, distinctly, and in perfect Japanese:

"I sure did. I learned how to talk your lingo. Just give this to Matsuoka, with my compliments, and tell him to cancel my order. I'll get all my silks in Kobe."

The coolie evinced surprise, then continued in his insolent manner as he moved toward the ladder:

"Even at that, Matsuoka has bested you."

"How's that?"

"All that stuff he gave you was nothing but worthless trash."

A smile that savored ever so little of satisfaction twitched Brent's lips.

"Oh, I knew that," he said; "but that doesn't matter. I'll get quite a bit for them in the States—much more than Matsuoka will get for the spark, if he tries to sell it. You see, the stone isn't exactly what it seems—. You know—it's glass!"

And then the whistle blew, "All visitors ashore."

## AN OFFERING ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

(Continued from page 410)

talked to the picture of a girl he had taken from his breast.

THE guard came with a file of soldiers promptly at the half hour. One of the prisoners, a gag spit from his mouth, lay coughing on the floor. The other stood by the door. He was dressed in khaki. "Ready," he said. They led him away.

Not long after Jim heard the sound of musketry. "Good God!" he exclaimed and looked at his ragged clothing. Then he shook the door.

It was hours before anyone came and during all the time Juarez was being attacked. Velasquez had come. In due time his soldiers opened the prison doors.

"I am an American engineer and wish to cross to the United States," said Jim Henshaw. He was led before Velasquez.

"You may go," said the General, "and tell your countrymen I am not so bad as I am said to be."

"Was a prisoner shot at sunrise, this morning?" Jim asked of his guard.

"Yes, they killed a gringo mining man before we fought our way in. And then we shot their 'General' right on the same spot."

In El Paso, just across the Rio Grande River, a ragged young American stepped into an open church door and fell fainting in the aisle. An officer of police was summoned.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What you doing here?"

The ragged one lowered his eyes, as the blood surged into his face.

"I wanted to pray for an Austrian boy who gave his life for me," said Jim Henshaw.



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with its delightful all year climate; its numerous, safe beaches; and close-by its tree-clad, picturesque mountains; its many romantic landmarks and Missions; its innumerable cultivated valleys and mesas; a whole Mountain Empire tied together with concrete highways, making motoring a veritable pleasure; and above all the City and County populated by a prosperous and contented people.

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## OUR SEPTEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 385)

**LILIAN WHITE SPENCER** is also of Colorado, a state which is almost as prolific in its poetic production as California.

**FANNIE HUNTER CLARK** is an Iowan—no, she does not get her mail in Los Angeles—who has found publication of her verse in a number of the magazines. She is housewife and mother, but in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—she is interested in community affairs and politics. She is, too, a student of the out-of-doors, an interest which is reflected in her verse.

**MARGARET TOD RITTER** is a Colorado poet who has "made" nearly all of the prominent poetry magazines of America. She is a member of the Poetry Society of America and the Poetry Society of England. She refuses to give *OVERLAND* her age; "which," she says, "means I COULD be younger;" and she pronounces herself "a perfectly charming person." Having read her delightful little fantasy in this issue, the Editor is quite ready to agree with her.

**NINA MAY** is an Oakland poet who has appeared in the old *OVERLAND* at various times.

**IRENE WELCH GRISSOM**—Sometimes it does seem that there is a perverse fate which pursues certain persons. Certainly Mrs. Grissom, Poet Laureate of Idaho, has been unlucky in her *Overland* connection, for in both the July and August numbers she has been introduced as among the month's contributors when through an untoward circumstance she has not been present. But with September she is present; in person, as the movies say, and her poem is worth waiting for. In both the previous numbers there were nice things said about Mrs. Grissom. Now let this be added: She is a most forgiving person!

**KATHERINE SCOBAY PUTNAM** is widely known as an author, a writer of books as well as a contributor to magazines. She is an A. B. of the University of Chicago, and has been a teacher in the Chicago public schools, a teacher of English in the Chicago University School for Girls. Among Miss Putnam's books are "Stories of Great Artists," and "Stories of Great Musicians."

**LESLIE HIGGINBOTHAM** is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Nevada, where he has charge of the courses in Journalism. He was formerly on the staff of the Cleveland Plaindealer and is an occasional contributor to the magazines.

**JAMES FREDERICK KRONENBERG** is a short story writer who makes his home in Philadelphia.

**JAMES HANSON**, who contributes an Oriental story with an unusual twist, is a Californian.

**P. TARON** is also a Californian. Beyond the fact that she has an office in one of the large buildings not far from *Overland*, we can tell you nothing.

**IDELLA PURNELL** is a Californian now connected with the consular service in Mexico. She is the owner and editor of that interesting poetry magazine, "Palms."

**MARGARET SKAVLAN** is a student in the University of Oregon, and one of the most promising of Oregon's younger poets.

**FLORENCE VAN FLEET LYMAN** is an Eastern woman, author of several volumes; one of which is reviewed in this issue of *Overland*.

**INMATE NO. 12148**, whose poem on "The Slayer" appears on the poetry page, knows prison life from the inside. Never mind his name. He will be free before long, and if he continues to produce verse which so poignantly expresses the prison life there is no question of the place the world has for him. Other verse from his pen will appear in ensuing numbers.

**THE OTHER CONTRIBUTORS** have all had introduction to *OVERLAND*'s readers within the past few months.

## A POET IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 405)

identified with the Boy Scout movement, and with various organizations that work for the benefit of the community, the State.

To his credit he has—beside those already mentioned—these published books: "Elfin Songs of Sunland" (in the third editions; "The Victory;" "Idyls of El Dorado;" "A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea;" "A Season's Sowing;" "The Simple Home;" "Sequoia Sonnets;" and numbers among his publishers G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London; Laurence J. Gomme, New York; Robertson, San Francisco; Paul Elder, San Francisco; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"A poet with a sweetly elevating message, given with fervor, but with gentleness, with earnestness, with calm deliberation."

## THE DRAWN TRAIL

(Continued from page 398)

treacherous trail, the heavy stuff in his saddlebags.

When the dark shadows crept shamefacedly back into that Vast whence they came, and daylight quivered upon the lips of the mountains against the sky, the handiwork of mortals lay bare in the merciless glare of day.

A knot of haggard men stood talking in low tones outside the door of the stage station. A stone's throw away lay the lean sorrel carcass of a horse; close beside it, an outstretched yellow slicker covered that which men had once called a fellow man. Horse and man were brothers now.

The pulsing thud of pony's feet hushed the talk of living men as though it had been the trumpet of Judgment Day.

Blivens, standing a little apart from the group, spoke casually, with an effort:

"Good-mornin,' Miss Lucy! You're in time. The stage ain't gone yet."

"I'm glad!" the child said. "I'm sure

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glad!" Then her look rested upon the sorrel carcass. "Oh!" There was no more gladness. "Oh!" she repeated. Her eyes were upon the yellow slicker. "Oh! Oh!" she said again.

Distaste for all human effort seemed to flood Blivens' soul. Still, something must be said.

"You're in luck you didn't meet him. He was sure a bad man—a bad, bad man!"

A child's puzzled soul looked through round, solemn eyes upon the colossal blunder of grown-ups' making.

"But I *did* meet him!" she said.



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

## and OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

OCTOBER, 1924

NUMBER 10

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MANAGER

### OUR OCTOBER CONTRIBUTORS

JAY G. SIGMUND has appeared frequently as a poet in OVERLAND's columns, but he is with us this month for the first time as a short story writer—"STURGEON'S FRY" is, indeed, his first published story. Those who have found pleasure in the keen insight into human nature displayed in his poetry will enjoy this story of the Mississippi.

RACHEL THAYER DUNLOP is, OVERLAND believes, a young writer of exceptional promise. Born in Norwich, Connecticut, Mrs. Dunlop has been for the last two years in California as a student at Stanford. She seems to have found here both the inspiration of the West and a desire for the freedom which the West typifies. A near number of OVERLAND will have from her a short story of unusual strength.

ELINOR M. PILLSBURY was born in Michigan, but as she has lived in Portland, Oregon, since she was 20 months old, her memories of the Middle West are dim. Though only twenty-six, Miss Pillsbury has been on the editorial staff of the Portland News for more than six years.

C. I. RAVN sends to OVERLAND the story of "Hoppy's Slugs" from Lynchburg, Virginia. This is not the author's first appearance in OVERLAND. She writes—and the name signed, by the way, is Clara Iza Price—"I used to write for the old OVERLAND, and I thought I would send you Mr. Bates' interesting story, told me, but which I never seemed to get time to work up until this summer, many years after I heard it."

MARY AGNES KELLY is one of several Oregon poets whose work is displaying marked freshness and strength. With Miss Pillsbury, Grace Hall, Ethel Romig Fuller, and Howard McKinley Corning—who also appear in this issue—she is a resident of Portland.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER is one of the group who has not previously found her way to OVERLAND, although her name

(Continued on page 480)

## CONTENTS

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

Saving America's Primeval Redwood Forests.....	435
J. D. Grant .....	
Naval Inventions .....	443
Hon. Curtis D. Wilbur .....	
Sequoyah .....	447
Cristel Hastings .....	
Early Lumbering in California.....	451
B. G. Rousseau .....	
Music and Musicians.....	458
Eleanor Everest Freer, M. M. ....	

### BIOGRAPHY

Memories of a Frontier Childhood .....	437
Emma North Messer .....	

### FICTION

The Sturgeon's Fry.....	441
Jay G. Sigmund .....	
Revenge .....	446
Miriam Allen deFord .....	
Happy's Slugs .....	449
C. I. Ravn .....	
The "High Graders"—Serial.....	453
Charles H. Snow .....	
Nine Points in the Law.....	464
Belle Willey Gue .....	

### POETRY

After Rain.....	Ethel Romig Fuller.....	435
The Rosary of Hours.....	Saimi Fassett .....	438
Spanish Serenade.....	Torrey Connor .....	439
Your Room.....	Gazelle Stevens Sharp.....	441
Through Centuries of Stars.....	Elinor M. Pillsbury .....	443
The Hills of Connemara.....	Nancy Buckley .....	446
Redwoods .....	Cristel Hastings .....	447
Dowry .....	Don Willson Farran .....	449
The Phantom Elder.....	Howard McKinley Corning.....	451
An Explanation.....	Frances Wierman .....	453
The Suppliant.....	Marie Drennan.....	465

### A PAGE OF VERSE.....

Rebel .....	Rachel Thayer Dunlop .....	459
To a Young Girl.....	W. H. Lench .....	
The Camel Boy.....	Mary Agnes Kelly .....	
Detachment .....	Nelene Groff Gettell .....	
Camping .....	Eunice Tietjens .....	
Brotherhood .....	Grace E. Hall .....	
The Blind Painter's .....		
Mistress .....	Margaret Skavlan .....	

### ESSAYS

Rocky Hill .....	452
Elizabeth LaDow .....	

### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers .....	466
Odds and Ends.....	467
Ada Kyle Lynch .....	
Poets and Things.....	468

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Chicago Representative, George H. Myers, 5 South Wabash Avenue.  
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Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1897.  
(Contents of this magazine copyrighted).



# A Group of Indian Songs

By MARSHALL LOUIS MERTINS

## I

### CORN SONG

O HO, hoi, hoi!  
Corn and bread and meal!  
Yellow corn, the gift of the gods,  
Red corn, the blood of our enemies.  
Purple corn, that which the sky hath sent.

O, thou great Sun-god,  
Bringer and giver of good things,  
Make this seed-corn to grow.  
Make it to rise above the spruce-trees,  
And have ears like a man's arms.  
Yea, make it have ears great and plentiful,  
Long as the right arm of a warrior!

Corn is good.  
The gods have given it,  
But Hu-mi-ci-ti-ni hath brought it.  
From the marshes he brought it,  
Given of the beautiful maiden  
When the year's vigil was done.  
Given of the beautiful maiden

With the other gift, the smoke-plant,  
Which makes a man smile in his soul,  
And laugh in his belly!  
O ho, hoi, hoi!  
Corn, and bread and meal!

## II

### RAIN-CLOUDS

Come the little clouds out of the ice-caves,  
Bringing rain and snow.  
They come because we call them,  
They come because we ask them,  
They come because the Spider-woman  
loves us.  
Come the little clouds out of the North-  
land.

Our yellow meal we throw to the sky.  
It is our offering to the gods.  
We have placed the clay images  
Of desert toads by the water-courses,  
To guide the silver stream along the canals,  
That it may flow over our fields.  
Come the little clouds out of the North-land,  
To bring rain for our reservoir!

## III

### THE WATCHERS

White, cooing dove, soft singing cock-a-loo,  
And tawny, yellow clouds with skies of blue  
Like turquoise sea-shells brought from far  
And buried 'neath the altar. One bright  
star

Which fleeing from the dawn was caught  
and kept  
As one might seize a mermaid as she slept  
At dawn, when earth's vain shadows  
flee away,  
And comes the full-orbed light of  
blessed day.

Watcher gazing through the eastern walls  
On which the first faint flush of sun-  
light falls,  
Through many days had watched the  
graying sky  
At dawning of the morning! Far and nigh  
The palo-verdi yellowed, mountains loomed,  
The bright canals ran water, cactus  
bloomed.

But still the people waited in the street,  
The plaza and the road with anxious feet.  
"The Sun-god and the Goddess of the Rain,  
"Shall we not worship at their shrines  
again?"

But still no word came from that inner  
place,  
Where sat the Watcher with an anxious  
face.

Tense moments these before the breaking  
dawn.

A pregnant earth, with clouds of flecky  
tawn,

And praying peoples eastward kneeling all  
On bended knee, await the Watcher's call!  
Has he forgotten? Will he never speak?  
The Sun-god—has his power grown weak?  
And that great deity, the Goddess of the  
Rain,

Has she her children scorned in high  
disdain?

But lo! A sudden stir! A mighty shout!  
The people throng the dusty street about!  
And to the shrines like little children run!  
A voice cries from within: "The Sun!  
The Sun!"

## IV

### LOVE-SONG

I have walked with you my lover,  
I have walked with you under the blanket.  
Its colors were bright and lovely,  
But my heart was brighter and gayer  
than they.

I have walked with you under the blanket,  
And where you go, there will I also go,  
Be it to a far-country,  
And to a strange people,  
Or on the silent desert stretches,  
There will I be by your side,  
To carry your water, and grind your corn;  
For you shall be blood of my blood,  
And bone of bone forever!



# OVERLAND MONTHLY

## AND

# OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Volume LXXXII

OCTOBER, 1924

Number 10

## Saving America's Primeval Redwood Forests

By J. D. GRANT

POURING to California skies stand the last survivors of a race of giant trees that once covered a great part of the northern portion of the earth—the "ever-living" Sequoia or Redwoods.

These mammoth trees belong to a race which, dating back millions of years, has disappeared from the rest of the world centuries before the dawn of history. They are now making their last stand in a narrow belt of land in California. In this the Coast stronghold the Sequoia resist the attacks of time and great processes and have been miraculously preserved through lightning, fire, a blancher, and innumerable other perils—only to perish at last in the mills and the camps.

It is the tragedy of the American people that these magnificent trees being cut down to make stakes for the fences and boxes for vegetables, while the people come in their unmeasurable old race will soon be exterminated from the earth.

Nothing more beautiful than these forests can be imagined. For miles, thousands upon thousands of giant trees cover hill-sides and descend at times to the brink of the ocean. Wonderfully colossal in their huge proportions, they rise majestically to a height of less than one hundred feet and their giant growth reaches to a height of 200 feet. In many places the ever-living trees form a forest in the forest, their interlacing branches growing so luxuriantly that in many parts of the woods there is eternal light. In other places shafts of light strike through, filling the air with radiance. Tall ferns and mosses grow in profusion, covering the ground like a carpet and climb on the great trunks. Lower trees, like oaks, grow at the feet of the Sequoias. The air is resonant with the hum of bees and the eye delighted with the sight of meadows—meadows of flowers—of waving grass—meadows of flowers. In the spring the woods are brilliant with multi-colored flow-

ers; in the autumn russet tones blend with the almost purplish bark of the Redwoods. At every season the ancient forests are indescribably beautiful.

It is to save some of the finest of these priceless groves from destruction while there is yet time that the Save The Redwoods League is working. Every year tens of thousands of the great trees are cut down for commercial purposes. Already

### AFTER RAIN

On pavement  
At night.  
Are black satin  
Mandarin robes,  
Stiff with embroidery  
Of golden  
And fiery  
Dragon's tails.

—FROM "HAWK FEATHERS"

of the million and a half acres of Sequoia forests which were the inheritance of the American people, one-third have been destroyed. In the next ten years the finest and oldest trees will have been lost, for the best are being cut first. Within one hundred years, or at the most two hundred years, one hundred and fifty of the primeval forests except for the comparatively small areas already preserved as parks will have been wiped out.

To prevent this calamity, the Save The Redwoods League is appealing to the public spirit of the nation for moral and financial support in the task of arousing the country to the urgency of preserving some of the Redwoods. Every year it will be late for the numerical advantages of redwood are becoming more and more known every year and the rate of destruction is increasing steadily. It also becomes more and more apparent each year that the time is passing.

One of the greatest aims of the Save The Redwoods League is to secure Federal approval and private

contributions for the purchase of a national park—an area of not less than 20,000 acres. The Redwood groves are admirably suited for such a national park. They offer traits sufficiently vast in size; they contain features of nation-wide interest; they are of unsurpassed scenic beauty; they have unique historic and scientific value; and they are climatically ideal. The Sequoia are the heritage of the entire American people and it is fitting that they should be preserved for public enjoyment just as Yellowstone and Yosemite have been protected against industrial invasion and set apart for their recreational, educational, and spiritual value to the citizens of the country.

The movement to establish a national recreation ground among the Redwoods is in line with the policy of the present Administration which has gone on record as favoring more opportunities for outdoor life among the people by appointing a National Policy Committee on Out of Door Life. In discussing the subject of parks, President Coolidge said, "Our aim in the country must be to give to our people the chance of out of door pleasure with all that it means, within the reach of the rank and file of our people."

There could be no finer choice of park land than the wonderful Sequoia groves and it is our hope that eventually Congress will appropriate the necessary sum for the purchase of a great Redwood park. The great danger is that through delay in our action the trees will already have been lost. Every year 6,500 acres of the Redwoods are lost.

The Save The Redwoods League is also working to bring about a decision of the urgency of preserving the Sequoia groves of our State by presenting some of the important facts to the State and County governments and by presenting them to the Federal Government. The Save The Redwoods League is also working to bring about a decision of the urgency of preserving the Sequoia groves of our State by presenting some of the important facts to the State and County governments and by presenting them to the Federal Government.



this scenic road continues through miles of primeval Redwood forest, towering giants like sentinels guarding each side of the path. These beautiful trees, from their very accessibility to the highway, are in the greatest danger and will soon be cut into segments and carried in trucks over the very road that was built to make their beauty available to the world, unless the people come to their rescue. The League, thus far, has been able to save 14 miles of this highway in the Humboldt State Redwood Park near Dyerville.

Simultaneously with its efforts to save the finest of the Redwoods the League applauds the efforts of the operating lumber companies toward reforestation in the tracts already cut and in these portions it cannot hope to have preserved. In this way the species may be perpetuated in the logged areas and the desolation wrought by the cutting be ultimately overcome. The depressing sight of these devastated forests, once the abode of mighty Sequoia monarchs, lingers long in the memory. Charred stumps and great stretches of black greet the eye on all sides, for in the old day, after cutting, lumbermen resorted to fire to clear away the vegetation surrounding the Redwoods so as to facilitate their removal. The thick bark of the full grown trees is practically impervious to flames, so this method can be employed without fear of injuring the lumber for commercial purposes. But it DOES destroy the new shoots and all other forms of plant life in the forests, leaving a desolation of blackened ruins.

The lumber companies are now carrying on a programme of reforestation which the Save The Redwoods League gladly commends. The seedlings now being set out attain a fair growth in a relatively short time, but it will take at least a thousand years for such trees to achieve the phenomenal height and girth of the fallen Giants. Future civilizations will know a race of mammoth trees from nurslings planted now; in a few decades "second growth" trees will provide good lumber; and for present generations they will serve to redeem the dreariness of stripped woods with the ordinary beauty of any forest land—but not for

hundreds of centuries can they take the place of the majestic full grown Redwoods. Reforestation, while a necessary and commendable policy, cannot take the place of preservation of adequate stands of the mature timber. Redwoods in the mature beauty attained through thousands of years of growth must be saved to California, America, and the entire civilized world.

In the five years since its organization the Save The Redwoods League



ON THE REDWOOD HIGHWAY

has been able through the co-operation of generous citizens to save some of the oldest groves from impending destruction. The California legislature in 1921 appropriated \$300,000 toward the purchase of groves in Humboldt County, making possible the establishment of Humboldt State Redwood Park. Public interest was aroused in that region with the result that the county voted \$71,000 for the purchase of an additional unit, which was presented to the State, and the park was further enriched by several beautiful groves which were the gifts of generous tree-lovers.

Awakened to the irreparable loss threatening them in the destruction of their Redwoods, the people of San Mateo bought the grove known as the

McCormack tract which is now maintained as a public park, and the League has reason to hope that other counties may be induced to save some of the splendid groves within their borders.

Among the gift groves given to the State of California by private donors are the unique "Redwood memorials." The beautiful conception of paying tribute to the dead with a living monument of majestic trees was the happy inspiration of Dr. John C. Phillips

of Massachusetts, who listed the aid of the Save The Redwoods League in obtaining a grove of magnificent Redwoods to be dedicated to his relative, Colonel Ray C. Bolling, who died in World War. The great tree which will live through centuries tower Heavenward in silent requiem honoring the dead soldier with a monument of emmity unequalled by any mausoleum of stone or precious metal. The monumental grove is within the borders of Humboldt State Redwood Park.

So beautiful was this idea of a living monument that it was adopted by others, and several groves of the ever living trees have been dedicated as memorials. A superb Redwood tract north of Eureka was given the Save the Redwoods League by Mrs. Zephora Russ, wife of a Humboldt County pioneer, and dedicated to the people of California as a monument to the pioneers of Humboldt. It was formally dedicated last year as The Humboldt County Pioneer Memorial Grove.

Through the co-operation of the State Forestry Board and Mr. F. S. Gould another of the beautiful groves was dedicated to memory of Frederick Saltonstall Gould, "a lover of trees," and Mendocino County a stately grove renders homage to Edwin R. Hickey. The most recent gift accepted by the State was the beautiful Simon J. Murphy Grove, near Dyerville, presented by the Pacific Lumber Company.

The League hopes that this custom will be perpetuated and that others will choose monuments of the ever living Sequoia that these great trees may live in eternal requiem.

Besides the Redwood tracts



# Memories of a Frontier Childhood

By EMMA NORTH MESSER

(Continued from September)

IN THE course of time my father saw that the mining companies were becoming dissatisfied with some of the quartz-mills whose processes were out of date, and that there was good opportunity for a new and entirely modern mill which, by new methods, could avoid the enormous waste of precious metal which the old ways entailed. This led to his building what was, in that day, one of the finest quartz-mills of Nevada. He called it the Minnesota Mill, in memory of our older home. It was built in Washoe City, where good water-power was afforded by a mountain stream, and between which place and the mines lay an excellent graded road. This mill was very successful, and it also provided a new and absorbing diversion for us children. There was fascination for us in watching the ponderous stamps come down on the masses of ore, in the stirring of the strange mixtures in great vats, and finally, the setting of the "amalgam" in the retort or oven, to be baked into blocks. There was much quicksilver used in the processes, and it was very costly; consequently, when the heavy gray paste or "amalgam" was put into the iron retort or baking oven, and the intense heat had made the quicksilver turn to a sort of steam, that would otherwise have been wasted was conducted through a small pipe into a pail of water, where it became again good, clear-shining quicksilver. This part of the work never failed to delight us, and we were always aimed to be present at the weekly baking.

Sometimes we were given a bit of amalgam from the vats, and we handled it with ostentatious care—particularly if friends, fresh from the East, were watching us. The first thing to do always was to take off any ring and lay it aside, for one touch upon it of the quicksilver in the mixture would make the ring fall in pieces at once. Then one must never lay the bit of amalgam down upon anything that it could injure—just what, I do not now remember. When, after the baked blocks of silver, (always bearing some admixture of gold), were taken out of the retort and cooled, there were found little excrescences, such as our mother might break off for us from a too hastily baked cake, we were allowed to detach one or two to add to our most precious possessions.

AS ONE of our historians has said, "sudden wealth secured unwonted luxuries and led to glaring absurdities" in this land. Some three miles from us, where the forest-covered Sierras rose more abruptly from the desert plain, Sandy Bowers, an ignorant miner, suddenly possessed of more wealth than he knew what to do with, decided to build a mansion. Then he cannily sought out one and another friend who could wisely direct the development of his ambitious project. Finally, when his good stone walls had culminated in a worthy roof, and his spacious rooms (where personal taste had demanded knobs and hinges of solid silver for his doors,) began to gather strange, unaccustomed but awkwardly satisfying household treasures, he commissioned a San Francisco lawyer of high culture to select a choice library for him. Sandy's wife was as ignorant as himself—a woman whom he appeared to have married solely because they owned equally valuable blocks of stock in adjoining mines. He finally took her abroad and they brought home, themselves, I think, their Italian statuary.

When the loose sand and the grease-wood had given way to a few winding paths about the place, Sandy

opened his house and began to entertain. He added many unique episodes to early Nevada history. I only saw this place from a distance in those days and listened to the amused comments of those more favored. But years afterwards, when a trip of my more mature years had brought me again to the valley, I passed within the stone portals to accept for a few hours the hospitality of what had become, since Sandy had died and his mismanaged fortune had melted away, a shabby, disheveled way-side inn, presided over by his widow. In the nearly dismantled library a few choice but uncared for books, leaned this way and that, Carlyle, Dickens, and George Eliot supporting themselves dejectedly against one another. The shelves had lost their glass doors. Mythological heroes, their white marble dirty, defaced, and broken stood in the desert glare which penetrated long neglected windows of an upper hall.

As the returned daughter of an early pioneer of Nevada, my hostess clasped me to her ample but untidy bosom with watery eyes and beery breath. She put me to rest upon the most uninviting couch from which I lifted my eyes to this row of staring windows, shadeless, but draped with gorgeous lambrequins of coarsest Nottingham lace over vivid blue calico. Later, in another forlorn room, I found an enormous tarnished



THE BOLLING MEMORIAL



urn of solid silver and lengthy inscription—a racing trophy. In the dining-room a dingy Chinese servant brought for my use equally tarnished forks and spoons which were really too massive for convenient use.

Here was the rise and fall of young romantic Nevada. The actual end of this story came when the woman, some years later, died, a fortune-teller, in San Francisco.

The Federal judges of Nevada Territory had great difficulty in enforcing justice. I learn from old letters that while it was conceded that at Virginia City there had quickly gathered an abler bar than existed at the time in San Francisco, it was also conceded that there was no place in the United States where a judge had more responsible or more difficult duties than in this centre of the mining activities.

As Hubert Bancroft, the historian, has said: "Nevada was 'battle-born,'—organized amidst the tumult of events on the eve of the great Civil War." She certainly had scant opportunity for normal growth. Though always loyal, as I have already indicated, to her parent government, local conditions led to many unique situations not provided for by the few laws as yet made. Powerful mining organizations strove to put out of office such judges as had given adverse decision in their law-suits. First one influence seemed to be uppermost and then another. It was said that many lawyers made efforts to keep litigation going.

My father was now upon the bench, having received a second Federal appointment with the treasured signature "A. Lincoln" upon the parchment. When his court was held in Virginia City, seven miles from us, and in the very heart of the famous mining district, he would come home at the week-end, his tall spare figure bent, his face white and worn. Added to the enormous amount of work which the suits entailed was the nerve strain incident to being constantly in an atmosphere where there were at stake the large interests of desperate men. From two to four millions were sometimes involved. In response to judicial decisions, stocks in San Francisco jumped or dropped. Men who had invested heavily grew wildly jubilant—or shot themselves.

I remember one anxious day when my father had returned to us by way of the lonely mountain pass on the side of Mt. Davidson, and several friends had been in to insist that he should never again take this stage-

ride between the two towns unarmed. He had laughingly replied to them that, as he was unaccustomed to carrying weapons of any kind, he would be most likely to shoot himself if he were to do as they desired; yet we gathered from the ensuing conversation that a decision had just been rendered in a certain suit with heavily armed desperadoes watching him from the doorway opposite his desk in the court-room. However, during his whole experience upon the bench my father was never harmed; and many attributed his immunity to the respect compelled by his steady fearlessness.

### THE ROSARY OF HOURS

How slowly Day slips  
The rosary of hours  
Through her fingers!

Mumble your prayers, Day, and  
begone!  
Night is more to my liking—  
He has broken his rosary  
And thrown the beads in the sky.

—Saimi Fassett.

FOR US children the anxiety of this time was much tempered by our interest in our father's experiences as adventures. When he came home and told of fraudulent witnesses who made it necessary for him to go down into the mines himself to see with his own eyes the conditions under dispute, and how at night he had gone secretly, descending shafts dressed as a miner, leaving his own clothes at the entrance, I felt the story to be more fascinating than any in my wonder books. There was a curious incident in connection with one of those expeditions. My father carried, in a vest-pocket, a set of ivory tablets bearing his name on a silver plate. One night, while he was down in the mines, these tablets were stolen from his discarded clothes. He understood at once that they were taken for possible memoranda regarding the suits then pending, and he congratulated himself that no such jottings ever went into his memorandum-books. The sequel to this incident came several years afterwards when the tablets were returned to him anonymously, mailed at Portland, Oregon.

Mark Twain was at this time 'Sam Clemens,' city editor of the "Territorial Enterprise," published in Virginia City. My father knew him well, and he also knew the young man's

dread lest his manifold troubles should get to the ear of his old brother, Orion Clemens, then secretary of the territory, and living in Carson City. I remember one of Father's week-end stories, when I told us with the quiet twinkle in his eyes of the boyish way in which "Sam Clemens" had made him his father's confessor, in his gentle drawl confiding his woes with the earnest charge "But don't tell Orion;—I would rather have the measles at once than have Orion know!"

It was a few months later that this that more serious trouble threatened the young editor, trouble which he refers in his own inimitable way in his autobiography. It seemed that new laws against duelling had come into effect, and he speaks of the rigor with which my father sought to enforce them. He tells also of his own narrow escape from the penalty of these laws. This account must be given in his own words:

"It was all over town that I had sent a challenge and Steve Gillis had carried it. Now that would entitle us to two years apiece in the penitentiary, according to the brand new law. Judge North sent us no message as coming from himself, but the message came from a close friend of his. He said it would be a good idea for us to leave the territory by the first stage-coach. This would save next morning, at four o'clock—and in the meantime we would be searched for, but not with avidity; and if we were in the Territory after that stage-coach left we would be the first victims of the new law. Judge North was anxious to have some object lessons for that law, and he would absolutely keep us in the prison for full two years.

"Well, it seemed to me that our society was no longer desirable in Nevada." He leaves it to his friend Gillis to tell somewhere else the fact that they actually did take that early stage, but he goes on to say, "I had never had anything to do with duels since. I thoroughly disapproved of duels. I consider them unwise, and I know they are dangerous. Also sinful."

In the autumn of 1863 my father presided in the Constitutional Convention called at Carson City to prepare for Nevada's statehood; thus serving as he had in the Constitutional Convention of Minnesota Territory five years before. He was the guest of Governor Nye during the time—for now the capital of the territory boasted a few good homes-



even a dignified residence of some or its governor.

I went with my father to Carson City and was placed at Sierra Seminary, where I boarded with the preceptress, Miss Keziah Clapp. In the new school my untamed nature felt the restraints, and it was only my father's frequent visits to the house that reconciled me at all to the unaccustomed conditions, though I was really interested in several of my schoolmates, one of whom seemed to be particularly a story-book girl. He was quite pretty, and so was her name, Katie Van Winkle. We held to a childish tradition that she was a descendant of Irving's immortal character, and this added luster to her personality.

Another pleasant child of my age was the daughter of Orion Clemens, the younger brother, then just beginning to be known as "Mark Twain," not having yet left the territory (as this was previous to the killing episode) was often in Carson City at this time; in fact was reporting the convention for his Virginia City paper. This little girl was very dear to him, and her death, shortly after, a heavy blow.

It has been said that in the earlier story of Miss Clapp's school, when the first territorial legislation in the little capital was having its struggles with its formative period, and young Clemens, its reporter, unfamiliar with parliamentary usages, was worrying over his own frequent blunders, he occasionally slipped away to appear in a class-room here where he found relief in quietly listening to the students' recitations.

My mother had equipped me for my new experiences in Carson City with clothes in which I took much satisfaction, though I still waited somewhat impatiently for the time when I should be considered old enough to wear insignia of feminine citizenship in Nevada, the big gold belt-buckle. This heavy ornament of rich metal had been a thing of fascination to me ever since our wash-woman had first bent over our tubs with its embellishment upon the front of her calico dress. While I had seen its replica afterwards upon better gowns, its ornate traceries were most familiar, tarnished and partially obliterated from habitual friction with the dishpan and wash-tub, as it adorned the more common garment. A self-respecting woman might, in a household emergency, dispense with the

little strip of white collar about her neck, but *never the Nevada belt-buckle.*

IT WAS decided when I left home that I was not to be permitted to go out in the evening. This was partly on account of my youth, and partly because I was not strong. As it was the custom of the country to allow much latitude to girls of my age, the restriction was quite a trial to me, and a few times, for important events, exception was made. The first exception occurred when Mr. James Stark of Boston, an actor whose Hamlet received high com-

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### SPANISH SERENADE

HERE in the garden where Love's roses twine,  
I linger for a glance from your sweet eyes;  
For you and me are all the stars ashine.  
Soul of my heart, I wait. Arise!  
Arise!

—Torrey Connor.

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mendation in the East a few years later, came to give dramatic readings and recitations in Carson and Virginia Cities. My father was delighted with his renderings, but rather than break the rule laid down for me and take me to one of his entertainments, he persuaded Mr. Stark to come to the house and recite for his young daughter. How well I remember that night! It must have been quite early in the evening, before theater hours. I had ensconced myself on a step in the dark stairway, desperately forlorn because I could not do what others were doing. There was a knock on the street door, and presently some one called me. I went blinking into the light to meet my father and a charming stranger who, I was given to understand, had come expressly to call upon me and recite to me, because I could not go to the public hall to hear him. This man proved to be Mr. Stark, and at once I was very happy. I have always been sensitive to quality in the human voice, and now I listened to a voice of much natural beauty and fine training. When Mr. Stark recited for me he chose carefully what would be within the range of my understanding, and after nearly sixty years, I recall his delightful rendering of "Lochinvar." My enjoyment of it all was so keen that my entertainer pleaded for me, and so successfully that the very next night I

sat beside my father looking up into my new friend's face from the front row in the public hall.

The next violation of the rule was when an invitation came from the Governor's for me to dine there with my father. My father came for me in the early twilight. The distance was so short that we walked to the plain stone mansion, where a big Chinese butler admitted us. When my wraps had been removed, we entered a large and pleasant drawing-room where half a dozen ladies were sitting. Each of the ladies said something gracious to me, and presently the Governor and several other men came in, after which dinner was announced. My heart thumped hard as my chair was placed for me, and my eyes fell upon the first formal table I had ever seen. The thumping became agony when I, a child of temperance training, discovered that slender glasses which flanked each plate were for wine. Soon the butler started with his napkin-swathed bottle and I shuddered as the patter of his slippers came nearer and nearer. My father at my side was apparently entirely engrossed in some discussion; but just as I reached the point when I felt I must either die with my principles or for them, half-absently the familiar hand was slightly lifted, and I heard as from a far distance, "No wine for her, please."

My father had a way of being in evidence at crucial moments. But a few days after this my preceptress asked me to step over to the Governor's with a note to be delivered with her compliments. There was no smart and decorous servant to send, no trig messenger to call, so the duty devolved upon a shy child. Here was misery again. I was too proud to confess my ignorance, yet how was I to convey the "compliments"? In all my simple home life I had never had to do with *compliments*. Slowly I dragged myself over to the awesome place, and there at the door was the big Chinese butler again. I had a wild idea of passing my note and burdensome message along through him, but something made me hesitate as to the propriety of this. Far along the hall I saw the door of the Governor's office, and just then the door opened. There was my father! Had not the situation been so nearly tragic it would have been very funny to see the quick recovery of my poise and the nonchalance with which I said, "Papa, here is a note from Miss Clapp for the Governor, with her compliments." Then



I walked calmly down the steps and home, no one dreaming of the torture I had gone through. But I made it a point to learn as soon as possible about "compliments."

The only other night I remember as a special dispensation was when I was asked to dine with my father at the house of a well-known lawyer, Mr. R. It had occurred to the kind and thoughtful Mrs. R. that I ought, once, to have the privilege of seeing my father preside in the Constitutional Convention, so this plan was made, and I was to be in her care during the evening session, while the design for the new State seal was under discussion. The quiet home dinner I do not particularly remember, but the kindly ways that put a child at ease are not forgotten, or the blissful evening sitting by Mrs. R. while my father held the convention to parliamentary rules, or relaxed discipline for a good bit of fun over some remarkable suggestion for the new seal.

I was too unaccustomed to conventions to notice the omission when this session was not opened with prayer, and it was not till many years later that I learned of Mark Twain's report to the "Enterprise" at the time, that prayers had been "ordered dispensed with because the members never listened to them anyway." This was explained by my father's instinctive aversion to the merely perfunctory use of religious forms.

To return to the design for the seal: A very tall, broad-shouldered man rose and suggested mountains at the right. His voice was heavy and his name was Small. He was followed by a diminutive man with a falsetto voice who wanted mountains in the background; and then some one moved that a stool be provided for the little man, and some one else declared that there should be mountains at the left. It grew upon the convention that the seal was likely to be nothing but mountains and there was much merriment. As I look back now, it seems to me a little pathetic that this territory with her rich dower should come into her statehood with but one feature sufficiently attractive to be spontaneously suggested for the ornamentation of her seal. But what else was there? Sage-brush and sand—everywhere sage-brush and sand. Then, too, art design was possibly as foreign to this group as religion seemed to be.

I REMEMBER turning to watch the faces of people who sat near me, and that my eyes rested on Mr. G.

who had been in my father's party during the long surveying trips when he first came to Nevada; when after long days in the desert glare and heat, the party would make search for water, and then lie down to sleep in the cool of the nights, under the stars. Instantly there came to my mind the story of the time when they had wandered far out of their way, of their fruitless search for water, and then of their dividing into smaller parties and continuing the search, finally straying into one or another camp. This man had been lost for three days, and when he wandered in there was no recognition in his staring eyes, his swollen tongue protruded from his mouth, and I had heard some one tell that his speech was but empty babble.

Some new stir in the convention brought my mind back to the present. The suggestions for the seal were going on more laboriously; a quartz-mill, a setting-sun, the prospective locomotive.

Nothing was settled that night—indeed it was not until months later, in a second convention, that a satisfactory constitution was drawn up, and it was still later that the great seal was struck off, with the "mountains to the left", the "quartz-mill", the "setting-sun", and the "locomotive" which seemed long in coming but came at last,—the seal of Nevada to-day.

It was very late when the convention adjourned and we stepped out into the star-light. My father and Mrs. R. walked ahead, and then occurred a great event in my young life; Mr. R. *offered me his arm*. Shyly and awkwardly I tucked my fingers under his coat-sleeve, and, treading on air, followed his guidance.

Our homeward way led us to pass near the new State prison, and it was proposed as the guards recognized my father and Mr. R., that we all go in and look about. No one seemed to consider the lateness of the hour, or the unsuitableness of the episode for a child. It is quite probable that my mother had neglected to mention in her list of restrictions that I was not to visit State prisons at midnight, scrutinizing grim criminals through their bars by the spectral light of smoky kerosene lamps. It was certainly a strange experience for me. We passed through a narrow corridor where I was very quiet and a little awe-struck as I realized the character of these men behind the bars—the men I saw looking out at us only a couple of feet away. I looked at my

father, the grave judge, and then at them. I thought, "This is law."

Up to this time my interest had been more stirred by the fact that my father could exercise the priestly office of uniting people in marriage. Remembering the chaotic social conditions of the time it still remains a question in my mind as to which proved least insecure, the locks for the criminals or the nuptial ceremony for those mating. At any rate the immediate result of the latter was likely to be a nice box of wedding-cake and other goodies sent to us children, so it met with our approval.

With the approach of Thanksgiving came the close of my father's work in Carson City, (including as I remember, a term of court as well as the Convention), and it was arranged that I should go home with him for my four days' vacation from the Carson school. We took the valley stage, and after fifteen miles of tedious jolting were with the family again. I did not seem so strong as usual, and when Monday came around I did not want to go back to school. Some one said teasingly, "She wants to stay and see the preparations for Christmas". That braced me as nothing else would have done, and when the shabby coach with its clumsy springs rocked up to the gate, I got in as hurriedly as possible. There was but one other passenger, a woman of loud, coarse appearance, but I felt badly enough to want to cling to something, so took my seat beside her.

The driver cracked his long whip and we started. The strong springs, missing their ballast, began to toss us first one way and then the other. By the time we reached the little stage station of Ophir, three miles distant, I was very wretched indeed. The brawny arms of the woman drew me into their shelter with the utmost gentleness, and as we drew up before the express-office and the silver bricks in their leathern cases were slipped in, one after another, to the floor under my feet, she was watching my drawn face. Suddenly her harsh voice rang out peremptorily, "Here Bill, go in there (with a nod towards the shanty saloon), and get a brandy sling for this child, quick!" I do not think my temperance conscience awakened in the least when the driver responded with ready sympathy, and the "sling" was put to my lips; but finally I had to be left with the land-lady of the tavern over the way after all, and a passing horse-man carried a message to my

(Continued on page 476)



# The Surgeon's Fry

By JAY G. SIGMUND

CROWFOOT BLAKE stirred the embers under his tar-kettle with a maple limb poker, gave a final glance at the boiling vessel as it sent strong fumes floating out to drown the sweeter odors of new leaves which had scented the May morning breezes for the past few days; and then turned to his pile of fish-nets, heaped near his boat on the bank of the Mississippi.

Crowfoot was thinking seriously. In fact, he had been thinking seriously for several days. His thoughts, too, were not altogether untinged with a mild worry, though at the same time he felt a strange thrill of happiness. There was intermixed with this unaccustomed joy, a feeling of depression, a foreboding he could not understand. The half-smile that loitered on his lips was over-shadowed by the wrinkled surface of his forehead, which had taken on the corrugations of a wash-board.

Travelingmen, stopping at the only hotel which the town of Freedport boasted, often asked their landlady, Mrs. Goebel, questions about the silent little man whom they saw pottering about the kitchen, doing odd, dirty jobs, or pushing a lawn-mower about the neglected lawn in front of the hotel. He was to be sure not an imposing figure, but his weather-beaten face was always interesting to the observer, for it wore a certain kindly stamp and usually the half-visible shadow of a smile lingered on his thin lips.

One of the first questions the stranger was sure to ask when inquiring of Mrs. Goebel about the pottering Crowfoot, was where he got his strange name. This always brought a loud flood of laughter to shake that lady's ample person, followed by a somewhat lengthy exposition of all of Crowfoot's life from the time Mrs. Goebel first knew him, "forty odd year ago."

He had not always been a market fisherman. He had in fact started his professional river career in a more humble calling; he had been a clam-fisher. For years he had made a meager living gathering mussels from the muddy clam-beds of the great river, marketing the shells to the pearl button factories which dot the banks of every river town.

CROWFOOT got his name from the curious hooks used by clam-fishers, called "crowfeet"; hooks dangling from long lines which are dragged across the clam-beds to be seized upon

by the closing shells of the disturbed clams.

Although Crowfoot had now lived alone for many years in the little sheet-iron covered shanty on the river's bank at the foot of Bluff Street, all the older people of Freedport remembered that he had married Inez Bain the year her father had drowned in the river. She was rather a pretty girl, a shy creature who liked to roam along the willow-fretted banks of the great river, or play among the fishermen's boats always

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## YOUR ROOM

So often when it seems too hard for me,  
Alone, to live as you would want me to,  
I slip away from all the rest, and come  
In here, to your dear room and thoughts  
of you.

I love to be here in this quiet place  
With all the tender memories it brings.  
You do not seem so very far away  
When I am here, alone, among your things.

Now I can sympathize with simple folk  
Who need their idols to make God seem  
near.

You help me understand so many things.  
I love this room, it seems so like you, dear.

—GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

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found moored at the bank near their cottage. When she finished the grade school at Freedport, no one seemed much surprised that she married Crowfoot Blake. It seemed, in fact, about the only thing she could do, with her father gone. Bain had been a fishing partner of Crowfoot's father, and she had often played with the boy as a child. Crowfoot was doing well at his fishing. He was honest and didn't drink, as many of his fellow fishermen did, and he seldom got angry, therefore he would "be good to her," and the fact that he was a little "slow"—well, that didn't matter.

The young people lived in seeming contentment for nearly two years. Then, one day after their boy was born, Crowfoot came home after a day's fishing, wet from the river's fog, to find the house empty. Little Tom was crying in his crib. A note which his wife had left for him, Crowfoot took next door for the avidly curious inspection of his neighbor's wife, for he had never learned to read. Inez had left him and would not return.

When Crowfoot's son Tom was seventeen, a river steamboat captain took an interest in the lad and gave him a job as pilot's "cub". Later he helped him prepare for a pilot's examination, and when finally at the age of twenty-two Tom received his pilot's license, the captain used his influence to get him a pilotship on a freight boat which carried material for a great dam the Government was building down the Mississippi.

At times Tom would be home for long periods, and then he always stayed with his father in the little house on the river-bank, going with him to look at his nets, or sitting with him during the long winter evenings around the little iron heating stove talking of the experiences on the river.

Crowfoot never mentioned the boy's mother to him. Somehow he never felt his poor vocabulary equal to the task. He often wondered just how much Mrs. Hunter, the Postmaster's wife who looked after Tom when he was a baby, or the other neighbors, might have told him. Often he wondered what he would say if Tom should ever ask him about his mother. Most of all he feared that if the subject came up the boy would ask him why his mother had left so suddenly and mysteriously.

Crowfoot often wondered, too, why no one in the village ever talked to him of Inez. To be sure, all the towns-people had been most kind to him and his little son after her departure. But no one had ever attempted in words to console him for his loss of Inez, nor had anyone ever inquired about the cause of her sudden disappearance.

Through all the years, though he had long ago given up all hope of ever seeing her again, Crowfoot had dully wondered just what he had done to drive his wife away. Hadn't he always been kind to her? Hadn't he always tried to comply with her every wish?

The only clew that had ever come to him as a solution of the mystery, had been in the form of a conversation which he overheard one night between Horace Jurgens and Roger Lambert. They were fixing up Horace's gasoline launch on the river bank one night about a year after Inez's disappearance. Crowfoot's nets were piled nearby to dry. He had silently stolen close to the spot where the men worked by the light of a flick-



ering gasoline torch; and, concealed in the shadows, he had listened to their conversation. Finally they turned to village gossip and he heard Horace ask:—

"They've never heard anything from Crowfoot's woman yet, have they?"

"No," replied Roger, "and they never will."

"Where do you reckon she is?" queried Horace.

"Damned if I know; probably down the river somewhere—Knowlton or some other big town."

"What in Hell d'you 'spose made her pull out so sudden?" asked Horace.

Part of the answer was drowned by Roger's hammer blows, but Crowfoot caught the next sentence:

"D'you think anybody could stand that river-rat long?—there's just about as much to him as one of those damned sturgeons he ketches!"

Crowfoot's nets really didn't need another dipping of tar. As it was, they were in fairly good shape for the season's fishing, but for reasons of his own Crowfoot wanted to be near home. To be more exact, he wanted to be as close to the little interurban station as possible. As luck would have it, the spot on the river bank where he moored his boat and cleaned his fish, tarred his nets and did other work incidental to his craft, was in sight of the station.

He seldom loafed. This morning he had gone to the hotel and asked Mrs. Goebel for a job. It happened she had none. Even when he had run over the entire category of jobs he was in the habit of doing she shook her head, only looking up from her occupation of potato peeling long enough to remark:

"You must be all-fired work-brittle today, Crowfoot. 'Spose if I wanted you right bad you'd have a dozen excuses not to work for me."

The interview seemed closed, for Mrs. Goebel resumed her peeling with renewed gusto, and started at the same time her squeaky rocker into motion. At this, Crowfoot had decided that another tarring wouldn't hurt his nets and he had shuffled over to the river and kindled a fire beneath his tar kettle.

Three days before, he had made his morning trip to the postoffice. Mail seldom came to him, yet he never failed to inquire of the Postmaster:

"Anything for me, Mort?"

Occasionally, the good-hearted Postmaster would slip a circular into an envelope, seal and stamp it, and then address it to, "Mr. Lemuel Blake,

Esq." After it had been handed out to Crowfoot, Hunter knew that there would follow the task of reading aloud every word of the circular to its owner, for Crowfoot didn't care to admit to anyone else in the village that he couldn't read. It never occurred to him that everybody in Freedport knew it anyway.

IT WAS not strange that when Crowfoot had gone to the post-office a few days before and seen through the glass of his box two letters lying there, that his grimy hand should tremble as Mort Hunter placed them in his waiting fingers with a cheery,

"Morning, Crowfoot! lots of mail for you today!"

Then, after Mort had stuffed his cob pipe with cut plug, had searched through his clothes for a match and, failing to find one, come through the door at one side of the letter boxes and borrowed one from Crowfoot. He deliberately lit his pipe and reached over for the two envelopes which by this time were much spotted with smudgy fingermarks.

One of the envelopes was square, the address obviously a woman's hand. Mort slit it open with his pocket-knife and drew forth a printed card. He read it very slowly to himself, grinned, spat into a waste basket and turned to Crowfoot saying:

"Get ready to welcome a daughter, Crowfoot."

Crowfoot stared, his eyes dimming with bewilderment and perplexity. When Mort had watched him until his desire for fun had been satisfied, he explained the message of the card in his kindly drawl, taking care to be explicit enough for Crowfoot's dull comprehensive powers.

Mort continued: "This, Crowfoot, is a wedding announcement. Tom will be married the fifteenth, to a girl named Holman, at Thornbark, Illinois. This says she's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Holman. Of course you know where Thornbark is: over the river in Pike County across from Fort Gerald. I can't tell you any more except"—Mort glanced at the calendar—"that you're a father-in-law right now, for today's the sixteenth; Tom was married yesterday."

Mort was so absorbed in watching the expression on Crowfoot's weather-beaten face that he forgot about the other letter which he was holding in his hand, until Crowfoot's lips twitched slightly and he pointed to it with a tarry forefinger.

"O yes," laughed Mort, "Guess we'd better see what's in this one: this is Tom's writing." Slowly he opened the second letter and read:

"Dad:—

"I'm to be married tomorrow—the fifteenth. I've got a three week's lay-off, so my wife and I will run down to Freedport within a few days and see you. Hope you are well.

"TOM."

Crowfoot's mind drifted back to Inez and her flight, and a sense of his failure as a husband and as a father overwhelmed him. He remembered the conversation he had overheard on the river bank between the saloon-keeper and the butcher, and his troubled brain tried to make a comparison between himself and the slimy sturgeon lying with pulsing gills in the bottom of his scow. He had frequently picked one up and held it in his hand, gazing at it and trying to see hidden in its filming eyes the secret it held, trying also to grasp the meaning of the words uttered by the village butcher on that foggy night when he had listened from his hiding place in the darkness:

"There's no more to him than there is to one of them damn sturgeons he ketches!"

After Mort read the letters to him, Crowfoot returned to his house to meet the sight of a great heap of dirty tin dishes, which lay in the sink under the little iron cistern pump that furnished him water. The tiny house contained only two rooms; one a bed-room; the other serving as kitchen, dining-room and living-room.

Crowfoot looked about the room, took off his tattered jumper and lit the fire in his cook-stove. The match turned loose a flood of flame from the kerosene-soaked fagots and soon the water was boiling on the stove. After the dishes were washed and dried he swept the floor with his worn broom and carefully made his tousled bed. Then he took from the wall a string of clam shells, all of them pierced with round holes where buttons had been cut out. These were strung together by a faded silk ribbon, and constituted the only ornament on the papered walls of the little bedroom. Inez had hung them there years before, when he brought them home from one of the button factories. "They would be nice for the baby to play with," she had said at the

(Continued on page 460)



# Naval Inventions

By  
HON. CURTIS D. WILBUR

*Extracts from the address by the  
Secretary of the Navy delivered  
at the Commonwealth Club in San  
Francisco.*

IT IS stated that when the German Kaiser was considering the question of war with America he said he had no fear of the American Army or the American Navy or the wealth and resources of the American people, but he did fear the American's inventive genius. Whether or not those significant words were over used by the Kaiser they constitute a just tribute to the genius of the American people.

It is true that we fought the War of 1812 with sailing ships after the steamboat had demonstrated success, and that the *Constitution* escaped from her enemies by pouring water on the sails so that they would hold more of the light breeze, and by sending row boats (cutters) ahead to tow the ship, whereas a 40-horse power engine would have made her escape easy. The submarine was used in the Revolutionary War, when it was planned to screw the torpedo into the bottom of the enemy ship. The plan was nearly successful. It is true that a submarine was used in the Civil War, though more hazardous to its occupants than to the enemy. It is true that the Americans first insisted upon putting sights upon the guns, the English insisting they would approach near enough to the enemy so that no sights would be needed. It is true that the turret now universally used on every battleship, was first used on an American monitor; and that the Confederate as well as Federal forces first used ironclads.

IT IS TRUE, as Senator Swanson of Virginia says, that the modern battleship is in effect a Monitor placed upon a Merrimac, and that all the nations of the world maintaining a navy have borrowed this idea. It is true that although the genius of an American Seaman did not invent the convoy plan as a method of overcoming the submarine menace, Admiral Sims' keen perception of the possibilities of this system caused him to throw the weight of his influence upon this plan, which retrieved what seemed an inevitable defeat. It is true that the depth bomb, enlarged and perfected by Americans, and the American type of submarine mine, contributed greatly to the success of our warfare against the submarine. It is true that the Amer-

ican naval gunners, with their new and unique railway mounts, contributed substantially to ultimate victory. It is true that the liberty motor, developed during the war, gave us the means, if time did not give us the opportunity, for overwhelming the enemy in the air.

## THROUGH CENTURIES OF STARS

*COULD I become a star, I'd want  
to be  
The first to hurry out when evening  
came,  
Thus never miss a chance to see the  
moon  
Mount up from what horizon it might  
choose.  
And whether first it slipped above a  
mountain,  
Or let the thin, notched branches of a  
tree  
Outline themselves in yellow, momentarily,  
Or first I saw it curving from a pool—  
Not twice would I behold a moon that  
looked  
The same through all the centuries of  
stars.*

ELINOR M. PILLSBURY.

The German submarine was an American invention, although Germany added perfections which we have not yet quite equalled. Americans invented the aeroplane, which was a dominant influence in the World War. And it was with these implements of war, invented by Americans, that Germany sought to overwhelm the world.

There is no high road to success, and while invention may contribute to success in war it is not likely to determine war because it is well nigh impossible to so keep military secrets that an enemy may not use our inventions against us. And yet it is essential and indeed vital that the American genius for invention should be constantly stimulated along lines looking toward success in war, as well as in peace. The problem of war today and some of its fundamentals remain the same as throughout all time. The influence of secrecy and the plan of

overwhelming an inferior force by a temporary superior force will always be factors in warfare. But the means of execution of battle plans have been so modified by the inventive genius of the American people, and indeed of the world, that war today cannot be effectually waged without very great and continuous preparation.

I have only to contrast the Navy of today with the Navy at the time I graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1888 to note the vast change that has already occurred in the system of naval warfare. The sailing ship *Constitution* on which I took my cruises as a naval cadet weighed between 1300 and 1400 tons. We have just signed the plans for a 2800 ton submarine, and have just launched a 2300 ton submarine, the V-1, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. These great under-water ships, armed with 5-inch and 6-inch guns, are marvelous contrasts to the little cigar-shaped submarine exhibited at the Naval Academy as a trophy of the Civil War. That little "David" was operated by hand power. The V-1 will be operated by engines of 6500 total horsepower and the new submarine, designed and shortly to be constructed, will have a cruising radius of more than 10,000 miles.

THE SYSTEM of propulsion in the Navy has changed from sail power to steam power, and recently to electric power. The electric dynamos operated by the 180,000 horse-power engines of the aeroplane carriers could be connected to the electric distributing plant of a city of three-quarters of a million inhabitants and operate that plant continuously without other source of power. These engines are required to drive the ship at a speed of 35 knots, nearly 40 miles, per hour. The modern battleship is operated without an engine; that is to say steam, operating directly upon a turbine, generates electric power and that electric power is applied to a motor connected directly to the propeller shaft of the ship.

Not only is it possible thus to do away with an engine on the modern ship but it is also possible to do away with the boiler. Propelling machinery of the modern submarine does not require a boiler. The Diesel engine is





THE "INDEPENDENCE"—A BATTLESHIP OF 1812

used in which the fuel is burned in a cylinder as is done by the modern gasoline engine. We also have a system of propulsion by which both boiler and engine are dispensed with in the storage battery system for under-water propulsion of the submarine.

Our most up-to-date ships are propelled and operated by electricity. Instead of the picturesque man at the wheel steering the ship we now have a man steering by a controller similar to that of a street car. A simple turn of the hand applies the power of the electric steering engines and exerts the enormous pressure required to hold the rudder at an angle with the course of the ship. A recent invention has been applied to some of the larger merchant ships by which the rudder utilizes the motion of the ship itself as power, instead of the expensive and enormous engines now used.

These inventions applicable to the mere propulsion of the ship have been supplemented by many with relation to the guns and others with relation to navigation. The modern gyroscopic compass, pointing to the true north instead of the magnetic north, is a

tremendous aid to navigation, avoiding the errors due to the use of the magnetic needle, with the many corrections necessary because of the metal aboard ship and the variations of the magnetic lines. But this gyroscopic compass itself must be corrected for the speed and latitude of the ship.

The radio again has entirely changed the problem of navigation. The sending out of standard Washington and Greenwich time by radio is a tremendous aid in determining longitude, and the radio compass is of great assistance along shore in case of fog.

We were the first nation to equip guns with sights. But the crude sights, with the front point and rear notch, used on the early guns are a great contrast with the modern system of pointing guns by telescopes with cross-hairs whose center indicates the desired point of impact of the shell.

THE SYSTEM of gunnery has been twice revolutionized since the Spanish-American War. The percentage of hits at 2,000 yards has increased from 3 per cent, to practically 100 per cent, and three times as many

hits are made at 20,000 yards—more than ten miles—than were made in 1898 at one mile. Instead of training the guns with hand spike and side tackle as was done in my time except in the case of the pivot gun which was controlled entirely by rope tackle, the guns are moved into firing position by powerful electric motors which operate with the greatest delicacy and precision. The two 100-ton guns in each turret of the four 18-inch gun ships of the Navy stand an enormous recoil equivalent in power to that necessary to hurl a 16-inch shell weighing 2,100 pounds a distance of twenty miles, and return the gun to position, with the energy derived from the discharge. It is expected that in a modern battle the attack will begin while the hull of the enemy ship is still below the horizon and perhaps before any part of her masts are visible from the deck of the attacking ship.

The marvellous range keeper is a device that solves problems in integral calculus and from its mysterious insides predicts the range in yards at the time the next shot reaches the target and makes allowance in so doing for



the length of time necessary to get the ship ready to fire and for the movement of the target during the half minute of flight of the shells. In addition to this there is a system of spotting and determination of range by abstruse calculations. And as a still further check to these systems there is the range finder, a delicate optical instrument by which a triangle, having a constant base line of 100 feet and an altitude representing the distance to the target is solved mechanically with an extreme error of range of less than the length of a modern ship.

We sometimes speak of the torpedo as though we referred to the simple torpedo we purchased in our childhood to celebrate the Fourth of July. As a matter of fact, the modern torpedo is a submarine without a crew, and which, after its discharge, operates in a most astounding manner. Fired at any predetermined angle from a ship, it will turn and make for the target. It is therefore possible to fire the torpedo at right angles to the target, and have it turn through the quadrangle and run towards the target at a predetermined depth and at a given speed, the torpedo maintaining that speed for a distance of 10,000 yards. This makes it impossible to fight modern fleet battles at a range of less than 10,000 yards. When it is recalled that a court of inquiry was instituted because of the discharge of guns off Santiago in the Spanish-American War at a range of 9,000 yards, it is obvious that there has been a marvelous change in modern naval battle practice.

The modern gun, built up by successive rings of steel, is of itself a most marvelous invention. The thickness of a 16-inch gun at the muzzle is less than the thickness of the cast-iron guns of the old Constitution at the muzzle, although the former propels a shell weighing a ton at a speed of 2,600 feet per second and capable of reaching a range of twenty miles, while the latter shell weighed 32 pounds and had a range of only a few hundred yards.

The point is to have a gun which will withstand the initial pressure of discharge and still be as light as possible. In this connection, it has been necessary to devise a slow burning powder. The time between the ignition of the charge and its complete combustion is a small fraction of a second, measured by the length of time the projectile takes in leaving the muzzle of the gun. Nevertheless that time enables the gun builder to economize

enormously in weight. In short, no gun could withstand a charge of nitroglycerin.

**M**ORE mysterious and more modern than the gun is the system by which one man in the fire-control station on the top of the cage mast discharges every 16-inch gun aboard ship by pulling a single trigger. The fire-control system of a modern battleship costs one-third as much as the old battleship Oregon, but the Oregon would have no chance against the new battleship Colorado, or the Maryland, or the West Virginia, than a small row-boat would have against the old Constellation. This may seem like an exaggeration, but the Oregon would be sunk by the Colorado before her guns got within range.

Much has been said concerning the necessity of the air service to a modern fleet. The Shenandoah has just joined the Scouting Fleet for tests in scouting and her officers from the height of a mile have observed the approach of a theoretical enemy, namely the returning battle fleets containing the midshipmen.

Each battleship is to be provided with an aeroplane and a catapult device for launching the aeroplane. Great improvements have already been accomplished in the machinery of this catapult so that now the modern aeroplane is virtually fired into the air to assist in scouting and in noting the fall of the projectiles, and if the need be, assist by radio in directing the firing over the horizon.

Today we have the utterly confusing smoke-screen by which destroyers screen themselves from enemy observation and fire their torpedoes at a relatively close range from behind this screen. Added to that is the smoke-screen of the modern airplane, which hangs like a curtain obscuring everything from view. From behind this screen torpedo boats, airplanes, destroyers and battleships can operate against an enemy whose only protection must be their air service which extends its vision over the intervening curtain.

Notwithstanding the increased importance of the airplane service—and America is fully alive to that importance—the battleship still remains the backbone of naval power. It has been said that bombs capable of being dropped from the sky from hostile airplanes have terminated the usefulness of battleships, just as it was said thirty years ago that the fast torpedo boat approaching the battleship at unparallelled speeds, and launching a torpedo from a safe distance, had ren-

dered the battleship useless. Rapid fire small caliber guns destroyed this dream. Similarly, as bomb dropping aeroplanes increase in their menace toward the battleship, anti-aircraft guns of increased power and accuracy are being devised to meet the attack, and decks will be strengthened to meet this danger.

Add to the complication of modern war the mine-laying submarine, which can advance toward the approaching enemy and sow mines in its path, or cross an ocean as wide as the Pacific and lay mines in the harbor of an enemy. Add all the problems growing out of this system of warfare, and you have some picture of the elements that have to be considered by the Government and naval officers in the conduct of successful naval warfare. The obvious lesson is preparedness, not for the sake of aggression, but because without preparedness there can be no successful defense. The designs conceived in the mind must be translated to paper, and from paper to steel, copper and iron, and wood and powder. The materials for these devices must be produced in the mines or derived from the forests and from the shops, in order that there may be successful preparation. Nay, more, the very machines with which this material is to be fashioned into the necessary implements must in turn be designed, manufactured and prepared.

The menace of war is constant and ever present, minimized only by the advance of spiritual and moral qualities in the world and by the adequate preparation to resist unjust demands and unprovoked assaults. If it be said that mankind has already advanced in spiritual thoughts and purposes beyond the point of bloody carnage and world war, we have only to realize that the infinitesimal space of six years separates us from the most bloody calamity that has ever befallen the earth. A calamity in which daily thousands met wounds or death in a war which it seems was wholly unnecessary, and yet which demonstrated that nearly a half century of preparation for aggressive warfare was not sufficient to overcome the spiritual values in the hearts of the free peoples of the earth. Sadly lacking in efficient preparation, but having enough of such preparation supplemented by heroic sacrifice and devotion and intensive heart-breaking preparation, our country demonstrated, we trust for all time, that after all right thinking and right doing is the best preparation for war, and against war if it is supplemented by sufficient armament to withstand the first unholy and unprovoked attack.



# Revenge

THE OLD man who drove Dayton to his new job at the sawmill was certainly a little bit off. As they traveled the rough, muddy road edging the mountain-crest and the deep canyon, he revealed his monomania.

"Look, young feller!" he exclaimed pointing through the fog. "Look at them!"

Dayton looked. Below him, yet so high that the roots were lost in the distance, and all around him, stretched the redwood forest. Young trees had found growing-space in the very road, their green clubbed candles set in their slender trunks. Trees of older growth, dark and slim, clung to the sharp declivities. But the tall spiked redwoods which formed most of the dense tangle, grey through the fog, were veterans, ancient beyond the memory of white men, almost beyond the memory of men.

"You think they can't feel or remember, because they can't move or speak?" half-whispered the old driver. "No—they know they're bein' slaughtered—and they take their revenge."

He pointed again—to a clearing this time, scene of a redwood massacre. Some of the jagged black stumps bled moss, some stood raw and naked in the fog. Beyond, a forest-fire had done its work, and the charred shells pointed accusingly to the grey sky. Dayton, with his sensitive Celtic imagination, shuddered. Those corpses did indeed seem to have been butchered, and to have died in torture.

And he remembered scenes from his train-ride of the day before:—broad shrunken rivers, clogged with scum and the residue of last year's logs; scarred mountain-sides where the felled redwood trunks had caught and lain, grasping still, dumbly, the soil that for a thousand years had been their life.

The old man was speaking again, in his eerie voice like the whisper of the fog. His hand was sure on the wheel over the narrow road; but undoubtedly his brain was a little turned.

"They call 'em accidents," he was saying. "They tell me how a man miscalculated the length of a log, or slipped into the river. But I know—its Their revenge. Thousands o' years they been here, some of 'em. They tell me men used to sacrifice to the trees, and now we sacrifice

By MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

them to us. It's only natural they should take their vengeance."

Dayton sighed with relief when they reached the commonplace board houses on the camp and he was safe with the cool Scotch superintendent.

WITHIN two days every man in camp grinned at sight of the red-headed timekeeper; before a week had passed, everyone knew not only Dayton, but Dayton's girl. With cheerful loquacity he took the Scotch superintendent and the Finnish and Swedish sawyers alike into his confidence. They all knew how he had

## THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA

By NANCY BUCKLEY

THE hills of Connemara seem so  
desolate and gray,  
But on their tops is seen a  
wondrous sight—  
A star-tipped silver circle where the  
nimble fairies sway  
And dance in misty, moonlit ways  
through all the sweet spring night.

The hills of Connemara seem so silent  
mile on mile,  
But on their tops is heard a  
wondrous sound—  
The leprechaun a-singing as he  
cobbles fast the while—  
A little golden thread of song that  
wraps the heart around.

married the girl and then gone to war, and that now when he had made a home for her she would leave her job in the city and come to him. The two women at the camp, wives of the office-force, helped him to make ready the three-room cabin where he spent his evenings checking over a mail-order catalogue. The men turned up on Sundays to chaff him good-naturedly as he dug in a tiny square of earth that some day was to be a garden. And at the end of the working-day, when he went through the sawmill to get the men's time, voices in many accents hailed him: "'Lo, Mr. Dayton—when your girl come?"

Only once in six weeks were his high spirits disturbed. One afternoon as he entered the office a hand fell on his shoulder, and a voice

whispered: "You bein' careful young feller? Remember, every redwood tree on this mountain watchin' out for its revenge!"

Dayton laughed, but a chill shivered through his heart, and he wished the company could find another drive between the camp and the railroad town.

It was two whole months before the little cottage was ready and the garden planted, and the epochal telegram sent that was to bring Dayton's girl to him. Then the answer was telephoned him from town, and Dayton knew he had passed his last lonely hours.

His red head bobbed excitedly between the office and the sawmill all day long. The superintendent laughed, and swore that Dayton had written that Tony Uchick was entitled to six saucepans, and that Niel Jensen had been absent from camp because of a couch-cover. Dayton acknowledged that he was not entirely responsible. He had even done so rude a thing as phoning to the old driver in town and asking him not to frighten the girl, when he brought her over, by telling her his insane theory about the redwoods. The old man grunted in reply.

The car was due at six: at five thirty Dayton crossed the boardwalk set among the silent, towering redwood trees, and entered the sawmill to take the men's time. A dozen laughing voices hailed him and he laughed back, flushed and excited, as he scrambled over the sawdust-covered boards. He passed the platform where the three big circular saws were running: one man more and he would be through. Even as he wrote down the new man's name the sound of an automobile-horn came to his ears.

To gain a precious minute, Dayton left the safe platform and turned to leap over the moving saw. The slippery board beside it half threw him, his heel clawed unavailingly into the resistant wood: and in an instant he was caught and thrown head foremost over the terrible whirring teeth.

When at last they could stop the saws and disentangle his red hair and torn body, Dayton was already dead of shock.

The old driver got there first. He covered Dayton all over with redwood-boughs, so that his girl would not have to look at him.



# Sequoyah

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

**D**URING the early days of the settlement of America, the Cherokee Indians occupied that part of the country known as the southern Appalachians.

So rich was this wilderness region with fur-bearing animals that the inevitable white man was soon attracted by visions of quick wealth, and many an European fur trader invaded the peaceful boundaries of the Cherokees' domain, where a brisk and profitable trade in furs was quickly established.

Many of these unscrupulous traders were on the ragged fringe of civilization, however, and their shiftlessness led them to "feather their own nests" for the time being by marrying Cherokee women for the mere sake of board and lodging. The end of his trading scheme usually resulted in the sudden disappearance of the trader. More often than not he left behind a destitute and deserted little family, half-Cherokee, half-white.

Toward the end of the French and Indian War one such trader married a Cherokee woman, deserting her before the birth of her babe. The Indians named the infant George Gist, evidently the name of the absconding parent. The mother, however, bestowed upon the little one the more euphonious name of Sequoyah.

The lad grew into young manhood, his nature an odd mixture of thoughtful quiet, meditation, and a preference for the companionship of his patiently toiling mother rather than the lively society of the tribal youths.

Following the savage tradition that held woman inferior to man, the Cherokees jeered and sneered at Sequoyah's faithful devotion to his mother—a steadfastness that remained his greatest characteristic throughout life.

As the years went on and Sequoyah reached maturity, competition had become almost furious between the English, French and the Spanish for control of the great fur trade of the Cherokee country, and many a fortune in pelts was laboriously dragged from the wilderness of the old Southwest.

But misfortune stalked the steps of the greedy traders like an evil shadow, bringing great woe to the trusting Indians. The rifle had become the recognized sinew of war as well as of the hunt. Lead and powder were a neces-

sity and the dependence of the Indians on the unscrupulous whites for these commodities was pitiful. The whites were also responsible for the wholesale introduction of the dread "fire water" and the fall and utter ruination of the Red-skin was but a matter of a short time. Sequoyah drank with his brother tribesmen, and became as much a slave to thirst as did they.

## REDWOODS

**P**REHISTORIC guardians of the past  
Who knew the ancient trees of  
other years,  
If you could see to-day the havoc  
brought  
To your posterity, what rain of tears  
Would melt the rock-bound tombs that  
hold you fast—  
What searching winds would moan  
among the hills  
That once were green with hosts of  
mighty trees.  
What grief would bare the rocks  
wherein you lie  
And make you rise in protest to  
the ways  
Of those who rend the forests  
bleak and gaunt.  
You gods who sleep through centuries  
in rocks,  
If you could know the thoughtlessness  
of man  
That lays the tallest tree low in a day,  
The rocks of earth would fall apart  
that you  
In liberty, at last, could guard  
your own.

—CRISTEL HASTINGS.

**T**HEN Fate stepped into the circle. One day while hunting, Sequoyah suffered an injury that rendered him a cripple for life. The enforced quiet proved a boon, however, for it saved him from further debauchery and demoralization. Instead there were long periods of meditation, and out of these meditative periods was to be born the greatest intellectual achievement ever attained by a savage mind.

Possessed of a rare mechanical ability, Sequoyah constructed his own crude tools and waxed rich on the ingenious fashioning of silver ornaments, a work in which he became so highly proficient that no North American Indian has ever rivalled his artistry.

People flocked from far and near to look upon his handiwork. So famous did he become that his early life with

its sorrowful medley of sneers and jeers from his own people was entirely forgotten. In their eyes the despised son of the deserted Cherokee mother had become a superman, and as such they paid him homage.

The smiles of maidens trailed along in the wake of success, but Sequoyah never wavered. He became equally popular among the braves, and at last was given voice in their councils.

In order that his silver oddities might bear the imprint of their originator, yet unable to read or write, Sequoyah prevailed upon a semi-literate half-breed to write his name. From this Sequoyah ingeniously made a die. Even today may be found, here and there among the sadly scattered and deteriorated remnants of the Cherokees, bits of Sequoyah's artistry, prized beyond all price—a silvery reminder of a glory that passed into near oblivion with the coming of the white man.

All this time Sequoyah spent long hours pondering over the falling fortunes of his people. The Cherokees envied the white man his ability to communicate on paper, believing it to be some special dispensation of the Creator and reserved solely for the use and benefit of the pale face.

But Sequoyah continued to ponder long over the mystery, finally concluding that to "talk on paper" was not some high magic and out of reach of his people, but that it was an attribute of mind only. Thereupon his sole passion in life became the solving of the riddle in order to give his brethren a similar code of silent speech.

With the gradual passing of the trader and the steady encroachment of the settler the Cherokees were hard put to retain their tribal holdings. Lands were snatched from them and they themselves were ruthlessly driven from the land of their fathers. Appeal to the Federal Government fell on deaf ears and through a series of broken treaties and land robberies, the trusting Cherokees at last came to know the meaning of the white man's treachery in all its viciousness.

Resort to arms would have been folly—the Cherokees recognized their own fallen estate and the futility of war. The philosophy of the Cherokee mind saw only one way in which to combat the cruelties of civilization—by becoming civilized themselves! What a decision! What a solving of an overwhelming problem for a savage mind to foster!



In the mind of Sequoyah the white man's evident "superiority" lay only in his enviable ability to communicate written words. This Sequoyah decided to emulate in order to save his people from the unhappy fate. He was now in his forty-ninth year.

Sequoyah's artistry as a silversmith suddenly ceased, and he devoted long days to carving rude and strange characters in strips of bark. When he was not carving he remained lost in profound thought. The tribe looked upon him as a strange mystery. Once more he became shunned of his people—scoffed and sneered at by those who had worshipped at the shrine of the silversmith. But like a steady light at sea, Sequoyah's mind glowed constantly while he groped in the darkness of illiteracy. At last, after twelve more years of almost heart-breaking labor and discouraging puzzlement, Sequoyah had fashioned the first Cherokee alphabet!

To us of a later day the enormity of this achievement cannot be grasped unless we remember that Sequoyah was but a primitive being, an illiterate savage, without knowledge of language except the words of his own tongue.

Because of the latent peculiarities of the Cherokee dialect, Sequoyah was shrewd enough to surmise that knowledge of the white man's language would be useless, and he proceeded to invent a Cherokee syllabary that is amazing in its completeness even today. But it had one drawback—he had devised a symbol or character for each Cherokee word—a sort of pictograph system of expression. The result was unforeseen but inevitable, and almost overwhelming. At the end of three years he had literally *thousands* of these symbols. Even in the face of this calamitous growth of his alphabet, Sequoyah realized the inability of even a learned mind to grasp and retain these myriads of symbols, and, discarding the patient efforts of years, he began to study the very *foundation* of language—its construction. He searched for the elusive unity of speech, and found it. It was *sound*—the constructive key to all language. He listened and learned. He analyzed and classified. Finally, after much mental persevering, he condensed his finding down to six vowel and seventy-two consonant sounds. But there still remained thirty-seven sounds at large—unclassified things that caused him much trouble and thought. These were of a guttural nature which he represented finally by still another combination. The result was an alphabet that has astonished the learned world ever

since. Sequoyah had invented a code of language greatly superior in wealth of expression to that of his pale-faced brother, and with but eighty-five little alphabetical tools to fashion the mode of expression! And this—the product of one mentality—and a savage, untutored one, at that! It has remained a rarity among achievements—an alphabet of syllables. Ours is but an alphabet of letters.

**S**EQUOYAH completed and perfected his work in 1821. Then came the day of lessons and wholesale study! Gray beards and tots studied zealously to "talk on paper." The Cherokee nation, young and old, became one seething school of learning almost overnight. Sequoyah's name shot into the heavens of fame like a blazing meteor. So easy was the learning that in 1823—but two years later—the entire Cherokee nation was able to converse on paper, and letter-writing had become as common among the tribes as the leaves on trees. The ease of mastery was self-evident, and the most ignorant savage became able within a few months to communicate with his fellow-man on paper, and with a pleasing ease and volubility.

Then, fully assured of the success of his labors, Sequoyah went abroad among the neighboring tribes. He went among the Arkansas Cherokees who, although they had voluntarily withdrawn from all contact with the hateful and despised civilization of the white man and its attendant woes, seized eagerly upon the opportunity of mastering this new-found power of knowledge, and they, too, studied and learned, and talked on paper. Education among the Cherokees had become a frenzied thing!

It was in the same year—1823—that Sequoyah received from the Cherokee Council public acknowledgment of his amazing work. This was in the form of a silver medal presented through their President, John Ross. Five years later Sequoyah's people elected him as their representative at Washington. The high favor and venerable esteem in which he was held there resulted in a clause being included in the Treaty of Washington of 1828 that he be paid a life pension for his invaluable service to the Cherokee nation. No other *literary* pension has ever been paid by the Government to this day.

On February 28th, 1828, the first national newspaper of the Cherokees—the *Cherokee Phoenix*—made its appearance, an achievement that had its inception in the brain of Sequoyah

when he puzzled for a medium of expression other than that of voice.

The Cherokees were now on the fair way toward civilization, and prosperity reigned among them. Intemperance was ruled a crime, as was polygamy. Wealth was amassed by many of the tribe, and they were justly proud of their herds and their holdings. They even exported wheat and tobacco down the Tennessee to New Orleans, as well as cottons and woolens.

And then, in the height of their affluence, came a staggering blow. Gold was discovered in their lands. This was in 1829. Again the white man revelled in deeds of violence and treachery. Treaties were violated; Cherokee lands, rich in gold and cultivation, were seized, and after almost ten years of hopeless struggle against the inevitable, the bewildered and now thoroughly disillusioned Cherokees were driven at the point of bayonets to a hostile country beyond the Mississippi. Broken and discouraged, the Cherokees were forced to fight the Osage Indians to hold their new home. The Arkansas tribe, too, resented their coming, and war broke out among them. This sure method of extinction almost obliterated them as a tribe, until Sequoyah, now in his eighty-second year, stepped into the breach and effected a reunion of the Cherokee tribes as one nation. This put an end to the fratricidal turmoil, but not before great toll had been exacted among the warring red-skins.

Ordinarily, a man's work is considered about finished when he attains the venerableness of eighty-two, but it only served to imbue the indomitable Sequoyah with a wanderlust that led him far afield among the Indians of still other tribes, all of whom he sought to enlighten through alphabetical channels. His desire to bring words to his groping kinsmen took him adrift among far western tribes. His fame had preceded him and everywhere he was received with deep respect and veneration. Nor did they resent his coming, for was he not one of their own race, and was not his skin as ruddy as theirs?

And so this great crusader of primal learning went his faltering way in the dusk of life—always westward with the sun—through mountain passes that would have discouraged and turned back the bravest heart of youth. He kept on until he crossed the Colorado Desert and, after untold hardship entered the Mexican Sierras—always alone. Here he searched pathetically for lost kinsmen of mythical lore, the



# Hoppy's Slugs

By C. I. RAVN

WHEN I was a boy of twelve and my only brother two years older, our father sold his improved homestead on a western prairie, where we boys were born, and moved to California. The money he received in first payment he invested in a mill-town tavern up near the northern coast.

Our trip across the plains seemed a wonderful adventure until our new home was reached, then it paled as we began exploring the great forest from which the mills of the town were supplied with immense logs, or went boating and fishing on the swift Russian river which empties into the Pacific some miles away.

Only boys brought up on treeless prairies, where the pasture "crick" is the largest body of water they have ever seen, can understand our keen enjoyment those first weeks at The Mills, before the summer term of school began.

There was an excellent teacher and good attendance at the little village school, but most of the boys of our own ages were of Portuguese parents. However, we were soon chumming with the four boys of our own nationality at school and they became our companions on Saturday and holiday excursions through the neighboring country. When the continuous winter rains came on, our new friends could usually, when not in school, be found at our "Camp." This was one end of the long bark-shed where we set up the old furniture Mother couldn't use, and the big cracked stove begged from Father, promising him we'd be careful of our fire and not burn things up.

One side of the stove was held up with bricks where a leg was missing, and we propped the door shut with the poker after filling the stove with thick, dry red-wood bark which burned like the best coal. When the fire was made and we had drawn the clumsy curtain of gunny sacks, strung on a wire, across the corner, Hoppy Bates would make the remark that "cats in a basket couldn't be warmer."

HOPPY BATES worked at the Tavern when Father bought it. We did not need his services for Father was what they call a "hustler," and, though a college man, never felt above doing any kind of work. He hadn't the heart, however, to turn the man away, for Hoppy Bates was homeless and so badly crippled through an accident in

a mill that he could never again earn a man's wages.

He went about with a queer hopping limp that had suggested to the rough mill hands the name he went by. My brother and I were never allowed to address him as "Hoppy," and he seemed to be grateful for our "Mister Bates" and was continually mentioning how good we all were to him. We were told he had been a veritable slave to the former landlord, who merely gave him board and a room over the stable. The travelling men stopping at the tavern all liked Hoppy and gave him cast off clothing and small presents of money, and were well repaid by his grateful service.

## DOWRY

LIFE is a white road and true things are lies.

You give me only the wind in tall trees,

A basket full of stars;

Earth smells coming across purple hills,

A chain of golden bars.

You give me love songs against opal fires,

A tale of Romany;

Mio Niño, there are things in my heart

You can not give to me.

I would have cattle near a great white house,

And poppies by the door;

Magic of pictures on a frosted pane,

A scrubbed pine kitchen floor,

I would have laces and a wedding gown,

A chest of dainty things;

Ah, give me time to let my soul grow strong

Till Beauty give it wings.

Life is a long road and wild love soon dies!

—DON WILSON FARRAN.

In spite of his poverty and bodily affliction he was always cheerful and willing to do whatever he was asked or told to do.

He seemed to prefer the company of boys to that of men; for on winter evenings when his chores were done, the last order taken from the travelling men to give them an early call or clean the equipments of some drummer going "cross country in a rig," he would come to our camp.

Giving a warning cough he would slowly lift the big curtain, then wait for our "Hullo, Mister Bates! Come right in and take the easy chair."

The easy chair was our seat of honor. The springs were still good though one arm was gone and the greenrep covering ragged in places. Hoppy appreciated our hearty welcome, but he would protest; "Thank ye, boys, but this stool's plenty good enough for me."

We would urge and finally he would settle down in the big chair, thrust his shabby boots out to the warmth, clasp his bony fingers "tent fashion" and smile at us impartially. Then we let loose our volleys of questions, usually about the work we were doing. Frequently this was work which some story of his had suggested, such as the Aleutian Indian bidarka Fred Holt made in miniature, bows and arrows we all took a hand at, or perhaps nets he had seen used by Basque and Italian fishermen in San Francisco bay.

Working on these led in time to our making other and useful things, carrying out our own ideas in their construction, and today one of our number is a well-known inventor whose patents have brought him wealth, and to poor Hoppy Bates' instruction and encouragement he frankly gives credit for his success.

When our various questions were answered and we had been shown "how it was done," he would tell us stories dealing with the big grizzlies once seen in the forests about The Mills, Indian fights which old plainsmen told him they had had a hand in, and finally he came to the story of "Black Bart," and his daring stage robberies along the road leading up from San Francisco and beyond The Mills to the Coast.

"He always managed his hold-ups alone," said Hoppy, "and everyone believed he never robbed a working man, just got away with Wells-Fargo's cash box, and he did it every time he tried till they caught him.

"It wasn't Bart that held up the stage the night I lost my box, for there were three or four in that gang, and they robbed every one, even the Chinese."

"Say!" we cried incredulously. "You wasn't ever in a hold-up, Mister Bates?"

"I was for a fact, boys," he answered mournfully. "And I can't ever get over thinking what a nice little home I'd have bought if I hadn't been there and lost my slugs."

"Slugs! What have slugs got to do with buying a home?" I asked, thinking he meant the crawling, putty col-



ored creatures that ate up Mother's bed of violets.

"I don't mean snails, Bob," Hoppy laughed. "I am talking about those six-cornered gold pieces—fifty dollars worth of gold in every one of 'em, that the old California Trading Company used to get out. Just stamped the value on 'em themselves."

"Tell us about losing 'em in the hold-up," we cried.

"Guess I'll begin at the beginning so you'll know how I came to have the slugs," said Hoppy, and began:

"After my trip round the Horn to San Francisco, I had between two and three hundred dollars left out of my share of what our old home farm brought.

"I spent some of the money for things I needed and my fare up to the mines, where I went with Jim Miller, a neighbor boy who came West with me. What was left I put in the old Hibernia bank as the captain of our steamer had advised me to do.

"We had heard men were needed at the mines and found this so, for though neither of us knew anything about mining we were put to work with pick and shovel as soon as we got to Granger's Ford.

"Wages were high, but so was board; so high we were scared and thought we couldn't make anything, but we managed to save a good part of the money coming to us on pay day.

"We never forgot that back home they were wondering if we could keep straight among the temptations of a mining camp and we meant to show them we could; so none of our money went for drink, or was gambled away.

"Jim spent a little for tobacco, but I never got into the habit of chewing or smoking, for I agreed with my old grandmother who used to tell us it was foolish to spend money for something that only hurt a person.

"Well, at the end of two years I had quite a bank account and thought I was doing well enough, but Jim got it into his head to go prospecting, was sure he would strike it rich, as they said.

"When he found I wouldn't go with him, he talked me into grub-staking an old prospector, crazy to get into the mountains again, and they promised me a third of whatever they found.

"Mining's an exciting business, boys, and as long as they were there talking placers and quartz ledges, I was all carried away, but after they left camp I kept wishing I had my money back, safe in the bank.

"I never heard from them all sum-

mer, but towards fall Jim tore into camp, his pockets full of nuggets from the placer he said they'd staked.

"Then I went back with him to help work the prospect which turned out to be only a pocket, but a pretty good one considering, for we cleaned up most fifteen hundred dollars apiece.

"I didn't intend to lose any of it hunting other prospects, so I hurried down to San Francisco with it and never went back to the mines, for I thought over things and decided I'd put my money in land and make my living truck gardening and farming as my father had done.

I HADN'T mor'n struck the city when I run into Jim's cousin who kept store up here and was down buying goods.

"We went to dinner together, and when we were waiting for our orders to be brought, I told John Miller what I meant to do.

"First rate," he said. "And, Billy, there's just the place you want up where I live.

"It's a little ranch, all plowed and fruit trees set out. Belongs to a Portuguese man whose wife's just died and he's got to sell it and take the children to his mother.

"The house isn't much, but lumber's cheap and plenty up there and you can soon fix it up.

"Sell truck? I should say! Everything in that line, 'most, comes up from here and the mill cooks and town folks will jump at the chance of getting things fresh and right at home.

"I told him that I wanted to make a home for my mother and he said: 'I know mill towns have a hard name, but a lot of good folks live at The Mills. Besides the Portuguese Catholic chapel there's two Protestant churches and I'm sure your mother'll like it up there fine.'

"Well, I was so sure I wanted that little ranch that I took the two thousand he said the man asked for it out of the bank and started up here with John when he got through buying.

"The railroad wasn't built then. People staged it and goods were freighted up here. John and I came in a four horse stage packed with passengers tight as they could crowd.

"A lot of them smoked all the way and the ones who started friends got to quarrelling before we stopped for dinner at the half way tavern, where all of them began to bet on our chances of being held up before we reached The Mills. That didn't

make me feel very good, having my gold along.

"A late rain began to fall as we started on, and the driver told us we couldn't make The Mills before midnight if the hill roads got slippery.

"But the rain stopped after awhile, the passengers quieted down and John and I were pretty well talked out about home matters when the steady swing of the big stage began to make me sleepy and by the time the leaders turned into the foot hills, I was dozing.

"I was awakened by the stage being jerked to a standstill which threw me forward onto a fat Jew peddler. The Chinamen on top of the stage began to jabber and one screamed as a pistol went off.

"Someone with a heavy voice ordered the Chinamen to 'shut up,' and the stage door was flung open. By it stood a man with a revolver in each hand who ordered: 'Hands up and come out of that!'

"You couldn't hold your hands very high in a stage coach, but the passengers who had bragged what they'd do if we got held up took good care to keep their hands away from their pockets as they stumbled out, one after another.

"I thought of my money and couldn't stir at first. I'd brought the two thousand in slugs because they took up less room than a lot of smaller gold pieces would. They were in a tin box in my old valise down between my feet.

"I made up my mind I'd got to save them. I didn't know how I'd do it, but I jerked the box out and dropped it into one of my big overcoat pockets just as the door on my side burst open and I was poked with a revolver and ordered to get up and out with the rest.

"The big Jew was the last to get out ahead of me, and I had a foolish thought that as he was so much bigger than I he'd somehow be a protection, so I kept close as he lumbered off the stage.

"It's funny, boys, how your mind'll run off onto things sometimes instead of worrying over the fix you're in. Now I was scared stiff over losing my money, but when I stepped down and landed beside one of the biggest pack rats nests I'd ever seen, showing up in the starlight, I said to myself: Golly, that's a whopper! and I wondered why the stage wheels hadn't knocked it to pieces.

"Just then the leaders, that had been restless, began to snort and plunge and everyone, but me, turned

(Continued on page 462)



# Early Lumbering in California

By B. G. ROUSSEAU

IN 1840, or not later than 1841, there came to California on a trading expedition Captain Stephan Smith, master of the bark "George and Henry." Smith was a native of Massachusetts and brought with him a cargo he thought could readily be exchanged in California for hides, horn, tallow and other commodities. While his ship was at anchor in San Francisco bay he inspected the late Russian settlement at Bodega and the improvements that had been left behind. An idea was born in his shrewd Yankee brain. He took a quiet cruise around Bodega bay and the surrounding country. He saw giant redwoods rearing their haughty heads to meet the skyline, and realized that here was building material to meet the demands of generations to come. He was clever enough to realize that the establishment of a saw mill at this spot, within twenty-four hours sail of San Francisco bay, would be the nucleus of princely fortune to the one who started it. He appreciated the fact that no American would live in an adobe house when he could get one of wood.

He did not speak of his project to any one, but at the appointed time set sail for the return trip to the Atlantic coast. This voyage and the disposal of his cargo at an advantageous price took him the better part of two years. Ready for his return to the coast he bought a complete saw-and flour-mill outfit. Then filling the rest of the ship with a cargo of assorted merchandise he again set sail for California. But Dan Cupid was to take a hand in the affairs of the worthy Captain Smith before he again saw the Golden Gate. At Pieta, Peru, where he made a brief stop, he met and fell in love with Donna Manuela Torres, a beautiful Spanish maid.

That he was 61 years old and a widower, while the lady of his choice could only boast of sixteen summers, made no difference to the doughty Captain. They were married in a short time and the trip to the Golden State resumed. At various cities and towns along the route the Captain stopped and engaged workmen. Monterey was reached about the middle of April, and lumber for the construction of the mills was bought at Santa Cruz; arriving at Bodega in September, 1843. Here he met his first difficulty. "A man named Bidwell"—later known as General John Bidwell, one of Cali-

fornia's most honored and respected pioneers—who claimed to be Sutter's agent, refused to allow Smith to land, or to land any part of his cargo.

Smith was not easily discouraged and did not propose to give up his cherished project, for which he had waited two years, without a struggle. Despite Bidwell's protests Smith unloaded his lumber for the mill build-

## THE PHANTOM RIDER

**H**ERE in the dun gray sand a saddle lies,  
Burning to crinkled brown in the mesa's heat;  
The vultures go on their long way down the skies,  
And every wind is the sound of hurrying feet.

The sands have been drifting and lifting these many years,  
A cacti has come to stand as a sentinel;  
A dusty trail swings out of the east and veers  
Away to a rocky ledge and a water well.

Who was the rider who came through the heat and glare;  
Whose was the horse which staggered with saddle gone?  
Did he know of the hidden well so close by there;  
Or was he a midnight rider sick for the dawn?

And will he pass by some night when the moon is low,  
On a phantom charger checked by the bridle rein  
Of a copper moon, strap saddle to horse and go  
With the eerie winds over the restless plain?

—HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING.

ings and warned Bidwell not to interfere. The latter thereupon returned to Sacramento where he informed Sutter of the happening; but Sutter refused to interfere and the mills were built.

**T**HE saw mill was erected at the foot of a hill on the crest of which grew the first giant redwood forest, and was nearly a mile from the present site of the town of Bodega Corners. Water was supplied from a well and all the machinery was housed in buildings Smith had built from the lumber purchased in Santa Cruz. When all was in readiness the Captain sent in-

vitations to the people of the surrounding country, and men of every nationality eagerly responded. Many of them had never before seen such mills and were as eager as children.

The flour mill was the first to be set in operation and when the assembled multitude saw the "flor de harina," fine white flour emerge, their awe and wonder knew no bounds and a babel of excited voices arose. Next the saw mill was put in motion with a monster redwood log placed on the carriage and the sharp toothed saw slowly but surely ate its way into its very heart.

When the people had exclaimed and wondered to their hearts' content over these marvels a great barbecue was held out under the giant trees in which the health of the enterprising Yankee who had come among them with his strange and marvelous ways was drunk in flagons filled to the brim with rich red wine. General M. G. Vallejo, head of the native Californians, made an eloquent and stirring speech in which he made the prediction that in days to come there would be more steam saw mills in the valleys than soldiers. At dark a grand fandango was held in which graceful Senoritas took part, dark eyes shining coquettishly beneath filmy lace mantillas, while tiny feet in dainty slippers kept time to the rhythmic twanging of soft voiced guitars, and was kept up with unabated spirit until the first faint streaks of rosy dawn.

Captain Smith continued to operate the saw mill until 1850. During this time he hauled his lumber a matter of five or six miles to Bodega for shipment; some being exported to the Sandwich Islands. In 1849 he replaced the old fashioned saw in his mill with a circular saw. In 1850 he leased the property to Hank & Mudge for a term of 99 years and a consideration of \$50,000. After various changes the mill was finally taken to Mendocino County where in 1854 it was destroyed by fire and never rebuilt.

Many early day mills were built in and around mining camps to furnish them with lumber for their increasing demands. The first prices were exorbitant, but had come down by 1853 on account of the number of saw mills meeting the emergency. For instance, in October, 1853, in Sonora boards sold for \$50 and \$60 a thousand; which was fairly reasonable considering the times and the great and increasing demand for building material.



Sometimes as many as 250 men found employment at these mills at wages ranging from \$50 to \$100 a month and found. About two-thirds of the lumber cut was used for mining purposes, the rest for buildings and fences.

In what one historian terms the "pre-American" days, the production of lumber in Alameda County was carried on in the large redwoods of the hills above Oakland. These were known as the San Antonio woods, the only forest trees in the county with the exception of the wide spreading oaks which lend such a picturesque attractiveness to the California landscape. These redwoods soon became well known and a thriving trade with Yerba Buena sprang up as early as 1847.

In 1849 a Frenchman started the first mill in the San Antonio woods but it was never completed and passed into the hands of Henry Meiggs, who later sold it to Volney D. Howard of the First National Bank in Oakland. Other mills soon came into being, but on account of the nearness to San Francisco and their easy accessibility these forests were soon exhausted.

Some of the redwood trees of these early operations were of mammoth proportions. As late as 1882 a redwood tree was felled near Petaluma. The tree standing was 347 feet; the

diameter near the ground 14 feet, and 180 feet of this forest king was converted into saw logs. In the same county was another redwood known as "The Stable," hollow at the ground so that a man could comfortably stand inside and walk a distance of 15 feet. The tree measured 27 feet across and was capable of stabling 12 horses together with a supply of hay for the winter months. The "Bean Pole" was another mammoth tree, standing 344 feet.

**L**UMBERING in the high Sierras in the early days was far more picturesque and held far more thrills than the operations of today. Where now the lumber is carried from mountain mills by railroad or truck, much of it was then conveyed by flume to the level of the valleys. These flumes were huge V-shaped troughs of board construction which conveyed a rushing stream of water, winding about the sheer sides of granite cliffs, crossing the deep gorges on high trestles, at times plunging into the depths of a tunnel to emerge in the sunlight of another slope. The sawed lumber floated at railroad speed to the valley save when, as sometimes happened, it "jammed" and the overloaded flume crashed to the canyon depths.

Should one of the workers get badly hurt and require immediate medical

attention he was placed in a V-shaped box 16 feet long, and which all mills had on hand for just such emergencies, and with a guide started out on the long ride for help. Swift as lightning they shot down the canyon toward the distant valley; swinging dizzily over the tree tops, through deep gulches immersed in eternal shadow, along the mountain sides looking down thousands of feet, or suspended over a trestle hundreds of feet high that quivered and vibrated like a sentient thing as their frail craft shot over it. On they sped like the wind to the valley below, fifty miles away. A wild, whirlwind ride accomplished in the short space of four hours.

**T**HE STORY of the sawmills would be complete without mention of Peter Lassen, that picturesque figure of California's yesterday and among its pioneer sawmill owners and operators. Peter Lassen was born in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark, August 7, 1800, and was a blacksmith by trade.

At an early age he emigrated to America and in the spring of 1839 left Missouri, where he had spent a few years, for Oregon; arriving at the Dalles, Oregon, the same year. He wintered at Oregon City, coming to California the following spring on the

(Continued on page 480)

## Rocky Hill

By ELIZABETH LaDOW

**T**HERE was magic in Rocky Hill, a luring mystery that I could not define. There it stood, rocky, dotted with oaks, peculiar amidst the velvety smoothness of the neighboring hills.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, it called to me to come up from the valley and explore its mystery. So, one day in Indian summer, when the harvest was over, and the leaves were turning, I answered the call, and turned my steps toward the hills.

Straight for old Rocky I headed determined to pause at nothing short of the summit. As I neared the top, such elevation of spirit possessed me that I cried aloud, "Excelsior!" and I thought I heard an answer from the peak beyond. When the majestic rocky caves confronted me, I understood the lure; the mysterious calling was made plain. Here were caves, "Where the cave men dwell" . . . huge overhanging rocks that provided

a shelter for a race long passed away. Only the strange picture writings, blurred by time and the smoke of many fires, whose meaning no one can interpret, are left to tell us of a race that once hunted through the hills and valleys of Central California.

But stay! here is a huge granite boulder beneath a great oak where the Indians ground acorns and left one more evidence of their passing this way. Countless hours the patient squaws must have ground to wear the deep holes in this hard rock, and, when I have dug out the last leaf, there they are just as they looked when they were in use.

**S**o, IN fancy, I people the hill again . . . the time when the peaceful grinding of acorns was interrupted by the sight of some hostile tribe creeping across the plains . . .

artists decorating the walls of the cave with pictures so full of meaning to them . . . their victories in war and peace, for thus man ever attempts to perpetuate his nobler, victorious self in Art. Out from the darkness steps a singer into the glare of the camp fire. . . . with face alight, he relates to the beat of feet the history of the tribe. Now the rising sun reveals the priest standing silent, motionless to greet the first rays of the symbol of the Great Spirit.

Soon the whole camp will be astir . . . the children imitating the work of their elders, as ever children do . . . the old women will be weaving their memories into baskets and the young ones dreaming dreams . . . the hunters will be preparing their weapons . . . trying their bows and balancing their arrows. . . .

But the sun is sinking and the turtle doves awake me from my reverie, and I must leave Old Rocky with its story half told and turn my face homeward.



# The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW

(Continued from last month)

GIVE me that key to the door at the top of 'The Raise,' he snapped, the pistol at his hip, its muzzle wavering from one to the other of the two men before it.

"Ain't got no key," The Mucker replied, quaveringly bracing himself against the rock behind him.

"Sure, we ain't got no key," affirmed Sam Govich, with a little more temerity, though he too had to brace himself with a hand upon one of the drills which projected from its hole.

"You're a couple of damned liars," Shorty barked back. "Give me that key, or I'll fill you both so full of holes you wouldn't hold molasses. Hurry up, I'm liable to get nervous and pull the trigger. It's one of them guns you can't stop without throwin' it in the water." He pushed the pistol forward, and waved it a little more menacingly.

"I ain't got no key," Govich pleaded, "Honest, Shorty, I picked the lock with a piece of wire. Here it is." He fumbled in his overalls pocket and withdrew a piece of wire, which was slightly bent and flattened at one end. Shorty took the wire in his left hand.

"Now," he said slowly, "You two are goin' to fade away. You've got your passports, sabe? It's two hours till daylight. If you're within five miles of this camp when daylight comes, it's the pen for you. Do you get me?"

"I do," replied The Mucker.

"You bet I do," chimed Govich. "Say, ain't you goin' to arrest us?"

"No," said Shorty dryly. "You're too ornery to bother with. Get out, now." He moved to one side and still with his weapon ready for action, allowed the two men to pass. Still close he followed them to the station, and rang for the skip. The three of them were hoisted to the surface together. Shorty went into the hoisting room for a few minutes chat with the engineer. Govich and The Mucker rushed into the change room, and a moment later reappeared with their best clothes in their arms. They had not taken time to change.

"They've only got one gear tonight, and that's high." Shorty remarked with a chuckle, and then explained the whole incident to the engineer.

It was nearly five o'clock when Shorty reached his cabin. In less

than two minutes after he had crawled into the cold blankets, he was fast asleep. After an interval of what seemed not more than another minute, he awoke from a dream in which the cabin was tumbling down upon him and he was fighting his way out of the debris. He found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, and when his senses had cleared sufficiently he made out the noise to be nothing more than someone pounding upon the door. He called a sleepy, "Come in."

Jimmy Rawlins entered and began chaffing Shorty about his late hours.

"What time is it?" Shorty asked.

"Eight o'clock," Rawlins replied.

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## AN EXPLANATION

TODAY'S a miracle of warmth and light;

The bird and tree and wind call wondrous clear,

All loveliness so intimately near—  
Because I dreamed of *you* last night!

—Frances Wierman.

---

SHORTY yawned and looked Rawlins over incredulously, then he demanded, "Is that on the level, Jimmy?" Rawlins nodded.

"Well, what do you want?" Shorty growled, "If you don't want anything, please go way and let me sleep."

"Denny's sick this morning; pneumonia, or something of the sort," Rawlins answered, "and you'll have to go out with a load of bullion. How about it? Can you go?"

"I sure can," Shorty was out of bed with his reply. The thought of the long drive through the keen, bracing air, holding the wheel as the car rolled over the road, was like a reviving stimulant. "How soon will you be ready?" he inquired.

"As soon as you are. The bullion is at the office. There's four bars, about sixty thousand. Think we will need any extra guards? I'm going along."

"Might take the girls," Shorty ventured with a smile.

"I asked them last night, but they can't get away. Say, by the way,

where were you last night? Barbara was raising Cain because you did not show up."

"Oh, I was just rootin' around," Shorty explained, "Got into a game and couldn't sit out till it was over."

"Win?" inquired Rawlins.

"Nope," responded Shorty, "You did."

"I did?" Rawlins queried, "I don't get you. Are you sure you are awake?"

Shorty pondered the question for a few moments and then said thoughtfully, "Well, maybe I am not quite awake. I'll take my car today. The old boat will be ready in half an hour, as soon as I can get a little breakfast and a few shots out of the old engine. She'll be hard to crank this cold morning."

Shorty breakfasted at The Tin Can. He reiterated Rawlin's wish that Barbara and Ann accompany him and Rawlins with the bullion shipment. He took their excuse as sound. They could not neglect their business affairs. He received orders to make a few small purchases, and taking a tin of boiling water, went to the shed in which he stored his reliable old car. He had not unlocked the shed for some time. Now as he did, he looked the tires over quickly. They were fully inflated. He touched the radiator with almost a caress. He raised the hood and poured the hot water over the intake manifold, and allowed it to trickle down over the carburetor. He took the crank and turned the engine easily, to get the cold induced stiffness out of its working joints. Then he gave the crank a swift spin. The motor caught, coughed spasmodically a few times. Shorty grinned and went about other preparations. He now returned to the crank, gave it a quick flip, and the engine shot upon its four cylinders. This was a trick of the trade which he had learned by hard experience, never to try to force a motor; let it rest for a few minutes after it had first exploded upon a cold morning. Then when it was cranked it would be found in a more receptive mood. Yes, Shorty was firmly convinced that automobiles, especially good automobiles were endowed with minds.

A few minutes later Shorty drew up before the mine office and with Rawlins began loading the bars of



gold bullion. These weighed approximately one hundred pounds each. The reason for casting them into ingots this large was to prevent them being easily carried away in case some enterprising road agent attempted to pre-empt them while enroute to the railroad station. It would be impossible for a man on foot to make his escape with one of these bars. A horseman would be seriously handicapped with the added weight, should he attempt to escape with one or more of them. For this reason Staley and Rawlins felt no misgivings when a shipment of gold was going out.

Then miles or so down the road Shorty smiled as he discerned two footmen a quarter of a mile ahead. Rawlins saw the men almost at the same time.

"What about giving those fellows a lift?" he inquired.

"Might be stick-up men," Shorty replied, and forced the car on with extra pressure upon the accelerator. The two men stepped to one side of the road as the car came up. Shorty drew it up quickly, letting the motor idle slowly.

"Why hello, Sam, hello, Mucker," he greeted them smilingly, "How's the walkin'?"

"Fine," replied Govich with forced joviality.

"Not half bad," said The Mucker, a little more seriously, glancing longingly at the empty tonneau seat.

"Then keep it up," advised Shorty as he slipped into gear. "It'll do your feet good," he called back as the car leaped ahead.

"Why didn't you give them a lift?" Rawlins inquired, mystified at Shorty, who had the reputation of never passing a wayfaring footman when he had a spare seat.

"Couldn't take any chances with this bullion aboard," Shorty said concisely.

"Well, maybe you're right," Rawlins agreed. "I didn't know Sam Govich and The Mucker had quit their jobs. They were both good men."

"Sure," acquiesced Shorty, "I didn't know they had quit either."

The remainder of the outward journey was made without unusual incident. On arrival in Winona, the bullion was deposited with Wells-Fargo Express, for shipment to the Mint at San Francisco. Business was attended to, the purchases for the girls made, and then after a late lunch the car was headed into the northward upon its return trip.

Several miles from the spot where the two eloping high-graders had been encountered in the morning, they were met again. Now they were riding in an empty freighter's wagon. Shorty hailed the driver and drew up his own equipage. Govich and The Mucker were evidently tired, but both grinned sheepishly, and a little apprehensively.

"How's the ridin'?" Shorty asked.

"Fine," they replied, apparently relieved that Shorty did not say that they were under arrest.

"Then ride as far as you can," Shorty advised them, "and keep the same direction." With this injunction he let in the clutch.

"Why did you say that to them?" Rawlins asked.

"Oh, I just wanted to cheer them up," Shorty responded nonchalantly, "We got to move along, Jimmy. The sun's down." He swung his eyes to the west for a quick sight of the horizon. "I want to be at the mine before the eleven o'clock shift comes off."

"Then give her the gun," said Rawlins. "The sooner we get to camp the better, and I'm getting cold and a little hungry." Shorty pressed the accelerator hard. Under its tremendous reserve power, the big car leaped ahead like an animate thing responding to the spur.

TERENCE's interview with The High-Gradin' Kid must have ended to the satisfaction of both parties. The Kid was put to work where the high-grade streak was the widest in Number Two Stope. Incidentally, this was the point nearest the manway in Number Two Raise. Beyond the Kid some ten other miners worked at irregular intervals across the hundred foot length of the stope.

Instead of entering the mine through the main shaft, as was his custom, Shorty came in through Number One Level, which was the first tunnel driven in the early prospecting stages of the mine's history. Upon reaching the shaft he descended the ladder to a point where the workings of Number Two Stope had been broken through. Here Shorty removed some lagging from the side of the shaft and crawling through, replaced the wooden siding. He was now in Number Two Stope, which for its entire length was dimly lighted by the miner's candles. He proceeded leisurely along the line of miners, who were breaking down and sacking the ore. So inured to the sight of the treasure was he that he did not marvel

at its richness nor magnitude. The high-grade streak, holding consistently along the stope's length, varied from a few inches to a foot in width, and averaged about fifty dollars to the pound in value. A sack of this ore was worth five thousand dollars. At length Shorty came to The High-Gradin' Kid, who was working some fifteen feet from his nearest neighbor.

"Hello, Kid," saluted Shorty, "How's she goin'?"

McGarvin looked up, the light playing fantastically upon his countenance. "Not so bad," he replied. He scraped some ore fragments back upon his breaking down canvas, and turning, seated himself for a chat. Shorty dropped down beside McGarvin, and taking the makings from his pocket began rolling a cigarette.

"Pass 'em to me when you're through," said The Kid. Shorty gave him the papers and Durham, and when both cigarettes had been rolled Shorty lit his from the candle flame, then held it over to McGarvin.

They puffed meditatively for some moments. It was the Kid who spoke. "I hear you nabbed two of them last night, Shorty," he ventured.

Shorty was surprised at the insinuation. He did not know that any one save himself and the hoisting engineer were aware of the recovery of the two sacks of high grade.

"How'd you know about it?" he inquired.

"Oh, it's whispered around," replied McGarvin, "Of course everybody don't know about it, but it's out."

"Well, keep it under your hat, won't you Kid?" Shorty suggested.

"Certainly," responded McGarvin. "Why should I tell? Besides, you did the square thing with me. Say," he paused to regard Shorty brightly, "You're certainly onto your job. It takes a good one to fool you. I'll wager that not many of them get past you."

"You're sure right," said Shorty, voicing a new line of thought that had instantly presented itself. "If I do say it, Kid, it does take a wise guy to get past me. I'm telling you that if any man gets away with the stuff when I'm on the watch, he's welcome to it."

"I'd say he was," the Kid heartily agreed, then lapsed into silence. Though his acquiescence was ready, his pride had been piqued by Shorty's boast. The remark had aroused in him the spirit of resentment, for he prided himself in the technique with which he applied his



profession. High-grading could never be relegated to the low class of trade; it was a profession with The High-Gradin' Kid.

"Well, I've got to hit the ball if I expect to fill this sack before quitting time," the Kid observed. He swung around, took up his pick, and attacked the seam of hard quartz which lay next to the hanging wall. For a foot in height it had been stripped clear of the lower grade ore. Shorty sat smoking. He was tired from the long hours of the past day. Cautiously McGarvin pried loose some small pieces of the ore. They fell upon the canvas. Carefully he worked down some larger pieces till he had some twenty pounds of high-grade upon his sheet. Meanwhile, he conversed intermittently with Shorty. With no more than a cursory glance, the Kid could tell that the rock he was breaking down was of the richest the mine produced. He picked a piece from the canvas, weighed it in his hand, then passed it to Shorty, with "That's the stuff, eh?" Shorty agreed and tossed the piece back upon the pile after he had looked it over. The Kid re-attacked the ore. He worked in such a way that a large fragment of ore, some fifteen pounds or more, was hanging loosely against the wall rock. He could see that this piece was exceptionally rich. He shifted his candle till the shadow fell upon his side which was next the manway. Then taking up his pick again, he pried a large piece loose with a quick deft stroke. It fell but a few inches, alighting upon the pile of smaller fragments. With a dextrous move the Kid shoved the treasured piece back from its first resting place into the shadow at his left. Then he attacked his work with renewed zeal, keeping up a stream of talk meanwhile. Cautiously he worked the large piece back, now with the end of the pick handle, now with his hand, or foot, till it was near his feet. Then with a foot against it he shoved it far down the slope of loose detritus toward the manway ladder.

Beyond question, The High-Gradin' Kid possessed more than ordinary histrionic ability. There was nothing in either his words or actions to make Shorty suspect that his motives were not of the best intent. He worked feverishly for a few minutes longer. He now had half a sack of high-grade upon the canvas sheet. Laying down his pick, he turned to Shorty, and said in a quavering voice, "Shorty, what was in that tobacco you gave me? It must have

been doped. I'm sick." Shorty turned and in the flickering light he saw that The Kid's face was white and drawn. The features twitched spasmodically. The Kid was displaying symptoms of nausea. He sank limply upon the canvas and its rich covering.

"Why, I don't know," Shorty replied sympathetically, "It was just the same as I've been smoking all the time. I hadn't noticed any effects, except that I'm sleepy, and that's natural. You must have eaten somethin' that disagreed with you."

"I might have," McGarvin agreed between spasms of pain and nausea. "Anyway, I'm sick, I think I'll have to go on top."

"Sure," said Shorty, "Go up. If you don't feel right, go on home. You can't work if you're sick. Want me to go up with you?"

"No, thank you," The Kid managed to say after a violent effort. "I can make it, I think. It might be the powder smoke from the last shift that's knocked me out. It affects me this way, sometimes."

WITH one hand pressed to his abdomen, McGarvin groaned stertorously as he slid down the stope toward the manway. The next miner up the stope paused his work to inquire of Shorty the nature of the Kid's trouble. Shorty informed him fully, but did not move from his resting place. The Kid had refused his assistance. He did not persist with his proffer of it. Distressed as the Kid apparently was, he was not so far gone that he forgot to push the lump of high-grade down toward the manway as he progressed. Reaching the ladder he deftly picked up the piece of ore and, slipping it into the hollow beneath his arm, clamped that member down tightly upon it. His nausea must have grown less acute before he had descended many rungs of the ladder, for he certainly made faster time than when in sight of Shorty.

The Kid smiled whimsically as his feet touched the floor of Number Two Level. No one was in sight. Holding his candle so the light fell upon the lump of ore, he examined it carefully. He weighed it. He turned it critically.

"A fair shift's work," he muttered good naturedly, "but that was sure a tough belly ache. Well, anyway," he further soliloquized, "It's better now." He proceeded rapidly to the shaft, where he rang down the skip and ascended to the surface. When within a few feet of the shaft collar, his illness recurred in violent form.

As he passed into a shadow near the door of the change room he allowed the piece of high-grade to slip from its socket and fall to the ground. He went on without attempting to retrieve it. He opened the door of the change room and entered tottering, gripping his abdomen with both hands and bending half double. To the questions of the shift boss who was at this time in the change room, The Kid said that he must have been ptomaine poisoned, and that as he was unfit for work Shorty had sent him above. Changing his clothes after a long painful effort, and bidding the shift boss a weak good night, he went out. Again he recovered rapidly. Perhaps the cool air acted as a stimulant. In any event he lost no time in retrieving the lump of high-grade, and with it tucked under his arm made his way swiftly down toward town.

The shape, weight and irregular contour of the lump made it a difficult object for The Kid to carry under his arm for any distance. When a short distance down the trail he shifted it to a lower position, folding it in the skirt of his coat and supporting it with his left hand. His right hand was in his other coat pocket, resting upon a small automatic pistol.

McGarvin did not enter the camp by its main street. Instead, he skirted along the rear of the houses which confronted the thoroughfare, out of range of the scattering lights, till he came to a door behind which there was a dull crunching sound. The noise had a regular monotonous rhythm, and was accompanied by a low, steady roar. McGarvin knew that the sounds were those of a small rock crusher in operation, and the blast of a melting furnace. He tapped upon the door three times, in rising crescendo. A moment, and the door opened slightly. McGarvin said something which apparently allayed any suspicion that the man inside might have held, for the door was opened, and McGarvin slipped inside. He removed the piece of ore from its hiding place and handed it to Loomis, the assayer. The room was lit by a gasoline lamp, making it nearly as light as day. Loomis' eyes widened admiringly as he looked the rock over.

"Whew-w-w!" he whistled, "about the finest single piece I've seen, Kid, in this camp, though I'll admit I've handled better pieces from the Florence and Mohawk; but it's not a bad night's work."

"I don't know," The Kid smiled reluctantly. "I had to get awfully



sick to get it. Gosh, Loomis, I had the doggondest belly ache." The Kid passed a hand reminiscently over his abdomen, and his face writhed at recollection of the past pain.

"I see," said Loomis, "It must have been bad, but you took the 'Gold Cure', eh?" He smiled at his own pun.

"I reckon," McGarvin drawled. "Weigh it in." Loomis placed the rock upon a set of large balances, and adjusted the corresponding weights.

"Seventeen and a quarter pounds," he announced. "Want a receipt for it?" The Kid shook his head. "Well," Loomis pursued, "I'll slip you your part about eight in the morning." With this assurance, McGarvin departed. His first inclination was to repair to one of the saloons for a short flurry at some game of chance, but his better judgment sent him directly to bed. Shorty might make the round of the saloons after he came from the mine. If he found The Kid well, and able to gamble, he might be suspicious of that attack of colic.

A few minutes before noon the next day, Shorty sat upon one of The Tin Can's stools and partook of a hearty breakfast. He had slept late, due to the exertions of the preceding forty-eight hours. He was finishing the last of his coffee when the door opened slightly and a low whistle caused him to face about. He saw Pete Carson's serious visage framed in the door crack. Pete closed the door immediately and withdrew. Shorty slid from his seat and followed.

"The Kid's goin' out with Joe Simms," Pete announced, when Shorty had come out. "Joe told me, just now." Shorty nodded and the two men parted, Shorty going straight for the automobile which stood before Lee's hotel, Pete sauntering off in the opposite direction.

JOE SIMMS was giving his car the last once-over before starting for Winona. A man sat in the seat next the driver's. Three other men occupied the rear seat. The High-Gradin' Kid was nowhere in sight. Presently he emerged from the hotel carrying a suitcase and a small grip. Shorty met him almost as he came out the door, and by direct frontal position forced him back within the hall. Shorty's jaw was set hard. He looked McGarvin over so thoroughly and coolly that the latter squirmed uneasily and dropped his grips.

"Leavin', Kid?" Shorty ventured suggestively.

"Yes," replied The Kid, a little relieved at Shorty's question, "I couldn't stand the air up there. That's what knocked me out last night. I've got to find some outside work.

"Well," Shorty said easily, his calm self again, "You've changed your mind, Kid." Shorty came close now, and removed his hand, which had been all this time resting in his right coat pocket, and poked the muzzle of his automatic into the Kid's midriff. The Kid's face blanched, and he squirmed as far back as the wall would permit. "You've changed your mind, haven't you?" Shorty once more suggested.

"I reckon I'll have to stay," The Kid drawled quietly now. He was forcing his old smile. "Since your hospitality is so insistent, and so genuine, I cannot refuse. What shall I do to oblige you?"

"First," announced Shorty, "you hand me that little gat you have in your pocket, and shove her out butt first." The Kid smilingly complied. "Now," added Shorty, "You go out and tell Joe that you can't get away today. Say I want you to go on as shift boss. Sabe? Then you come back here. I'll wait in the door, and if you try any double cross work, I'll plug you, understand?" The Kid nodded. Then Shorty concluded, "We'll take your grips up to my shack. I'm sort of a custom's inspector. I want to look them over. You might have somethin' in them that you hadn't paid duty on."

The Kid obeyed his orders implicitly, and a few minutes later, with Shorty, he was walking up the main street toward Shorty's cabin. Each carried a grip, and they were chatting rather cheerfully.

"Open 'em up, and dump the stuff on the bed," Shorty commanded, when they were inside his abode. The Kid grinned sheepishly, and took up the smaller bag.

"Hell," he laughed. "What's the use?" He opened the bag, reached within, and drew out a good-sized bar of gold bullion. "Here it is. Take it. What's the verdict?"

Shorty examined the ingot while The Kid stood waiting. "One hundred and ten ounces," Shorty mused. "What were you goin' to do with it, Kid?"

"Oh," drawled McGarvin, "I thought I would have a ring put in one end and use it for a watch charm. Some little nugget!"

"It is," agreed Shorty, "and now look here, Kid. You've changed your mind again. It's too heavy for

a watch charm, anyway. Now I'll keep this." He held out the bar.

"What I want to know is, how you got it, and how the rest of the gang are gettin' away with it. Kid, if you come across with this information you get free and you get this bar. If you don't you go to the pen. Which?" Shorty snapped the question.

"I go to the pen," The Kid replied decisively. "I never squealed on a man yet, and I ain't going to now. If you want to know how I got that, I took it right out from under your nose last night. Besides, the brick is mine. You said that anybody who could take high-grade when you were on watch was welcome to it. You were easy as robbing a baby, Shorty."

"Sure I was," agreed Shorty, "That was a terrible attack you had last night. I baited you, Kid, and you bit. By the way, Loomis has coughed up his guts about his part in the deal. I haven't arrested him yet, but he's where he'll be a good dog. Now come through with what you know about the whole thing, or out you go to the Winona jail."

"I'll see you in hell first," growled McGarvin, "Send me up, and be damned. I won't squeal. Loomis has nothing on me. He's in too deep. Come on, take me over to Judge Pierce's court. I'll waive my hearing and go straight to the District Court."

The Kid led the way down the street towards the office of the Justice of the Peace. A warrant was sworn out, charging Roy McGarvin with grand larceny. He was given into the custody of a deputy constable, and the three started for Joe Simm's car, which was still before Lee's Hotel.

"If you have anything to say," Shorty remarked as they walked along, "let me know, Kid."

"I told you I'd see you in hell first," The Kid replied stubbornly, "and I will, before I cough up anything."

"Then we're sure to meet, Kid," Shorty replied with a chuckle, "I guess you don't need my escort any further. Goodbye." Shorty proffered his hand. The Kid accepted it. They parted, Shorty turning and making his way toward the mine office; The Kid, with his guard, going on to where Joe Simms was climbing behind his wheel, and ultimately to the Winona County Jail.

Shorty was not disappointed. He had held little hope of McGarvin confessing to the crime, and more than the virtual acknowledgment of



his own guilt. He was too seasoned a high-grader to implicate any of his confederates. Moreover, there was a doubt as to The Kid's having any confederate. He was rather a self-reliant fellow. However, there was one point which tended to eliminate this doubt. How had McGarvin come into the possession of the facts regarding the two sacks of high-grade, which Shorty had so artfully received that night at the head of The Raise? Shorty had informed no one but the hoisting engineer who was on shift at the time of the recovery of the sacks of ore. Shorty was positive that the engineer had not violated the confidence reposed in him. Yet for all this the town was in possession of the news of the recovery of the two sacks of high-grade within a few hours after they had been taken. In working his plans Shorty had meant that this recovery be kept secret. In the case of the Kid's apprehension he had not cared for secrecy, unless The Kid implicated his associates. Shorty still held to the theory that McGarvin was not working alone, more than to the extent of disposing of what he high-graded in his own way, through common channels.

**R**AWLINS was with the book-keeper, Kirby, working over some details of the last monthly statement, when Shorty entered the mine office. Shorty nodded and went on to an inner room, but something in the salutation caused Rawlins to take it as an invitation to follow. He went in and closed the door.

"Well?" he inquired, after he had appraised Shorty. "You look like something had happened."

"It has," responded Shorty. He took a chair and advised Rawlins to be seated. Then he related the story of The High-Gradin' Kid's detection, apprehension and arrest. Shorty reluctantly confessed that he had not seen The Kid actually take the ore, yet his moral certainty had given him the courage to make the bluff which had resulted in The Kid's journey to the Winona County Jail.

"What did you do with the gold brick?" Rawlins asked.

Shorty explained that it had been left with the Justice of the Peace. "It's Exhibit 'A' in the case of the People of the State of Nevada vs. Roy McGarvin," he concluded.

"Pretty good work," Rawlins remarked encouragingly. "You've done well, Shorty, with this round up, and getting back to those two sacks of ore the other night. It begins to look as if you had been right after all. We have been losing more

than I thought. I was of the opinion that about all that was getting past us was small dribbles."

"Say," Shorty demanded a little irately, "how the hell did you know about those sacks? I never told anybody except Hutchinson. There's a leak somewhere. Who told you, Jimmy?" he finished more moderately.

"Why, Ann told me. I believe Barbara was her informant. It seems as if the thing was town gossip."

"Yes," Shorty commented acidly, "It seems so. Now how did the girls get this?"

"Oh, they're in a public business, Shorty. It's the most natural thing they should hear of this among the first. I wouldn't get suspicious of them if I were you," Rawlins advised.

"Suspicious, hell," Shorty barked, "I wasn't suspicious of them. Why of course they wouldn't know any more than they had heard, but somebody has been leakin'. Govich and The Mucker must have told one of their pals before they hit the grade for the outside. Say, Jimmy, did you ever see two fellows look quite as relieved as they did when they saw I wasn't after them?" Shorty smiled reminiscently.

"I didn't pay much attention to it at the time," replied Rawlins, "for I didn't know the motive behind your words, but they were ready to go on, if their looks meant anything."

"They were a r'arin' to go," chuckled Shorty, "and a goin'."

Shorty had scored two points in support of his argument that the mine was being looted upon a wholesale basis. Now he proceeded to drive home these points that he might be given a free rein in rounding up the high-graders, or as many of them as was possible. Rawlins listened with interest. He even displayed signs of reversion of his judgment and of allowing Shorty to go ahead with the matter.

"Let me go to 'em," Shorty pleaded. His conscience was hurting him because he had succeeded in but a small manner. "Let me go, Jimmy, and I'll round this gang in less than three days."

Rawlins pondered over the request for some moments before replying.

"I'd like to, Shorty old man," he said at length, "but you know how Bill feels about these things. He knows he's being robbed, but he'd rather lose a little than bring any sorrow upon innocent persons. Think of what it might mean to some woman, or little kid, or some one

else, if one of the men you arrested happened to be her husband or the kid's father or some near relative, or friend. That's the way Bill looks at it, and I must confess that I agree with him to some extent. Now suppose, for instance, that you started something which ended in a killing or two. It's a serious matter, Shorty. Let's let them go on this way. Recover all you can, and give the ones you get the run. Anyway, let it go this way till Staley returns. He'll be back soon."

"Do you mean that you want me to let the High-Gradin' Kid go?" Shorty demanded. "If you do, then let him go yourself. I'm done with this job."

"No," Rawlins replied, "You got him with the goods. Let him suffer, if he won't tell us anything. If he does tell us, then let him off easy. What I mean are the little fellows, the ones who are stealing enough to make them thieves but not enough to cripple us."

"You don't have to make them thieves," Shorty interrupted, "Thieves are born that way; they don't need makin'."

"Yes," admitted Rawlins, "I agree with you there, but gold in the rock is a sure temptation. Well, I'll phone Laurence and Lambert to see The Kid and try their luck with him. Maybe they can pump something worth while out of him." Laurence and Lambert were respectively the attorney for the Sultana Mining Company, and the Sheriff of Winona County.

According to Pete Carson, his wife was busier than a she cat with three litters of kittens. Whether Pete's estimate of his wife was commendatory or condemning, is not a matter of discussion, but it cannot be denied that Mrs. Carson was a busy woman. She attended conscientiously to her own household, and to the task of depleting the Carson treasury almost as rapidly as Pete could replenish it by selling wildcat claims. She still exercised her protectorate over Ann and Barbara and assumed certain mandatory powers over Jimmy Rawlins and Shorty Dain. With these duties, in addition to keeping herself cognizant of the town doings and contributing verbally thereto, Mrs. Carson was fairly active during her waking hours.

She suddenly awoke one night to the realization that she had been neglectful in at least one instance. The unprecedented length of Indian Summer had lulled her into a state of what might be called meteorological



lethargy. Now she realized from the nearness of the holidays, that winter might break upon them violently at any minute. Moreover, they were unprepared for it. Their tent house and the one adjoining, occupied by Ann and Barbara, must be boarded in against the cold which would come before Spring opened. Mrs. Carson was a creature of action. With a thought, or as soon as possible afterwards, came the deed.

BEING an unconscious exponent of "do unto others as you would that others do unto you," Mrs. Carson's first thought was not of her own domicile, but of the girls' quarters. In the morning she sought out a carpenter, told him her requirements, and then set about making things at the girls' house ready for the alterations. In all this she did not see the necessity of informing

the tenants. Was she not their foster motherly chaperon? They were busy and should not be disturbed. Moreover there was an element of surprise in her plans. Like all grown ups, Mrs. Pete Carson was still a child. She would have experienced but a single emotion had she told the girls of the improvement which was to be made to their home. Mrs. Carson's plans called for the boarding in of the tent house, walls and roof, and the covering of this sheeting with tarred paper. The original tent would be left intact and would serve as an inner lining. The result would be a very comfortable and warm cabin of two rooms.

In conformity with her plan to make this surprise as nearly complete as possible, Mrs. Carson left her breakfast dishes unwashed and went to the adjacent tent to arrange its furnishings that they might not

be littered with the dust of the carpenter's working overhead.

She worked feverishly, for the carpenter's lumber would soon arrive and as much of the furniture and apparel as possible must be under cover before the tent was shaken by the hammering. The dresser was stripped of its top hamper and this crowded into the drawers. The best clothing was piled upon the bed and covered by a clean sheet. Odds and ends were gathered and stacked beside the pile of clothes, and the bed and all were covered with a large canvas tarpaulin which Mrs. Carson had brought from her own home. She stood off and surveyed her work, then looked around for some other havoc she might do. Her glance took in the disguised trunk, upon which Barbara and Shorty had so frequently sat.

(Continued on page 469)

## Music and Musicians

### "Woes of a Woman Composer"

By  
ELEANOR EVEREST FREER,  
M. M.

IN THE August issue of a well-known music journal appeared an interview with my distinguished English colleague, Dame Ethel Smyth; whose woes, however, seem to have passed, as England honors her in fitting manner. Among her many achievements, in addition to her splendid operas, is the formation of a Women's Symphony Orchestra. The title is called to mind by my own "woes," not the least of which consist of the necessity of reading so many more or less intelligent articles on the subject of "Opera In Our Vernacular;"



and especially some recent ones by Otto Kahn, to say nothing of the added touches by the Chicago critics.

In the same issue with the interview with Dame Ethel Smyth appeared also a long criticism on Ravina; ending, to my surprise, with somewhat of a challenge: "Mrs. Archibald Freer, please take

notice." Soit—I accept the challenge; but in replying demand the same freedom and courtesy of the press accorded the challenging critic.

In my experience as a writer versus the publisher and artist, I learned many years ago that prestige in Art was for the foreigner, not for the native-born. Further experience in the field brought to my attention the fact that a change must take place or this land would have no recognized art of its own. A later interest in the field of Opera showed me that our public must begin by understanding through hearing English; for then, and then only, would it accept the American Opera.

ON THIS subject I have written from time to time for over twenty years; and since 1921 have given all my time, energy and much more to this cause. The work has been hard. Due to thoughtless opposition it has been unpleasant. I say 'thoughtless,' for it is difficult to believe that Americans would wilfully oppose prestige for this nation's Art were they to reflect upon

the meaning of their stand. But there has been opposition, and had it not been for the sincere, hearty and generous collaboration of a small group of workers I would long since have thrown the work to the winds.

Why should it appear strange that I should deem it imperative that, wherever possible, in city or town, there should be established a civic theatre or opera house based upon presentations in our own tongue? This must become an established institution if America is to lead in Art as she does in Science and in business. It was only after serious investigation proved that our Art creation deserved this, after I was satisfied that it was our due, that it became a publicly expressed wish of mine, and the purpose of my effort.

To return to Ravina: The two performances of Opera in English—two performances in a season of ten weeks!—did not have small houses on account of the use of English; but, as Mr. Eckstein admitted, because of the weather.

The first night of *Lohengrin*, the cold and rain kept me away. The second night, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, I attended; but in spite of a lighted cigarette at my left and a burning punk at my right

(Continued on page 480)



# A Page of Verse

## REBEL

**F**OR God's sake—Oh I say it reverently!—  
Like me as I am, or not at all.  
You can't remodel me—  
Perhaps I like my faults, perhaps I  
want to fall;  
And if I do have I no right  
To my own hell and my way out?  
Who shall deprive me of the lessons of  
the night  
Of my experience by trembling looks  
of doubt?

Thus in the big things and even in the  
small,  
Leave me alone.  
I am not stone,  
Yet my clay can't be stirred  
By every hand or any word  
Into the form of loveliness.  
The one who tries  
But crushes it to ugliness.

Do not try, but watch with me  
The loveliness I am, shall be,  
When shall have touched and drawn  
away  
The hand that knows and loves  
My clay.

—RACHEL THAYER DUNLAP.

## TO A YOUNG GIRL PLAYING THE VIOLIN

**L**ITTLE vagabond fingers . . .  
. . . on your Stradivarius  
You touch its inanimateness  
It whispers your secrets.

As I watch you  
One should never watch a player on strings!  
I wonder why the harmony of sound  
Robs me of naturalness.

I look at the floor  
I watch the vibrations down there  
Scampering like mice into their holes  
I scamper in after them.

I react differently I guess  
I should like the musical critics  
Hear rippling brooks  
And fountains splashing in the sun.

I do not hear these things,

When I was young  
One night I watched  
A comet drop into the west;  
Did I know  
How it moved  
How it came or where it went?

And how can I  
Know how your music came  
Or how it went  
And why it moved . . .

—W. H. LENCH.

## THE CAMEL BOY

**H**IS CARAVAN and cavalcade  
Across the burning desert made  
A patient journey, day by day,  
A camel boy sang on his way:  
"Oo—la, oo—lee, I can but sing—  
True, golden verse hath golden ring  
And golden voice I may not own,  
Yet who would travel and bemoan?"

"Rich coins of silver oft caress  
The hands of those who love the less  
Great Allah, majesty-adorned,  
Yet I, though lowly, lonely, scorned,  
Above the heed of all well know  
The sway of camels to and fro—  
I am as care-free and as blessed  
As priest or prophet, unconfessed.

"I rest at night by cool and calm  
Of dripping spring, 'neath whispering palm,  
While golden stars come close and stand  
Like tapers tall, o'er desert sand,  
And when again the radiant morn  
On silent wings of dawn is borne,  
I drive to Mecca, ancient shrine,  
With dates and silk, and spice and wine.

"Oo—la, oo—lee—a torrent beats  
Round sacred Caaba, when the streets  
O'erflow with pilgrims, Bedouins,  
Who carry there their load of sins,  
Who press their lips to ebony stone,  
Who offer prayers, repent, atone—  
But as for me, the desert far  
Out-stretched at night, the beacon star,

"The fronded palms, the camel train,  
All are to me, shall e'er remain,  
The only temple of my soul,  
My only court, my only goal,  
For Allah walks beside the gray  
Slow beast I ride, and points the way,  
Oo—la, oo—lee, oo—lay . . .  
A—I—way."

—MARY AGNES KELLY.

## DETACHMENT

**S**ILENT I lie, in a silver pool  
Made by the moonlight  
On my bed,  
Shadows of swaying leaves  
From the great elm at my window  
Move softly over me  
In rhythm, without sound.

Let my heart throb as it will  
Beneath the coverlet;  
Let my thoughts like quick birds  
Dart among the shadow-leaves  
Or skim the shining surface of the pool—  
So long as my body does not move,  
So long as I lie inert and still  
I have ceased to exist.  
I am not.

And my spirit, thus quietly released,  
Like a pale-winged luna moth,  
May flit through silver spaces of the night,  
Adventuring!

—NELENE GROFF GETTELL.

## CAMPING

**T**HERE is something absurd about this,  
absurd and profoundly irritating.  
Outside the sun of June beats like a  
pulse in the sky, and the swell of the  
green hills is the curve of fecundity.  
Breathless with beauty the woods lie open  
to me.

Yet here I sulk, slapping and cursing in a  
black rage, because I am no true son  
of Allah, and my flesh is tender.  
In spite of a smudge-fire and my flailing  
hands I am bitten in body and beaten  
in spirit.  
I still believe that man is a superior crea-  
ture, but in the presence of the mos-  
quito . . .

Physician, have you an ointment for a  
galled self-respect?

—EUNICE TIETJENS.

## BROTHERHOOD

**I** SOUGHT a lonely path  
To be with grief, alone,  
But one was there before me, and  
His cross outweighed my own.

I paused with tender thought,  
His burden prayed to share;  
And my own soul, deep-wounded, caught  
The uplift of that prayer!

—GRACE E. HALL.

## THE BLIND PAINTER'S MISTRESS

**H**is hands that grip the brushes futilely  
Thre in the radiance of the sunset  
glow  
Cry dumbly a white-knuckled agony.  
Reach out to me, dear heart—I love you so!

Yes, I am beautiful—why did I choose  
To spend myself on one who had no eyes?  
"Think how the gods must laugh that he  
should lose  
Himself unwittingly in paradise!"  
'Tis so they spoke, these foolish friends at  
tea  
Upon the terrace.

How were they to know  
My mad, barbaric joy? He comes to me  
At night to kiss my outspread hair—I go  
Into a sleep where I can share his dark,  
And lie to dreams of color and of light.  
My beauty to our love is but the spark  
To kindle it to flame. Yet never quite  
Can he possess the light whose warmth he  
feels.

I lie within his arms—his heart can find  
How much I love—to him my spirit  
kneels—  
So dear—so inarticulate—so blind!

—MARGARET SKAVLAN.



# The Surgeon's Fry

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 442)

time; but Crowfoot had never taken them off the nail.

Today he laid them on the little home-made dresser and went to an old trunk which stood in the corner. For a long time he mused before the battered chest, a wistful, half-sad look in his eyes. Finally he unlocked it, raised the lid and began rummaging through the old clothes that filled the trunk, drawing from the depths a framed document covered by a glass front. He tenderly wiped the walnut frame with clumsy fingers and polished the glass. This was his marriage certificate. He remembered how old Elder Evans had filled it out in his trembling handwriting the night he and Inez had gone to the old man's cottage to be married; and he remembered too, how the loafers in George Haines' furniture store had chaffed him when a few days later he had taken it in to be framed. Carefully now he hung it on the nail over the bed and then straightened it with a tender touch.

There was no sound but the gurgling of the boiling pitch in Crowfoot's tar kettle. The last few days had dragged slowly by, and though he could see other fishermen landing with good catches every afternoon he stayed on shore and watched every interurban train and every ferry.

Crowfoot was beginning to feel the effect of the suspense of the last few days, and it was evident that he was trying to come to a decision of some sort on a question of great concern. He glanced at the sun. His riverman's eye told him it was noon. With an old oar he scattered the embers of the fire, and taking a final mouthful of his clippings as well as a last glance at his nets, lying in the sun drying from their recent coat of tar, he started toward town.

He did not stop there. Instead, he went directly to his cabin and began the making of an elaborate toilet. He washed his hands and face carefully, aided by a sandy bar of mechanic's soap, then put on a clean blue shirt and his corduroy trousers—saved for special occasions—and finally his new tan army shoes purchased only a few weeks before.

Surveying himself in the little cracked mirror which hung over his sink, and giving a parting twist to his scraggy grey mustache, he walked out the door, muttering as he did so,

"I've got a hunch they'll be on the next car."

THERE WERE a few loiterers around the interurban depot and some of them greeted Crowfoot with: "Goin' to leave us, Crowfoot?" or, "What you all dressed up for, Crowfoot?" But Crowfoot slumped into a seat and did not move until the agent started toward the station door. At this signal that the car was coming, he was up in an instant and standing close to the edge of the platform when the car pulled in. Several passengers alighted. One of them, Doctor Thomas, from the next station below, recognized Crowfoot and nodded to him. The Doctor was followed by others, and Crowfoot was beginning to feel that he was to be disappointed, when Tom appeared in the doorway, and behind him a slender, blonde girl, flashily dressed and much rouged, who was laughing heartily. Tom carried two large suit-cases. He came down the car steps and Crowfoot heard him say laughingly to his companion,

"Yes, this is the burg!"

Tom wore his cap at a jaunty angle and seemed bubbling with good spirits.

"Halloo, Dad!" he said, following it quickly with: "Meet my wife!—Thelma, this is Dad."

Thelma took in Crowfoot from hat to shoes with a sweeping glance, extended her hand slowly and drawled,

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

Crowfoot took her limp hand in his great brown one and merely nodded. He had planned to say something proper to the occasion but somehow no words came. Tom shouted to the station agent:

"George, where's the boy from the hotel, who takes the grips over?"

"Don't come any more," George replied, "guess you'll have to lug 'em, Tom."

Crowfoot picked up the grips. He stood by his son and several times opened his mouth as if to speak. Finally he managed to say:

"Why Tom, I 'lowed you'd stay with me. I fixed yer room all up for ye. Come on Tom. Come on down to the house."

Tom looked at his father with a mingled expression of anger and amusement. Then his glance flitted to his wife who was frowning and

impatiently tapping her satin-slippere foot.

"No, we'll go to the hotel. It would be too crowded down there. You can carry the grips if you want to."

Mrs. Goebel was standing in the hotel door. Tom introduced his bride and the perspiring landlady kissed her, much to Thelma's discomfiture. When the confusion subsided Crowfoot found himself alone in the kitchen, where Mrs. Goebel had pressed him into service as a potato peeler.

Crowfoot felt depressed because of Tom's refusal to bring his bride to his home, and scarcely understood why Tom had refused. There were many things Crowfoot could not comprehend. He had become accustomed to accepting everything that didn't go his way as just one more thing he didn't understand.

When his work was finished, he opened the screen door cautiously and stepped out on the hotel porch. Mrs. Goebel's stout figure occupied a rocker, Thelma another. Tom sat on the top step and Clarence Daw was perched on the railing of the porch. Daw was a young man who had been born and reared in Freedport, but had been away for a number of years and had just returned a few weeks before. He had been travelling with a cheap carnival company, and had a month's vacation while the show was touring through southern Iowa. It was evident that most of his boastful conversation was directed toward Thelma. It was also plain to the most casual observer that he had in her a willing and receptive listener, for she gave him the most rapt attention. No one paid any attention to Crowfoot. He sat in the shadows for a while, listening, then stumbled away through the dusk to his lonely rooms, followed by a muttered word from Tom which might have been "Goodnight".

The next few days Crowfoot busied himself with his fishing operations, stopping at the hotel each evening to do any odd jobs that Mrs. Goebel might have for him. Each evening he paused on the porch before going home, to listen to the idle talk of Daw, Thelma, and Tom. Sometimes Thelma and Daw were alone. Tom had, "gone down town to play pool" she would tell Crowfoot on these occasions. Always Daw would be sitting near her talking in his usual animated manner,



Thelma listening with suppressed eagerness.

Once or twice when he was leaving he heard her nervous laughter follow him, and once he thought the burst was preceded by a sentence containing the word "father-in-law," coming from Daw. Now and then when Thelma and Daw were sitting alone on the hotel porch, Crowfoot would hunt up Tom at the pool-hall, and sit by watching him play a game or two of "Kelly pool" with other young men of the village. At these times Tom paid little attention to his father except to answer him in monosyllables when he asked a question, but Crowfoot usually lingered until the boy left. Then he would plod home to sit on his porch and watch the twinkling stars, or the lights beyond the river.

On the first of June Tom's leave of absence was over, and he went back to his boat. On the morning he was leaving he walked over to the place where Crowfoot was painting his skiff and bade his father goodbye. This was the first Crowfoot had known of his leaving. The boy shook hands with Crowfoot and with a hurried, "Take care of yourself, Dad," started to walk away. Crowfoot followed him a few steps and when Tom saw he wanted to say something to him, he halted with a slight show of impatience.

"Where's Thelma goin' to stay?" asked Crowfoot.

"Oh," replied Tom, "I'll leave her at the hotel. She'll be all right, I'll be back in about three weeks or a month."

"Do you think it'll be all right to leave her there alone?" asked Crowfoot. The wistful look again came to his eyes, but Tom didn't notice it. In fact, it was doubtful if Tom had ever scrutinized his father's face closely enough to be familiar with that look of wistfulness that so often hovered there.

"Sure she'll be all right. Mrs. Goebel will look after her, and Clarence Daw is staying there for several weeks more. Clarence is a good friend of mine, and Thelma has got well acquainted with him. He'll be good company for her. He's seen some of the world and knows a lot about things Thelma's interested in. S'long."

Crowfoot went home from the hotel very late one Saturday evening. His tired legs seemed to fairly rebel against their task of carrying him. The little "box-car" shanty where he lived sat back some distance from the sidewalk and a thick clump of lilacs—

set out by Inez while she was with him—partially obscured the house. During the hot weather Crowfoot had been sleeping on his cot, which he had moved out under the lilacs.

Tonight he stretched himself at full length and being too tired to fall asleep at once lay looking at the stars, thrown like confetti over the summer sky. A few moments later he heard footsteps coming at a distance. A couple was slowly strolling toward his house down the flag-stone walk, and the man's voice was plainly audible. In a moment he recognized Clarence Daw's smooth, oily tones and the occasional monosyllable of the woman, whom he knew as his daughter-in-law.

"No," Clarence was saying, "you're up against a hopeless game. You're starting under too heavy a handicap socially. It isn't fair to yourself. A woman like you, who loves the good things of life—beauty, music, art and the companionship of people of your own tastes, a woman of your good looks and good sense, has no right to be deprived of her very life as you are being deprived of it. Tom's a good fellow in a way, but My God, think of what he came from. There's nothing of any consequence can ever be expected from a man coming of such stock! Now if you'd go with me—of course I won't always be with this carnival outfit, but it's a start in my chosen field at least—I'd place you in a position where your beauty would be appreciated."

Crowfoot could hear no more. The voices had gradually grown more indistinct until they were lost altogether. He arose, went into the house, spread out a clean shirt, brushed his corduroy trousers and pulled out the stiff shoes from under his bed.

Tom's boat, The Laura Bede, had been stopping each week in the river city of Knowlton for a day's "lay over". It was to Knowlton that Crowfoot went with an aching heart and with only one objective—Tom must not be visited by the sorrow that had shadowed the life of his father.

Inquiry at the little old hotel on the waterfront where rivermen always stayed revealed the fact that the schedule of The Laura Bede had been changed and Tom had left the day before. Crowfoot received this information with a dogged silence which did not betray his state of mind. Confronted with the necessity of remaining in Knowlton until the next train, he started to walk up the bank of the Mississippi and soon found himself nearly to the outskirts of the city.

So absorbed was he that he scarcely realized how far he had gone until, looking up, he saw before him an open pasture fringed with circus wagons and tents. Crowfoot remembered then a poster he had seen a week before in the Freedport hotel. Some of the button cutters who boarded there had told him it announced a carnival in Knowlton.

Crowfoot had never attended a carnival. His curiosity was aroused. As it was early in the forenoon no activity was evident about the grounds and Crowfoot drew near. One tent, a gay red striped one, drew his eye. He stopped beside it and caught the sound of a woman's voice, talking in an excited tone from within:

"I tell you to go back to him," the voice said. "Go back before it's too late." There was something in its tone that caused a thrill to run through Crowfoot's body—it had a strangely familiar note.

Another voice answered in distressed tones, punctuated by sobs: "He'll never forgive me. I know he never will." The dejected tone ended in a wail.

Crowfoot recognized Thelma's voice in the highly pitched accents and he wondered what she was doing here. Then the conversation he had heard between her and Daw flashed back through his dull brain.

The older woman's voice continued its pleading: "You must go back. I've been through it and I know. Don't wait. Go at once while you've got the nerve. All these years I've wished I'd gone back. It's too late now. I'm too old. But I wish I'd gone back."

The listener's heart seemed to stop beating as the frail figure of a woman came through the tent opening. She peered doubtfully at the trembling man who came slowly toward her, hands hesitantly outstretched. "Inez!" he said.

The woman hid her face in her hands. "Don't! Don't look at me!" she begged. The flaps of the tent parted slightly and a pair of blue eyes peered out—eyes red with weeping. Thelma stared at the couple. For a moment or two she listened, then drew her head back into the tent and began dabbing at her nose and eyes with a powder puff. The drama enacted outside was forgotten. She was in her own small, vain world again.

Outside, Crowfoot's hands rested clumsily upon the woman's shoulders; "I just fixed it up again—your room," he was saying. "It's the same as when

(Continued on page 479)



# Hoppy's Slugs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 450)

their heads or jumped out of the way of flying heels, but like a flash came the thought that this was my chance and I pulled out the box and dropped it into the grass around the big nest.

"I didn't worry when they took my wallet with all my money for expenses, for I thought they'd soon leave and I'd pick up my gold, but they made us get back into the stage when they'd finished and started us off, firing over the driver's head before they ducked into the underbrush.

"No money would have hired that driver to let us out. He put his horses to a gallop that lasted almost to The Mills, but John and I slipped out of the Tavern at day break, got a rig and went back to the rat's nest which we had no trouble in finding by wheel tracks in the wet ground.

"The box wasn't in the grass where I'd dropped it, nor anywhere about, for we hunted all day, went over every foot of ground about there and I've hunted the place over off and on ever since.

"The hold-up men got my slugs after all."

"We told him how sorry we were, and then he went on."

"I had a little money left in the bank, but not enough to buy the ranch, so I went to work in one of the mills here and did pretty well until that log smashed me; then a hospital down in the City got what I had left except enough to bring me back when they turned me off, mended up as well as they could fix me."

"Bed time, boys," Father called from the back veranda—as he did about that time every night, so we left the Camp wondering about Hoppy's slugs.

As spring came on we noticed a change in Father. He seemed to have lost his jolly ways, and when we asked him for anything we needed he would say he couldn't afford it, which he had never done before.

"Father's as cross as two sticks!" my brother flared up one evening, when we had been called into the house so sharply that our visitors left muttering something about being driven home.

"Perhaps your father is a little short sometimes, Chet, but he may be worried," said Hoppy reprovingly.

"Huh! what's he got to worry him?" Chet asked.

A lot of things, maybe; but if he wants you to know, he'll tell you himself," he was told.

WE QUESTIONED Mother who said that Father was afraid we might lose the tavern through not having the money to make the final payment which was lamost due, and the man he bought of would not extend the time.

Father had depended on money he expected from the man buying our homestead, but grasshoppers had taken his crops and he could pay nothing until the following fall, and Mother's San Rafael cousin who persuaded Father to come to California had forgotten his promise to back him when money was short.

"If the Tavern was bringing in what Mr. Britt said it would, we could easily make the payment, but I'm afraid he wanted to sell it so badly that he forgot to tell the truth.

"I expect farmer folks like us have no right to expect they can make money running a tavern, anyhow we've made none to speak of though we've done the best we could. Your father's always been honest and I can't believe we'll lose our home. Something will turn up," said Mother hopefully.

Hoppy listened to the bad news with a mournful look and shake of the head. When we had finished he said: "Boys, if I hadn't lost them slugs, I'd lend your father the money he needed in a minute."

Boys do not worry over anything very long, and we started off on a squirrel hunt the next day thinking of little besides the good time ahead of us and the squirrels we would bring home. Each of our chums brought his dog and Chet and I coaxed along the gangling hound pup, just given us, that we hoped to train for a hunter. My brother carried the light rifle Father bought him before we left the prairie, and the others each had a gun of some sort, but Mother thought me too young to shoot, so I looked after our dog and the lunch bucket.

Squirrels were not plentiful, only my brother and Fred Holt could show one each when the noon whistle blew, so faintly we could hardly hear them for we were a long way from The Mills by then.

We were all hungry and thirsty but the older boys said we musn't

eat until they found the spring an old wood chopper had told them was somewhere near us. They started off to hunt for it and ordered me to stick where I was, with the lunch-eon.

It seemed the spring was farther away than they thought, for soon I failed to hear their voices or the yapping of the dogs. I began to feel lonesome and thought I'd stroll down the County road in the direction they had taken. So I picked up the bucket, whistled to the puppy, and kept on whistling and hulloing so they could locate me when they came back.

After awhile I saw an old grass grown track leading to the right from the road into a clearing. I followed this path a short distance and then settled down under a tall azalia bush. The puppy dropped, panting beside me. I was so hungry by then I couldn't keep my mind off the lunch I carried, and peeped into the bucket to see what Mother had given us. The sight of fried chicken was too much for me and I took a wing, arguing there was so much it wouldn't be missed when the boys divided.

I had picked the wing and was staring longingly at a drumstick when I heard the boys hallooing. In a panic I flung the bone away and cried: "Catch it, Sport," to the dozing puppy. He jumped up and ran around in a circle, but presently found the bone. Just then Fred's big yellow dog burst into the clearing and flew at Sport, who howled miserably.

They struggled behind a huge rats nest, and to get at and separate them quickly I tried to jump over a low projection at one side of it, but my flying leap only landed me in the middle of the dry sticks forming it. I crashed down through them and when I came to the ground my right foot struck something that gave way with a *scrunch*, and I felt a sharp pain in my heel.

I was a badly scared boy, and shouted to the others who were coming in sight that my foot was in a trap. They looked as scared as I felt and began to run, the dogs following and barking. I paid no attention to their questions but kept shouting "My foot's in a trap!" and trying to pull it free of the rubbish. This I couldn't do so the boys flung the sticks and grass away and uncovered my feet.



Then they began to laugh and shout, "Take a look at your trap, Bob!" and I saw that an old tin box was clinging to my shoe, which had struck it with such force that it had broken through the rusty cover. This with its jagged edges had scratched my foot badly. My foot was wedged in so tightly that my brother started to untie the shoe expecting me to pull out my foot. They were all talking at once about how the box could have got into the nest and I was whimpering over my scratched foot, when one of the excited boys cried, "Aw Chet! pull it off, can't you see he's sufferin'?" Then he seized the box and though I cried "You're 'most killing me!" kept on pulling till it came loose so suddenly that he tumbled over backward clinging to the battered box. As he fell there dropped from it a rotting oil-skin sack that, breaking as it struck the ground, scattered a shower of great gold pieces.

Though I had shouted with pain as Sam pulled, I forgot everything in my astonishment. There was a moment of amazed silence and then with shouts we ran to pick them up. We saw then they were not round gold pieces in circulation at the time when no currency was used in our part of California, but were hexagonal.

Most of us did not grasp what they were, but my brother, the quick thinker among us, shouted as he flung up the old oil-skin sack: "They're slugs, boys! Hoppy's slugs, I'll bet a bit!"

"The ones he hid an' couldn't find," said Fred.

"An' we never believed he had any to hide," another boy cried.

"You can speak for yourself, Ben Jackson! All my folks believed he had 'em, for no one ever caught Hoppy in a lie!" I answered sharply.

"Here! Stop quarreling, and pick them up," my brother called and we began to scramble through the grass, flinging the dry sticks about until we had every gold piece Hoppy had told us were in the box as we proved by counting them over several times.

Presently we remembered we were hungry, but found when we hurried to where I had left the lunch pail that the dogs had been there before us, and as I had not put on the cover when I ran to protect the puppy they had eaten everything but the hard boiled eggs Mother hadn't time to shell.

I EXPECTED I'd catch it, but they were so full of giving Hoppy the surprise of his life and so anxious to hurry home they ate the eggs as they hurried along and only gave me a thought when my brother asked pleasantly if I thought my sore foot would hinder me from keeping up with the rest.

I noticed that the boy who said he didn't believe Hoppy had any slugs wasn't joining the others in saying he was glad poor Hoppy would at last get his gold. Of a sudden he burst out with: "Say, boys, how do we know this gold's Hoppy Bates? Bet you it's not his at all."

We stopped and stared. "Of course it's his," someone said. "Didn't he tell us he hid two thousand dollars in gold slugs, in a tin box, beside a rat's nest in the grass?"

"Don't care if he did! He said it wasn't there when he went back for it in the morning, Ben replied. "Somebody else might have had the same amount of money in a box, everybody puts gold in tin boxes, and hid it under the pile of sticks and then died or forgot where it was."

"Oh, come on, you fellows! Quarrel when you get to The Mills," Chet shouted hurrying along.

But Ben said to some of the boys who were willing to listen. "The slugs are ours 'cause we found 'em. If Hoppy can't prove they're his he shan't have 'em and we'll divide even."

We found Hoppy working in the garden and we ran to him shouting and whooping like Indians, asking him to guess what we had in the bucket.

"He was too astonished to hazard even one guess, so my brother and Fred, with a flourish, swung the heavy bucket up to him and said: "Bob's present to you!" Hoppy expected some trick and sort of weighed the heavy pail in his hands before pulling off the cover.

Mother, who had hurried out to find what the great noise meant, said he "turned as white as a sheet," when he saw the battered box and the slugs. We had even brought the old oil skin sack along.

He didn't say a word, just kept swallowing hard and running his hand through the gold pieces after throwing out the sack and box.

"They're all there. We counted 'em lots of times," some of us told him, hoping he would speak, but as he didn't Fred asked if he wasn't glad.

Then his pale face turned red, he sort of choked up and said: "Boys, maybe these ain't my slugs!"

"Just what I told 'em," Ben Jackson answered pertly. "My Father says a person's got to prove a thing's theirs before they can claim it."

Father, who had just come into the garden, turned on him saying sharply: "Nobody's going to ask Bates to prove anything. We've all heard about his losing his gold and that's proof enough that these slugs are his."

Hoppy gave Father a grateful look and picking up the old box cover he ran his finger along the edge that was unbroken. After a moment's search he handed it to Father who gave a long whistle, then read aloud the words faintly scratched in the rusted metal: "William Bates, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty Nine."

We all gave a shout except Ben, and Father, holding out the battered cover, said to him: "Here's your proof, boy. Are you satisfied?" And Ben, shamed by our laughter, slunk away.

Hoppy said the robbers must have found the box after the stage left and hid it under the rat's nest, forgetting the hiding place when they came back for their plunder, but Father told him: "The hold-up men didn't hide your box, Bates. It was the pack rats."

"They couldn't," said Hoppy. "It was too heavy for them to pack."

"So it was," Father replied laughing. "Far too heavy for them to either carry or drag into their nest so they wisely built another over it."

"That little one I tried to jump over," I exclaimed.

"Exactly, Bob," said Father. "When the rats crept out at dawn and saw that shiny box they wanted it, as they do anything bright, and when they found they'd have to leave it where it was they went to work with the abundance of material at hand and hid it under the little new nest in no time.

"The rain seeping through the sticks and grass for most twenty winters, of course, rusted the box, but the oil-skin sack kept the gold pieces bright. Lucky it took a hard blow, such as Bob's shoe gave it to break the box open, Bates, or your gold would have been scattered, maybe buried, long ago."

Here Mother called us in to lunch and Hoppy said to Father: "Mr. Thomas, you know how they've laughed at me and thought I was



lieing when any of them were in a hole and I'd tell 'em if I hadn't lost my slugs I'd be well enough fixed so I could help them out; but you never laughed at me. You believed me.

"I've worried a lot over your needing money to finish paying for the Tavern, and I'm the happiest man in The Mills today to think I can let you have the money you need. If it takes every slug here to square yourself with old Britt you're welcome to 'em."

Father thanked Hoppy and told him how grateful he was for his offer of the loan, but he said, "I may not need your money, Bates. You've heard of Storrs the great Wyoming cattle king?"

"Yes, sir, I guess everybody in these parts has," Hoppy answered but his face fell.

"Well," Father went on. "Jack Storrs and I were boy chums. We

lost track of one another later, but a couple of weeks ago I saw a big write-up of his cattle ranges in a San Francisco paper and remembering how I used to divide clothes with him so he could keep in school with the rest of us boys, I wrote telling him my fix and asked for a loan to save my home. I didn't tell anyone for I wanted to surprise my wife when the money came. It may be here any day now."

Hoppy drew a deep breath: "Of course your old friend'll be glad to let you have the money, Mr. Thomas, but I'm certainly disappointed that I can't be the one to help you out."

But Hoppy was not disappointed, for Father's chum wrote briefly that though he would like to oblige an old friend his money was all tied up, and so Hoppy's offer was accepted, to his great satisfaction.

Father and Hoppy went down to

the city and the slugs were sold to the bank, and as there was then a premium on gold Hoppy had a considerable sum left after Father had paid off the mortgage, giving Hoppy his note for what he borrowed. Then Hoppy started on a long-wished for trip to the East to visit an aged sister, the last of his family.

He never came back to California, but he wrote us at regular intervals and we did not neglect to answer his many questions about old acquaintances or the progress of The Mills.

After his death one of his eastern friends sent to us, much to our surprise, a package containing such little remembrances as he had treasured through the years. Beside our own family every boy who gathered at our Camp received some little gift.

Intrinsically mine was the most valuable, for he had saved and treasured for me one of his gold slugs.

## Nine Points in the Law

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

WELL! Rachel Green exclaimed as she opened the front door of her modest little home and looked belligerently at the one whose summons she was answering, "Are you trying to wreck the house? A body'd think" she indignantly added, "you was of some account instead of being the biggest nuisance that ever walked on two feet!"

As Andrew West stood there on the little platform that was before the door he looked keenly and appraisingly at the middle-aged woman who had just addressed him, and then back along the path that was outlined with cobblestones placed very near together, over which he had just passed. After a few moments spent in silent contemplation of his surroundings, he slouched forward until his bent figure was a little nearer to the open door than it had been before and suavely and admonitorily said:

"Hold your horses. Don't get excited and throw down the lines and let 'em get to going helter-skelter right on the start."

"I always hate to deal with women on that account," he plaintively added, "They're all so apt to get riled up over nothing."

The expression that had been resting on Rachel Green's stolid face was one of a dread that did not really amount to fear, but the shrewd, self-confident light that was in her pale-blue eyes accentuated the unbending sternness of

her straight, thin-lipped mouth as she emphatically answered:

"They ain't *half* as foolish as men are! They always know which side their bread's buttered on! You couldn't *hire* a woman" she pointedly added, "to make a scarecrow out of herself the way a man will!"

"I didn't come here to bandy words." Andrew West announced as he suddenly assumed a business-like air, "The sooner you make up your mind to turn this place over to me without any fuss the better it'll be for you. I could have brought somebody along but I thought maybe you'd come to your senses by this time."

BEFORE anybody can take possession of anything," Rachel Green slowly began, while her spare, muscular figure gave an impression of strength and endurance, "the one that's already got hold of it has to let go. Two objects can't occupy the same spot of ground at the same time. One of 'em," she coolly continued, "has to be shucked over or throwed off, and some things won't budge because they've been *told* to do it. As far as my comin' to my senses goes," she calmly concluded, "I ain't never lost track of 'em yet and I don't suppose I ever will."

"You've got the advantage of me," the one who stood there on that little

platform admitted, "by bein' a woman, for if you was a man now I'd soon *see* which one of us'd budge.

"You're only putting this thing off by actin' the way you are," he argumentatively added, "for no matter how you feel about it you'll have to give in sooner or later."

"I ain't never give in *yet*," she snapped, "and you may drop dead in your tracks long before I *do*! There ain't nobody in this world," she positively added, "that can tell what's goin' to happen to 'em the next day or even the next hour! Even if I *should* have to give in sometime to anybody else but you, it wouldn't be as bad as it would be *now*!"

"There's only one way left for me to do," Andrew West resignedly declared, "unless I want to go to the expense of havin' you put out in the road, bag and baggage, and that is to set right down here on this step and stay here till you get tired of waitin' for me to go. If I'd known how this was goin' to turn out," he lugubriously added, "I might have brought something along to set *on*, but as long as I didn't," suiting his action to his words, "I'll set down anyhow."

"You'll get tired before I will!" Rachel Green triumphantly announced. "The nights are gettin' to be pretty cool now. If you've never had rheumatism you'll be apt to ketch it, and if you *have* had it, it'll make you wish you'd tended to your own business in-



stead of comin' round here and both-erin' me! You'll be good and hungry," she vindictively added as she hustled back into the house and slammed the door, "before you wear me out!"

Andrew West settled himself as comfortably as he could, and taking a pipe that had evidently seen long service, together with a sack of tobacco from one of the pockets of his coat, prepared to while away the time as peacefully as possible. He had been smoking for quite awhile and was beginning to complacently assure himself that he would soon have the best of the situation, when all at once he realized that something of an unusual nature was going on inside the house. He paid very little attention to it at first and only noticed it in a detached sort of way, but as the disturbance continued an anxious expression appeared upon his face and he arose to his feet and began to pace back and forth. He looked toward the house from time to time and even went so far as to go up to one of the windows and try to peer through it. Immediately after he had made this move everything seemed to quiet down, but almost as soon as he resumed his former seat the noise began again and it seemed to him it was even louder than it had been before. He was not a nervous man and he was under the soothing influence of tobacco, but after awhile as if he could no longer bear inaction he arose and going around to the rear of the house carefully inspected the premises. The sudden silence that followed this change of attitude on his part appeared to him to be ominous, and he began to wonder if the trying situation in which the occupant of the little home was placed had affected her mind so that she was not acting with her customary caution, and he recalled the fact that people in desperate straits sometimes destroyed what they could no longer hope to keep. Quite a volume of smoke was issuing from the chimney that was almost exactly in the middle of the roof, and it seemed to him that as sparks were continually falling on the latter it was in considerable danger of taking fire. Just as he came to this conclusion and before he could make any move with reference to it, the back door of the house suddenly opened and Rachel Green confronted him. Her cheeks were flushed and as he closely regarded her he realized that she had been bending over a hot stove, and while appetizing odors were appealingly surrounding him she abruptly announced:

"I *expected* you'd hear me bangin' around in here and begin to get worried! I'm gettin' to be pretty heavy on my feet and when I move fast, especially if I ain't careful *how* I move, I shake things up! You wouldn't be such an awful bad appearin' man," staring at him appraisingly as she said the words, "if you had somebody to look after you and make you walk the chalk! I wouldn't wonder but what if the right woman got hold of you," she calmly added, "she'd straighten you out and clean you up so you'd surprise yourself. Three good meals a day, morning,

### THE SUPPLIANT

By Marie Drennan

**S**OUL OF GOD that made and moulded me from the souls that have lived before!  
I kneel here in the trembling twilight,  
here on earth's bare, lichened floor;  
I, the child of the dim, blue ages, I,  
the child of the buried lands,  
Lift to thy sunset's fiery pillar my  
aching human hands.

Souls of the folk who lived before  
me, ye who live this day in me!  
Why did ye make me love the cloister?  
Why did ye make me gypsy-free?

Whence my joy in queenly jewels,  
whence the sigh for a silken bed  
Yearning here in a heart that hungers  
for leaves above my head!

Who are Ye that shaped and made  
me? Dare I cry at your secret  
door?

Is there a Voice in the purple twilight?  
A flaming Flower on the  
lichened floor?

Care Ye not for the stress within me  
—crash and stress and garish  
glare?

Ah, in the gloaming calm of the spirit  
I give myself in prayer!

noon and night, and somebody cheerful and wholesome to talk to that'll take an interest in everything he does and says'll do a lot for a man sometimes."

"A good many of 'em has tried to get hold of me," Andrew West stoutly declared, "but it wasn't because they wanted to do any of them things you've just been talkin' about. They all had their own kettle of fish to fry," he shrewdly added, "and they wanted me to furnish everything else and then let 'em go ahead and do as they pleased."

"Well," she slowly began, "anybody might think the way things are between us that I was the worst of

the lot. It *does* look as if you'd got the whip-hand of me," she went on, "and unless you're willing to listen to reason maybe you have. I've got a good many vittles laid in and I could hang on here for quite a spell if I was a-mind to, but after all if we *can* come to an understanding it'd be better to do that than it would to wear ourselves out watchin' and waitin' and wonderin'. I ain't unreasonable," she coolly ended, "but I'd have to ask you to do most of your smokin' out of doors as long as you stick to that pipe."

**H**E LOOKED directly at her and then he looked beyond her into the room that was behind, and after a short silence deliberately said.

"I'd better go back and set down on that step and smoke up the rest of this bowlful of tobacco. I've never been any hand to make up my mind in a hurry," he explanatorily added, "and I ain't goin' to begin now."

She regarded him speculatively as he turned away but she stepped back into the house without further argument and quietly shut the door.

After Andrew West had seated himself on the little platform again he held his pipe in his hand so long that when he put the stem of it between his teeth the tobacco was no longer burning. In spite of this condition however he sat there staring off into space for some little time. After awhile he looked back toward the house and it could be seen that the memory of the appetizing odors he had been enjoying was having a powerful effect upon him, for an expression of anticipatory satisfaction appeared upon his rugged countenance and he took his pipe into his hand again and smacked his lips together. It seemed to him that he could almost see again the little round table with its snowy cloth and places set for two that had been standing in the room into which he had been allowed to look, and when his imagination added to the furnishings of this table some of the steaming viands that his olfactory nerves had assured him were being prepared for consumption the scene that was presented to him was so pleasing as to be almost enticing. Just as he arose to his feet, emptied the unused tobacco out upon the ground and put his pipe in his pocket, the door behind him was abruptly opened and Rachel Green announced:

"If you've made up your mind to stay here and be peaceable, you might as well come in and eat your supper while it's good and hot! I ain't gone

(Continued on page 479)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

## OUR FAITH IN EDUCATION

SO TIMELY a discussion as *Our Faith in Education* by Doctor Henry Suzzallo is wisely brief. Where quarto volumes wait for leisure, this little book will read on the cars and elsewhere in odd minutes. Its object is two-fold, to strengthen in teachers their faith in the essential value of the work they are doing, and to warn against present dangers. "Teachers can struggle along without popular appreciation," he says, "but they cannot labor well without faith in their calling." Of "the slanting attack that constitutes the current danger," he says, "Men want something else beside schools so strongly that they ignore the history of education and politics. Thus they want economy in government at a time when it is greatly needed, and they propose forms of centralized government which make education a mere department co-ordinate with other functions of political administration, wiping out its hard-won independent place . . . . If teachers like judges are to have a certain undisturbable position in which to do their fundamental work, they cannot at the same time be

both partisan politicians and independent educators.

Doctor Suzzallo's plea for trained leadership should be widely read. America cannot afford to forget his words: "Individual men will spend money for food because they know they need it. A democratic society will spend money for education just as readily when it really knows how vitally necessary superior training is to the life of democracies. . . . What schools do is fundamental in our kind of civilization."

It is a satisfaction to Californians to know that this champion of the public schools, now president of Washington State University, is a Californian, trained in the public schools, San Jose Teachers' College, and Stanford University.

At the present moment when counsels seem confused a clear voice should command thoughtful attention: "Faith in popular sovereignty is futile without faith in schools."

—LAURA B. EVERETT.

## INTELLECTUAL TRADE UNIONS

PAUL BLANSHARD in his "Outline of the British Labor Movement" engages our interest by prophesying that "What British labor does in one decade may be done in America in the next."

Trade unionism is taken for granted in Great Britain. Manufacturers no longer clamor for the open shop, and rarely is there an attempt made to engage in the struggle to break up a trade union. Collective bargaining between employers and the representatives of the workers is not disputed as it is so often in this country, but has become a recognized institution.

Of interest to intellectual workers is the fact that in Great Britain teachers, writers, civil employees, and others, are in increasing numbers forming trade unions. More than in any other country, do the intellectual workers in Great Britain wield a great influence. They are leaders in trade unions, in party politics, and get themselves elected to Parliament, where as we know, they are now the ruling power.

England, however, is far from presenting the prospect of immediate passage into the Communist Commonwealth, inasmuch as one-eighth of the population still holds seven-eighths of the nation's wealth. Yet the author concludes optimistically:

"The movement presents the appearance to an American observer of a solid, powerful body of workers progressing slowly but inevitably toward the control of British life. It is based upon a profound faith that the people are ready to assume control of both economic and political institutions. It is the most advanced expression of the aspirations of Western democracy."

AN OUTLINE OF THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT, by Paul Blanshard, with an introduction by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson. New York. George H. Doran Company, \$1.50 net. —ANNA DONDO.

## ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

MARQUIS de La Villeratelle, — "fondling an ancient ax of peculiar shape; his glasses were broken and he could not see; his one thin strand of hair bristled on his crimson and sweat-stained skull; he left his retreat only to tear foolishly at an old condemned trap-door, muttering the name of his faithful steward; and failing to open it, he howled and whimpered like a frightened child—as, indeed, he had become for evermore."

But that is away back toward the close of the book; a book of such thrill and mystery and horror as has seldom been seen since the famous tales of Poe. There is an ancient chateau, with its secret doors, scores of 'em; there are horror chambers whose sides bristle with white-hot irons; —and there's the old Marquis whose distorted mind sets in motion the events of a night which holds a myriad of adventure and danger.

The volume is dedicated to Joseph Conrad and has a foreword by this great novelist. Conrad says in part: "—You have a most attractive style with something individual—and even racial—glowing through it and adding to the fascination of the perfectly simple diction."

ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT, by Warrington Dawson. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$2.50 net.

## SEVEN INDIAN SONGS

HIDDEN away in the dry-as-dust archives and records of our colleges and universities there lies no little of romance and beauty. It occasionally falls to some more discriminating scientist—some professor who has laid the stones of his learning with the cement of poetry or other artistry—to rescue from learned oblivion some bit of this long hidden loveliness.

And so from out the University of California comes this group of "Seven Indian Songs." Derrick Norman Lehmer, a mathematician who not infrequently leaves his theorems for a lyrical excursion, has taken from phonographic records in the possession of the Anthropological Department the Indian airs as sung by a member of the Miwok tribe of the Yosemite region. He has made no attempt to translate the Indian words, but in his lyrics has employed the same succession of vowel sounds which were used in the aboriginal song. In his orchestration Dr. Lehmer provides for both piano and flute accompaniment, the latter most effectively employed.

The folio is most attractively issued in music size. Published under the auspices of *The National Society of Colonial Dames Resident in California*, the group of songs has dedication to "Ina Coolbrith, Maker and Lover of Beauty."

Our copy gives no price.

SEVEN INDIAN SONGS FROM THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, by Derrick Norman Lehmer.

## A STORY OF THE THEATRE

THE REGION "back stage" is a land of mystery and romance to the majority, with all the fascinations of the unknown. That is, no doubt, why all these stories of players and the stage hold the interest of readers of every age. In this latest novel by Roland Oliver is told the story of that English-born American, Peter Millard, who begins his New York career as a reporter. Peter finds his way to the Little Theatre crowd of the Village and naturally gravitates into play writing. How he meets Marguerite Taylor, who becomes a vital influence toward his success, with the complications of the free life and thought of the Greenwich habitues, makes up the interesting tale which the author gives under the title of "Back Stage."

"Roland Oliver," by the way, is a Californian, at least by virtue of a more or less extended residence. This pseudonym serves to disguise the entity of Henry White, well known in Sacramento and about the bay. White knows the atmosphere of the "little theatres." It was only six or seven years ago that he put on a season of plays in Sacramento, with no little success.

BACK STAGE, by Roland Oliver. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00 net.



## A KATHLEEN NORRIS NOVEL

IT IS LAID in California, this latest story by Mrs. Norris, but it isn't a California story at all. In spite of eucalyptus and fog and Lake Tahoe and California sunshine, the story might as well have been laid in any small town the country over. But it is the story, after all, that is important; and Mrs. Norris is at her best in "Rose of the World."

Rose Kirby, young and charming, is in love with Jack Talbot. Young Talbot, influenced by his mother, breaks his engagement with Rose and marries the shallow and selfish Edith Rogers. Rose later marries Clyde Bainbridge, manager of the Talbot Iron Works, who plans to secure for himself the wealth which had scorned Rose.

As the years pass what little of affection there had been between Talbot and Edith disappears. Rose had never loved Bainbridge, and as she is thrown again with Jack it is to find their old love rising from the ruin they had made of life.

How the tangle is straightened out is for Mrs. Norris to tell. Possibly it is too close to melodrama in the closing chapters to be entirely convincing, certainly it is not the "great California novel," but Kathleen Norris "has a way with her" and the tale is absorbingly interesting.

ROSE OF THE WORLD, by Kathleen Norris.  
Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00 net.

## A ROMANCE NOVEL

IN "Stephen the Well Beloved" we have another of that long line of stories for which Hope's success with "The Prisoner of Zenda" gave the incentive. But the author of this latest romance of a mythical country lacks both the older author's originality and his plausibility. Still, it is an entertaining yarn, and will not tax the reader's mentality, nor will it keep him awake thinking about it after the last page is turned.

STEPHEN THE WELL BELOVED, by Harold E. Scarbrough. D. Appleton & Co., \$2 net.

## Odds and Ends

By ADA KYLE LYNCH

MAGAZINE days are red letter days for me. For literary health, and all round educational broadening, one must have variety in the menu. What deliciousness there is in tasting this, sipping that, in pushing from you dish and all on finding some things objectionable; and in informing your servant, Uncle Sam, that others are to be refused.

Because the days following the reading and re-reading of the monthly magazines go so slowly and it seems it MUST be time for the next number to come, I have acquired a habit of putting on the cover of the received number the date of arrival. By referring to that and then studying the calendar I can say: "No, it is not

## Kathleen Norris

Kathleen

Norris,

whose

new

book,

"Rose

of the

World,"

is just out,

delights

to go

toy-shopping

for her

young

nephews

and nieces.



yet time for the next number; I shall have to be patient."

When the Bookman comes I turn to the Gossip Shop. I confess I like to hear Mr. Farrar talk. There is a *todayness* in it—please pardon the coined word—that is refreshing; there is a personality touch that introduces you to the people you read about, and you have the feeling that should you meet Dorothy Canfield, or Don Marquis, Robert Cortes Holliday, Jessie R. Rittenhouse, or even George H. Doran himself, on the street you might step right up to them, put your hand and say: "Why, Howdy, I met you in the Bookman. Mr. Farrar introduced us, and you know he knows who's who!"

Margaret Mayo, playwright and author, is quoted as making the sweeping assertion that the present day literature is to blame for the tragedy of horror just closed in the metropolis of the midwest. She must look farther than that for the real cause.

Provocative literature existed since literature itself existed; but while one may be

inoculated with it, the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine, will read it with disgust, holding only contempt for that writer who so prostitutes his art.

Reviewing Laurence Stallings' "Plumes" in a recent magazine, Robert Littell states that the best way to spend September 12th, is to "stay away from the Brass Band and the Boys in Khaki and read 'Plumes' instead." Poor advice, Mr. Littell. Present day conditions never will be understood by ignoring them. Read "Plumes", of course if you wish, but just as one of the various phases of life—not even as a dominant 7th.

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# Poets and Things

ONE of the most successful of the verse writers of that interesting organization, The California Writers' Club, has recently sent in to the Poetry Editor a quatrain which she contends fulfills every requirement of modern verse as it is today defined. Furthermore, in a brief note appended, she states that the lines "show beautiful word-economy of modern poet"—this in the elimination of all superfluous verbiage—and that it "is 'fresher' than anything that has appeared in Overland." Here is the author's quatrain:

*"She stood by garden gate  
And patted shaggy head  
Of friendly dog, while happy bird  
Twittered in leafy tree."*

Granting that this marks, in its stripped and bare simplicity, a newer if not a greater phase in Overland verse, the Poetry Editor feels that the poet has not yet gone far enough in the arrangement of the lines. To bring it into accord with the best practice of the "protestant" school of verse writers there must be further changes. Our author still clings to some of the outworn traditions.

There is, for example, her retention of capital letters. How Victorian! Raus mit 'em! If we must have an occasional capital—and doubtless the printers will insist—it is now considered the best form to toss them in regardless, carelessly as it were, without thought for where they may alight.

Then, too, this author retains both a comma and a period. Why? The old idea was, of course, that punctuation made the thought clearer. Our Ultra Modernists among the poets, however, have a better idea. *Obscure* the thought. Make the reader puzzle over the verse. Obfuscate and befuddle the poor devil until he won't realize that there is no thought, no idea in the darn thing to be made clearer. No, E. M. L., the Poetry Editor cannot agree with you that this is a perfect example of Poetry in the Ultra Modern.

Of course when the Poetry Editor states that thus and so is the best practice among the moderns, he means only that it was the best practice yesterday. He cannot answer for what may have turned up in some poet's production today. All is advancement. Even as poetry is now marked with archaism which uses capitals in the conventional manner; even as poetry is markedly better which eliminates punctuation; so tomorrow's verse will show its perfection as against today's deficiency. It seems to the Poetry Editor that the next great step—the only remaining step to be taken—by those unfearing souls who stand always to the front in the battle of the newer verse, will be to introduce a greater variety of type faces in each line. Just how they will be able to force this through—the printers are even now objecting—the Poetry Editor does not know, but if necessary they will no doubt descend in force upon the print shops and forcibly "pie" the fonts. There will be protest, antagonism, a storm of fury, as

there has always been in the past. But what will not our brave poets endure in the cause of freedom! Much more than the public, the Poetry Editor is sure.

COMES to the desk of the Poetry Editor "Interludes," being the expression of the Verse Writers Guild of Maryland. In this, the July-August-September issue, is verse for the most part commonplace. Pleasant, yes; and as innocuous as an ice-cream soda. That is so apt to be the case with verse produced under the auspices of some one or another of the poetry associations. It lacks individuality, distinction. It conforms—most pleasantly to be sure!—to the common pattern of the whole. There is no fault to be found with any one poem. Taken together the poems exhibit the deadly monotony of an Italian dinner; the same flavor runs throughout.

## WHO IS TO BLAME?

*Pity the Undergraduate*

"The intellectual standards of our undergraduates are low—and they are low for the good and simple reason that God did not give even half of the undergraduates minds capable of understanding or reaching standards that are high. Granted that most of the teaching is bad, granted that some intelligent undergraduates are indolent, the fact still remains that most of the undergraduates were denied at birth the mental strength ever to attain intellectual superiority.

"What! did the hand then of the Potter shake? Yes—badly."—*Percy Marks*, in the September BOOKMAN.

Does group effort tend to confine individual expression? Or is it merely that in the selection of verse to represent the group expression, verse is chosen which conforms to the average of that expression, neither better nor worse?

*Interludes* has, however, one poem which strikes a note aside from the tinkling lyrics on the Sea, on Withered Leaves and Meadow Larks and River Brinks:

## THE AUCTION

By CORALIE HOWARD HAMAN

*A sun-filled room where children loved  
to play;  
A little book of verses, full of dust;  
A child's wee cart, whose springs have  
turned to rust;  
An empty sewing basket laid away.  
The auctioneer's loud voice: "What  
am I bid?  
Hey, Sam, hand me that cradle, thirty-  
three."  
"O little child I held upon my knee,"  
The ghost half-whispers, "that I oft  
have hid  
Within that cradle's warmth, what shall  
I do?"  
A buyer shouts: "It seems to me it's  
queer;*

*You promised that to me." "I'd sell it  
you,  
But these bid higher." Thus the  
auctioneer.  
The wrathful one: "Things is too high  
all through."  
The wistful ghost: "Too low for things  
so dear."*

NEW poetry magazines fill their pages with such uniformly interesting verse as does *Palms*. If the manner of presentation does not always please the Poetry Editor, that is, of course, because he has his own ideas as to the fit manner in which thought may be set forth to uphold the beauty and the dignity of poetry. But, that aside, there is little of outworn sentiment or tawdry trappings; there is full measure of fresh beauty and gripping thought in this neighborly periodical from Guadalajara. Let the Poetry Editor quote just this bit: (*Palms* does not give the author's name until the succeeding issue.)

## A BOY

*There was a boy you did not meet,  
although  
You lived within his town. He was a  
youth  
Too eager for the stars. He looked  
for Truth,  
And led lost causes up and down the  
clouds  
Until a soldier of the Lord, in wrath,  
Impaled him on the moon, while Heaven  
smiled  
To see his mind go earthward like a  
dart,  
Forever banished from his skyhung  
heart.*

FROM *Contemporary Verse* the Poetry Editor takes this light little lyric by Louisa Butler, one of two which appeared in the September number.

## MOLLY

*Molly was a queer girl,  
Neither sad nor merry:  
She picked all day in the blackberry  
patch  
And never ate a berry.*

*Molly was a strange girl:  
In Maytime's fairest hour  
She knelt among the violets  
And never picked a flower.*

*The small birds knew her kindness.  
Perhaps they know what lies  
Behind the green and hazel  
That paint her quiet eyes.*

Isn't it a relief sometimes to get away both from the deadly seriousness which marks too many of our older poets and from the cynical pose which seems "the thing" among the younger writers? The Poetry Editor finds it so,

ONE of the finest magazines, both in typography and content, to come to the Poetry Editor's desk is *The Menorah Journal*, an exponent of the Jewish culture of today. Comment, essay, fiction—and verse. A bit gloomy, perhaps; that is

(Continued on page 479)



# The "High-Graders"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 458)

"Oh, that thing," Mrs. Carson muttered a little querulously, "I plumb forgot it. I'll just pile them pillows on the bed, and shove the trunk underneath." She gathered up the cushions and shoved them beneath the tarpaulin. She turned and grasped one handle of the steamer trunk. It should have been but a toy weight in her capable grip. "Sufferin' cats!" she exclaimed, as the trunk moved but a few inches under her heavy pull, "She must have it chuck full of hair pins, or darnin' needles; anyway it's some kind of hardware."

Again she attacked the trunk. This time she lifted one end and let it drop with a thump. She stood erect and scratched her head meditatively.

"Now, what the hell," she soliloquized, "do you think is in there?" She indicated the trunk with a nod of her head. "It's the heaviest lot of linjeree I ever heard tell of. They must every one be trimmed in them steel beads that was all the fashion." Mrs. Carson once more attempted to move the trunk. It was not its weight which caused her to let it down half way across the room, for it did not weigh, all told, more than seventy or eighty pounds. The weight was unusual. Completely filled with the wearing apparel of its owner, it should not have weighed more than forty pounds. By this time Mrs. Carson's patience was ruffled, and her curiosity was more than a little aroused.

"Sufferin' cats," she reiterated. "Now, that's funny." Again she scratched her head meditatively. "I wonder if it's locked?" she asked herself, and the next instant was on her knees beside the trunk, bent upon answering her own question. Mrs. Carson had not seen the hasp of the lock fly from its catch at the last impact of the trunk upon the floor. She soon discovered, however, that the lock was not fastened. Raising the lid, she looked over the contents of the top tray. She found nothing weighty enough to arouse her suspicion. She laid aside the tray. Her gaze met a neatly folded tailored suit of gray chevrot. This could not of itself be heavy. She removed it, placing it upon the tray. Then she took some spread newspapers which came next. With the last piece of paper, her mouth flew open in amazement. Her face assumed an

expression of blank incredulity. She was having difficulty in believing her own eyes.

"The high-gradin' little hussy," Mrs. Carson finally managed to ejaculate, "The high-gradin' little hussy!" She alluded to Barbara Conners, and the allusion was occasioned by the sight of some forty or fifty pounds of the richest high-grade. Mrs. Carson took up some of the pieces of ore, examining them carefully. "It's Sultana ore, all right," she at length announced, "and she stole it. Nobody ever give her that much. I wish Pete was here. That's just like a damned man, anyway. When you want him, he ain't here. Pete won't be home till tomorrow afternoon. Why the devil couldn't he let the assessment work go on that claim of his'n over on Buckskin? He might have knowed I'd need him." Her tone had assumed a marked peevishness. Her mood, however, changed instantly. She swore violently and protractedly, giving expression to her venomous opinion of all high-graders, feminine in particular. Again her manner changed. She became soft, sympathetic, condoling, almost tearful by turns.

"Poor old Shorty," she thought aloud, "He's got my sympathy. If she'll steal, she'll lie, and if she'll lie, she'll do worse things. The high-gradin' little black-eyed hussy! Shorty, you sure got my sympathy; and don't it beat hell I can't tell you about it?" Mrs. Carson rose and looked down into the trunk for some time, resorting to the oft repeated method of disarranging her hair to promote her thoughts.

"There's about three thousand bucks worth of ore in that little pile," she announced, addressing the innocent looking yellowish white rock fragments. "She's some little lifter; I wonder how she got it all." Again Mrs. Carson's jaw fell, allowing her mouth to remain open. This time a thought, not the discovery of more high-grade, was the cause of her blank amazement. When her mouth did close, it was to open spasmodically that she might swear absent-mindedly for some moments. This profanity over, she shook her head resolutely, then nodded it with equal decision.

"No," she announced slowly, "he ain't had no part in this. Shorty Dain ain't the man to double cross the man

he's working for. Shorty's a square guy, or I ain't Pete Carson's legally wedded wife, and I sure know I'm that. The high-gradin' little hussy; she's double crossin' him, that's what she's doin'. I wish I had hold of her right now. The dirty little—" The sound of some one without brought Mrs. Carson to saner reasoning. She hurriedly but carefully replaced the articles she had removed from the trunk, trying to arrange them as much in the manner in which she had found them as possible. She then dragged the trunk into the rear room and shoved it beneath the bed.

"I'll just not say anything about it till Pete gets home," she mused half aloud as she went toward the front door, upon which one of the carpenters was rapping. "Men don't know much, most times, but maybe Pete might get a stray thought about this thing."

**M**EETING the carpenter at the door, Mrs. Carson quickly gave him his working orders. He set about the preparatory part of his duties pending the arrival of material, while she returned to her own home. Here she collapsed into a big arm chair to face her dilemma. Her conscience told her to report her discovery, if not to Shorty directly, then to Jimmy Rawlins. Discretion argued that she should keep her own counsel. Jimmy would tell Ann. Ann would of course go to Barbara with the accusation. Barbara would deny all guilt, if she could possibly find grounds, or in a moment of angry pique, she might implicate Shorty in the theft. Mrs. Carson was no ordinary analyst. She saw this affair from its many angles. It offered several hypotheses, a few of which might bring about unhappy consequences if revealed. Barbara's guilt or innocence was not worrying Mrs. Carson to the same extent as was her solicitude for Shorty. What she most feared was that should Barbara be trapped, she would implicate Shorty in the wholesale theft of the high-grade. Mrs. Carson was positive that, in such event, Shorty, because of his love and loyalty, would assume the guilt. A half hour of self-argument and counter argument caused her to decide upon secrecy until she could take her seldom consulted spouse into her confidence. Having so decided, she set about putting her own material house in order.

It so occurred that a part of the afternoon of this day was Barbara's rest period. Mrs. Carson watched her



through a slit in the canvas of her own tent as she came up the street. Barbara hesitated before her domicile and looked apprehensively, Mrs. Carson thought, at the alterations that were under way. Seeing that the work was all being done upon the outer surface of the tent house, she entered and surveyed the inside.

Resuming her seat at the sewing machine, which she had left frequently that she might not let Barbara approach unnoticed, she waited impatiently for the latter's arrival. Mrs. Carson felt certain that, once Barbara had assured herself of the safety of her possessions, she would run over to the Carson home. She was correct in this surmise.

A few minutes later Barbara opened the door and entered impetuously.

"What are you doing to our house, you old dear?" she cried laughingly, as she bestowed a filial kiss upon Mrs. Carson's plump cheek.

"Honey," replied Mrs. Carson suavely, "I had almost forgot it was winter, and when I did recollect it, I was so hurried that I didn't want to take the time to run down and tell you what I was goin' to do. It's all right, ain't it?" she inquired solicitously.

Before Barbara could answer, Mrs. Carson expatiated upon the plan and alterations.

"Of course it's all right," Barbara at length had a chance to reply, "I think it will be simply lovely, the way you say, and so warm and cozy. I would never have thought of it, and Ann will be simply tickled to death. She is such a cold one, anyway. She is always shivering in the mornings, when she gets out to light the fire. Did you really move all the things around alone? It must have been a terribly heavy job. And you haven't left a thing where the dust will get on it, and the floor, and everything else is a sight."

"Oh, no, honey," Mrs. Carson replied with convincing sweetness, "I just took care of the little things. I had the carpenter carry your trunk, and the heavy things into the other room, and put them under the bed."

"I'm so glad," cried Barbara with ecstatic serenity, "that you didn't lift them. It would really have been too much for you. Ann says nobody on earth can get as much weight in a trunk as I can. Some people do have the knack of packing, don't you think?" she inquired naively.

"They sure do," Mrs. Carson agreed, "You ought to come over some day when Pete's getting ready to go some place where he needs a white collar and a clean pair of socks. He has

some knack when it comes to packin', though I must admit that he ain't as good as some at gettin' in weight."

Barbara gave a little gasp at this insinuation, the effect of which was not lost upon her companion. Then her pose instantly returning, she asked laughingly, "How does Pete pack? I must come over and watch next time he's getting ready to go to Winona."

"He puts his suit case over there,"

Mrs. Carson indicated the farther corner of the room, "Then he stands off here, and tosses his things at the suit case. What goes in he takes. What misses he leaves at home. He says it is the way he finds out what he needs. Pete's sure a great thinker."

"Indeed he is," Barbara chimed in brightly, "I think that is the most original idea I ever heard of. I'm going to try it. It will save such an awful fuss about deciding what to take along."

"Why, are you expecting to go somewhere?" Mrs. Carson asked, with assumed surprise.

"Of course I don't, silly," Barbara pouted. "What I should have said was that I'm going to bring Shorty over and have Pete teach him how to pack. It will be so useful on our honeymoon."

"That's better," affirmed the seamstress. "Now go over to the bed, and have a nap. I've got to get this shirt-waist done to wear to the sociable tomorrow night." Later Mrs. Carson addressed her thoughts to the piece of cloth which slipped rapidly into concrete shape under her deft guidance. "She's sure some little actor."

Never in their married life had Mrs. Carson longed for the return of her spouse as she did now.

"I wish he'd come," she kept saying over and over to herself. "I could tell Pete, and he wouldn't slip it."

ANN and Barbara came in shortly after seven. They were fatigued from their long day at The Tin Can, but revived perceptibly when Shorty and Jimmy Rawlins came a short time later. Mrs. Carson had looked forward to this added company with pleasure, particularly that it might divert her thoughts from her discovery, and the trouble she was having in retaining it. In the presence of the four young people, she found she had almost uncontrollable desire to tell them. Talk of what they would, she would inevitably swerve the conversation round to high-grade. Finally in desperation, she proposed a game of penny poker. By this diversion she managed to pass the hours till past midnight, when, recollecting that the two girls must work on the following day, she cordially invited the young men to go

home. They smilingly accepted. After a leisurely leave taking, Shorty and Jimmy left. Mrs. Carson put through a torturing two hours before she fell asleep. When morning came, she was more fatigued than when she had retired, and was only buoyed up by the thought that Pete would be home by noon. With this sedative thought, she allowed the girls to rise and then fell asleep, this time soundly.

An unusual meal awaited Pete Carson, when he arrived shortly before noon, tired and hungry after his ten-mile walk from the new camp of Buckskin. The effusiveness of his wife's welcome, and the sumptuousness of the meal aroused Pete's suspicions.

"What's the matter, old girl," he inquired casually, "hear some gossip at the party last night, or want a new silk dress?"

"Oh, nothin' at all," she tried to be laconic and nonchalant at once. "There ain't anything the matter; how's the beefsteak, dear?"

"Tender as your heart, old wife," responded Pete. "What do you think of that?" Pete took a small piece of quartz from his pocket and handed it to his wife.

She examined the quartz carefully before she looked up, and demanded, "Where'd you get it? It's high-grade, but it never come from this camp."

"Oh, it come from The Flyin' Jackass." It was Pete's turn to attempt laconic reply. "The Flyin' Jackass" was the name of one of Pete's numerous claims in Buckskin District.

"Did it?" Mrs. Carson exclaimed incredulously. Seeing confirmation in her husband's face, she remarked brightly, "Why, we're millionaires, Pete, ain't we?"

"Worse'n that, my dear. I've already made an offer for the Standard Oil, and The National City Bank in New York. I'm thinkin' if I can't get the bank I might buy the S. P. system. We sort of oughta own a railroad. It would save payin' fares when we wanted to travel. How about a trip to Europe? I feel like I could bust the Bank of Monte Carlo!"

"Pete," said Mrs. Carson wittingly, "just when I get to thinkin' you're showin' signs of sense, you go spoil the whole thing with some foolishness. You can't get over lettin' one piece of high-grade from one of our claims makin' you right back into a burro."

"I've got two," remarked Pete and produced a second fragment, larger and richer than the first.

"Shucks," exploded Mrs. Carson after she had given this piece a cursory once over, "It's good stuff, I'll admit,



but it don't make a light alongside the strike that I made last night."

Pete exclaimed, and choked upon a sup of coffee, "I knowed you had somethin' under your hair net. Spill it. Been prospectin'?" Pete's smile of mild incredulity changed to expression of wide-eyed amazement as his wife finished the recital of her discovery.

"What are you goin' to do about it?" he asked a little hopelessly.

"I don't know," she confessed, "I was just waitin' for you to get home. What do you think we ought to do, Pete?"

"Search me," he replied, "I thought you were the boss of this show."

"Let's go and have a look at your find," suggested he, "Let's see what the whole looks like before we set a price on it."

Mrs. Carson rose and went outside to reconnoiter. Presently she returned and announced that the coast was clear, the carpenters having just left their work for the noon hour, and there was no danger of an interruption from either of the two girls at this rush hour. Mr. Carson therefore followed his wife out of their own home and boldly into that of the two girls. He trailed her to the rear room, where she said, indicating the trunk beneath the bed, "There it is, pull it out." Taking hold of one of the hand straps, Pete pulled the trunk from its temporary lair. He lifted it and let it fall a few inches to the floor.

"Nothin' much in there," he announced.

"There is, too," Mrs. Carson affirmed defiantly. "I'll show you. Just look how heavy it is. I can't hardly lift one end of it." She stooped, and taking the hand hold, gave the trunk such a violent jerk that she almost lost her balance. She had not looked for it to offer so little resistance to her strength.

Her face, for the moment, was a study. Then she grew belligerent.

"I'll just show you," she said defiantly. She raised the trunk, and letting it go, caused the force of the fall to open the lock. The contents of the tray were practically as she had seen them on the previous day. She removed the tray and set it aside. The lower portion of the trunk was filled with feminine apparel, the tailored suit being on the top. One by one, Mrs. Carson lifted out the articles growing more apprehensive with each garment. At last the bottom of the trunk lay before their eyes, clean and bare. For one fleeting instant, Mrs. Carson looked whipped.

"I just don't care, it was there," she said stubbornly. "She double crossed me. She's slipped it out, thought I

hadn't found it out on her, and wasn't takin' no chances."

"Say," Pete demanded, "What kind of hop did you smoke yesterday? That was sure some pipe dream."

She rose and faced him, her face flushed angrily, her hands clenched.

"Pete Carson," she said icily, "Do you mean to say I've been dreamin' about this thing?"

"You've either been dreamin' or you've been drunk," Pete replied, not without trepidation. "Whiskey acts this way sometimes."

Mrs. Carson's war-like front caved in. She collapsed to the floor, allowing her arms to rest upon the top of the open trunk. For a few moments she sobbed convulsively. Then she looked up and said, "You don't think I've been dreamin', do you Pete? You really don't?" Her tone was so contrite, her disappointment so poignant that Pete replied with a positive, "No, sure you wasn't dreamin'." He had caught sight of a small object lying in the trunk bottom. The next instant he was upon his knees beside his wife, and picked up a small piece of high-grade which had been overlooked in somebody's haste to remove the ore to a safer place. Pete examined the fragment carefully. It was thin, and no larger than his thumb nail, and was a third gold. He passed the little piece of ore to his wife. She looked at it curiously.

"YOU BELIEVE me, now?" she asked supplicantly. "I wasn't dreamin', was I, Pete?" He patted her fondly upon the shoulder.

"You can bet your last white check, old girl," he reassured her, "I believe you. To tell you the truth, I never did anything else. I'm just about the believin'est person in the world when you're tellin' me." She put her arms around his neck and drew him down to where she could plant a kiss firmly upon his lips. Then she held him off, that she might regard him appreciatively.

"Pete," she said sweetly. "It's such a comfort to have a sensible man for a husband, and you're the sensibiest man I ever knowed."

"Of course," he replied blandly, "I know that, but what about the stuff that was here," he patted the trunk, "where is it?"

"You can search me, if I know," was her reply, and instead of a personal search, they went over the tent house in hope of discovering the lost high-grade. The interior of the house offered no place of concealment which could be overlooked. The floor sat so close to the earth,

that secreting the ore beneath was an impossibility.

"It ain't here at all," Mrs. Carson finally announced despondently.

"Not unless it's in the stove," remarked her husband. Forthwith they removed the cover of the small heater and raked through the cold ashes, with no result other than an augmented disappointment.

"There was at least three thousand dollars worth of it," Mrs. Carson said with an attempt to stimulate interest.

"She's no piker," commented Pete. "If she gets caught with the goods, it might look bad for Shorty."

"I was just thinkin' about that," she affirmed, "Pete, do you think Shorty is in on this deal?"

"Hell, no," roared Pete, "No more'n you and me. Shorty is a square guy."

They abandoned the search and repaired to their own home. Here, after a rather protracted discussion, in which all angles of the situation were exposed and measured, they agreed to let the matter remain a secret, at least for the time being.

Sultana grew, it seemed by geometrical progression. More saloons were started, more gamblers came. New stores were established. New assay offices blew in with unhindered regularity. Pretentious buildings, some of them of stone and brick construction, began to take shape along the main street, where a few months ago coyotes had howled unmolested and cattle had picked the bunch grass from amongst the sage brush. The camp had the one requisite for a sustained boom, high-grade ore, in seemingly unlimited quantities.

At the Sultana Mine each foot of development work opened ore with consistent uniformity till the mine took an almost fabulous value from its ore reserves alone. But a small percentage of the ore, and this of the highest grade only, was being milled. Some of the ore was so rich that it was shipped directly to the smelters, where more thorough metallurgy made a high extraction of gold possible. The Sultana Mining Company was preparing plans for its big mill, which was to treat all ores as they came from the mine, and thus avoid the loss in milling in small quantities.

Within ten days after The Sultana Extension Mine broke into its first streak of high-grade, this seam had widened till it gave more than ordinary promise of being a shoot as extensive as that of the Sultana itself. New mining companies were



being incorporated almost daily. Investors' and speculators' money flowed into the camp in a steady stream, every contributor certain that the returning profit would all but deluge him with its golden torrent. The minutes of the day began to be ticked off by the exhausts of hoisting engines, the hours struck by the reverberations of blasts. No man was idle unless he chose to be. Every business was prosperous. Ann Dorr and Barbara Conners were making money with The Tin Can faster than they had ever dreamed in their most imaginative moments.

There was so much life, so much money, so many things to think about, so many wildcats being born, that Joe Bullard's famous untamed feline, "The Roarin' Annie" was almost forgotten. It was brought back suddenly to notice with the lurid and stentorian announcement that it was to pay its second dividend; this time of two cents per share, about January first. Suddenly, with its propensity for climbing on the band wagon, the majority of the population of the camp was talking about the Roarin' Annie, and Joe Bullard's luck in at least picking a winner. Promoters used this as a selling point for their stocks, the fact that here was a man who had displayed unflinching confidence in the mining game till his faith had at last been justified. Bullard lost no opportunity in hammering in the fact that he was succeeding. His adherents, of whom he had more each day, were his best advertisers. Stock in The Roarin' Annie was now above one dollar a share, keeping pace with the stock of The Sultana Extension Mine, which had sky rocketed with the permanent high-grade showing.

Bullard had a strong, double walled house erected, adjoining the building which covered his hoisting plant. He gave out the information that this structure was for housing his small high-grade mill, and for holding his ore supply. Bullard always invoked the personal pronoun. He never pluralized it. This mine and building were closed to all visitors, even stockholders. His policy was to show the dividend sheets, not the interior of the mine from which the dividends were paid. His control of the stock in the company made such a course possible. Thirty yards from The Roarin' Annie shaft head a guard house had been built. It was a small affair, just large enough for a stove and space for two or three men. Here during the day an

armed guard was always at hand. During the nights, the mine was patrolled by two men, Burke and Tolliver by name, who never laid down their sawed-off shotguns, so far as any one could see.

Burke and Tolliver were professional gunmen; silent, taciturn fellows who talked to no outsider and little to each other or to their employer. They had come with the boom influx from one of the big copper camps in Arizona, where they had, according to Bullard, been employed as guards by a great copper mining company, that had the reputation of intimidating its employees. Bullard lost no opportunity in letting the people know that these two bold, *mal hombres* from the Southern desert were indeed bad men to fool with.

"Don't go pokin' round The Roarin' Annie at night," he was often admonishing his auditors, "It ain't like the day time. I can't be there to call off these dogs. They might bark, and their bark is worse than their bite. Their buckshot does the barkin'." Then he would laugh at his sally. The Thomases, of whom there had been many, began to doubt the other way, to wonder if, after all, they had not been wrong in condemning Bullard and his methods. He was certainly making a creditable showing. He was, in the vernacular, producing the goods. His stockholders, though they could not satisfy their curiosity by seeing the inside of the workings, were nevertheless making no complaints. They had received one dividend and were assured by their manager of another.

BULLARD, surely, was not hurting the business life of the camp. Even Ann was mildly enthusiastic over Bullard's success. Barbara was at times his staunch supporter, to the extent even of arousing Shorty's anger and jealousy. Bullard came to The Tin Can whenever he could get the opportunity of seeing Barbara alone. They kept up a clandestine correspondence through Alf Higgins, the hog man, who carried away the swill barrels from the town to his fattening swine in the canyon.

One afternoon as she worked at the lunches Barbara looked up at the sound of a rap upon the window. A note was being shoved under the slightly raised sash. She took it, unfolded it, and read, "I told you to take out a percentage in this game. Don't take the whole swag. Be reasonable, for the love of Joe. If you try any double crossing, remember I've got the goods on you, little fairy."

The note was not signed, nor did it bear any superscription, Barbara did not doubt that she was the one for whom it was intended. Neither had she any misgivings as to the writer's identity. Old Higgins was putting the swill barrel upon the sled, at the same time attempting to prevent the burro that drew the sled from lunging out of the barrel.

Barbara flamed with angry resentment at the insinuation carried in the note. No stipulated percentage of the high-grade had been mentioned. She had merely taken the richest pieces. Perhaps there were a good many of the richest pieces at times. She was taking more risk than Bullard. She deserved some pay for this hazard. She decided to answer the note as caustically as she could.

That very day she had dumped at least five hundred dollars into the swill barrel old Higgins was now removing, and she had taken out not more than two pounds of the richest, which could not possibly be worth more than two hundred dollars. "Was this exorbitant pay for the risk she was taking?" she asked herself, and replied that it was not. She had her reputation for honesty and virtue to think of. If she was risking these she must be consistently paid. Taking a piece of paper and a pencil from a shelf she wrote, "If you think I am taking too much, get somebody else to do your work. And speaking of double crossing, do not attempt any yourself, for when it comes to having goods, I hold a few cards myself." She did not sign the note, but placed it in an unaddressed envelope and sealed it. Raising the window, lightly, she endeavored to attract Higgins' attention by a low, "Sh-h." She did not, however, succeed, for at this moment Higgins was having a rather heated altercation with the burro. The swill barrel was upon the sled, ready to start. The burro had swung around in its traces, and stubbornly insisted upon eating its fill from the barrel's contents. The fuzzy nose of the donkey was dripping with the medley of soup and discarded food. It breathed deliciously through this savory muck as it chewed thoughtfully. The stubborn nonchalance of the jackass was wearing upon old Higgins' nerves. He was rather an irascible person. Now his patience was nearly gone.

At the moment Barbara had raised the window and was trying to attract his attention, Higgins was looking about for some suitable club with which to argue with the obstinate animal. He found it in a short length of two by four scantling.



"You damned high-grade eating hybrid," he shouted as he drew back the scantling for a blow at the burro's head. Higgins was not an illiterate man, but had only degenerated from a prosperous merchant to a hog swiller through a too prodigious indulgence in whiskey, "I'll show you who's driving this automobile. He swung the scantling with all his might upon the side of the burro's head. The unsuspecting "high-grade eating hybrid" went to its knees, then scrambled to its feet, raised its head, brayed raucously, and with tail aloft broke into high speed down the slope. The sled made such a sharp turn that the swill barrel rolled off before the turn was half finished. Higgins swore violently, and threw the scantling after the donkey and the bobbing, now overturned, now upright sled.

The contents of the barrel which to the burro had been a savory succulent porridge, spread out in a foul smelling flood down the incline. Higgins turned attention to this deluge and cursed it thoroughly and with original variations. Barbara stood, her hands upon the window sill, transfixed, horrified, not at the obscenity of Higgins' fluent delivery, but at the contents of the overturned barrel.

For a few seconds Barbara stood, paralyzed by the possibilities of this thing she looked down upon. She did not see the contents of the overturned barrel as an unsuspecting observer might have seen them. She saw only the many pieces of ore lying indiscriminately amidst the scraps of swill. The barrel had rolled some distance to one side, describing a curve which left its interior visible to Barbara. Some of the heavier pieces of high-grade still held along the lower side of the barrel. The major portion of the ore, however, had spilled out with the rest, and lay more or less concentrated over the first foot or so from where the barrel had first tipped. The fluid and lighter material had been swept farther down the slope. It was a situation, fraught with many dire possibilities, unless she acted quickly. With this realization her reason reasserted itself. Raising the sash to its limit, she gathered her skirts and climbed into the opening. She leaped nimbly to the ground, less than four feet below. Higgins abruptly finished his swearing as she confronted him.

"It's some mess," he remarked dryly, "Damn a jackass, anyway. They haven't any more sense than most women. Want to do something just when you don't want them to."

"Never mind jackasses or women,

or who's got sense, or who hasn't," Barbara retorted sharply. "Let's show we've got some by getting this mess cleaned up before anybody sees it."

Higgins saw the wisdom of this advice at once. He righted the barrel, took up the scoop which he always carried with his sled, but which had fallen as the sled capsized, and began to shovel the contents of the barrel back into their former receptacle.

The accident, if such it might be called, was fortunate in some respects. Its place was well screened from view of passers by, by the intervening wing of the The Tin Can. The lunch room was at the time filled with diners, thus preventing any investigation, accidental or intentional, from this source. In a few minutes, perilous ones for Barbara, the barrel was refilled and rolled back to its stand beneath the chute.

**P**RETTY good mine you've got in that little cubby hole," Higgins observed.

"You know, then?" she replied with some trepidation.

"Certainly," he answered, "I take my cut, don't you?" he smiled significantly.

"Why, yes," a little reluctantly, yet she reasoned that any other answer would have been instantly taken as false by the old man. "I take a piece once in a while."

"Then don't fear, little sister of the high-graders. I won't wise anybody up. We're sort of thieves, and there must be honor among us." He patted her reassuringly upon the arm, leaving the marks of his greasy fingers odiously visible upon her sleeve. "All we've spilled this time is the slop, and next time I'll try to be a little more careful, but jackasses are temperamental creatures. I was married once. It was a long time ago. This burro always reminds me of my wife. She was too temperamental for me."

"She must have been glad to be rid of you," Barbara said without sympathy.

"No doubt the jackass was glad to be rid of the slop barrel on the sled," Higgins replied, unruffled by the insinuation. "I see you have some temperament. Don't let it make a jackass of you."

"I won't," she replied with icy dignity. She had nothing to fear from this old man, she well knew. He was one of the ring. They could be candid, even temperamental, with each other.

To regain the interior of The Tin Can Barbara must choose among the window by which she had come out,

the side door, or the front door. The first was impractical because of the size of the opening and its height from the ground. Of the other two entrances, there was little choice. Either must take her past the people within before she could regain her own sanctum. She selected the side door.

Assuming as much poise as she could command, she stepped inside. However, she could not remove the flush from her face, nor the ruffled appearance of her dress. Ann scrutinized her keenly as she walked past. Only a few moments previous, Ann had seen her, she was certain, in the other room, yet now she entered from without.

Having a moment to spare, Ann followed her into the lunch preparation room.

"What's the matter, Barb?" she inquired, "You look ill. Are you?"

"Oh no," Barbara assured her, "I let something fall out of the window. The smell from the kitchen was so strong that it nauseated me. I raised the window for air," she continued to explain, "and while I was leaning out some things fell off the sill. I simply hopped through to get them, and thought it a little more dignified to come around to the door." Barbara cast a covert glance out to ascertain if Higgins had gone. He was not visible. Ann did not reply for a while. She was not satisfied with this explanation, yet before she said so she wished to light upon some evidence for denying it.

"Why, Barb, look at your sleeve," she exclaimed, "It's all greasy, and looks as if it were the prints of a man's fingers. Has anything gone wrong, dear, tell me?"

Barbara hurriedly rubbed her hand over the soiled spot upon her sleeve, to efface all tangible marks.

"Why no," she said evenly, "I lost my footing as I struck the ground and my arm went against that dirty old barrel." Ann accepted this explanation as plausible, and was turning to her own work, when her gaze fell upon two pieces of high-grade lying upon the shelf where some lunch pails stood.

"Why, Barb!" she ejaculated. "What are these? Where did you get them?" She held out the pieces of ore. Each weighed several ounces, and was exceptionally rich. Incredible as she was as to their origin, Ann could but admire them.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about them," Barbara sweetly cooed. "Shorty sent them down to me, and said for me to give one to you and for me to take the other one. Which

(Continued to page 475)



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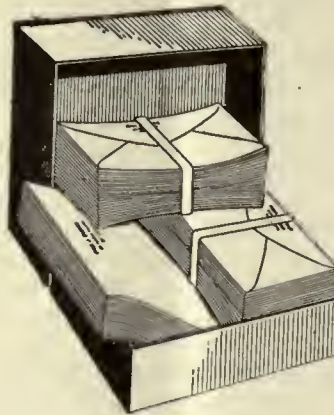
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## SEQUOYAH

(Continued From Page 448)

band of Cherokees his forefathers had spoken of as lost somewhere long ago in northern Mexico.

At last even strength forsook his trembling limbs, and one starry night Sequoyah laid his weary head beside his lonely camp-fire for the last time.

Somewhere in the State of Tamaulipas, not far from the Rio Grande, hungry creatures of the wilderness found him before dawn, and only his bones were left for burial in the shifting, wind-blown sands.

His alphabet, too, is destined to oblivion with the passing of the once-powerful Cherokee race. Only his revered name lives forever in all honor, for has it not been given to the greatest and most noble of all trees the earth has ever known—the SEQUOIA?

(The Author offers her grateful acknowledgement to various U. S. Forest Service Bulletins for data on the Sequoia, to Kroeber's Anthropology, to Mooney's Myths of the Cherokee, to Ellsworth's Giant Sequoia, to McKinney and Hall's "History of the Indian Tribes of North America, to Phillips' Se-quo-yah, and to Magee's "The Alphabet and Language.")



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### THE "HIGH-GRADERS"

(Continued from page 473)

do you want, dear? Do take the  
larger one. No, the other one, that's  
it." Ann was a little mystified at  
this manifestation of unselfishness.

"I won't," she said stubbornly, up-  
lifted by this sight of virtue. "Shorty  
sent them to us, and you must take the  
larger one." She passed the one in  
question to Barbara, retaining the  
smaller one, which she looked over  
gratefully.

"How did Shorty send them? she  
asked.

"In his lunch bucket. It has been  
here since morning and I never found  
it, and there was such a nice little note  
in it, with something that—" she  
paused to snatch up the note which  
Bullard had written, and stuff it inside  
the bosom of her waist.

"It was so sweet," she added, "that  
I couldn't let even you see it dear."

"Why, little silly, I don't want to  
see your note," Ann smilingly said,  
"Now I must get back to my job."

"Same here," answered Barbara.

As Ann went about her duties that  
afternoon, she would stop and shake  
her head dubiously, "I wonder," she  
would muse at times, "if old Shorty  
is a high-grader too. This thing is  
surely getting complicated. What is  
it about gold that makes so many  
people want to steal it? I wish I  
knew. I wish I could just for a  
moment experience the sensation. No,  
I don't. I don't want to want anything  
that I cannot pay for."

(Continued Next Month)

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# Memories of a Frontier Childhood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 440)

father who was that day holding court in the new court-house in Washoe City. A message from him to my mother sent her to me in a carriage made comfortable with wraps and pillows,—and so I returned home.

After this I lounged around the house for many days, and no one said a mischievous word when I watched the progress of the holiday work.

Christmas eve came and there rose in our plain living-room a fine mountain cedar, its branches spreading wide and low over the bare pine floor. It bore strange fruit for this wild country.

As transportation over the mountains from California was difficult

and expensive, nothing cheap or poor in quality was often brought to the territory. It was not worth while. The consequence was that the stores held superior goods, and, though one paid a good price he generally secured a good thing.

Here were handsome gifts of gold and silver, many quite novel to what was then our mode of life, but they were tributes of affection, and, as one of our poets has said under somewhat different circumstances, "Love knows no law of meteness or unmeteness". The unsuitability of a large and superbly bound photograph album, and a dressing-case with bottles and jars of cut-glass, bearing monogrammed silver stoppers, was

(Continued on page 477)

## Overland Contests

The prize of Fifty Dollars offered by the San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women, for the best short story by a California author, has—by unanimous decision of the judges—been awarded to Miss Ethel Cotton of San Francisco for her story "Cross Currents."

The prize of Fifty Dollars offered by Charles Granger Blanden (Laura Blackburn) of San Diego for the best lyric of thirty lines or less, has been awarded to Miss Nancy Buckley of San Francisco for her lyric "Alien."

The three judges in the short story contest were Eric Howard,

short story writer and critic, of the University of California; Mrs. Grace Jones Morgan, member of the Canadian Bookfellows and a successful short story writer; and—ex-officio—*Overland's* editor.

The judge in the poetry contest was Geoffrey G. Coope, holder of various degrees in the Universities of British Columbia, McGill and California, and exceptionally well qualified for the task.

A more complete announcement of the awards, together with publication of the prize winning manuscripts, will be made in the November issue of *Overland*.





over-ridden by the devotion which prompted the gifts. Other families had joined ours in the celebration, and there was nothing too good or too fine for these people, who faced desolation together, to give each other.

A few months later the second convention made more successful efforts towards Nevada's statehood, a compromise being effected as to the taxation of her silver production. I vaguely remember the political zeal of my father and his co-workers at this time and have wondered, in later years, if the delegates grouped on that remote desert plain had come to realize something of the anxiety of the grave man at the helm of State in far-off Washington; the man whose Thirteenth Amendment was soon to be presented to Congress, who was to find the issue so close that one more state would be necessary before a final launching, and who felt that to admit little Nevada to statehood and add her voice in ratification of the document would, as he said, "save a million men" who would otherwise have to be raised for his armies.

Charles A. Dana, then assistant-secretary of War, says: "I have sometimes heard people complain of Nevada as superfluous and petty, not big enough to be a state; but when I hear that complaint I always hear Abraham Lincoln saying, 'It is easier to admit Nevada than to raise another million of soldiers.'"

Dana goes on to tell how, "in March 1864, the question of allowing Nevada to form a State government finally came up in the House of Representatives." There was strong opposition. "At last, one afternoon," he writes, "the President came into my office, in the third story of the War Department, . . . He came in and shut the door. 'Dana,' he said, 'I am very anxious about this vote. It has got to be taken next week. The time is very short. It is going to be a great deal closer than I wish it was. . . . Here is the alternative; that we carry this vote or be compelled to raise another million and I don't know how many more, men, and fight no one knows how long.'"

Nevada was finally allowed to form her State government, and within the following year, became, as Dana puts it, "one of the States which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment by which slavery was abolished by constitutional prohibition in all of the United States."

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Considering the chaotic condition into which this little state was born, and the inevitable crudeness of her first growth, one, even, who has but a child's memories of it, must feel great satisfaction that her patriotism always rang true, like her silver.

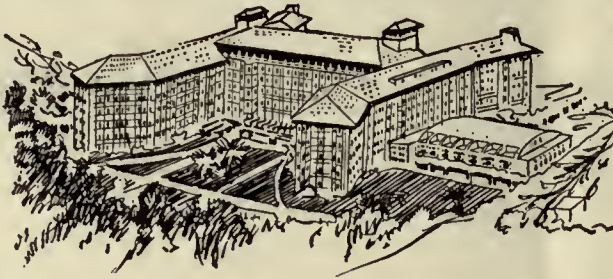
So our life went on—serious purpose, grim episode, here and there comedy—and always the reverberations from the seat of war.

In the never-to-be-forgotten spring of 1865, after we had all been removed to California and had been

settled for some months in a small educational town near San Francisco, in the midst of national rejoicing that the Rebellion was at last put down, I came in from school one day to find my mother lying upon a couch and sobbing. When she could speak she told me that President Lincoln has been assassinated. The whole world seemed suddenly to turn dark.

In an old letter my mother describes to her parents the observance in our village of "the saddest day the nation has ever known." "Every





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house of loyal citizens is draped in mourning." "Since the dreadful news of the assassination came. . . all business has stood still." "Strong men weep." "Many so overcome with grief as to be obliged to take to their beds." The universal heart throbbed no less in the villages than in a great metropolis.

A band of crepe about my arm, grave and reverent, I walked in the sad little procession to the village church, no more the small sun-bonneted child who had perched on the zigzag fence five years before, but one who had come to see and feel and a little, perhaps, to understand, something of that larger, broader world which had begun to be her own.

THE END.

("Memories of a Frontier Childhood" commenced in the August number. Back numbers may be secured at 25c, plus 2c each for postage.")

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## POETS AND THINGS

(Continued From Page 468)

youth. A bit cynical; that again is youth, in its wisdom. But there is literary soundness, there is freshness, there is strength.

And in the September number appears Yossef Gaer, whom we of the West know as a poet, an associate in the unique quarterly *Four*, with the splendidly strong "Sketches of Yanovke." Prose, these sketches, but strong as an epic and as splendidly beautiful. Gaer will not long be held in the West.

THE POETRY EDITOR is always interested when he runs across the name of an *Overland* contributor in some other periodical. A belated copy of *Voices* (July) brings Lilian White Spencer in a striking sonnet. Miss White, by the way, has appeared in not a few of the higher class magazines of late.

## NINE POINTS IN THE LAW

(Continued From Page 465)

to very much extrý trouble," she added as he somewhat bashfully entered the house, "but by the time you've hung your hat up and washed your hands and brushed your hair a bit, there'll be the kind of a meal on the table that a man and a woman that's gettin' older every day of their lives and need good, nourishin' food ought to set down to!"

## THE STURGEON'S FRY

(Continued From Page 461)

you left it and the lilacs you set out in the yard are in bloom."

The woman's face lost some of its hardness. She smiled, almost wistfully. "The lilacs, I'll see them again—" Tears trembled on her lashes—"And my boy. God! how I've wanted my boy—" Suddenly she remembered the girl in the tent. "Tom! What will he say to—her?"

"He mustn't know!" cried Crowfoot.

"He needn't know," the woman added. "Thelma came with you to find—me."

"And"—she looked into his vaguely puzzled eyes—"I want you to know that the girl isn't—bad; only weak, only foolishly tired of the monotony of the small town—just as I was."

Crowfoot's lips moved and his face contorted with the effort to voice the thought:

"I—then it wasn't—they said I looked like a sturgeon—"

The woman looked at him a moment, puzzled; then brushed the remark aside as she looked out across the hot, dusty field:

"The lilacs," she said. "The lilacs—and the cool river—I'll be glad to rest."

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## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

(Continued From Page 458)

the mosquitoes were so forcefully persistent that I was obliged to leave after the second act.

Nor is opera at Ravina "for the people." To reach there from the city a student must devote six hours of time, at a cost of not less than \$3.65 if by train. The autoist must spend as much in time and more in money; truly no price to insure the continued attendance of the common folk. Mr. Eckstein is sufficiently wealthy to disregard, if he desires, his North Shore guarantors. But to be logical he must include train or carfare and reduce the price of his tickets to popular rates. Then, and then only, can his or any other opera company be for the people.

A good stock company, with or without stars, playing at reasonable prices, will develop the musical art of this country, as it has that of Europe. Then we need not leave our land to find our artists. With the sympathy and understanding of the public, with the good will of the artist, even without the wealth of the country, the future of American Art will be assured. It is a matter for America and Americans to decide. Americans can decide it—and they must. If they do not settle it in favor of their country, then my art and the art of all other musicians has been struggled for in vain. We may withdraw and leave Art *AUX AUTRES*.

## EARLY LUMBERING

(Continued From Page 452)

steamer "Lospanna," landing at the then Russian trading post of Fort Ross. Going on to Sutter's Fort where he remained for a short time, he then went on to San Francisco, and thence to San Jose. In the spring of the next year he built one of the first saw mills—some say the first—in the state, which he exchanged some time later for 100 mules.

And so that prosaic industry of today which, at civilization's call, annually denudes countless acres of forest land, has its romantic past. Buried in the tangle of second growth along many a mountain stream the traveller of unfrequented ways may stumble over the tottering beams which once upheld a busy mill. And—if he search—he may find thereabouts a gray old pioneer who will unfold to him many an interesting tale of the days when the virgin forest fell before the crude methods of the early lumbermen.

## SAVING AMERICA'S FORESTS

(Continued From Page 436)

quired for the people through these various gifts, the Save The Redwoods League has received contributions from tree lovers in many parts of the country and more than 5,000 men and women have taken memberships in the organization. Funds from these sources will be utilized toward the purchase of other menaced groves.

All that the League has been able to accomplish thus far is of course only a start. Every day more of the finest forests are disappearing. The Save The Redwoods League believes that if the people of the United States could see the unsurpassed beauty of a virgin Redwood forest—then view the desolation after it has been cut, they would never rest until a large representative area of these trees had been saved. The task is largely one of education.

## OCTOBER CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued From Page 433)

is a familiar one to readers of poetry journals.

M. L. MERTENS is a prolific producer, with seven books of verse to his credit. The Indian songs given in this number are, so Mr. Mertens tells us, " . . . from a forth-coming epic containing 8,000 lines called "The Blue God," dealing with prehistoric man in America, especially the cliff-dwellers located at Mesa Verde. Ethnologically the assumption is taken that the Zunis and Hopis are direct descendants from the original cliff-dwellers, so that their legends are used as a basis, and these songs are from such Zuni and Hopi legends. . . . The epic has been writing five years."

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP is a member of the graduating class of 1879 of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. She says, "My father was a Congregational minister, my mother an ideal minister's wife. I inherited from her the "desire to write" which I used for a number of years for the most part in true stories for children. Later I tried poetry, and enjoy it very much." Mrs. Sharp has published a volume of verse, "A Little Patch o' Blue."

MARGARET SKAVLAN had all too brief introduction last month. Let it be said further, then, that she was born in Madison, Nebraska, in 1903. Now a resident of Eugene, Oregon, she will graduate from the University of Oregon school of journalism with the class of 1925. Her work in poetry has received wide recognition. In the Ward-Belmont poetry contest for undergraduates in the colleges of the United States, her poem "Interment" tied for second place, and was published in the *Fugitive* (October, 1923.) In the national undergraduate contest conducted this year by the Southern Methodist university, Miss Skavlan's entry won honorable mention, and she was a close runner-up in the recent contest for the "Circuit Rider" prize for Oregon writers. This young writer is working her way through college as a newspaper reporter.

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# OVERLAND MONTHLY

## and OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

NOVEMBER, 1924

NUMBER 11

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### OUR NOVEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

*ETHEL COTTON*, whose prize winning "first" story appears in this issue, is a Californian, and a San Franciscan. Miss Cotton—outside her professional work, by the way, she is Mrs. Wm. E. Monahan—is a dramatic reader and teacher. She has published a volume of verse.

*MARGUERITE NORRIS DAVIS* is Chicago-born, but now a resident of Portland, Oregon. She's a writer of feature stories, she says, "... although I have had some children's verse and fiction published. The latter are written for the amusement of my seven-year-old son, who, with his Daddy, make up my little world."

*JOY and CLAIRE GERBAULET* are of the younger verse writers, combining a sound basic knowledge of the older forms of verse with that fresh viewpoint which belongs to youth. Closely associated in their work, these sisters are now widely separated; the former a resident of Berkeley, while the other—now Claire Gerbaulet Malone—is a resident of Cuba. Among their achievements is the winning of the Emily Chamberlain Cook Poetry Prize, of the University of California, for 1923.

*B. VIRGINIA LEE*—well, Overland's editor accused Miss Lee of being a school-ma'am, a charge she indignantly denies. She says "... I've written for several magazines and my first stories were published in OVERLAND long, long ago. What I've done mostly is M. P. work, recently being associated with Harry Chandler in New York, editing and titling film and doing continuities. ... I was a student of the late W. C. Morrow of San Francisco and attended Cora L. Williams Creative and Art Institute in the years 'way back.' I've lived 24 years—nearly—and they've been years just chucked full of 'living.' ... I'm an ordinary modern girl, with the modern girl's aspirations and ideas, with an overabundance of real estate comprised of air castles."

(Continued on page 522)

### CONTENTS

#### SPECIAL ARTICLES

When the "Smelt Are Bunnin' Sandy!"	483
Marguerite Norris Davis	
Bonded or Bootleg?	484
B. Virginia Lee	
A Woman Pioneer on Lassen's Peak	488
Harry Noyes Pratt	
A Little Breath of Heaven	491
Frona Eunice Wait Colburn	
A Maker of Wood-Block Prints	494
Harry Noyes Pratt	

#### FICTION

Cross Currents	485
Ethel Cotton	
Chrysalis	489
Rachel Thayer Dunlop	
The Friendly House	493
Torrey Connor	
The Measure of a Man	511
Mildred Hudson Ammons	
The "High Graders"—Serial	498
Charles H. Snow	

#### POETRY

Adventuring	482
Linda Lee	
Winter Snow-Time	485
Margaret Widdemer	
Spectrums	489
Margaret Tod Ritter	
Age and Youth	492
Eunice Mitchell Lehmer	
The Stone-Yard	499
No. 12148	
Scarlet Leaves	506
Joy and Claire Gerbaulet	

#### A PAGE OF VERSE

Alien	Nancy Buckley
Vicarions Life	Ethel M. Coleman
Yardstick	Philip Gray
Were Song Enough?	Mildred Fowler Field
Second Grief	Helene Mullins
A Small Magic	Belle Turnbull
Wizardry	Mary J. Elmendorf
I Am Weary of the City	Dorothy Hawley Cartwright

#### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers	514
Poets and Things	516
Odds and Ends	520
Ada Kyle Lynch	
Editor's Brief Case	520

Sentinel Building, 916 Kearny Street, San Francisco.  
Telephone Douglas 8338.

Chicago Representative, George H. Myers, 5 South Wabash Avenue.  
SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR  
25 CENTS PER COPY

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1897.

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From a Block Print (in color) by Wm. S. Rice.

## OUTWARD BOUND

### THE LAST ADVENTURE

By LINDA LEE

What though  
I set my sails  
And turn to sea,  
Leaving behind  
Safe harbors—  
Still serenity?

I shall not know  
Soft firelight  
On the shutters lined.  
I shall not find low roofs,  
Nor gardens—flowers—  
Forgetfulness.  
I who remember pass forever through,  
Seeking that half-remembered dream  
Which brought me—you.

Wind, and flood-tide.  
Alone I go  
Upon this last adventuring  
By untracked seas  
To lands  
I do not know.

Keep, if you will,  
This word from me:  
Dream drawn,  
By longing spurred,  
For me peace lies  
Where others find unrest.  
My dream lies always just beyond.  
For me  
The storm-wracked path is best.



# Cross Currents

By ETHEL COTTON

*This is the winning story in the contest recently closed for the prize offered by San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women.*

"Aw, don't be fool-hardy, Pete: nobody gets crabs in this weather."

"Lovigi he might be good crab-man, but de mamma," Pete's voice lowered, "she want Lovigi should be artist."

The wharfinger smiled indulgently, "Maybe she didn't care, Pete. Women are changeable, you know."

"Aw, Lovigi's song—'La Donna i Mobile,' but not de mamma," Pete persisted doggedly.

## WINTER SNOW-TIME

*This is that winter snow  
We dreaded so—  
And yet these days that shorten,  
These winds that blow,  
Seem but a rest from color and from  
light,  
After the hurrying day, the placid  
night.*

*And so that Death we wish  
Came not so soon  
May be that dreamed-of gift,  
That longed-for boon  
Each man hides in his heart, too vague  
for words,  
Something beyond tomorrow,  
An end to sorrow,  
The evening nest of lost, wing-weary  
birds!*

—Margaret Widdemer.

THE WHARFINGER looked at him with crude kindly interest. He knew Pete's determination to carry out his wife's wish. "Come on over to the office," he offered, "nobody's going to come down here to buy fish today. Where's Loui?" as he glanced inside the shop.

"He leave before I up. All right, I go," and the two men, their sou-westers cracking round them like flapping sails, swung down the creaking wharf to the office.

As they entered the fort-like room a voice broke out, "La Donna i Mobile." Loui was entertaining a crowd of crab-men who had gathered around the wharfinger's stove.

"Why you no work today, Lovigi?" Pete's half-closed eyes looked at his boy, accusingly.

Loui's unshaven face crumpled into a defiant grin. "Day off," he muttered. Then at the look in his father's eyes, "Gee, I gotta practice ain't I?" he offered.

"Who run elevator?" Pete queried. "Relief man," Loui's tone suggested tolerant impatience. "Gee, you don't s'pose I'd let them music geeks climb to the tenth, do ya?" he flung back.

Pete looked at him reproachfully. "Them professors what teach you them operas is artists," his tone conveyed his respect. "That no way for you to call 'em 'music geeks'."

"Aw," Loui growled, "they're good sports."

"But no geeks," Pete remonstrated. "Why you no shave. You be fired, maybe. Where your white collar?"

A shrug substituted an audible answer.

Pete looked at his boy appraisingly. The parts of Loui's face visible beyond the three day's stubble, were covered with sun-burn, freckles, and stray fish-scales. The greasy coat was unfastened, showing a broad view of faded red flannel shirt, with a scar of bright blue paint. The frayed trousers were stuffed inside high oil-skin boots. A broken suspender trailed from under Loui's coat, the end of which had been disposed of by sticking it in his pants pocket.

The wharfinger followed Pete's glance more indulgently. "Loui don't need a shave and white collar to come to my office," he interceded. "Go ahead Loui, sing some more."

To the accompaniment of roaring waves, wind breaking in gusts under the loose planks of the wharf, with spray dashing against the windows, Loui sang the songs which all Italians love.

For nearly an hour Pete forgot the storm, forgot the crabs outside the heads which he had promised the St. Francis for Thanksgiving. He was listening to Lovigi, his boy, who was to be an artist like de mamma had wished.

At last, a wave more persistent, more daring than its fellows, dashed against the transom, scattering glass and spray into the room.

"Je's!" Pete broke out, his mind reverting to his work, "how I get de crab?"

"If you don't sell your boat," Loui half muttered, "I'd get 'em."

As Pete looked at Loui's sullen expression he remembered his boy's resentment at the disposal of the boat. Though almost a baby the child had gurgled and shouted whenever he had taken a trip with his father. Lashed firmly to the hatch-rail the boy had watched the crawling crabs with bright interest. His childish sorrow at losing

OLD PETE ALIOTO stood in the sheltered doorway of his crab-shop on Meiggs Wharf, his huge head moving up and down philosophically. The dark eyes, almost lost under the rough coarse brows, were half closed, his full lips hardly moved as he spoke. "They like my boy is." His head jerked in the direction of the cliff-like waves roaring in through the Golden Gate, and fighting their way to climb ruthlessly upon the dock. "Always he rough," Pete continued, "always he act mad, no polish tone." "Oh, Loui's all right," the chief wharfinger returned. "There's nothing the matter with your boy."

"I know," the words burst out suddenly, as if resenting an implied reflection on Loui. "On top he rough, like storm waves. Below he artist, like Caruse."

"He sure can sing," the wharfinger agreed, "but he'd be a damned good crab-man, too."

"No," Pete flung back. "His mom she want artist." Pete closed his hard fists firmly, a habit of his when feeling ran deep. "On top," he repeated, "Lovigi he rough, like de wave; down below," he spoke slowly, "all still, all strong, big power."

The wharfinger looked at the waves piling higher and higher before the driving wind. "There's some power in them today all right," he said cryptically. "I'd hate to take a boat out in that trough."

Pete's broad nostrils inhaled the salt sea-weed smell slowly. "How long you think she last, Harry?" The pride in his voice had changed to anxiety.

"Well—the weather man says," Harry began, but Pete broke in scornfully.

"Aw Je's! the weather man!" An expelled gust of breath expressed his contempt. "He know not so much. What you teenk, Harry?"

The wharfinger eyed the sky-line from the Presidio Hill to the Point Bonita shore. Unconsciously he raised his voice to compete with the roar of the clamoring sea. "Oh, maybe three or four days," he prophesied.

"Je's!" The word was explosive. "I no got de crab!"

"Nobody else got crabs, either," Harry offered. "You should worry."

"I promise." Pete's tone was almost a shout, now. "I promise, and I make good."

"You can't expect the men to go out in that."

"If I no sell my boat, I go," Pete came back.



the boat had grown to a sullen resentment. Old Pete saw under the mask of sullenness the boy he must make into an artist, like *de momma* had wished. He looked at Loui with mingled sternness and protection. "Lovigi, you gotta save yourself," he said as if he were stating the inevitable. "You gotta be artist like Caruse." He turned toward the window, the dark eyes compressed, "I gotta get *de crab*," he muttered.

The wharfinger faced the group of crab-men gathered around the stove. "None of you fellows going to be crazy enough to go out today, are you?" he offered.

A chorus of varied negatives came from the group.

"Charlie's boat got smashed against the pier last night," Harry volunteered, "and the Rosa Anette broke loose from her chain and drifted out."

Crude exclamations of sympathy broke from the seamen.

"The way the rest of the boats is bobbing up and down here in the inner harbor," Harry continued from his place at the window, "any man that goes outside the heads today is suicidin' that's all."

As the men slouched off to examine the moorings of their boats Pete made one more plea to the wharfinger. "You theenk she slow up by three or four maybe, so I get *de boat* and go, me, myself?"

"If I catch you trying to leave the dock today, I'll arrest you for being crazy," the wharfinger responded. "What makes you such a damn fool?" he added.

"The St. Francis steward he leave Barling, and take *de crab* from me," Pete explained. "St. Francis she want 'em; Barling she fail sometime, cause she gotta depend on crab-men. I no fail, cause I be crab-man myself. If they no go, I go," Pete finished.

"Not today you won't," said the wharfinger with finality.

Pete strode down to his crab-shop and stood in the doorway, his eyes toward the sea, as if measuring his own strength with that of the roaring storm.

For thirty-one years he had been a crab-man; at first renting, later owning his own boat, the *Louiza Marie*. Every day, except during the closed season when he had substituted the trawl for nets and joined the salmon boats at Point Reyes, he had gone outside the heads to get crabs. No, every day but one, that afternoon when Lovigi had been born; at the memory the tense eyes relaxed. Then "*de momma*" began to worry. There had been nights when Lovigi was

small when she didn't want to be left alone.

"What if you no come back?" she would say wistfully. "What I do me myself, with Lovigi." She would look at the tousled head of the baby on a cot nearby. "Maybe he be artist, like Caruse," she would add.

So at last after five years of pleading, Peter had sold his boat, and used the money to open his crab-shop with a room at the rear in which they lived.

THAT was twelve years ago, and in that time he had built up a business almost as big as Barling's or the other wholesalers, that is, in crabs. While Barling handled all kinds of fish, crabs, too, when they happened to be around, Pete specialized in the crab business. He was essentially a crab-man. He had been a member of the crab-men's Protective Association since it had started. He knew every man in San Francisco who owned a boat. When a man was sick, Pete would take his boat and go for crabs himself, with Loui running the shop. He knew the degree of hardness the shell of a crab must have, to insure protection of the delicate white meat it covered. The other men, even at Barling's took what the crab fishermen gave them, no one tried to pass anything off on Pete. Pete selected his own crabs, and he knew what to select. So it was not to be wondered at that the St. Francis and other famous hotels were glad to depend on Pete for their choice shell fish.

All this had built up old Pete's pride. He was a man to reckon with in the crab business. He had promised the St. Francis crabs for Thanksgiving. He must live up to his promise. They depended on him for crabs. He depended on the money to pay for Loui's singing lessons.

True the money Loui got for running the elevator in the Studio building helped out, but it wasn't enough. Loui was always staying off half a day and had to pay the relief man. Loui had to practice, he told his father and, anyway, he hated the cage.

Pete wouldn't have made Loui work there at all, but he wanted to keep him near "them music professors," keep the boy away from Meiggs Wharf, "make him feel he belong to artists" was the way he put it, and the *momma* had wanted it.

With the rolling walk of the seaman, he was pacing up and down in his little shop, the big boots stamping heavily on the rough board floor.

He came to a halt with an idea. Figaro owed him a little money that he had borrowed to paint his boat.

Pete would take the *Louiza Maria*, which had been renamed the *Luccia*, and go out himself.

The other crab men might think he was getting too old to handle a boat in a storm. Figaro couldn't refuse him. He could slip out when Harry wasn't around.

"You let me have her one day," he pleaded with Figaro half an hour later. "I'll give you off one payment."

But Figaro knew the storm. "You smash her. She can't go out," he said with no hint of negotiation.

Back to the little crab-shop Pete went, where Loui was getting shaved preparatory to working on the elevator for the afternoon shift.

"That's good" Pete commended. *De momma* she like you should be artist. She feel good you be clean, no tough guy."

"Mom didn't care," the seventeen-year-old stubble was being scraped savagely, but the young Italian's tone softened as he referred to his mother who had died only the year before.

Pete did not notice the subdued tone, nor the modified defiance in Loui's expression, though he watched the boy till he swung out of sight along the wharf in the direction of the Powell Street car.

As Pete ate his lunch of raviolas and Italian bread washed down with some Dago red, he reached to the shelf over the table where Loui kept his music books. "Enrico Caruso, Artist," he read, and smiled in anticipatory appreciation. "Some day maybe they write, 'Lovigi Alioto, Artist!'" he said to himself musingly.

He was looking at another volume now. "What thees!" he exclaimed. "Who thees man Joseph Conrad?" The full lips pursed tentatively as he turned over the pages, reading a phrase here and there. "Huh," a gust of breath was expelled suddenly. "He no artist," Pete grunted, "just seaman. Loui no need sea-tales."

He crossed to the little stove and lifting the lid was about to thrust the book among the coals when he hesitated. One day he had found "The Sea Wolf" among Loui's music. All one rainy afternoon, when the crab-fishermen had got back late, and customers were few, Pete had sat before the stove living over and over again his earlier life. "Maybe Conrad be all right for *me*," he muttered and returned to the table with the book still in his hands.

A gust of wind shook the little shop, and spray splashed against the windows. "Crabs!" flashed again in Pete's mind. He put on his sou-wester and as he started down the wharf



saw a huge square box that had hung beneath, come loose from its chains, and go floating out between the piles.

In a moment he was down the steel ladder with a boat-hook, and managed to drag the box behind a pile and hold it steady. "Figaro," he shouted, as some one in a boat near by came on deck. "Your crab box get loose. I save heem."

In a few moments they had the box on the deck of Figaro's boat.

"How many you got, Figaro? I can get 'em?" Pete asked anxiously. "Why you no tell me you had 'em yesterday?"

"They ain't so good," Figaro explained. "Sure you kin have 'um if you want 'um."

One after another the crawling crabs were lifted out to be examined. Some were small, the shells of others were too soft, only three satisfied the critical eye of old Pete.

All the afternoon he went from one crab-man to another, carefully going over the fish that had been held back from yesterday's catch. At 4 o'clock, however, he had found only a dozen and a half choice specimens. "Not one sack even," Pete muttered disconsolately, "And I promised ten."

Back to the shop he carried them. "Anyway I boil heem," he decided.

He dragged the boiler under the shed of the shop and tied sacks across the end to keep the fierce wind from putting out his fire. The storm tore at the flimsy canvas. Gusts of smoke whirled in old Pete's eyes, and ashes blew on his green checked flannel shirt. It was nearly 7 o'clock before he had the crabs cooked and down to the hotel.

"Of course I'll take these, Pete," the steward said, "but I'll have to go to Barling's or some place if you can't get more in a couple of days. People expect these things on holidays, Pete, and we've got to make good."

"I try," said Pete doggedly.

"You used to go out in all kinds of weather when you had your own boat," the steward suggested. "Some of the young fellows can surely go out and get some."

That stung Pete. He was no longer young. He had to depend on the youth of another. He sat in gloomy mood by the stove when Loui came home from work, and though his boy seemed unusually talkative, Pete didn't even wait till Loui had gone to bed before he crawled into his own cot.

JUST 1 E about midnight he figured when he heard someone opening the door. He sat up at once. "That you, Lovigi?"

"Yea," the voice came back through the dark.

"Where you go?"

"Night shift," briefly.

"That janitor's work?" Pete's voice was regretful.

"Yea."

Pete always regretted the fact that the elevator man of the day shift had to take turns with janitor work at night.

"You wrap throat warm, Lovigi?" He pleaded.

"Aw," Loui growled, scornfully. "I'll take your old sou-wester," he conceded as he went out.

Pete fell into broken naps then, but soon was wide awake again, sitting up in bed listening to the storm. The habit of thirty-one years was not easily broken. Each morning between two and three, he awoke and listened to the crab-men untying their boats and starting out on the early tide.

He got up now and crossing to the window peered in the direction of the straining boats. The storm was still raging but the rain had almost stopped and faint moonlight was breaking through the fog.

Then, as he strained his eyes in the dusk, he saw a man's figure hurry along the wharf, climb down the steel ladder, untie a boat and without starting the engine steer it out in the rushing tide without the wharfinger or guards hearing a sound.

"Je's!" ejaculated Pete. "Who it is? Je's! I go see."

In a few minutes he was dressed and running down the wharf examining the boats still tied at their moorings.

"Figaro's boat!" he exclaimed. "My boat. Figaro he go to help me. He know I got to get de crab! Je's! I hope she safe!"

Exhausted with mingled emotions of gratitude and anxiety, old Pete returned to his bed, and slept late the next morning.

Not often in San Francisco has a storm reached the height of the one that broke the following day. From the Marin shore to Fort Scott the Pacific was lashed into cliffs of churning water. Outside the heads a steamer trying to come inside the bar, was turned directly around, and forced to head for the open sea. Pieces of lumber on the wharf were tossed about like chips. The piles creaked as they strained to and fro resisting the mighty tide. Three more fisherman's boats broke from their moorings, two drifting out to sea, the third smash-

ing itself to pieces against intervening piles. All day the coast-guards looked through their glasses searching the bay for drifting ships.

Pete stayed in his little crab-shop till noon. Then, no customers venturing out in the storm, he buffeted his way down to the wharfinger's office.

Harry turned to him accusingly. "Did you bribe Figaro to go for crabs?" he yelled.

Pete shook his head.

"You knew he went," the wharfinger continued.

"I see heem this morning," Pete admitted.

"Crazy fool. Didn't start his engine, just drifted out. Got by me, all right, but Dan saw him."

Dan was the look-out at the life-saving station.

"Told me he was going away for a couple of days, since he couldn't go out," Harry went on. "Damn fool, no chance of him coming in, I'd hate to have persuaded anybody to go to sure death."

"I didn't know he was goin'," Pete argued. "Maybe he come in," he added hopefully.

"Not a damn chance," was Harry's answer.

Back to the crab-shop Pete made his way. Slowly he took out his lunch and began to eat. The phone rang as he pulled his chair to the table. "The St. Francis, she want de crab," Pete muttered. He answered the phone reluctantly.

"Hullo," his tone was apologetic. In a moment it was changed to terror. "What you say! Lovigi no come to building?" Pete was swallowing hard while the other was speaking. "The professor no see heem, too!" His terror increased.

The receiver dropped on its hook from Pete's relaxed hand. Then the fist clenched tight. "Lovigi!"—The idea was forcing its way into old Pete's mind, "Lovigi had gone for de crab!"

Gulping his wine mechanically, his mind tried to piece together the events of the last few hours. Lovigi looking at him quizzingly when he came home. Lovigi going off in the night and not telling him. Lovigi who never would wrap up his throat, taking the sou-wester.

Already Pete was on his way to the wharfinger's office. "When Figaro say he was going away?" he stammered, breathless, as he burst in.

"Yesterday morning. Why?"

"Who hear heem?" Pete went on.

"Oh, I don't know. All the men sitting around."

(Continued on page 525)



# A Woman Pioneer on Lassen's Peak

By

HARRY NOYES PRATT

IT'S A time-yellowed bit of paper, this that lies here before me. The paper itself is of that old-fashioned "laid" stock, blue lined and with a watermarked crest in the upper corner, such as our forebears used. Time has laid its soiling hand upon the pages, but the lines of scholarly Spencerian script are as black and fresh as though the hand that penned the words had but a moment ago laid the paper aside. Ink makers were honest men in those days.

In its enclosing envelope the letter came to me, an envelope bearing the inscription in the same clerkly hand,

"Mrs. Daniel B. Brodt,  
Hoosick, Rensselaer Co.,  
New York,"

and accompanying the letter a note of explanation from the daughter of the writer, Ethel Brodt Wilson.

"I am sending you," she says, "the letter written by my father, telling of the ascent of Mt. Lassen by him and my mother in August, 1864. . . . Major Redding's name does not appear in this letter, but my father told me many times when I was a child that the ascent was made in his party, also that the town of Redding was named for him. In one of my father's letters he mentions that my mother is to visit Major Redding's home about 25 miles north of Red Bluff, and that he was at that time president of the Williams and Kellinger Mining Company in the new mining town of Copper City—I presume the present Keswick. . . . I have just had some information from Mrs. Head, of Berkeley—now over eighty years of age—who remembers vividly those early days. With my father and mother she was one of a group, including Major Redding and his family, who camped or lived that summer at Battle Creek Meadows. I have a lovely little pencil drawing by my mother, of the four cabins set in the pine trees."

And then in her charming simple fashion Mrs. Wilson goes on to tell of the first meeting of her father and mother with Major Redding:

"My father and mother were out alone in the mountains, and seeing the smoke from their camp-fire Major Redding rode over to investigate, thinking it was Indians. He insisted

on taking them under his protection, as it was unsafe for them to be alone on account of the Indians."

In regard to the letter Mrs. Wilson says further:

"This letter is one of others written to his mother. They were found, where



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF JOHN BROWN, OF HARPER'S FERRY

—From the Oil Painting by Helen Brodt.

they had lain for fifty years, in the attic of the farm house on the old homestead where my father was born, in Hoosick, New York—a part of the original Dutch grant in 1640, which descended from father to son. A daughter of my father's brother now lives in the farm house, on what is a good, up-to-date farm of 250 acres. I imagine these are all of the letters to his mother after he left home at eighteen until her death, in the early seventies.

THESE letters have no particular value except as they recount his experiences in different places, and a young man's wanderings. But they are amusing in their expression of high aspirations and self-assurance. In one he makes a request of his mother for his feather bed, as he and his room-

mate at college have set up house-keeping. 'You say that you intend to give me a feather bed when I become of age, but I do not know that I shall ever need it more than at present.'

"A letter from Red Bluff tells rather interestingly of the news of the death of Lincoln; also of the family of John Brown coming into Red Bluff barefooted and destitute; and of the townspeople giving them clothing and furniture, and starting a dollar subscription to buy them a home. This subscription was to be started in the different towns and cities of California.

"My father arrived in San Francisco some time in April, 1863—I have not the exact date—via Panama. My mother made the trip some months later. The Mt. Lassen letter is dated nearly a year and a half after his arrival. They both went directly to Red Bluff by steamer up the Sacramento river. I remember hearing my father tell that he was hired to teach school in the mining town of Orofino by the miners, and his salary was paid by them out of their own pockets, and that he was treated by them with the greatest respect and deference—it must be remembered he was a young man yet in his twenties.

"During those early years my mother painted portraits—whether any of them are still in existence I do not know. She painted a portrait of Mrs. Redding, visiting the Redding home while doing it. While living at Red Bluff she painted the John Brown portrait from daguerreotypes under the supervision of Mrs. Brown, and it was often repeated that Mrs. Brown said it was the best likeness of her husband that had been made. We still have this John Brown portrait.

"My mother was a guest at the Toms and Tooms ranch—known as 'Toms and Tooms'—and painted portraits there. There is a Toms creek or river, I think, in Tehama county. I remember hearing my mother tell that the association of the two names was a coincidence and that one of the names belonged to an unmarried man and his sister; the other to an Irishman, the two meeting for the first time in California. . . . There were hundreds of head of cattle on the ranch

(Continued on page 524)



# Chrysalis

By

RACHAEL THAYER DUNLOP

AS SHE WENT up to the steps to the Inn a man was coming down. He was only a shadow in the night, but on a sudden, the path of light from a window caught the face, for a half instant, for a breath, for a grain of time. For a half-instant!—For an æon, in which thought stood still and life was feeling. For a quivering hairsbreadth, the girl she had once been was there, in a glory as of resurrection, eager heart filled with greeting and recognition for the face in the flood of light. Then, shuddering shock of reaction. She closed her eyes and when she looked up, the figure was passing, was gone. She was not sure that she had seen what she had seen.

She was in the Inn, leaning on the desk, writing in the register with a hand not quite firm. The clerk who was an observing person, especially in the case of goodlooking well-dressed women, noticed that she was pale as if fatigued by her journey. The register told him that the pale woman was "Charlotte Brand—N. Y."

Before she reached the room to which she was being shown the color had found her cheeks again. She laughed a little. "Don't be absurd—not a very good way to begin a holiday—letting your nerves play tricks—"

She whose life had once been all holiday had planned to luxuriate in this, her first respite from work in months, years. It would take a little effort at first not to indulge in haste. Everything she did she would make herself do deliberately, and she began practicing her leisurely spinning out of time with her unpacking. As she shook out a gown of softest, duldest golden color, something went tumbling to the floor. "Oh", she said as she picked it up and stood it, with the precision born of habit, in the center of the bureau, "You!" It was a frame from which two pictures of one man looked out at her with curiously squinting eyes; a man in his early thirties, dressed for the roles of civilian and soldier, alert, business-like, but betraying, perhaps, in soldier guise, a certain carelessness of pose and an ease, lacking in his civilian self. Civilian and soldier watched her as she worked. They had been watching her in this same detached way since a time she never thought of.

SHE WAS going on with her unpacking when some impulse, some memory newly stirred made her press the pictures to her cheek. Once, "My

dear," she said, and again, "My dear." With hesitancy she took an envelope from behind the pictures and drew out treasures that were hidden there, that never saw the light in actuality or thought. Foolish little treasures!—the tiniest spray of hawthorne that budded and bloomed once on some old French farm; a card— "Dear, I shall be thinking of you a little more than usual on your Twenty-second Birthday," it told her in pencil; and the telegraph form. She had read it

she died more utterly, more completely—."

Hurriedly, almost shamefacedly, she returned the treasures to their hiding-place. Enough of introspection—away with it! —Ah, that face in the light!— Through the night came the boom and crackle, particularly the break and crackle, as of distant guns— The sea! She would not wait until morning for a glimpse of it! To catch a breath of salt on the air was not enough—not on a night like this, —not with a crescent moon like that— not for her! She would go out to it—leave behind this absurd disturbing backward-looking mood that had insinuated itself into the very promise of her holiday.

Outside—a world of black and silver and all the wistful fragrance of early spring. After all, not a night of which forgetfulness is made—rather, a night for remembering!— And she could not shake it off. She found herself thinking of those moments when life itself had been bathed in silver and every breath was fragrant—those moments which, however beautiful, had been unable to shut away a certain distant ominous roar—of guns.

It was the second day after her arrival that she saw him first by daylight. He passed her on the beach and she saw again the face which had shone out so strangely in the light. Then it had happened! Then she had seen! And this was a man of flesh and blood, prosaic enough in the morning sunshine, smoking a pipe. Charlie Brand had never smoked a pipe. Charlie Brand had been, surely, a trifle taller, more erect. Even so, the resemblance was extraordinary enough to have justified the widow of Charlie

## SPECTRUMS

WHEN you and I have turned to dust  
Delicate and softly grey,  
We'll rise upon some windy gust,  
Fling sobriety away,  
And sandaled softer than elves  
Whirl and twirl and lose ourselves.

Upon that day when we are free  
(Seven centuries from this)  
Not one will hark to you and me  
(Dancing particles of bliss)  
But this I know, two lovers sweet  
Will gather dust upon their feet.

—Margaret Tod Ritter.

but once, long ago. Every letter of every word was cut in her living flesh with the "pen of a diamond",—"Exceedingly regret to inform you Major Charles Brand D. S. O.,—June eighteenth," She would never read it again after these years—"killed"—"Brutally clear.

"I think you were not the only one, dear love, who was killed then—there was a girl who somehow—died—dear love"—She pressed the treasures to her cheek. "—Sometimes I think



THE CAMP AT BATTLE CREEK MEADOWS

—From a Pencil Sketch by Helen Brodt in 1864



Brand in mistrusting her eyes, her nerves, herself. What would he do and think, she wondered, if she should pursue him and beg of him, "Oh please, strange man, would you mind standing there awhile, just so, and let me look at you. You are so astonishingly like someone who was so astonishingly dear."

There were few people in the dining room that noon,—few people at the Inn, for it was very early in the spring. But he was there. Seated not far from him, Charlotte felt her eyes forever drawn toward this stranger, every light and shadow of whose face seemed,—was,—poignantly familiar.

Charlie Brand had not been commonplace. That was why it was the more startling to see another face with just those same irregularities, other eyes with just that squint. The likeness did not stop with these things. There were the indefinable uses and expressions of the hands. There was the shape of the head and the set of the head on the same fine shoulders.

She found a kind of doubtful joy in observing all these familiar things and ways, a very poignant pleasure that trembled and fluttered on the border of pain like a tired butterfly—something that left the heart exuberant but puzzled, aching and wistful, perplexed.

Once he looked up and found her staring at him, for that was what she was doing. As the swift color flooded her cheeks he stared back, for a second, with the detached expression of the photographs upstairs.

She had been—six years, seven years?—away—a continent, an ocean?—away. It seemed as if he must say now, as he looked up from the teacup, as he had then in that cosy room in Devon,—oh many things, intimately sweet. She had seen Folkstone too, in the chill gray weather—that same face fading into the mist on the pier, while thud of endless tramping feet beat—beat—or was it just her heart? It seemed as if he must know now that she was—she.

Abruptly, Charlotte left the dining room. She started hurriedly up the stairway and as hurriedly came down. She had caught sight of Mrs. Prichard; motherly, amusing Mrs. Prichard knitting before the fire while her round grandson tumbled on the rug before her. Oh but she wanted them, needed them, strangers though they were! She wanted the solid, tangible Present, the sense of contact with warm human beings who did not suspect this place deep within her that was absurdly sensitive, ridiculously raw,

quivering, shrinking miserably from the slightest touch, even yet.

Mrs. Prichard, seeing her, patted the Davenport, inviting her to join them. And Ralphie ran to Charlotte, took her hand friendly, comfortingly, and dragged her toward his grandma. Ah, the dears,—their voices came to her reassuringly. Ralphie sprawled across her knee, a wee tangible chubbiness of little boydom. His importunate nudges drew her back across this gulf of unreality to behold and admire the gay bees and monstrous beetles in his "Insect Friends—For Little Nature Lovers." She clung to their voices—to Ralphie's whispering questions and Mrs. Prichard's harmless gossip. "What's this—what's this?" Charlotte's eyes followed the stubby finger along the page—"Oh—that's a chrysalis, dear, isn't that a funny word?—it's the way the butterfly looks before it is a butterfly"—"Chrysalis?" "Yes—what a chill there is in the air today, isn't there, Mrs. Prichard?" The gray chill mist of Folkstone enveloped her—choked her—sent a long shiver through her—it had swallowed up the face on the pier.—A girl was alone in a room that was articulate with absence, with emptiness. Life was numbness.—"Yes, we get a great deal of this foggy weather in Madox at this season—still, I do enjoy the spring season before the crowd comes—Ralphie, don't bother Mrs. Brand—don't let him bother you"—

"Oh no—he's not—what a lovely butterfly, Ralphie—"

"Um—pretty wings—is chryl-asis dead—hasn't it any wings?—Why?—why?"

**L**IFE was numbness.—Right there his cap and stick had hung—and there—in those chintz chairs with the splashing soft rose flowers—they had watched the fire together and talked with sober gaiety of a future they knew would never come. "Why?—oh no—it's not dead—but it hasn't grown yet—when it comes out as a butterfly, it has—"—Life was numbness—"And wants to fly?" Big eyes looked up at her absurdly—"Must fly, dear—yes"—Life was numbness—A girl caressed a pillow with her cheek before she left that empty room—no tears would come—Click, click went Mrs. Prichard's knitting needles, and wheels were clicking as a train rolled through the grayness up to London—alone back to London. "I was going to tell you, Mrs. Brand—Oh, Mr. McCullogh—here a minute—I just had a letter from George. He wanted to be

remembered"—Charlotte looked up from beetles and the butterflies—A man—the man was coming toward them with an easy familiar stride. "Oh, you people haven't met! You haven't met Mrs. Brand, have you?" Mrs. Prichard nodded her head at each of them by way of introduction. The hand that shook Charlotte's was very like the hand which once held hers. But cold as the mist over Folkstone was this hand, cold as fear. The stranger had shaken her hand. No, he had lain a cold hand on her breast.

"Yes, Madox is beautiful," the voice of Mrs. Brand was saying through lips that smiled. "You are living here—that is—staying here?" Mrs. Prichard did not give him time to answer. "Does he live here?—my dear, he can scarcely be dragged away. But when George was here—" She became distracted with the inevitable dropped stitch of her knitting.

"Yes, I call this home—have a little shack over there in the middle of nowhere. It's a jolly place—Madox—there's a charm about it." He looked at her interrogatively.

"Yes, isn't there?"

"You're enjoying it then?"

"Yes, very much."

Their little ship of commonplaces lay becalmed. Mrs. Prichard, still struggling with the dropped stitch, which had inevitably grown into six dropped stitches, offered no breezy word to help it on its way. Charlotte was trying stiffly, to explain that she had just been starting for the beach—any excuse would do!—when Mrs. Prichard performed a magnificent twist of her work and took command. She always liked to throw the young people together!

"Your way home, isn't it?" (to Duncan McCullogh) "No, I won't join you—but run along, you children.—I'll show you George's letter—remind me to show it to you tomorrow"—she called after them as they reached the door.

There was no escape. They went down the hill together. Out under the sky Mrs. Brand did not find words difficult. She smiled. Firmly her feet were planted on their pinnacle! It was not this stranger's fault that he had been cast in the same mold as Charlie Brand.

As he talked and she carefully replied, she found herself pretending that it was he—that the years between had been a dream, the nightmare they had threatened to be,—that they, yes, they had never ceased walking side by side, this way. Foolish it was—

(Continued on page 496)



# A Little Breath of Heaven

By  
FRONA EUNICE WAIT  
COLBURN

**O**F COURSE! What else could Sutro Heights be, but a little breath of Heaven? Not because the grounds have clumps of this dainty white blossomed shrubbery, but because the whole place radiates the peace and quiet of eternity. And this delightful spot is to belong to San Francisco for all time.

Adolph Sutro, the man whose foresight and generosity first enhanced the locality—always with the intention of giving it to the City—lived in California from 1850 to 1879 without ever having visited the Heights which bear his name. One Sunday morning, so the story goes, he drove over the hill from what is now Golden Gate Park, plowing through the untracked sand until he reached the present house, then occupied by a Mr. Tetlow, proprietor of the old Bella Union Theater on Broadway. A tiny little girl was with him, the daughter who still lives at Sutro Heights and is faithfully carrying out her father's wishes. Within twenty-four hours after the first visit the Heights had passed to the present ownership.

This was after the name of Adolph Sutro had been made famous by his mining and engineering achievements both in California and Nevada. It was characteristic of the new owner that he should immediately begin planning to beautify his surroundings. A great lover of horse flesh, it was natural that he should build and fill with fine animals a stable in keeping with his wealth and position. For years afterward the Sutro spans of thoroughbreds were among the noted turnouts of a period when it was distinctly a gentleman's occupation to be considered a good whip. Now that the old hardwood finished stable has been torn down there are no more fine horses at Sutro Heights, but Heaven has praised the beautiful gardens are still immune from the honk of the automobile. The pedestrian does not take his life in his hands when through the high gate he passes into the spacious grounds sloping gently cityward from one of the oldest houses built on San Francisco peninsula.

With an almost uncanny vision of the future of the city, the new owner of Sutro Heights began acquiring adjoining properties until he had a large country estate bordering on the young

and growing metropolis of the Pacific. First it was the Cliff House, already attracting attention by its commanding view of the broad expanse of water and shore line now world famous. Soon Adolph Sutro owned all the land stretching from the Cliff House to Lin-



MR. ADOLPH SUTRO

coln Park and across Golden Gate Park to Ingleside.

The acquisition of these lands would make a much too long story for this article, but one may note in passing that the San Miguel Rancho, over Ingleside way, had become the property of the French Bank as an outcome of the panicky days of 1879, and was sold by that institution to Adolph Sutro and Leland Stanford in about equal proportions. That which belonged to Stanford lay untouched for a long time. Not so with the Sutro holdings. In the midst of the Kearny riots, on the sand lots where the City Hall and Civic Center now adorn re-built San Francisco, Adolph Sutro began to plant trees on what was called Blue Mountain, back of the Affiliated Colleges, and including St. Francis Woods.

Always with an eye to the beautiful in scenic location, Adolph Sutro set aside Mt. Olympus and erected a normal sized "Liberty Enlightening the World" copied from the colossus on Bedlow Island, New York. Adolph Sutro had a scientific turn of mind, and had his original will been allowed to stand would have endowed scientific research most liberally. As it was he richly blest San Francisco by securing all of the oceanward beauty spots and making their ownership by the City possible. He was a great friend and admirer of Professor George Davidson, and since both men have passed to the Great Beyond a grateful citizenry have renamed Blue Blue Mountain. Led by the Sierra Club, the first peak is officially designated as Mt. Sutro, while the highest peak on the peninsula is known as Mt. Davidson. It is here that Easter Morning services are held.

As San Francisco grew the Sutro holdings were subdivided into the Richmond District nearer town, and then Adolph Sutro had one of the hardest fights of his militant life on his hands. It was only his indomitable will, grit and energy that made the Sutro Tunnel successful in the Comstock days of the mining industry in California and Nevada. It was this enterprise that laid the foundation for the Sutro fortune and fame. So when the railroad interests undertook to block Sutro's attempt to secure better car service to the Cliff House for less

money, the wise ones smiled and watched the fur fly when the fight got well under way. To succeed, Adolph Sutro had himself elected Mayor of San Francisco, and then induced the Board of Supervisors to grant the necessary franchises, and that part of the City began to grow oceanward. A five-cent carfare from the Ferry to the Cliff House and the building of Sutro Baths were the immediate results of the opening up of this new real estate subdivision.

The universal type of mind not only has vision and imagination, but reacts to some fad or hobby which reflects the personal attitude toward life. Many of the railroad and mining millionaires bought huge tracts of land down the peninsula or across the bay and became farm fanciers. With the Mills family it was fine dairy herds of



Holsteins; with Stanford it was brood mares. Some planted high-grade vineyards, while the retired Army and Navy men of wealth built magnificent country seats and entertained royally. Adolph Sutro was a princely host, a handsome, courtly man with a discriminating taste in books, and a keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature. For his pleasure he bought the entire ocean shore line, from below Lincoln Park to Golden Gate Park including Sutro Heights and the Cliff House. He was an enthusiastic believer in the future greatness of California, and always maintained that San Francisco would be one of the greatest sea-ports in the world. And he saw to it that this imperial city should have a matchless ocean shore scenic heritage for all time.

Years ago Mayor Pond and Adolph Sutro planned the superb roadway comprising the net work of boulevards and highways stretching from Thirty-third Avenue northerly to the water's edge and extending to Sutro Heights and the Cliff House. Included in this magnificent panorama of the ocean shore line and hills surrounding Golden Gate is the site of the Legion of Honor Museum, the end of the Lincoln Highway stretching across the continent to New York City, and every nook and corner of the rugged indented land which juts into the foam-laden waters of bay and ocean.

The Sutro heirs mindful of the ardent wishes of their public spirited relatives are faithfully carrying out his plans. They have sold to San Francisco for \$250,000 the whole scenic front from Lincoln Park to the Cliff House. Already on this picturesque bluff is being built a winding auto roadway high above the curving car tracks hugging the land edges. The new highway snuggles up close under the protection of Fort Miley which crowns the hilltop overlooking Lands' End. At a much lower level is still to be seen the footpath cut into the rocks at Mr. Sutro's order, and which it is hoped the various hikers' clubs will insist upon keeping in good condition if the City proves neglectful. No matter how many inhabitants San Francisco may have in future, nor in what direction the home-makers elect to go, nothing can ever deprive this sea-port of its magnificent water approaches nor its marvelous panorama of natural beauty.

The gem of it all is Sutro Heights—a free gift to San Francisco by the Sutro family. Valued at more than half a million dollars this secluded spot will be cared for at present by the heirs, and so long as this arrangement con-

tinues the pedestrian may walk and muse unafraid, because automobiles are not allowed inside the enclosure. And what a miniature world lies just inside the ornate gateway guarded by sleeping lions and mailed warriors—relics of another age and another period of culture. The grounds are still well kept, because the three old gardeners put into their daily tasks that



"PROMETHEUS" AT SUTRO HEIGHTS

service which money cannot buy. Formerly there were fifteen caretakers, but that was when they had horses, carriages and grooms, when Sutro Heights was the scene of many a charity fete or grand entertainment for noted visitors. Who that saw it will ever forget the charity performance of "As You Like It," with Ada Rehan and John Drew, given at night with all the trees and shrubbery alight with Japanese lanterns, and all the walks lined with a fashionable throng. Another memorable event was a one o'clock breakfast given on the lawn in front of the house on the ocean side. It was the 17th of January, warm and sunny, with only a breath of ocean breeze in the big tent where the feast was served. The elaborate floral table pieces were dwarfed by the riot of bloom outside, and the brother of Oscar Wilde—himself a journalist of note—declared that he had seen a glimpse of Heaven. Upon the parapet the group of statuary—a part of the architectural ornamentation—looked down upon a perfectly ap-

pointed repast. Later a quiet smoke for the men, and a dreamy ocean view for all in the sheltered esplanade partially hidden by wind swept trees built on the seaward side of the cliff, completed one of those rare, midwinter days only possible in such a place and amid such surroundings.

Now the scene is changed completely. The earthquake of 1906 tilted the green-house well to the south, and it is no longer safe to enter. It was Mr. Sutro's delight to escort his guests through this pretty glass structure and to present an orchid or other rare blossom to a friend. Ivy climbs up the glass walls and partially covers the transparent roof, but the old conservatory is well worth preserving as a land-mark.

Here the wild things make bold to live unmolested by the visitor or other human invader. The quail at Sutro Heights bid fair to become a city institution. It is estimated that at least five hundred quail roost in the ivy over-running the ground close to the greenhouse. These little feathered folk have strict rules for living. They know that the gates are closed upon humans at five o'clock each day. Shortly before that time the leader of the colony comes into the garden. He perches on a high limb of a tree and calls repeatedly to his flock. Soon little family groups come running in and it is not long before the roadway leading from the house to the gate is alive with quail. They run so fast and in such numbers that they kick up a dust along the way. They know the old gardeners and are quick to find the grain scattered for their benefit. As night approaches they huddle up under the ivy and hedges, until the sun wakes them and they separate into groups and go foraging among the lupin and wild grasses between the Heights and Golden Gate Park. Seeds and insects provide their daily food.

A diverting performance is the action of a number of birds when provision for their evening meal has been neglected. They congregate outside the kitchen window and scold loud and long until some one takes notice of them.

With Prometheus holding his torch heavenward and facing out over the broad Pacific he symbolizes all that Sutro Heights might have been had its generous owner and donor lived to carry out his ambitious, but altruistic dreams. As it is, it will always be to San Francisco a little breath of Heaven.



# The Friendly House

By TORREY CONNOR

I WAS tying up blue strands of morning-glory that the wind of the night before had loosened—and remembering something that I should like to forget.

What a morning! The pure blue of the sky, the blue flash of a jay's wing in the greenery of the June garden, the blue gaze of the child next door, should give a man something pleasant to think about. But I was not in tune with the day.

I heard the fat clock chuckling the hour as Marydear, cuddling Kitkins, appeared in the door.

"Oh! *There* you are! Hurry and get it, Johndear."

I never felt less like hurrying in my life; and I began to make excuses.

"The lettuce bed needs weeding; and I haven't sprayed the roses. Look, Marydear! Overnight the garden has burst into a song of white roses, with a pink and yellow and crimson chorus—"

"Why, Johndear! That's poetry!"

"Huh!" I scoffed, unwilling to have a pet hidden weakness dragged to light, even by Marydear. "Will you remember, young woman, that your husband is—at least—a successful architect? Poetry! Huh!"

With that, I went to get "it"—the flivver, parked in the shed.

The gate clanged. There was the sound of a heavy tread crunching the gravel of the path. A man whose clothing would have advertised butchers' holiday swaggered up, squinted at me from behind an ambush of black whiskers. On what disagreeable errand had he come?

"Burke's place?" he twanged, in the quiet of the June garden.

"That's the name of the owner—yes. We are renters. Why—er—do you ask?"

"Goin' t' buy th' dump. Turn th' land int' rabbit farm." His blundering foot flattened a clump of fragrant mignonette as he waved a hairy hand toward the roses. "All that ground wasted! Plant green stuff—cabbages, an' such-like—f'r rabbits. Them trées, now." Another wave of the hand that took in the nook where, in the cool leaf shadows, swung a gaily striped hammock. "Too much shade. Th' house ain't worth nothin'—"

"Excuse me!" My voice sounded harsh in my own ears. We're going to the city, and it's late. Good-day!"

BUT WE were not so easily rid of the hairy one. While I watered and groomed the flivver, I heard his rasping voice in conversation with Marydear, her high, sweet voice in reply. I had been loath to do today that which might be put off until some indefinite tomorrow. Now, I said to myself:

"Let's have it over and done—done!"

For I, the man with the flivver income, who married the limousine girl, had finally accomplished the impossible; the dollar problem no longer squatted, immovable, on our doorstep. Marydear, who made her clothes out of nothing at all and who looked as sweet as a clove pink, could "have things"—anything within reason. A reg'lar house, for instance, with hardwood floors that trip the feet of the unwary, and with softly tinted walls. Away with the old pipe. Big closets, too, in which she might store things, squirrel-fashion, as is the habit of women. Well, bless her, she should have her reg'lar house!

We had been very happy in the old house. I should miss the window-seat which was strewn with plans-in-the-making. I should miss the chattering robin-colony. And it was too much to hope that I might find another room, wild-windowed, with over-curtains of wild cucumber lace.

The old house, a model of inconvenience, had been built as if by afterthought, and with subsequent additions. The living-room paper, sun-faded save for the square under last year's calendar (we could not take down the calendar for fear that we might not find another calendar that would fit), was shabby. The fireplace smoked when the wind blew from a certain direction. But we who lived within its walls had found the heart of the house.

We were patient with the fireplace because of the inglenook that, like our old flivver, was cosily built for two. Nor was this the only reason; when, as city bride and groom, we went country home-questing (made desperate by poverty) on a day in June and found the house, there was a tiny card, scrawled over with the uncertain pen-strokes of age, on the mantel above the ingle-nook. I read it to Marydear:

"This has been a happy home."

I remember well what Marydear said about the house.

"Oh, Johndear! what inspiration in

this room! And you can strew your papers all around"—A-tiptoe she went from room to room—"cubby-holes," I called them, greatly fearing to tell her how the place had laid claim to me, greatly hoping that she, too, would feel the claim. "Johndear! Such a friendly house!"

I must be very sure; I should not influence her. I told myself that I *would not* influence her. And so I said:

"But the house is too far from the interurban car. And I can't afford a flivver for another year—maybe two or three."

"Not too far if we walk together, Johndear. I'll meet you every night, when you go into town to keep those tiresome books that spread butter on our bread."

"The landlord won't paper the rooms. There isn't a china closet on the place. What you'll do with all that etched glass and monogrammed silver—?"

"Three sneers for the landlord, the etched glass, the monogrammed silver, and—and three more for the china closets. My friends should have known that what I really wanted was a nest of stew pans, and a vacuum cleaner."

"All right. But consider, Marydear! This is the only room that gets the sunshine all day."

"We don't really need more sunshine." She grinned impishly. "I'll be your sunshine. I may scorch your breakfast food, but I'll smile, smile. If that doesn't light up the place, we'll trim the lovely trees—just a twig, here and there."

That was a year ago. The little card was still there on the mantel. The hairy one might get the house and the rose garden; but the card—

"Johndear!"

"Coming!"

Something not quite familiar in the look of Marydear's brown eyes, shadowed by the close-fitting sports hat of poppy-red. She had mislaid her smile! What had the hairy one said to her. I would have asked, but Marydear promptly took the wheel and negotiated the narrow gate. We picked up the brown skein of the road, and the flivver unwound it. The wind flowed over our faces like cool water.

"Now that you don't have to worry as to how to make both ends of a dollar meet, we must show our friends that we are not the failure that they predicted," Marydear began, conver-

(Continued on page 509)





"OLD BARGES ON THE DELAWARE"

—From a Block Print by Wm. S. Rice

## A Maker of Wood-Block Prints

By

HARRY NOYES PRATT

**M**AKERS of wood-block prints are myriad. Those who attain beyond crudity to real artistry are few. Possibly it is the ill-considered effort of the many which is responsible for the slow advance in America of this, one of the most ancient of the graphic arts. And yet it is not surprising that so many should attempt it, for the possibilities of the art are almost unlimited and *interesting* results are possible even to the beginner.

But the public, knowing little of the art and having so little which may be set up as a standard, is apt to place all wood-block prints within the same class and judge them all from the crude attempts of the dilettantes, those whose real interests lie in some other branch of art. Block printing demands the whole-hearted following of its disciples if real artistry is to be attained, and that it is a Fine Art is

proved by the work of those who specialize in it.

California shows of recent years have held a surprisingly small number of color prints, but among these more or less uncouth attempts in an unfamiliar medium have been prominent the splendid prints of William S. Rice. Now Rice is a high school teacher, and the duties of his position afford but little time for personal activities. It is possible that it was this very lack of time which turned him from his former use of oil and watercolor to the old-new process of block printing, for—once the blocks are made—an infinite number of satisfying variations in color and feeling are possible with comparatively little effort.

At any rate Rice did turn to the process, to the practical exclusion of

palette and brush. What he might have attained had he kept to the canvas it is impossible to say. While his aquarelles and oils, such of them as are still in evidence, are good, they are in no way remarkable. The chances are that Rice would have been one of that big body of slightly recognized painters.

He does, of course, still employ both mediums, but only in a tributary way to this art which he holds closest to his heart. On his trips to field and mountain he sketches in oil and watercolor, but now always with the print in mind. His design is subordinated to the possibilities of the wood block; his colors are in flat tones. Oil, watercolor, brush, canvas—these are but tools, preliminaries to the final achievement of the print itself.

So in his chosen branch of art he has within the few years past gained admittance to that small group which



stands at the front. His prints are obtaining increasing recognition among collectors, and the members of the various Coast societies of etchers give him high place.

The reason is apparent upon even a cursory inspection of his color prints. They have the effectiveness of simplicity both in design and color. They are ruggedly strong in treatment, yet full of the poetry of Nature. The subjects are of the everyday—barnyards with their geese and pigs; a country lane; an abandoned mill; a lonely pine; a snow-burdened cedar—simple subjects, within the comprehension of the masses and yet handled with the comprehension of the nature lover.

Their real strength, their intrinsic value and beauty, are proved in the black and white prints made from these color-blocks. With color it is possible to cover up a multitude of deficiencies. Eliminate it and the artist stands forth for what he is. That Rice is the artist is proved by the sound construction and craftsmanship of his blocks.

Take such a print for instance as his "Old Barges—Delaware," reproduced here. This is a subject which, in the color print, is a strikingly vivid thing. Seeing it in color it might be thought that a black and white reproduction would be cold and uninteresting. Yet so thoroughly is Rice the master of his craft that the reproduction holds the *effect* of color. There is depth, motion, atmosphere.

And these are things which many wood block printers fail to secure, even with the use of color. The Japanese attain, of course, depth and atmosphere in their prints, but by use of repeated printings. Sometimes as many as forty printings are made from one block to secure the desired gradation of color, the rich translucency, which characterizes the best work of the Japanese artists. That Rice is able, with his simple process, to secure the results he does, is remarkable. The majority of his prints are made with but two impressions; one for the color, the other the "key" block which ties the color into a harmonious whole.

Because he loves nature, Rice has somewhat specialized in trees and has brought within the limit of his medium their every mood. In the bare, stark trees of such a print as "The Thaw" is felt that stirring of new life which marks the approach of



—From a Block Print by Wm. S. Rice  
"GOV. CASTRO'S ADOBE"

spring in the Middle West. His "Berkeley Blue Gums" conveys in color and form the poignancy of slender eucalyptus in ragged silhouette against the cool, moon-illuminated sky. Here is simplicity of color—the artist has used but two—and of design, and yet the picture is complete.

His thorough sympathy with the romance of his subject is apparent in "Gov. Castro's Adobe," as in many another of his California prints. These old adobes, relics of the days of Span-

ish occupation, have been the favorite subject of innumerable painters and of many etchers, yet but few artists convey to canvas and to print the intangible charm which clings to these relics. Perhaps the wood-block has in its very crudeness a kinship with the adobe. Both are epitomes of simplicity. At any rate one feels in Rice's prints of these adobes a full measure of their romantic charm.

In no small measure the success of Rice's prints is due to their individuality. Each is a creation in and of itself, not a mechanically made thing of line and color. Highly decorative as most of them are, the artist has put into each that intangible element which makes a picture live outside of its decorative value. Whether William Rice speaks in his prints of cold and lonely Sierra peaks, or of forest giants or valley oaks, of California's past glories, or of the lonely beauty of her wide spaces, he has held line and color and design to more than representation; he has subordinated them to a message which is as apparent to the layman as to his fellow-craftsman. Best of all he has brought within easy reach of the masses prints which—inexpensive though they are—breathe of the highest art. Love of his art speaks through every print.



—From the Block Print by Wm. S. Rice  
"STREET IN MONTEREY"



# Chrysalis

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 490)

but she could not help it—and Charlotte Brand, Designer, was forgotten; offices and shops and models simply were not, as they “were not”—how many million years ago?

Life was numbness? Life was exuberance! Life was ecstasy! How glinting bright the water was! Had ever been before an afternoon like this one! What an adventurous delight was living! And God—yes God!—how beautiful to be young! Life was a contrast of blacks and silvers like that night? Life was an extravagant, prodigal blending of beauty, like the ever-changing blues and greens and purples of this breath-taking sea. — Of illimitable sparkles!

Charlotte recalled that walk in the days that followed, days in which she saw rather more than less of Duncan McCullough. She recalled it with something like amazement—she recalled it a little wistfully. Would heaven she could recapture it! But that day when they had had tea at Montfort—and the afternoon they drove to Bell Farm—had she been bored? Was that the feeling?—Bored! Bored!—or had he? She and Charlie had never been bored, not they! She and Charlie had had so much, such an inexhaustible lot to talk about—to laugh and weep about—to share—She and Charlie! There was a girl who died—and ten million official files in sharp black little letters bore record on two sides of the sea that Charlie was dead. Why waste time over the girl and Charlie? Had she imagined that because a man’s eyes squinted as Charlie’s eyes had done that his mind should see as Charlie’s? Had she believed that because she still bore about with her the not too ungirlish semblance of the girl, that she could still laugh as she, forever?

Mrs. Prichard quite frankly tried to throw them together and the day came when Charlotte herself deliberately made sure that she should have opportunities to be with Duncan McCullough. For a curious feeling had been taking hold of her—when it began she knew not. Regardless of all common sense and reason, she felt that this was more than a striking resemblance and stranger, even than that. She must have a chance to watch him, to know. Did he seem to seek her out on this day, on the next it seemed as if he sought to avoid. Her imagination was very much alive. It made it so easy to be self-deceived.

From Mrs. Prichard she had learned that he “wrote” essays and an

occasional poem. “Surely you remember the name, my dear?”

“George says he is ‘modern’—I believe that is the word—and that he still will be twenty years from now! Advanced ideas!—Oh you of this generation!” She sighed and smiled. “George believes in him—” George was one of Mrs. Prichard’s sons, and an editor. Charlotte knew him by reputation. He would not be one to scatter praise prodigally.

“You have known him some time then?”

Since our first trip here. That was—Nineteen Seventeen or was it Eighteen? He has changed since then. Used to be rather morose, I thought, but now he’s one of these disgruntlingly happy people—in an inoffensive way! Completely absorbed in his work. Not very talkative, do you think so?—but that comes of living alone. “Not good that man should live alone, my dear! Ah ha!” She gave Charlotte a look that was meant to be meaningful. Dear soul, she loved romance! She thought she scented one.

THE LAZY days went by. Walks, drives, rides, and hours of “doing nothing” luxuriously, curled in the sand in the sun like a lizard. Charlotte Brand would have asked for but one boon for her holiday, that the unreasonable suggestion would have let her have peace—But it would not. “Duncan McCullough is Charlie Brand,” it said.

“And if Duncan McCullough be Charlie?”

“Duncan McCullough is Charlie Brand,” deep down.

“Then why, oh why?” queried her heart.

They were together again, on the beach.

“Something about all this puts me in mind of Devonshire,” she said suddenly. There was nothing about Madox that could have suggested Devon to the liveliest imagination, but there were a heartful of reasons why Charlie Brand would remember that happy spot. She was being absurd with a bold, fine absurdity.

A pause—while she watched his face and waited.

“Does it? I have never been there. Is it as lovely as one imagines?”

“Oh lovely, beautiful, fascinating country,”—she piled up the words—and growing bolder—she plunged—“I thought you told me you had been there?”

Duncan McCullough looked surprised. “No, not I, he said.

This was not the last time she questioned him with daring directness and with no success. She must be sure—outwardly sure. She must have some proof, see some gleam of recognition, find some common ground. Then she would think—

Think she must and did on that later afternoon, when she brought home to her room with her, the conviction she had been waiting for—that here was no chance “double,” no mere similarity of feature and manner, but he whom he appeared to be. Theatrical, ridiculous, inexplicable, it might be, but Charlotte for herself, “knew.”

Had he been revealed to her, Odysseus-like, by some scar of youth, as they went together into the surf that afternoon? If so, she had not said to him, “Yea, verily thou art Odysseus—and I knew thee not before.” Rather, like Penelope had her heart spoken—“my mind is amazed within me and I have no strength to speak”—She had treated him extravagantly as the new acquaintance. It might have been the accumulated evidences of the past weeks—the characteristic turns of the head, the pronunciation of words, the gestures, all these things—or perhaps only an inimitable chuckle, seldom heard,—slight evidence that it was!—that had swung the scale at last toward the living actuality of Charlie Brand.

The widow of Charlie Brand lay on the bed in the stuffy room. She had shut the windows to shut away the sea. She was staring, staring at the ceiling and her browned hands were clenched. Heavy sighs, aftermath of sobbing racked her lithe body.

“Duncan McCullough is Charlie Brand,” urged the whisper.

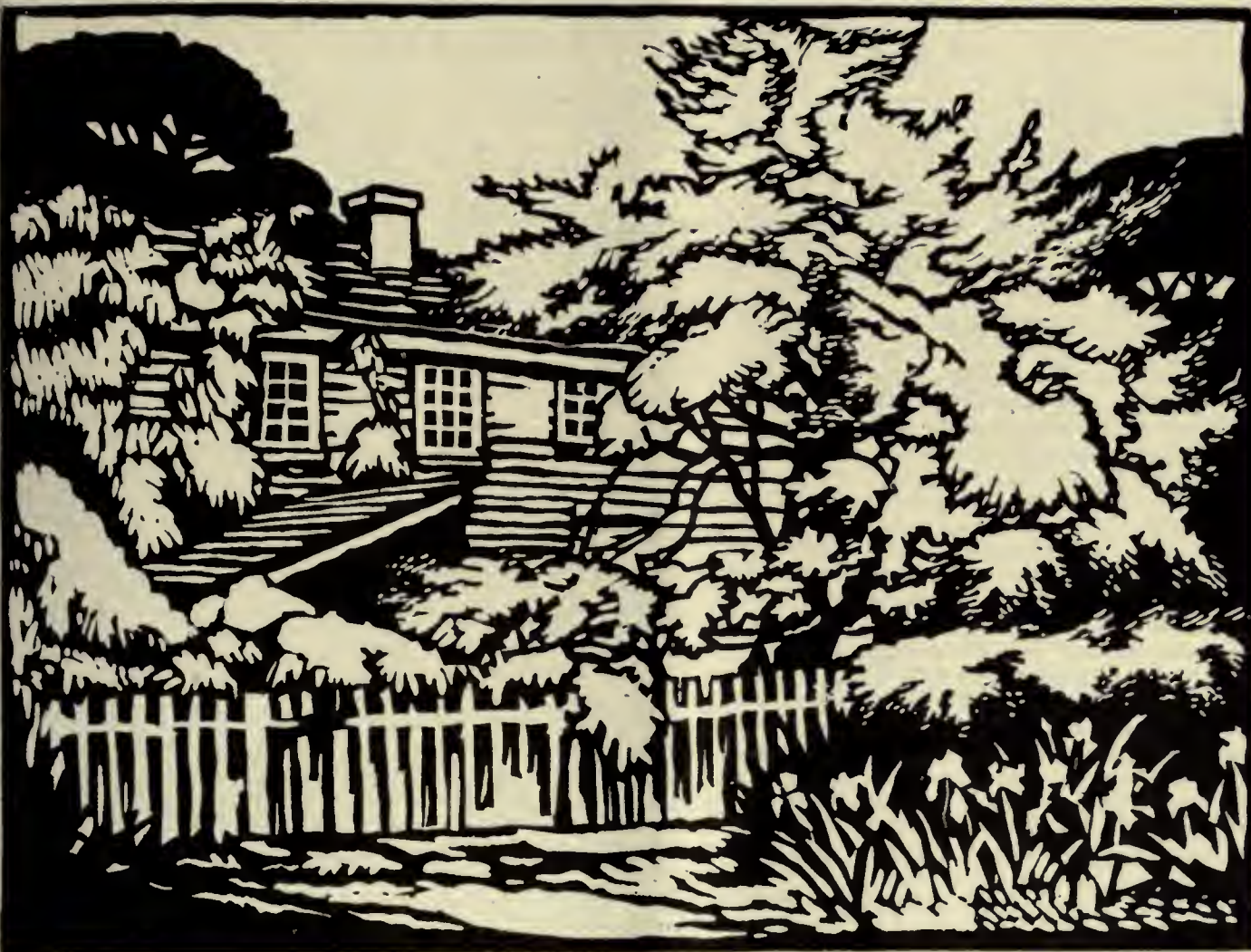
“I know,” beat her heart.

“And you are the wife of Duncan McCullough!”

She had paid heavily for her widowhood. She had rebelled against it once and against its prematureness. Could it be that now she resented that anything so dearly-bought should be so lightly snatched away? She had been especially in those earliest days, one more child who cried its life away for the moon. Now, lo, here it was!—Some kind or perverse fairy had brought it down to her now that she was no longer a child, and had ceased her crying. And now that she had it she did not know what to do with it! Perverse it was and strange! She wept because she could not find a place for moons in her scheme of life.

It was not fair—Charlie was dead—the girl was dead—oh if this were true.





"PEAR AND WISTERIA BLOOM—STOCKTON"

—From a Block Print by Wm. S. Rice

Charlie never died—yet now he was not Charlie Brand—it was not fair.

Shell-shock was a curious thing. She would make herself known to him gently, oh very gently. How great must be his need of her—she would care for him—he should be all her care. She wept for him and for these years when he had done without her—he should be all—all, her care.

Duncan McCullough did not need her. Her care, indeed! Self-sufficient he was and ridiculously happy in his little shack, writing his essays and his poems! And she, she had learned something of self-sufficiency!

New York held the work in which she had found herself the self which Charlie in his devoted blindness had never seen—and Duncan McCullough Charlie—had often said he disliked New York. Yet Charlie Brand had been a successful broker there and a happy one. And a happy one?

Charlie Brand had never written poems——. Shell-shock was a curious thing. The hands were tighter and clenched. She brought them down

beside her on the bed, over and over and still again.

"Oh Lord, how long, how long, how long,—and why?"

THE ROOM grew dark. In spite of the closed windows, came the boom and crackle as of distant guns. She walked up and down the room.

In her girlhood she had passed through a phase of memorizing poetry—not that she had ever cared for the poems but she had liked their lilt and swing. Now, electrically one of these was with her—one of Kipling's—

*"There is a world outside the one you know,  
To which for curiousness 'ell can't compare,  
It is the place where 'wilful-missings' go,  
As we can testify for we were there.*

*"You may have read a bullet laid us low—*

(You may have read, you may have read, you may have read)—

*"But it was not so,—*

*"They can't 'be certain, faces alter so—"*

She had sunk down on the bed again. The words jingled on. Jangled. She could not forget a single word.

*"We might 'ave been your lovers long ago,  
'Usbands or children—"*

*"An' why we done it is our own af-fair"*—Shell-shock was a curious thing—and Charlie had loved her—

*"Gated knows we all 'ad reasons which were fair  
But other people might not judge 'em so,  
And now it doesn't matter what they were—"*

—But Charlie had loved her. Still the swinging rhyme would not leave her. War could not widow her heart. It had never been widowed—until now—

*"We might 'ave been your lovers long ago,  
'Usbands—."*

(Continued on page 527)



# The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW

(Continued from last month)

AS ROY McGARVIN neared Winona his bravado began to vanish. Within sight of the county seat he asked his captor if it would be possible to drive to the jail by a secluded street, the constable readily agreeing to this suggestion. He liked the High-Gradin' Kid; everybody liked McGarvin.

As the automobile travelled along one of Winona's back streets McGarvin hung his head in humiliation and slunk as low into his seat as possible. He did not want to encounter the gaze of a single acquaintance. He was driven to the jail and entered without detection. He was booked upon a charge of grand larceny and remanded to the custody of the sheriff to await trial in the district court. In reply to the suggestion that he employ an attorney, he merely said, "What's the use, I stole the stuff! Why should I try to get out of paying the penalty?" Obdurate to all arguments in this direction, he refused absolutely to avail himself of his statutory rights.

"If you haven't got the money to pay a lawyer," the sheriff pointed out, "the court will provide you with one. It's your right, young man. Better take my advice and get one. Even if you are guilty, it will maybe let you off easier."

McGarvin shook his head resolutely. "No," he said, "I've got money enough, but what would be the use? I'm a thief, and the trouble is I got caught at it. I'll take my medicine, but I won't squeal on anybody else."

The sheriff did not press the point. He was a keen enough judge of human nature to see that McGarvin's decision was final. He was struck by something which seemed fine in this young man's fidelity to his associates in crime. It was loyalty of a sort, and loyalty always appealed to the finer senses of men like Lambert. Lambert was by no means a firm sheriff, bluff and belligerent and large of stature. Instead he was a man with mild gray eyes, a little under ordinary height, and slight of build. While his voice was soft and low, he had a quick decisiveness in both speech and movement, and a very disconcerting manner of looking at malefactors, great or small. What made him like the High-Gradin' Kid most was the manner in which The Kid met his gaze, frankly and unflinchingly. Lambert was a believer in men, be they what they might, who could look him in the eye. Unconsciously McGarvin had scored one point.

UPON leaving the jail, Lambert sauntered down the street towards the building in which the offices of Herbert Laurence, attorney for the Sultana Mining Company, were situated. Laurence, in conjunction with the district attorney, would prosecute McGarvin. Lambert wanted to talk the matter over with Laurence.

"Hello, Joe," said Laurence as he looked up from his desk. "Come in and take a seat. I hear you've got a new boarder from our camps. Just had a phone message from Rawlins about him. A bad egg, I take it. Well, when eggs get bad they must be broken somehow or other. Too bad, just the same."

"Yes," replied the sheriff, "It's about this lad that I came. Laurence, I suppose I'm a poor peace officer. Yes, I am," he reiterated in reply to the attorney's deprecating smile, "but during the years that I've been at this work I've got to be more or less of a psychologist. This High-Gradin' Kid don't steal because he's bad. He does it for the fun of it, and because he thinks he shows his mental superiority by putting something over on the other fellow. It's a damned shame to send men like him to the pen. There ought to be some way to show them their errors and set them right. I'll wager that I could give this boy a roll of thousand dollar bills and let him do as he pleased with them for a year, and at the end of the time he would return them to me, every one of them."

"You are a little altruistic for a man who has the reputation of being the best bad man tamer in the State of Nevada," said Laurence. "What do you suggest doing with this scapegrace? Provide him with the roll of bills and our thanks?" Laurence smiled whimsically. "What sort of a fellow is this arch high-grader, Joe?"

Laurence listened while the sheriff described young McGarvin, explaining the reasons why he would like to see the fellow free.

"But we can't do it," said the attorney at length. "He's guilty. He acknowledges it. The best we can do for him is to let him off as easy as possible. It's his first offense, I think you said?"

"The first he's been caught at," replied the sheriff.

"Yes," commented the attorney significantly, "and it seems that Shorty

Dain did rather a clever bit of detective work in apprehending this fellow."

"It was," admitted Lambert, "Shorty did well. I want to help him clean up that gang that is looting your company for thousands every day. Talk about stick-up men! Why, these high-graders have got the roughest of them backed into a corner hollering for air. These fellows are playing a sure thing game. They take no chances. That is why they are not in the same class for gameness with the rough stuff men. We can break this gang if we can get McGarvin to confess and implicate them all. It's the only way to do it. If the Kid ever gets before the judge over he goes for ten years. He's the only one we get. The rest keep stealing. Staley and Rawlins won't stand for any direct action in this matter. They are both afraid that if we make a general round-up, we'll take in some innocent man."

"I see," mused Laurence thoughtfully, "you want to trap the whole outfit with this High-Gradin' Kid? Well, I'll admit that if you can, it will simplify things, but—"

"Yes, but—" smiled the sheriff, "That's the point. Will you agree to let this matter alone till I can figure out a way of seeing it through my own way? Something may turn up. Court don't convene for a month yet. I'll keep the district attorney from horning in on this game. I'll make him see where catching a whole bag of fish is better than taking one small fry."

"I'll do it," said Laurence, "but I think you would hurt The Kid's pride, if you spoke of him as 'small fry.'"

"Don't think he hasn't got any pride!" replied the sheriff a little concisely. "I like 'em that way. I find they are amenable to reason, or pressure sometimes, when they have it. This Kid don't come from the common herd, I'm telling you. He's the black sheep of some fine flock. If I can find out where his flock ranges, I think I can turn our trick."

"I see, I see," mused the attorney, "I think I begin to follow you. Well, do the best you can for us all, Joe. I'll hold off as long as possible."

"Thanks," said Lambert, extending his hand. "When I look at a boy in The Kid's fix I can always feel like his father under similar circumstances."

About eight o'clock that evening.



the jailer came into the sheriff's office, saying that McGarvin wished some writing material.

"Give it to him," said Lambert, "and tell him that it is the rule for all letters to remain unsealed for censoring." The jailer took the paper and envelopes from a drawer and returned to the cell row.

An hour or so later he handed the sheriff a bulky letter addressed to Mrs. Braxton McGarvin, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

"I'll post it," Laurence said, taking the letter and examining the address. The writing was bold and clear, not the chirography of an uneducated person. Lambert removed the four folded sheets from the cover, laying them upon his desk.

"I hate to do this," he spoke aloud, "It always did seem sort of underhanded, reading other people's mail, but it is part of this game."

The letter was from The High-Gradin' Kid to his mother. It began, "My dearest Mother" and ended "Your affectionate son, Roy." In its clearly written lines was no reference to his arrest and incarceration. It was an exposition of optimism and filial devotion from its opening lines to the close. There was no whine, no plea for forgiveness. It was such a letter as any loving son might write to the mother who bore him. For a long time Joe Lambert gazed at the pages he had read. He was picturing the mother of this boy. She must be a thoroughbred, for she had borne a thoroughbred. McGarvin was going to pay the penalty without letting his mother know of his disgrace, if possible. Lambert recalled letters he had censored from other men in similar plights. Most of them had been whining pleas for forgiveness from so many cringing curs; not so with this boy.

At length Lambert allowed his feet to come from the top of the desk and tossed the stub of his cigar into the stove hearth, and sat upright.

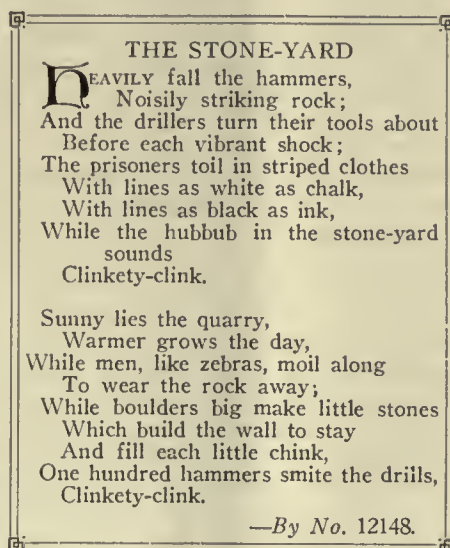
"It may be a dirty trick," he mused, "but I'm going to do it. If it will save the boy, she will bless me for it, and she must have made sacrifices for him before. She will do it again." With this statement, he removed the sheets from the desk and cast them into the stove. He stuffed the envelope inside his coat pocket.

"Tomorrow will be time enough to start it," he said with a yawn, and extinguishing the desk light, went out into the winter night.

Bill Staley arrived on the train from the West. He held a short conference with his attorney, Laurence,

and the sheriff, and went on to Sul-tana that afternoon. He readily agreed to allow Lambert time to try to devise a method by which the high-grading ring might be broken up and at the same time save the High-Gradin' Kid from going to prison.

OLD MAN TOBIN was an early riser, winter or summer. On the morning of December the twenty-second, he stood at his usual post before the National Hotel and awaited the sunrise. The old timer shook his head ominously as the sun rose above the horizon and smiled down upon him.



"What's the matter, Grandpap?" inquired a bystander who had come in on the early train and had been attracted by old man Tobin's soliloquy. "That's a pretty fine old sun, isn't he? Going to be a fine day, eh?"

"I reckon not, stranger," replied the old timer. "I reckon he's just come up this mornin' to sort o' kiss us good-bye for a spell. He's a little bit hazy around the edges and ain't got quite the same heat in him as on yesterday. Had a leetle too much yesterday for this time o' year. Hell's goin' to pop in the weather line, or I ain't gained no weather learnin' from livin' in this here country for more'n fifty years." Mr. Tobin bobbed his head in self corroboration.

"Grandpap," observed the stranger, "I'm afraid you're somewhat of a pessimist. What do you say to going in and having something that will make you a little more optimistic?"

"I reckon I will," replied Mr. Tobin thoughtfully, "The marrer in my old bones does feel a little stiff this mawnin' and I reckon having something a leetle warmin' with a stranger won't be no breach of etiket." The two turned and made into the barroom

of the hotel. Here over their whiskies they grew acquainted and whiled away a quarter hour in conversation.

"How's the weather forecast for today, uncle?" asked the bartender.

"She's all riled up and is goin' to storm," replied Mr. Tobin.

"Shucks," deprecated the man behind the mahogany, "you've been saying that every morning for the past month."

"I haven't meant it till this mornin'," replied the old timer.

"Well," said the bartender, smilingly, "better take another. Maybe it will make the sun shine." He slid the bottle and glasses across the bar.

"I'll take it son, for old time's sake," Mr. Tobin responded, "but it won't make the sun shine much longer. The old feller's got whiskers this mornin' and there was two sun dogs yesterday. Them signs don't fail. Here's how!" Mr. Tobin drained his glass and wiped his be-whiskered muzzle. Turning, he went out to make another observation.

The sun no longer smiled its genial good morning. Instead, it glowered coldly through a thickening leaden haze. A cold wind had begun to whine almost inaudibly out of the North. Mr. Tobin smiled a smile of complete satisfaction as he shivered and turned up his coat collar. His forecast, for once, had been vindicated. Presently the stranger emerged from the door and stood beside him.

"Grandpap," ventured the stranger, "I believe you've hit it this time."

"I always hit it, pardner," said Mr. Tobin a little flippantly, "I'm a weather sharp, and a good one." He drew up to his full height with a surfeit of dignity.

"I believe you," affirmed the other man, "you are sure a weather sharp. Will you join me in another drink and then at breakfast?"

"I'm a little particular in my company, stranger," replied Mr. Tobin, eyeing the other caustically. "But," he added, "I'll take you up, if it takes off my hind leg. I always appreciate a man that appreciates my ability."

Shortly after darkness had set in that evening, the Sheriff breasted his way through the blinding blizzard toward the railroad station. Already five hours late because of the storm the overland train was out there somewhere fighting its way westward. Half an hour later the station block signal gave a warning of the train's approach. It was still invisible through the storm, nor could its whistle be heard above the wind. Presently it crept slowly into the yards, its bril-



liant headlight almost ineffectual in trying to penetrate the snow screen. The valiant engine hissed by, followed by the long line of snow and ice covered cars. Lambert made his way to the nearest of the Pullmans and waited. The vestibule door of this car was opened and a porter stepped down to assist a lady to alight. Lambert advanced to the woman's side.

"Mrs. McGarvin?" he said deferentially.

She turned and tried to identify this man in the sparse light from the train lamps. "Yes," she replied a little coolly.

"My name is Lambert, Joe Lambert," the sheriff continued without revealing his official identity. "I am here to escort you to your son."

"Is he seriously ill?" she asked a little tremulously. "Could he not come himself to meet me?"

"Not seriously," said Lambert, "but unavoidably detained. We will see him in a few minutes and I am sure the sight of you will restore him to complete health and —" Lambert stopped resolutely. He was going to add, "liberty."

Mrs. McGarvin accepted Lambert's explanation without question. He took her bag and she allowed him to escort her to an automobile which had been sent to the station. She talked but little as they drove toward the court house, in which the jail was located. Lambert offered no explanation of his not first taking her to a hotel. The fact was that he thought of no such course. Being more or less of a direct actor in such matters, he did not think of wasting time in preliminaries. Lambert had noted that his companion was adequately shielded from the intense cold of the blizzard.

As the car stopped before the court house, Lambert alighted and assisted Mrs. McGarvin. Together they started up the walk towards the buildings, some rods away. Through the spume of driving, powdered snow the old two-story brick structure loomed dark and rather ominous.

Still Mrs. McGarvin made no effort to halt, nor to ask whither she was being conveyed, till they reached the outer door, through which the lighted corridor was visible.

"Is this the hospital?" she inquired, hesitating at the door.

"It is not," Lambert replied as he held the door open to allow her to enter. She gave a sigh of relief as the warmer air met them. Still silent, she followed the sheriff to his office and entered while he deferentially held the door ajar for her. A fire crackled

in the big stove. She made as if to go straight to the stove, then when half way across the room, she turned and faced about. She surveyed the furniture and accoutrements of the office with one swift appraisal. Certainly the rude equipment was not compatible with any hospital furnishing.

"I do not understand, sir," she said haughtily. "I take it that you are the sheriff of the county, from that." She alluded to the legend upon the wall above Lambert's desk.

"I am, madam," he replied. "Will you please sit down and allow me to explain? But for the cold at the station, I should have done so there." He moved an arm chair to a spot near the stove. She dropped into the comfortable seat resignedly.

"Will you explain, sir?" she demanded. Lambert had hesitated for some seconds. "I would like to see my son at once."

In all his career Lambert had never faced a more trying ordeal, yet he took up the task valiantly. He had not proceeded for more than half a minute, till she arose and faced him. She was white. Her gray eyes shone with fire, then moistly, as if through some unfathomable emotion behind their depths. Her hands were tightly clenched at her sides. Her very attitude and expression made the seasoned sheriff falter.

"Go on," she commanded, tremulously, "let me hear it all."

She did not move until Lambert had finished. Her expression had changed from wounded pride to one of proud resignation and gratitude. Taking a step forward, she held out her hand, smiling wanly as she did so.

"You have sent for me to save my boy from prison?" she said with gratitude in her voice. "I want to thank you. He is not ill, after all?"

"No, madam," replied the sheriff, chokingly, "He is only morally ill, and for his complaint, I know of nothing like what a mother can give. Allow me to thank you for taking my effort in the spirit in which it was given." She smiled her thankful acceptance of the situation.

"Then you can save him from prison?" she asked timidly.

"He can save himself if he cares to. This thing has not been made public property yet, thanks to some men who have feelings. Would you like to see him now?"

"Indeed I would," she said resolutely. "He is my boy." There was a tremor in her voice with the last word.

Lambert excused himself and left the office. He went directly to the tier of cells in which McGarvin was confined. The young man was reading by the light of his small kerosene cell lamp. He looked up at a call from the sheriff and instantly assumed his old nonchalant smile.

"There's a visitor in the office to see you, Mac," said the sheriff, "I thought I'd better have you come out." McGarvin laid down his book and began to arrange his clothes so they would be more presentable.

"Man or lady?" he asked, fidgeting with his necktie. He was somewhat of a meticulous dresser, this young man with the propensity for high-grade.

"Lady, I would say," replied the sheriff. He could see that the week's confinement had made the young man rather pale and haggard. At length McGarvin announced that he was ready. Lambert escorted him to the door of the office, shoved him inside and began pacing the corridor.

McGarvin assumed much of his accustomed jauntiness as he stepped into the room. He halted and looked about, as if his eyes were not inured to the brighter lights. Seeing his mother and at first not recognizing her as she stood a few paces from him, he hesitated, then passed his hand across his eyes as if to remove some illusion. His features assumed an expression of blank incredulity, then they grew old and haggard, only to be swept by his old beaming smile.

"Mother!" he cried, and bounded forward. "Mother, mother, it's you?" She held out her arms to him and closed them about his shoulders.

"My boy, my boy," she whispered, holding back her tears. "My boy, my boy, of course it is I. Everything will be all right." She patted his back tenderly as he sobbed aloud. "Don't cry, honey. Mother knows what the trouble is and she always knew how to cure it." She could say no more, for she too was sobbing now. For a long time they stood there, mother and son, and she comforted him with that silent, potent touch, always the gift of such as she, while he as silently confessed his sins to her and she understood and he was shriven in her heart. At last she raised his head and looked at his face. He smiled back at her.

"My son," she said, with her former poise. "You haven't done such a very wrong thing." He did not answer, and she led him to the big desk, upon the edge of which they sat side



by side and let their arms go around each other.

Nearly half an hour later, Roy McGarvin kissed his mother affectionately and rose. He went to the door, opened it and called, "Come in, Mr. Sheriff. I want to formally present you to my mother. She always appreciates the pleasure of meeting a man, a real man. My father is such; she tells me he will be here tomorrow."

Lambert entered and received the effusive, but sincere thanks of the mother.

"He will tell you all he knows," she announced. Lambert motioned them to seats, sat himself down at his desk, and taking up a pencil, waited for McGarvin's dictation. He wrote a little stiffly, this catcher of bad men, and his gnarled fingers quivered a little as he transcribed McGarvin's story to a sheet of cheap note paper.

WHEN THE confession was finished and signed, they talked for some time, till McGarvin said, "Mother, you must be worn out from your trip. Mr. Lambert will take you to the hotel and see that you have dinner and a good room."

Lambert shook his head negatively. "I delegate the task to you, young man," replied the sheriff. "I am a busy man and it would be more fitting for you to attend to it."

"But," exclaimed McGarvin, "I'm a prisoner."

"You were," corrected the old sheriff. "Now you take your mother and see that she gets a nice warm supper and a good room, and have a long chat over old times, my boy." McGarvin looked up brightly. "Go home with mother and dad and try to remember that anything that is worth while in this world except a mother's love has to be worked for. That's the one thing in all the world that can be had for nothing. Do you know why?" The young man looked rather vague. "The reason," continued the sheriff, "is that it is too great for valuation. All sums sink into insignificance when compared with it. Now some day when I get too old to stand the winters out here, I may pay you a visit."

"Do," said the mother warmly, "and don't forget it." She held out her hand. "God bless and thank you for this," she murmured devoutly.

"I've always wanted to do something like this," the old sheriff confessed a little sheepishly. "Maybe it ain't just what a man catcher ought to do, but—." He shoved them to the outer door and watched them melt

into the whirl of flying snow. Then he returned to his desk, sat down and took the telephone receiver from its hook.

"Give me the office of The Sultana Mining Company at Sultana," he requested.

"Sorry," came the reply over the wire, "The line went out two hours ago. The last report is that the storm is a terror to the North."

He replaced the receiver thoughtfully and leaned back in his worn swivel chair.

"Do unto others as others do unto you," he muttered half aloud. "It will work sometimes, but not always. I think it will this time. This thing will keep till that wire gets straightened out again. I think I'll go home and tell the old girl about this. She'll call me an old sentimental fool and then cuss me for not having them come down to the house as our guests."

Joe Lambert took a cigar stub from a pigeon hole, lighted it, blew out the light and went out into the storm. He was a little exalted, as men are when they think they have done something worth while.

December the twenty-first was no less salubrious in Sultana than at Winona, far to the southward. No person remained within doors. The saloons gave up their crowds to the sunshine. Even the bartenders and gamblers lounged about upon the benches before their houses, or brought out chairs which they tilted back against the sunny walls, dozing. Women went about wearing their summer dresses. Children played barefoot in the dusty streets. All were absorbing as much of the sun's vitalizing warmth as possible, against the time when these rays should be less penetrating. Though the day was the winter solstice it had the warmth of a May afternoon. The lethargy of spring hung over the earth.

The only incident of the day which awoke the population from this touch of winter spring fever was the arrival of Joe Sim's auto stage from Winona. This brought the daily mail; but, more important, Bill Staley was one of the passengers, arriving home after a month's absence. Rawlins was at the hotel to greet his partner. Among the others who crowded forward to shake Staley's hand was Joe Bullard, self important as usual, and full of hot air.

"It's about time you was gettin' back," he said in such a loud voice that none within rods might miss

hearing him, "you better get back on the job and look after your mine, or 'The Roarin' Annie' will skin the socks off you. Goin' to pay another dividend on the first of the year, Bill." Bullard slapped Staley familiarly upon the shoulder.

"That's good," remarked Staley, "I'm glad to hear it. I never tried to get a corner on gold."

"Oh, of course not," said Bullard. Staley had begun to walk with Rawlins through the crowd which had hemmed the stage in. Bullard kept pace with them. "I know you've got some mine, Bill," he continued, "but 'The Roarin' Annie' is some little high-grade diggings herself. Every indication points to us hittin' fair into the big shoot within a couple of weeks, and what we're in now is more than enough to keep us on the velvet and make the stockholders happy."

Staley did not make answer to this boast. Instead, he continued his low voiced conversation with his partner. Bullard, taking the hint that he had said enough, at least for the present, dropped back into the now thinning crowd.

"He's certainly an obnoxious cur," remarked Rawlins, calling attention to Bullard by a side shake of his head.

"Just a pest," said Staley, "He is one of the sort of parasite that brings disrepute to the business of mining. Is he taking out ore on his claim?"

"All I've got for it is his word," replied Rawlins, "He told me what he is telling everybody. Same old story, hot air and high-grade."

"It begins to smell like fish," commented Staley laconically, and with this the talk was switched to events and developments which had transpired in Staley's absence. The remainder of the afternoon was consumed in going over business matters at the mine office, and in a short inspection trip through the mine. After supper, Rawlins, Staley and Terence Tierney returned to the mine office, where for more than two hours they discussed the mine, its promising greatness and many minor things connected therewith. It was after nine that Tierney took his leave, saying he was going for another turn through the mine before retiring.

WHAT'S BECOME of Shorty?" Staley inquired after Tierney's departure. "Come to think of it, I haven't seen him yet."



"Oh," answered Rawlins, "He's up at the mine somewhere rooting round after high-graders. We missed him somewhere in our rounds. Like as not, he's playing Sherlock Holmes, lying like an old cat, watching some rat hole for a sack or two of high-grade. Shorty's getting sort of batty on the subject."

"I wouldn't put it that strong," Staley advised. "He is only doing his work as his conscience says. That's a lot nowadays."

"Of course," Rawlins made haste to reply apologetically, "I didn't mean it as it sounded. Shorty's so keen after these fellows that it's funny sometimes. He really gets angry when I won't give him full leave to go after them in his own way."

"We may have to do this yet, Jimmy. It appears to me that there is more stealing going on than I thought. I am willing to lose a moderate amount of the stuff, but when it comes to being robbed on a wholesale scale I naturally resent it. Now take this affair of The High-Gradin' Kid and those two sacks of which you wrote me. It's beginning to look serious. We know that the small leaks are going on all the time. Shorty has been doing some good work. Tell me about the way he trapped The Kid." Rawlins was barely finishing his narrative when the door was flung open and Shorty himself came briskly in. He was dusty and muddy, if a man could be in both states at one time. There were splotches of candle grease upon his soiled overalls and his face was streaked with dust and sweat, but he was smiling.

"Hello," said Staley, "We were just talking about you, my boy. Accept my congratulations, and how are you and where have you been to get mussed up as you are?"

"Fine, Bill," responded Shorty heartily. He shook Staley's hand and then dropped wearily into a seat. "I've just nabbed another sack of high-grade. That damned shift boss, Thompson, was trying to get it out through the raise."

"The hell you did!" Rawlins ejaculated.

Shorty nodded, and continued, "I got it all right, but Thompson got his. He showed fight." Shorty exhibited a hand upon which were two abraded knuckles.

"What did you do with him?" Staley inquired, with a new tone in his words.

"Got the sack back, gave him a

damned good drubbin' and kicked him off the mine for good measure."

"By the eternal gods," exclaimed Staley, leaping to his feet. His face was hard, and neither Rawlins nor Shorty had ever seen this light in his eyes. "This thing has got to stop; it's gone far enough."

"What?" Shorty asked quickly, and rose, "You mean this catchin' the high-graders?"

"No Shorty," Staley could not repress a smile at Shorty's seriousness, "I mean this high-grading. It has gone the limit."

"Whoopee!" shouted Shorty. "Now you're cacklin' like a layin' hen. Let me stop it, will you?" he asked anxiously. "I can wind these birds up in their own nests inside of three days. I got 'em, I tell you."

"Sit down," said Staley, himself dropping back into his chair. "Now tell us your plan. How would you begin? Who would you gather in first?"

"Tierney," snapped Shorty, without resuming his chair.

"Shucks," scoffed Rawlins, "Tierney's straight as a string."

"The hell he is," Shorty exploded, whirling upon the interrupter. "He's so crooked he has to screw his socks on."

"I'm afraid you're wrong," Staley interposed, before Shorty could pursue his argument along more even lines. "I'm afraid you're a little prejudiced in this case."

"If I am, I'll throw up my job in three days and eat all the high-grade the Sultana mine can turn out in five thousand years," Shorty said savagely. "Give me the reins for three days and I'll show you two, even if you are double distilled Missouri. Will you? If I don't round up this gang, nobody will ever know I tried. If I don't get them, no one will be the wiser, consequently nobody will suffer. It would be a bloody shame to leave a little stain on old Tiernev's white character," he added sarcastically. "Let me at 'em, boys," he pleaded, "they've got my South of Market up. Let me show you."

"How would you do it?" Staley queried smilingly. Shorty was so serious that he was comical.

"Don't ask me, Bill. Let me deliver the birds, caged and ready for the stripes. This old Tiernev's the bell wether, the big goose at the end of the flock. I know it and I know how to land him. Can I?" He looked anxiously from one to the other of

his employers. Staley and Rawlins silently interrogated each other.

"You can," said Rawlins.

"Go to it," added Staley, "I don't like to have to do it, but it has to be done."

"Ye were a lang time feendin' it oot!" said Shorty, quoting part of a Scotch story he was wont to tell at times. The mine owners smiled at his enthusiasm. Bidding them a hasty good night, Shorty left the office. It was getting late. He must tell Barbara the good news before she had retired for the night.

Mr. Simon Asher was a pudgy, paunchy litt'e man with a flabby jowl and a beak that demonstrated beyond peradventure of a doubt its Semitic origin. Shortly after ten o'clock on the day of December twenty-second, which was afterwards referred to as the day of the big snow, Mr. Asher sat at his desk in his rear private office. Behind him, some four feet away, for the office was a small one, stood rather a large safe. At his right was a long row of windows through which, when Mr. Asher rose slightly in his chair, he might cast a supervising eye over the interior of his flourishing and growing general mercantile store. Mr. Asher was happy, for he was thriving. This much would have been indicated by his smile as he poured over a ledger spread out upon the desk before him.

A KNOCK sounded upon the door. Mr. Asher closed his ledger with a bang. His expression changed from Yiddish flippancy to Semitic sagacity.

"Come in," he said, with the tone of a man who has much to do, and little time in which to do it. The door opened and closed, and Shorty Dain stood beside Mr. Asher.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Asher with relief and affability, "It is you, Mister Shorty. Sit down. Have a seat." Shorty returned the salutation, and drawing up the other chair, sat down in such a position that but three feet separated him from the merchant.

"Vell," remarked Mr. Asher, still in his affable voice, reserved for promising patrons, "Vat can I do for you? Business, I hope. Glad to be of service to you, Mister Shorty."

"You do a little banking business, don't you?"

"Why, yes, I do some, mostly as an accommodation for my customers. You know there ain't no bank. None nearer than The First National in Winona. It helps the boys out. I will be glad to be of service to you. If it's something private, I can open



my mouth without saying something." Asher smiled significantly. "Want to make a little deposit?" he asked, encouraged by Shorty's disarming smile.

"Well, not exactly this time," replied Shorty, "I want a list of your depositors, and the amounts to their credit," Shorty smiled as innocently as if he was asking for the price of a pair of shoes.

"Ach Himmel," Asher gasped, "Mister Shorty, you're asking the impossible. It wouldn't be business. It would ruin my business." He spread his hands in deprecating protest.

"Well," drawled Shorty, "if you won't show me your list of depositors, I guess I'll have to make a deposit." He began to fumble in his coat pocket, as if in search for his deposit. Mr. Asher's alluring smile reappeared. It vanished, however, a moment later for what Shorty withdrew was not coin, nor collateral, but his reliable old automatic. Letting it rest across his knee, he pointed the muzzle directly at the middle of Mr. Asher's now quaking anatomy, and said, "I'd like to see that list, sir."

"It will ruin my business; it will ruin my business," protested Mr. Asher, thrusting out his palms to ward off this pestiferous looking thing which seemed ready at any second to vomit fire and lead from its small black muzzle, and cringing as far backwards as the wall would permit. "It will ruin my business, Mister Shorty," he implored, never allowing his eyes to leave the ominous muzzle of the pistol, "It vill ruin my business!" Asher's tone had assumed a whining plea.

"I'll ruin a section of your belly, if you don't cough up," Shorty snapped. "I'm a nervous man, Mister Asher, and I might get mad. If I do, my finger might get to twitching. It does sometimes. It's a habit I've got when I'm mad, and I can't help it. It might get to twitchin' so that it would jiggle off the trigger, and then!" Mr. Asher had begun to argue feebly, but his argument lost its small effectiveness as he saw there was no use talking to this calm young man. Suddenly Shorty's attitude of supernatural calm left him. His body began to twitch, at first hardly visible, then more and more it was apparent to Mr. Asher's fishy eyes. Suddenly Shorty's left hand commenced to move spasmodically. The gun in his right hand began to jiggle about on his knee. Shorty's face wrinkled and twitched. Mr.

Asher took in these manifestations of uncontrolled emotion as well as possible without removing his main gaze from the pistol muzzle.

"I'll try to keep from gettin' mad," Shorty said in a voice as twitching as his muscles. The pistol was now bouncing on his knee, as if the hand which held it were having difficulty in keeping the weapon directed at Mr. Asher's now pulsating abdomen.

"I'll show them," Asher whispered with effort. "I'll show them, but it ruins my business. I'm an honest man, Mister Shorty."

"Sure you are," replied Shorty, steadying instantly. "I hate to ruin your business, but I'd hate to make a colander out of your belly."

"Put it up, put it up," protested Mr. Asher, "I show 'em." He pressed more tightly back to the wall, and waved his palms towards the offending maw of the pistol. With a frown, which was but a disguise for a smile, Shorty reluctantly slipped the pistol into his pocket, allowing it to rest in such a position that it was in easy reach of his right hand.

Asher rose falteringly. He seemed to have become palsied, and turning to the safe, took out a small ledger which he laid upon the desk.

"Who will you have first?" Mr. Asher asked, "It's goin' to ruin my business, but I'm a honest man, Mister Shorty."

"Sure you are, Simon," Shorty replied at the self-approbation of his companion. "Sure you're honest. I never said you wasn't. What I'm after is this bunch of crooks that has been foolin' you, Simon. Steady up, old plug, and let's get down to business. Let us see how much Mr. Terence Tierney has to his credit."

Running his thumb down the index, Asher opened the book at T. He scanned the double columned sheet carefully.

"Mr. Tierney," he said, "has a balance to his credit of fourteen thousand seven hundred and forty dollars." Shorty whistled softly.

"This Mister Terence," went on the banker, "must be a good judge of mining stocks. He says he's made this money out of good investments."

"He's a wise guy," agreed Shorty. "Now let's see how much Thompson has."

Asher turned a page and said, "Four thousand five hundred and eight dollars."

"Too bad," said Shorty mournfully, "Thompson ain't as good a judge of stocks as Terence. Now turn to Southard." Southard's bal-

ance was an even six thousand dollars.

"Too bad, too bad," comforted Shorty, "old Tom ain't as hep to this game as Terence, but he's done pretty well for a piker and a greenhorn. How about Pat Riordan. How much has Pat got with you?"

"Seven thousand dollars," announced Asher a moment later.

"That's better, Simon. I was sure Pat would run second. Racial solidarity, I'd call that. I wouldn't have expected Terence to throw a fellow countryman down, any more than I would have expected you to double cross another Yid."

"You've got to hang together," replied Asher, spreading his palms in futile substantiation of his assertion.

"Exactly," said Shorty. "You all ought to be hanged on the same beam."

"What?" gasped Mr. Asher, whitening visibly. "You would hang me with these thieves?" He slapped the open ledger. "I'm a honest man, Mister Shorty. I take my oath on The Talmud. I'm a honest man."

**N**OW LOOK HERE," Simon," Shorty began, "Terence Tierney is our foreman. Thompson and Southward and Riordan are the shift bosses. Here they are not one of them getting more than eight dollars a day, and none of them have been at work for more than six months, yet they have, among them, about thirty-five thousand dollars to their credit, with you alone. There is no tellin' how much they have with other fences."

"I'm not a fence," Asher made haste to deny. "I am just a merchant and a banker."

"Sure you are," reassured Shorty. "I suppose you pay these crooks interest on that money."

"Vell, no," Mr. Asher reluctantly admitted. "I don't exactly pay interest. I have to charge a modest brokerage fee, ten per cent. There is some little expense attached to handling this money."

Shorty smiled at this reference to a modest brokerage. Mr. Asher was indeed modest. He was almost as modest as Tierney and Thompson, and Southward and Riordan. Shorty now took the ledger and scanned its paged accounts hurriedly. He found many small depositors, but the big four were the ones for which he had come. He was not casting for small fry this morning. They would naturally follow the haul of the net.

"I'll take this book along," remarked Shorty, rising. I'll bring it



back, Simon. Thanks for the information."

"You vill ruin my pusiness, you vill ruin my pusiness," Asher wailed. "You vill ruin my pusiness."

"I'll ruin your hide if you don't shut up blubberin,' you crooked old son of a sea cook," Shorty leaned over and thrust his chin close against Mr. Asher's withdrawing features, and taking the automatic pistol from his pocket, he jabbed the muzzle several times against the section of waistcoat that covered Mr. Asher's palpitating paunch, and demanded, "How would you like that? Open your trap about this and I'll pen you. The Sultana Minin' Company has made up its mind today to quit being an 'easy mark. Are you hep to that?"

Mr. Asher volubly and excitedly announced that he was hep to anything Shorty might say; the only stipulation he offered was that Shorty pocket the pistol.

Shorty at last agreed to do this. Smilingly, he held out his hand.

"Put her there, old top," he said. "We've had a fine little party haven't we? I'll bring your book back when I get good and ready. Don't try to falsify any of these accounts. We'll have a garnishee put on this money today. Somebody's goin' over the road for this job, Simon, and if you don't want to go along, better stand in. So long, old Sport, I must certainly say we've had a pleasant time. What do you think of the weather, Simon?"

"It is a fine day, Mister Shorty, one of the very warmest days I have ever seen," Mr. Asher hastily answered. He was shivering.

"You're a liar, Simon, look outside, snowin' like great guns and goose feathers. Come on out and I'll roll you in it and poke a little down your fat neck, just to show you I don't hold any hard feelin' toward you."

Mr. Asher did not accept the invitation. Rather he turned it down frostily. He sat shivering in his chair and bemoaning the ruin of his business, as Shorty, with the coveted ledger, went out and closed the door. The blizzard had broken over the camp. Outside the wind driven snow powder was swirling and eddying about the streets and gulleys. Unlike the snow of wetter climates, this was fine and granular, small ice particles, which the wind caught as they touched the earth and whipped them from the exposed places to let them fall into already forming drifts in the depressions. Shorty fought his way through the storm to the office of the mining company. Here he found Staley and Rawlins in their

private office, smoking and huddling close to the red hot stove. Shorty laid the ledger upon a table and told his employers of its contents. First their expression were of tolerant amusement, only to change to incredulity and finally set upon righteous indignation.

"How have they been doing it, Shorty?" asked Staley, who was the first to master his surprise at the stupendousness of the thefts.

"Tierney and Thompson and Southward and Riordan have been holdin' up the men for so much a day for their jobs," he replied. "These birds don't handle any high-grade. It's too risky for them. They want a sure game." Shorty loosened a string of oaths into the close confines of the room. "Damn 'em," he ended, "I don't care so much about a man stealin', but when he robs the men he is workin' for and the men who are workin' for him at the same time, it's different. I'm no mollycoddle or psalm shouter, myself, but I never betrayed a trust yet."

"Shorty," remarked Staley, as he rose and tendered his hand, "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. I never fully knew you before." Shorty took the hand absently. He was too indignant to give it much attention.

"Now, Shorty," Staley observed, "sit down and cool off. It's time to talk business. We owe you an apology for not taking your advice sooner. For my part, I offer it most humbly." Rawlin nodded his apology. "But," Staley continued, "I did not like to doubt my fellow men till I was forced to."

"Fellow men, hell," said Shorty disgustedly, subsiding into his seat. "Nine of 'em out of every ten men will trim you, if you give them half a chance."

"Well," smiled Staley, "your percentage is perhaps a little high, but this affair has shown us that more than I thought are dishonest. I had reversed your percentage. Anyway, we have to make a clean sweep of this affair, now that we have begun."

"What are your plans?" Shorty inquired.

"I have none except in one detail," responded Staley, "that is to sue out a writ of garnishment upon this money." He tapped the ledger which he still retained after having examined it. "We will have to do this in the Justice Court here. We can't get one in the District Court for a day or two. I'll go out to Winona and attend to it, as soon as this storm blows itself out. In the meantime this writ will hold. It may not be quite sufficient in case they want to fight it, but they won't and by the time they can come to the conclusion that it is not sufficient we will

have the District Court writ on them. That's all. Now what have you to offer?"

"This," replied Shorty, and taking a small package he had laid upon the table, he began to unwrap it. He held up an elaborate contraption fashioned from leather.

**R**EMOVING his coat and vest, Shorty donned the leather harness. In effect it was a broad belt, some eight inches wide, of thin leather, fastened in front by three buckles. The belt was double thickness and the upper edges had not been sewed together, leaving the belt as a large pouch, which encircled the wearer's waist. At either side of the front fastenings there depended a pointed pocket which reached to the wearer's groins. These two pockets were open at their upper ends. The entire outfit was of thin calf skin and must have been made by a skilled workman.

"Well," said Staley, "what do you call it?" He knew already.

"The Harness," replied Shorty. "It goes on under the underclothes, and will hold about six pounds of high-grade when the rock has been broken pretty fine. I'll bet you a ten spot that one out of every ten of your miners are wearing things like this one. I wanted you to make them strip to the hide."

"Yes, yes," interposed Rawlins a little testily, "we know you did, but where did you get this thing?"

"Oh," said Shorty, "I'd forgot to tell you about that. You know that little Bohunk that works down in Number Two?" Rawlins nodded. "Well," Shorty resumed, "I've had my eye on him for some time. Last night I went back after I left you here, and laid for him. He came off on the eleven o'clock shift and after he had changed, I met him outside the change house. Told him to come around the hoist house, I wanted to put him wise to somethin'! He followed like a pet lamb after a sugar tit. Well, when I got him round where the light from the window sort of lit on us, I poked the muzzle of my old gat into his belly and told him to undress. Did he do it? Sure he did. Peeled down to what he came in and this was what he had on, or at least part of it. The rest was about six pounds of the highest high-grade you ever laid your peepers on. Got it down at my shack. Figures it at about four hundred bucks. Pretty fair wages you're payin' your men, boys. Now if nine out of every ten are gettin' pay like this, how much is it costin' you to run this mine?"

"Enough," said Staley. "More than



it is going to cost us in the future."

"Don't rub it in, Shorty," Rawlins protested. "You've got it on us. We'll be good, just give us your orders."

Shorty outlined his plan of action. It was decided to eliminate the graveyard shift for the day, calling these men back to work at three o'clock in the afternoon. In this manner all the miners could be assembled in the change room at the same time, thus preventing advance information from reaching the men who were working on the shift which went into the mine at eleven at night. Old Terence and the three shift bosses were not to be told of the anticipated action, nor were they to be given any cause to think that they were suspected of complicity in the high-grading. The writ of garnishment against Simon Asher would protect the mine owners in this quarter. The bookkeeper was instructed to write out notices informing the miners that because of the storm the graveyard shift would be discontinued for the time, and for the men who formed this shift to report for work at three P. M., this day. He lost no time in getting out these notices and affixing them to conspicuous spots in the saloons, hotels and restaurants.

At two in the afternoon Shorty sat close to the big stove in the mine change room, meditatively smoking a cigarette. Outside the storm still swept. One remarkable feature of the storm was the slight depth to which the snow was piling. This was because of the wind sweeping it from the higher places into the lower ones. Instead of the earth appearing marble white, it seemed cold, gray and depressing. Higher towards the cloud enshrouded peaks, however, the snow was accumulating, for when the mountain sides became visible through rifts in the storm only the backs of the rocky ridges loomed dark. All the rest of their slopes were white, bleak and icy.

Shorty's presence in the change house at this hour caused no comment. He was apt to be there at any hour. Across the car tracks which led out from the shaft head, Staley, Rawlins and Tierney were standing around the stove in the hoist room talking over what they had just seen in a tour of the underground workings, nor was their presence unusual.

Already the men for the three o'clock shift were strung along the storm swept trail. They were muffled about the ears, and mittened. The mercury was down to ten degrees above zero. From the increased number of miners upon the trail, it appeared that the bookkeeper's notices

had been thoroughly circulated and heeded.

At twenty minutes past two the first of the men arrived. They greeted Shorty affably, for all the weather without. Setting their lunch pails in the rack they began to crowd about the stove. Southard, who was the boss of this shift, came in shivering and cursing the climate. By twenty minutes to three all the men who formed the consolidated shift were in the room. Some were changing their town garments for what in the vernacular were called "the diggin' clothes." Others had changed and were standing about the stove, or as close as their augmented numbers would permit. There were about fifty men in the room.

On warmer days the majority of the miners would have been gathered about the shaft head, awaiting the first skip down at ten minutes to three. They were hugging the stove till the last minute before going out.

Shorty looked at his watch. But twelve minutes remained till three. He arose and shifted to a position near the door, where he leaned nonchalantly against the jamb. A minute or so later the door opened and with the wintry gust Staley, Rawlins and Tierney entered.

"What the devil?" barked Tierney at sight of the men, "Why the devil ain't youse out there ready to go down?" The men as if with common thought made a movement toward the door.

"Wait!" Shorty cried. He raised his left for silence. His right came out of his coat pocket holding his beloved automatic. "Line up there against that other wall. Quick about it. Pronto." Automatically the men began to obey the order. Something ominous was about to happen.

"What the devil?" growled Tierney, who saw his authority being assumed by this interloper. "Stand where you are, men." The men, or the majority of them, halted. He turned to Shorty and demanded, "What the devil d'ye mean, ye little shrimp? Who's runnin' this mine?" Shorty smiled and swung the muzzle of his automatic till it took the foreman into its arc.

"I am, Terence," Staley said, "I have a few words to say to the men. If you have any grievance, I'll answer for it. Shorty is only carrying out my orders."

"I beg your pardon, sir," Tierney hastily apologized, "I thought it was him of his own accord what was doin' it. Go on with yer speech." Tierney dropped back to a position where he might flank his employers.

"Men," began Staley, evenly, but loud enough to be heard by all, "I have a painful duty before me. I have been disappointed, and by you." He raised his inflection here. The men listened attentively, only a few shifting uneasily. "I have trusted you. I have treated you like men. We have paid you well in wages and bonuses. Now, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, we know that many of you have been robbing us. We are not certain of the identity of these thieves, but we mean to be soon. Men, you will disrobe where you stand. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear or be ashamed of. If you are guilty, we've got you." He turned half about.

"Shorty," he commanded, "Shoot the first man who resists. I will assume all responsibility for your action." He stepped back to the wall, where he took a stand beside Rawlins. The men slowly formed a double line against the opposite wall, outside the row of lockers. Tierney did not move, nor did Southard or Riordan. Their faces would have furnished material for students in expression and attempted telepathy. It was patent that they all wanted to say a great deal and did not know just what it was, or how to say it.

It was not till five minutes later that the last man had peeled down to his primitive immodesty, with the exception of his harness. Out of the fifty-two men in line, forty-three wore the harness.

"You men," said Staley, "who have not got on those things, step out there. Take your clothes." He indicated the farther end of the room. The men obeyed.

"Take them off, and throw them into the middle of the room, Staley ordered. The forty-three men who were harnessed removed their belts and cast them to the floor, some reluctantly, and with glowering frowns, which vanished at sight of Shorty's steady pistol, which swept all ways.

"Jimmy," said Staley, addressing his partner, "Go out and hold the men at the shaft head. They are coming up," Rawlins disappeared through the door, but not before an icy blast had made the nude figures shiver. The last man had cast his harness into the pile on the floor.

"The dommed dirty thieves," growled Tierney, glowering at the trapped men. From his tone and angle in which it was thrust it was doubtful whether it was aimed at the high-graders, or at the mine owners. Riordan and grunted their assent.

"You may put on your clothes," said

(Continued on page 513)



# Scarlet Leaves

I

IT IS not for its sombre side.  
I love the fall:  
I love it for its laughter,  
That is all.

Autumn has a fuller heart—  
Ripe harvest sheaves.  
I thought of this when I noticed you  
Were like scarlet leaves.

II

OH IN this wonder garden land  
Of hills and laughing sea,  
We found each other and we knew  
Each other suddenly.

We might have gone a stupid way  
And passed each other by—  
But you paused daringly enough;  
And so did I.

III

WHATEVER else God is, he isn't a monk:  
I have seen His passion painted in  
the sky;  
And, penciled in the glancing of the moon-  
light,  
All His dreamings lie.

He loves my lips as well as the rest of  
my being:  
He is not a monk, but is wise enough to  
find  
Thanksgiving in the temptings of my  
laughter,  
And in my arms entwined.

If He is proud enough of His ardor  
To riot in maple trees,  
Why should the images in His likeness  
Fear moments like these?

IV

I WAS ALWAYS running for fear that they  
Would see my curious grace,  
And dared not smile lest they behold  
The kisses my lips had held untold,  
The passion in my face.

It is otherwise with you, brown man:  
My long white limbs are bare.  
There is nothing I could conceal from you  
Who recognized a dare to woo  
Behind my flaming hair.

Now I remain revealed, since you  
Came and uncovered me  
With a sudden spear of mysterious eyes  
That startled the wine of afraid surprise  
To flood my chastity.

V

YOU ARE a strange lover for me to have:  
I so straight and still;  
You with the force of a northern wind,  
And a long, unbroken will.

You are a strange lover to find me out:  
You at the open flame;  
I with the always hidden fires,  
And a cold, white name.

By

JOY and CLAIRE GERBAULET

## Being the Diary of a Very Young Girl

*"Ah, Love, there is no better life than  
this,  
To have known Love, how bitter a  
thing it is . . ."*  
—Swinburne

VI

YOU PLACED your great hand over mine  
That fluttered like petals in spring.  
"You have been disturbed," you said, and I  
Was at peace with everything.

You hungered me up to your great, still  
breast,  
And the fluttering bird in my heart  
Grew still as a lark who sings would pause  
To hear the perfect art.

Now you have found me that waited so long  
Man of my dreaming prayer  
Now I must take back my loneliness,  
And carry it everywhere.

VII

WHEN YOU stand at the head of a multi-  
tude,  
A prince commanding there,  
I want to cry, "He is mine to love!"  
But I do not dare.

When you fall and are trampled, till only  
jeers  
Are cast from every part,  
I run to you and hold your head  
Against my heart.

VIII

Now you are crumbled that lately stood  
great,  
And I, who was careless then,  
Am wilted to think of the little hour  
You may never ask for again.

Even my heart lies repentant tonight—  
But tomorrow when you arise,  
I hope I shall have the strength to be cold,  
To mock the flame in your eyes.

IX

AM I EVER going to see you pass,  
And look at you with an idleness,  
And see your wisdom of a night  
Gleam at my dawn, and feel no right  
To trample upon the social law  
And risk the tear of a scandal's claw?  
Am I ever going to watch you go  
As if I never had learned to know  
The stern security of your breast  
Where has been hidden my heaven-quest?

Ah, when I do, it will be because  
There is a series of colder laws—  
Change is the wages: such death is hard  
When it means your sunset fire marred  
With ashes of what we love today,  
Without regret for its decay.

X

MORE THAN the shelter of your breast  
I love your reticence;  
Than the comfort of your arms  
Your gentle abstinence.  
Now I dare to love your love,  
Knowing it immense.  
Like the swaying of a pine  
Is your reverence.

XI

WHENEVER you rise across the path I  
am living,  
And go about your ways at a lofty pace  
I want to see these kisses of my devotion  
Lie hanging on the fever of your face.

XII

YOUR HEAD on my moonflower breasts,  
Your face in the night of my hair,  
Your kisses on my eyelids,  
Rain-heavy with your care.

And these are the ways of your worship—  
What avails my own desire  
That our faces cloven together  
Should trample out your fire?

XIII

DUSK WITH an only star  
Covered the sunset over;  
A wind came out of the north to hide  
A sigh for my lover.

Not for me the sheltering  
Nor comfort of his fire;  
Only the cry of a violin,  
Higher and higher,  
Running across the night until  
Dully I wonder  
If this is lightning in my heart  
Before the thunder.

The lighted window is not for me . . .  
Of this must I remember:  
Only the whispering of the leaves,  
The weeping of November.



# A Page of Verse

First award in the contest for the Charles Granger Blanden Lyric Prize 1924.

## ALIEN

*It comes as does a low wind—  
Not here do I belong—  
Not here in careless revelry  
In laughter, nor in song.*

*It comes as does a low wind—  
My heart with yearning fills,  
And it is far away I run  
Unto the friendly hills.*

*It comes as does a low wind—  
The beating of the sea,  
And oh, I would I were a wave,  
Forever wild and free!*

—Nancy Buckley.

## Second Award

### VICARIOUS LIFE

**T**HESE are my portions evermore: to greet  
Tulips and hyacinths of others' planting;  
To marvel still at loveliness enchanting  
Spilled out of rainbow land at mortal feet;  
To greet, and leave them, in their  
dooryard shrine.

To taste the grapes in others' vineyards  
grown,  
Nor flavor them with envy's bitterness;  
To crush the ancient longing to possess,  
To spoil the givers' pleasure with no moan,  
Though sacramental be each thrifty  
vine.

To warm cold hands at fires by others  
lighted  
Nor chill the embers by a single tear,  
Nor cloud the glowing atmosphere of  
cheer  
With martyr-mantle of the fortune-  
slighted—  
To be no blot upon the day's design.

To love all age, in memory of the vanished,  
All souls of youth, for those who never  
were;  
To slay self-pity's envoys as they stir;  
To keep my mirror-shield unrusted,  
planished—  
And shall not all its images be mine?  
—Ethel M. Coleman.

## Third Award

### YARDSTICK

**H**E WORE his wisdom like a banner draped  
About his world, about himself as  
well;  
And introspectively all life was shaped  
As finitely as water in a shell.

Love came . . . and only then he saw how  
dim,  
How inexact, how vain his measuring-  
rod;  
And finding Heaven, learned there was  
no hymn,  
However nobly sung, could fathom God.

And so his self-analysis, proud star  
That for its penetrating flame he  
treasured,  
The dawn destroyed: Through love he  
learned there are  
Some things, like madness never may be  
measured.

—Philip Gray.

## Fourth Award WERE SONG ENOUGH?

**S**PIRIT and mind are yours  
All yours; but why?  
I am a song, Beloved,  
And songs can die.

Never sweeping the hearth  
For you, my dear,  
Always the shadow creeping  
So near . . . near.

Always needing your strength  
If the way be rough;  
Note to the words of my song,  
Were song enough?

Never your child to bear  
With a smothered cry—  
Song on my lips, but O  
More song can die!

—Mildred Fowler Field.

## SECOND GRIEF

**I**HAVE been here before; I recognize  
The blood-stained platform and  
the kneeling-block,  
The hostile glitter of the hangman's  
eyes,  
The loud, loud ticking of the prison-  
clock.  
Cold are my hands against my throbbing  
breast,  
And cold my lips behind their fright-  
ened smile,  
And though, in pride, I try to form  
a jest,  
I keep remembering that after while  
I shall be writhing with a futile pain,  
And shrieking prayers into indifferent  
ears;  
It is no simple matter to be slain.  
When one is young, and shy, and full  
of fears.  
I have been here before, and I recall  
The hours I waited for the knife to  
fall.

—Helene Mullins.

## A SMALL MAGIC

**I**F I must forget  
April at the last,  
Let me still remember  
One thing past—

April's tender moon  
Slipping down the west,  
With her milk-pale burden  
On her breast—

Your springing height  
Firmly crescented,  
Hollowed for my body,  
Heart to head

Till the little moon  
Died in the abyss,  
And you turned me reeling  
To your kiss.

If I must forget  
Aprils that are done,  
Let me still remember  
One.

—Belle Turnbull.

## WIZARDRY

**S**OME simple things there are—in-  
cise things—  
That move me strangely when by  
happy chance  
They challenge suddenly my faring  
glance  
Lightly they waft my thought on  
instant wings  
To rainbowed lands by pure, Pirenian  
springs  
Where, loosed alike from place and  
circumstance,  
It weaves quick dreams too frail for  
utterance  
From films of gossamer imaginings.

These are the simple things;—gulls  
wheeling high  
Across a silver cloud; a pine-bough  
brave  
With cones, slow swaying like an idle  
flag;  
A cleft peak cameo-cut against the sky;  
A desert drenched in sunset; and a  
wave  
With cold white fingers clutching at  
a crag.

—Mary J. Elmendorf.

## I AM WEARY OF THE CITY

**I**AM WEARY of the city,  
A parasite that drains my youth away,  
And offers futile recompense in artificial  
things—  
Chaotic madness, oldness, and complexity;  
I long for simple things.

I crave the broad expanse of sea,  
Shimmering in bold sunlight;  
I should like its calm breathing  
When the hovering moon touches its breast  
with silver fingertips;  
I should be soothed by the crying of gulls  
swooping over quiet waves . . .  
But the sea, becoming clamorous beneath  
low clouds,  
Would shout incessantly in darkness,  
Beat frenziedly against a cold, abandoned  
shore,  
Tear its foam-white hair in madness.  
And I should be frightened,  
With storms in my heart.

Then I should seek the high hills—  
Some hidden ravine overgrown with trees  
and tall grasses.  
I'd follow a slender, winding stream dis-  
tantly,  
To an unintruded place nearest the sky;  
I should wear a ribbon of clouds in my hair  
by day,  
And a garland of stars by night.  
I should lie prone on the young earth,  
My lips caressing small flowers;  
I should hear little waters there,  
Too far from the sea to be tumultuous,  
Chanting a rhythmic song of simple elo-  
quence,  
Of unexplained and trifling beauties  
That are mutely understood.  
I should be alone with thoughts and pristine  
loveliness,  
Untrammelled by a sage philosophy;  
I should know nothing of tutored reasoning  
and logic argument.  
My heart would chant the unlearned song  
of simple things  
That come quietly, like the early stars,  
Things as childishly comprehended as the  
unchallenged dawn.

—Dorothy Hawley Cartwright.



# Bonded or Bootleg?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 484)

perature is from 110 to 120 degrees.

Corn sugar is undoubtedly the biggest item on the list of supplies of the manufacturer. It costs approximately \$125 for produce alone to run a 100-gallon still. This does not include the cost of labor, the expense of the fires, the risks of the manufacturer nor the cost of the still. Neither does it include cost of distribution. All these items eat deep into the profits of the manufacturer, and he does well if he keeps his expense down to four dollars a gallon, from the time he purchases his supplies to the time he sells his wares. Out of the remaining dollars he takes from the gallon, he has to figure on fines, protection money, rent and various other necessities and when simmered down he makes just a fair profit. He finds that he has a lot of money tied up in the business and he can't very well break from the game without a big loss. He keeps on, and if his brand is good he gets a big business.

And he likes the game of chance. There is something in it that fascinates the bootlegger. Once in the game it's pretty hard to stay out and be satisfied. It is the risk, the alertness of his mind that keeps him going. The longer he stays out of the courts the more pleased he is with himself, for it proves one thing to him if nothing else, that he is clever, that he is alert, that his mentality is 100 per cent good. He learns to watch his employees. They are apt to turn anytime, regardless of what he pays them and the assurance of protection he gives them. They see more money for themselves away from him, and they break away. Once a competitor, watch out! There is no other occupation in the world where "self esteem" is counted on so much as in the liquor game. Each manufacturer is jealous of the brand the other is turning out or he is envious of the business and if one manufacturer happens to take away any customers from the competitor, it is almost sure exposure. Jealousy is the root of destruction in the liquor business.

A year ago people were afraid of manufactured goods. They maintained all sorts of ideas about liquor that was not sealed and whose seal they had not the opportunity of breaking or seeing broken. It was as good as death in their minds! It was sure poison—and lot of it was. There was copper poison to be feared, and there was fusel-oil! How many times have you heard of fusel-oil? You remember something

about it from old "lab" days when you were taking chemistry at high school; but you've heard so much about it that you're afraid too.

**F**USEL-OIL is perhaps the most talked of and least known of any poison in liquor. Fusel-oil is a volatile, poisonous oily compound, obtained in rectifying corn or grape spirits. In B. P. days Fusel-oil was a common thing. Fermentation then took place directly from the raw grain; that is the sugar in the grain itself caused the chemical reaction in the fermentation which produced fusel-oil. This is only possible through the fermentation of natural grain or grapes or other fruit products. It is not to be feared in manufactured goods because the mash is fortified with commercialized sugar, eliminating the chemical process which emits the fusel-oil in the act of fermentation. In other words the mash is not the raw product!

Then, **COPPER POISON!** The only danger is when the unused still is again put into operation. The still which stands idle for a time is exposed to natural elements which quickly coat it with a green substance known as verdigris. Alcohol is the only known agent which will dissolve verdigris and this is exactly what does happen. The verdigris in the coil and the still is dissolved at once as the fumes of alcohol or the alcohol itself reaches it and it is passed on down into the whisky. From this liquor comes the poison. However this happens very seldom and comes for the most part from the rural still.

The manufacturer is just as eager to turn out good liquor as his customer is in purchasing it and he manages his business accordingly. He watches every step of his work conscientiously from the time he puts his mash in the barrels for fermentation to the time he pumps it out for the stills and then on to the time it is turned out for sale. He uses the utmost precaution in the temperature of his mash while it is fermenting . . . he also watches his fires. He is clean! Cleanliness is the greatest asset to good results.

When Charley Adams went into the "game" he did it pretty near through the necessity of livelihood. He is a man who has seen service. In fact he was a captain and saw much service overseas. Like so many others, when he returned he found his business "shot" to pieces and among other things he found his country not as he

left it. He had given much to the cause of humanity and upon returning his personal pride was hurt. He felt that he had been denied a personal privilege without his sanction. He felt rebellious at first but since the law had been made he lived up to it. He came to San Francisco and married the girl who had waited for him. He took a line of stocks and bonds and made the territory from San Francisco to Los Angeles. What did he encounter? The valley towns! He was from San Francisco, and surely he must be able to get a drink there. Couldn't he bring a bottle of Scotch on his next trip? He would be amply rewarded for his trouble. Charley Adams was glad to do them a favor, and he brought it on his next trip and accepted only thanks. Not only did he do this but he supplied them with information where it could be had . . . and then something happened. He had more people inquiring about booze than about stocks and bonds and he switched his lines. He carried less and less stocks and bonds and more bonded whisky and with it he saw that bonded stuff was a little higher, and he saw money in manufacturing. In his altruistic mind he argued that if he didn't do it, someone else would; that the American public had made up its mind to have it and it generally got what it went after. So he went into manufacturing and he left samples with the people to whom he had been selling bonded whisky. His stuff was good and his word dependable. His business increased until he had a regular force of salesmen or runs between San Francisco and Los Angeles. He had a big business when he retired—by request—just six months ago.

"You meet all kinds of people in this game. It gives you a bigger outlook into humanity than anything I have ever run into. You meet the yellow ones, you meet the big ones; you meet them all. The bank president is glad to see you and invites you into his private office to have you tell him that this last lot is better, you believe, than any you have made; that the fermentation was kept exactly the same temperature and took only ten days before it was pumped out and put in the still. This takes place while he lets the rancher with the one hundred and fifty thousand dollar ranch wait. But of all the people you meet, you need your wits about the woman. She is not safe. She is not safe as the wife of a purchaser. If he steps a little too fast



he blames his bootlegger, whether she has been an agreeable partner in the purchase or not; and, well, women just are not safe.

"It's the fascination of chance, a bit of daring. It is a spirit of rebellion against those who demand jurisdiction over the thoughts and lives of others. The same spirit that brought the Mayflower to America has made the manufacturer. It is small wonder that manufacturing has sprung up as the result of attempts of autocrats of rows high and low in various ways to rob citizens of their rights and privileges."

The manufacture of whisky has been going on for some time and it is such

an easy matter to manufacture it that it will be almost impossible to stamp it out. Any one can distill enough quarts for his own use in his home with such tools as a tea kettle, a hose and a cold water bucket.

Bootleg history repeats itself whether it is dealing with bonded goods or with moonshine. Ever so often there is a "clean-up" for the general looks of things; and there is, for a period of time, a shut down on production, but it continues again after the smoke has blown away, and it will continue in spite of all efforts of the revenue men to curb it.

The attitude of the public in general is that it wants what it isn't supposed

to have, and it gets it one way or the other. If it isn't manufactured stuff, it will be bonded ware brought in from foreign countries and since the people of the United States insist upon breaking the law by using it, the manufacturer is hoping that they will turn to the American manufacturer rather than continue to allow their money to flow into foreign countries. He is optimistic and looks for better business. He declares he is in the game to stay and he looks continually for a bigger, brighter future, feeling that the demand of the American public is going to make him more and more secure day by day.

I wonder!

## The Friendly House

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 493)

nationally. "We really owe it to ourselves. Poor Johndear! A whole year in that rattletrap house, working in the city part of the time on horrid, financial, figgery things that made his head ache—they *did* make your head ache, didn't they, Johndear?"

On the point of saying: "Three cheers for our friends," I paused. So *that's* how Marydear had felt toward the old house! The game little girl! Did ever a man have such a Marydear? Before I could open my mouth to tell her, as well as poor words could express it, the help that she has been to me in this up-hill pull, she was off again.

"We'll see a new apartment house first. There is an old house on the list that is promising, for we can fix the house up to suit us and get a more pretentious place for the money. We might buy it later. Central, too. And there's a bungalow that has hardwood floors, and three china closets—"

I heard without heeding, my soul suddenly wrung by the obtruding thought of the hairy one turning the rose garden—*our rose garden*—into a cabbage patch. I sidled a glance at Marydear. Not only had she mislaid her smile, but her dimples had gone into hiding!

Marydear juggled the wheel expertly with one hand, and fished in the pocket of her motor coat for the agent's list.

"Look this over. You must have a—a study. A workroom, I mean."

"Oh, I can fit in anywhere! You'll want china closets, and—er—hardwood floors. All that sort of thing."

The green hills of summer had been left far behind. We were in the city—

"The choice apartment house quarter," as the agent's alluring advertisement assured us. I turned a distasteful eye on the apartment house before which the flivver halted. Something told me that there would be a plate-glass-rubber-plant-onyx lobby and so it proved.

"Might be worse," Marydear commented. She eyed me attentively, as she has a puzzling way of doing, now and then. "There might have been a red plush settee."

**W**E PRETENDED to be very hilarious over the apartment—at least, I pretended.

"The living-room—it is too small," I began, gravely enough.

"We'll paint the chairs upon the wall," Marydear chanted, dancing ahead of me.

"—and park the garbage in the ha-l-l," I supplemented.

"The tenants, though, might think this rude—who says you're not a poet, Johndear?"

The dimples had come out and were dancing with her.

"We'll order disappearing food," I chirped, swallowing her blarney hook, bait and sinker.

"—and have our Kitkins fried or stewed—. Seriously, though, Johndear, we're wasting time here. Kitkins wouldn't approve of an apartment home, I'm sure."

"No place to park her, if she did." I wondered if Burke and the hairy one had come to terms. If we didn't look at any more houses, we might stop at Burke's on the way back, and—Marydear, I shouldn't wonder if you had locked Kitkins in the house with Canary Jim!

The scheme did not work. Marydear remembered distinctly—as she led the way to the flivver—that she had *not* locked Kitkins in the house. Well, why should I bother my head over the bargaining of the landlord and the hairy one?

Marydear turned into a neat street, with rows of neat houses done in plaster. Geraniums, flickering lines of flame, divided the neat lawns that were laid out exactly alike, down to the last grass blade; they blazed in window boxes. The flivver nosed the curb, stopped.

"They come with and without," I observed.

"With and without—what?"

"Window-boxes."

We went silently up the cement walk; a neat walk, but of a shade of red that loudly disagreed with the red of the geraniums. A neighbor woman brought the key. Silently I unlocked the door; silently we entered. Our footsteps echoed hollowly through the empty rooms which were large, floored with hardwood, softly tinted as to walls, and with china closets everywhere that a china closet should be. There was a fireplace—which, probably, did not smoke—but no ingle-nook.

"It is so—so *new*!" I whispered to Marydear.

"Yes," she whispered back; though just why we whispered, I'm sure neither of us could explain.

We might have been a pair of conspirators, leagued to destroy the rentability of this perfectly good house on the grounds of its newness. Hand in hand, again we went over the first



floor. Marydear pointed mutely to the book-shelved room evidently intended as a library, or a study. I shook my head.

"No—er—atmosphere," I told her.

"I can see that it won't do at all."

Marydear's tone was that of a person who has made an unalterable decision. What should we do without an ingle-nook? I—almost—think we'd like the other house better, the one I told you of as we drove in."

A sweet gravity that underlay Marydear's gaiety had come uppermost. She enlarged on the advantages of this other house as we took our way down the red cement walk to the flivver. The house was built by wealth, therefore spacious. It was old, and there must be atmosphere—oodles of atmosphere. It was run down; but we should fix the place to suit ourselves.

"I hope the window of my—er—workroom will be curtained with wild cucumber lace." I ventured a glance at Marydear, who was expertly threading the traffic of a busy street. Had I said too much? "And if there is a bird colony in the tree, I'll not miss the old room—Marydear! You nearly ran over somebody's collie!"

"I think the house is in the next street," Marydear gave out, strangely callous to the fate of the collie.

The "next street" was a "pocket" street; and at the end, in a stone wall, was a gate of wood, studded with iron bolts and topped by a grill of iron. The gate swung inward from the brick wall; leaf-shadowed, it seemed to bar the way to mysteries. Tall trees on either side leaned as if to look at something that they saw in the garden; they whispered together. Marydear, a hand on my shoulder, stood and looked over the wall.

"The window shades are all down," she reported, "as if someone were dead. In the garden a headless statue, tumbled from its pedestal, is lying half hidden in the tangled grasses. A group of trailing willows—ugh, how I hate willows! I am sure that behind them down there is a pool, green with slime—."

"Are we going into the house?"

"Anything might leap out at one from that garden! Someone may have been murdered, and thrown into the black pool— Oh, all right! Maybe the pool isn't there. They probably filled it up."

"If we don't stop to look at any more houses today, we— we'll have time to go 'round to Burke's—"

"Let's!" she agreed, and eyed me queerly.

The city, the suburbs left behind, the flivver picked up the brown skein of the road and unwound it. The wind flowed over our flushed faces like cool water. Could we make Burke's—in time?

I said nothing, at first, to Marydear. But *how* I wanted to take that wheel and *drive*! Yet why should we go two miles out of our way that I might satisfy a morbid curiosity concerning a matter which did not concern me?

"Can't you—er—go a little faster, Marydear? We'll make slow time over the road to Burke's. It's rough."

Marydear nodded. We did not speak again until the flivver drew up at Burke's place. Then Marydear turned to me.

"Will you go in—or shall I?"

A farm hand, slouching into view, solved the question.

"Nobody home—won't be till nex' week."

The sun was setting in a conflagration of red and gold as we drove from Burke's to the little old house in the song-garden of roses—white, yellow, pink, crimson. The sunset-colors were reflected in the many-paned windows; it was as if the house were lighted from within. Lighted to welcome us home. Kitkins met us at the gate.

We passed a very quiet evening. I sat watching Marydear at the homely occupation of sock-darning, and noting how the lamp-light picked out the gold in her soft brown hair. She looked up.

"It would be dreadful if *that man* got the house."

I nodded.

"Next Saturday, we must really settle on something in the city."

**B**UT WHEN Saturday came, we did not go to the city. The morning brought us unexpected visitors, strangers—the aged couple who had been the first occupants of the house.

"This has been a happy home!" sighed the little white-haired lady, to my Marydear; and we knew, then, whose hand had penned the message on the yellowed card. "We was passin', and I asked Pa if you'd mind our droppin' in—"

"You must have luncheon with us," Marydear, all hospitality, insisted, "and stay the afternoon."

They were a-thrill with the excitement of their adventure, and, child-like, they could not keep their precious secret. "Pa" was going to get son Tom to "buy back" the home where they began life together—"two rooms, then," as the old lady pointed out. Tom had as good as acknowledged that four thousand, easy terms, was

fair enough. And—with gentle courtesy—they had heard that we were going away, to live in the city.

We did not tell the old folk of the visit of the hairy one; but we urged them to lose no time, if they wished to take over the place when we left it. The white heads nodded assent. As an afterthought, "Polly" reminded "Pa" that son Tom was hard pressed right now.

Late in the afternoon, we went into the garden.

I planted all these trees; no other place'll ever seem like home." The old man's voice quavered, broke. "If we c'd have the last few years here, whilst we're t'gether—. But I dunno. If Polly sh'd be took—and me left here all alone, 'twould seem twice as long—waitin'—I reckon."

"If Tom can't get it"—doubt had crept into the little old lady's wistful voice—"I wish 't somebody that loves it could live here. Somebody that loves it like we did. Young folks, growin' old t'gether, same's we did."

"Yes, young folks. Beginnin'." "T'would be a happy home fr 'em, wouldn't it, Polly?"

Hand in hand they walked down the gravel path to the gate. They climbed into a low surrey, waved us good-bye. In silence, her cheeks were very red, Marydear watched them out of sight.

Out of that silence, twenty minutes later, she spoke:

"Isn't there something—a paper of some kind—that would hold the place for them? Keep that horrid man from getting it? Oh, I know! An option. Why didn't we think to tell them?"

I did not reply—I had no chance. She was up and away, like a bird a-wing. I heard her light feet in the next room, saw her fly past the window on her way to the garage. Before I could gather my scattered wits, she was gone!

A silver hoop of a moon had rolled over the turn of the hill when I heard the motor purring in the drive. Marydear did not wait to put the flivver into the shed; she was in the room, a rosy whirlwind, waving aloft a slip of paper.

"I've been to Burke's! Oh, John-dear! He gave me an option! Now that horrid man—"

"Gave you an *option*? Gave you an option? How can that be, Marydear? They would have to get the option. Does Tom want the place—?"

"Of *course* he wants it! Didn't the little old lady say—why, just to *prove* it, I'll go next door and call them up on the 'phone! Wait a minute, John-dear."



# The Measure of a Man

By

MILDRED HUDSON AMMONS

**N**OW ALTHEA," said Big Bob Forest, slipping his hand over hers, "please say yes. I've been pretty patient, but I can't wait forever."

Althea drew her hand away.

"O, Bob," she sighed miserably, "you've been just fine. But I don't know—I don't know!"

"We've been over all this so many times," Bob went on earnestly. "You shouldn't doubt me, Althea. I've loved you ever since I first saw you that time we met at the school play three years ago. And I've stuck around pretty steady. Why do you keep putting me off?"

"O, I don't know," repeated the woman, staring down the white ribbon of road that wound away beyond her gate. "The boys—"

"There you go," complained the man. "Always the boys! Couldn't I help you take care of them and raise them up? They need a man's hand. Besides," his voice grew tender, as a big man's voice has a trick of doing, and softly husky, "I can't give you up, Althea. I've climbed where I am because of you, and because of you I can go higher yet. Please let me care for you and the boys. Please say yes!"

Just at this instant the gate opened and up the dusty path came a little lad of seven, barefooted and coverall-clad, Junior, Althea's baby.

"O, Bob," he greeted his mother's visitor. "Gee, Althea, I'm hungry. Had to give half my lunch to Lester Fox."

"There's a pan of fresh cookies in the pantry, son. Did Lester forget his lunch?"

"Naw," came Junior's answer, already muffled with cookies. "His father's on a spree again and they haven't anything at home for lunches."

The other three boys came up just then and catching his brother's words, Worth, tow-headed and filled with the importance of nine, added his contribution:

"An' Althea, George Fox has to sit with me in reading, 'cause he hasn't any book."

Althea's boys never called her "mother." Perhaps it was because she looked so youthful, with her soft brown hair and dimples; perhaps because of the little rose-sprigged frocks she always wore. At any rate, they were proud of her, and the way they took care of her and the ranch was a constant wonder to the neighbors.

When the four had gone off about

their various chores, the woman turned again to her visitor.

"I wish you could do something about that Dan Fox," she said. "Can't you find out where he gets the stuff? It seems to me you, as sheriff, ought to stop this business some way or other."

"Now, Althea," replied Big Bob soothingly, "I'm doing my best. But I've got to go slow. You can't rush an affair like that. I'll capture the stills just as fast as I find them, but this bootlegging is a hard matter to deal with."

"I wouldn't be afraid to bet the ranch there's a still right down in the back canyon," protested Althea sternly. "I don't think you're firm enough."

**S**HE PUSHED back her low rocker, and stood up on the weather-beaten porch. None of the charms of youth had deserted Althea, and at thirty-four, she was still supple and graceful as a slim boy. Bob Forest always felt a mad and hopeless yearning when he looked at her. She was so palpably a creature of dewy gardens and sunny orchard slopes; he could never understand how she had come to be in the midst of the dry wheat lands.

But Althea had brains. Even Big Bob must admit that. It takes the cleverest kind of figuring plus grit and good luck to wring success from the brown acres of a Central Oregon ranch and this woman had done it—alone. Now, as she picked up her basket of mending, the ribbons of her dress fluttering in the wind, she seemed the very essence of sweet maturity. The man longed to catch her in his arms, but was wise enough not to.

"You'll stay to supper, Bob?" She went inside and he followed her unhappily. "No more of this marrying business today. If it will make you any happier, Bob, I'll think it over carefully and give you my final answer Sunday morning at church. It's not right for us to go on this way, and I'll settle it for good and all."

His eyes lit up at that. For a moment he was almost handsome. But Althea, noting the thick curly hair and merry eyes, saw also the slightly weak mouth, and sighed. Bob was so helpful and impulsive, so delightfully care-free and irresponsible.

Althea donned a pink ruffled apron and hurried to and fro, preparing the evening meal. The two hired men stopped to tell her of the day's progress in the field and plan for the morrow's. As they started off, the four boys came in. Althea drew up the chairs to the table.

Then she noticed that Don, grave and quiet for his thirteen years, boasted a bruised and bloodshot eye.

"Been fighting, Don?"

She did not speak in a reproachful tone. Althea taught her boys that a good cause deserved a fight.

"He licked Pete Armstrong sumpin' awful," announced Junior. "Ol' Pete, he said you and Bob were goin' to get married, an' Don, he made him take it back."

Althea felt a slow flush gathering on her neck and creeping upward.

"Althea, are you going to marry Bob?" This from Don, deliberate, demanding an answer.

"Don't you suppose," said Althea looking about at the four, half-accusing faces, "don't you suppose I'd tell you boys first if I intended doing such a thing? When I get ready to be married, I'll let you know all about it, before anyone else."

"Sure she would!" triumphed Junior.

The four, with evident relief, resumed their eating, and only Don caught the little glint of anger in Big Bob's eyes.

It was a rather frightened Althea who crept into bed that night, after the thousand and one tasks had been attended to. Between the accusing glances of her trusting sons and the demands of Big Bob, she was sorely tried. It would be pleasant and comforting to have a man to lean on, but—would it be best for the boys?

She remembered with a terrible pang, the tender, smiling husband she still missed. Again she lived through the awful day when they brought him in from the hot harvest field, dying. Even as his light had dimmed, he had held her hand, speaking words of cheer and advice for her and the boys. Just at twilight he had slipped, smilingly, away, and two hours later, upon her arm had lain a new life, fraught with the spirit of the old.

How she had missed dear, honest Timothy! She could never love Bob as she had loved him. Indeed, she would never cease to yearn for that stronger support which had drifted away like a piece of summer, leaving her anchorless and forever lonely.



But Bob was willing, yea, eager to accept what crumbs of affection she could give him. He would gladly take from her shoulders the heavy burdens of the ranch, and she would gain the close companionship only a husband can offer. In the stillness of the night she felt very small and weak.

The boys! They meant more than life itself to her. Their joys and achievements, and their daily progress were her inspiration. Her only difficulty was to reconcile their youth with the foster parenthood of Bob. How would the two combine? Somehow, she feared a lack of character on the man's part, a shallowness of self-control, and if her fears proved true, how might the venture affect the welfare of her lads?

An opalescent dawn was misting in the East when she fell asleep; an hour later she rose to face the demands of a busy day.

As Don and Junior, Worth and Mayfield, who was the eldest, trotted off to school that warm Friday morning, all but the youngest were very quiet.

"He's not so bad," commented Mayfield suddenly. Althea never allowed them to say "ain't."

"Aw, what you talkin' about?" growled Worth. "Didn't she say she wasn't goin' to marry him? You make me sick."

"No, she didn't say so. She just said she would tell us first. That means she's thinkin' of it." This from quiet Don. Althea was not the only one who had done some thinking the previous night.

Junior raced on ahead to join a schoolmate, and his brothers, freed from the restraint of his presence, discussed the matter furiously.

"Bob's all right," began Mayfield. "He just isn't worth Althea. She'll be sorry if she takes him."

"Althea thinks he's all to the good. But he's not," piped in little Worth. "Why, Pete tol' me—" And Worth went on in a whisper, his brothers listening tensely.

"Is that true?" demanded Don, with flashing black eyes.

"Cross my heart! An' Jake Dillon says so, too."

"Then I know what we'll do! You see—" Don drew the two close, and a volume of whispers floated off into the blooming sage. The three conspirators raced into the schoolhouse just as the bell ceased ringing, but on each countenance there shone a guilty satisfaction.

Saturday was no day of rest for Althea's boys. The work she got out of

them was a constant wonder to her less fortunate neighbors, and Althea herself worked just as hard. All morning the little household moved smoothly and rapidly about the routine of innumerable tasks; the week-end labors fast became a glory of toil accomplished.

The late afternoon they always spent with Sunday school lessons. But Althea found little joy in this hour of leisure. The nagging problem was no nearer a decision, and the woman could not rest in peace.

"Say, Althea," wheedled Don, "there is a patch of sweet briar down in the canyon. Want to come?"

"O, Don, I'd love to, but I'm too tired."

"Aw, come on." This from Worth. "It's real cool down there an' the creek's got water in it. Junior an' Mayfield'll stay and watch things. Please come, Althea."

Althea reflected on one other who also said please. But she put on her droopy hat that was charming despite its three seasons' usage, and followed the precipitous trail into the canyon. Here between rimrock walls, all was cool and shady, and Althea felt the refreshing breeze with a thrill of pleasure. She sat down on a rock, content to gaze quietly about her.

IT WAS a pleasant place, that small canyon, still and secluded, with numerous draws slanting into it. Painted walls buttressed it and towering buttes rose from its floor. Along one side, a tiny stream, tramped into a bog by stray cattle, wound its difficult way, while scattered about were tangles of aspen and scrub oak. Toward the eastern end these growths became very thick, almost a miniature jungle, and there the cliff shelved back into caves which had always been a source of keen delight to Althea's boys. The ledges above were a favorite night haunt for bobcats, but with yellow sunlight flooding the canyon, there was nothing to fear; only a never-failing surprise at this bit of greenery in the midst of the desert-like wheat country.

"Let's get on to the sweet briar, Althea," urged the boys. "It's over at the end of the canyon, near the big rocks."

She allowed them to draw her along the narrow path, across the tiny creek, into the heavy thicket beyond. Here the sage gave place to thick moss and near the towering face of the cliff grew the little lost bush which the boys called sweet briar. It was really not sweet briar at all, but a hardy plant with sweet pithy stalks, much prized by those sturdy youngsters of the wild.

Once more Althea rested upon a grey boulder, while Worth dexterously stripped a green, juicy shoot for her consumption.

Suddenly, on the other side of the thicket there was a low rumbling of voices. Don and Worth glanced covertly at each other, Althea listened, startled.

"Get a move on, you boob!" came in gruff tones. "How long do you think we can loaf around here?"

"Now, Ed, don't get excited. There are only six cases left and we'll be through in a jiffy. It's too hot to hurry."

How familiar were those rich, husky notes! Althea shuddered and the boys crept close to her in their leafy hiding place.

"Say, Sheriff," continued the first speaker, "who's goin' to take Fox's quart to him?"

"Well, not me, that's certain. I take no chances. I've a position to maintain, remember."

"That's so," with a sneer, "somebody might get on to you. Just as though everyone don't know about our little business. That is, everyone but Althea Murray." There was a contemptuous laugh, suddenly cut short.

"That's about enough out of you. You'll not mention Mrs. Murray's name again, understand? Now, help me up with this last bunch."

Althea could hear them panting as they bore their burden up the steep and narrow trail. Then they came back again and began to do various things which she could not see.

"Cover it up good, Ed," admonished the husky voice. "Those young Murrays may come prowling about, and we don't want them to find anything."

They both laughed and climbed the ascent, still talking. After a few minutes the noisy motor truck broke the silence, then grew faint in the distance.

For an instant Althea closed her eyes wearily. Then she straightened her small shoulders and rose.

"Come, boys," she said cheerily, "time to get home. We won't talk about what we have heard. We will keep it for a little secret between ourselves. Now you run ahead and start the fire, and I'll promise apple turnovers for supper."

With a whoop of delight, they dashed away and she was left to walk slowly on, alone.

As she topped the canyon wall and saw her wide acres yellowing to the harvest, she glanced up at the rainless, blazing sky and whispered:

"Thank you, Timothy, dearest. I think I'll be able to manage all right now."



# The "High Graders"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 505)

Staley, "You men, who wore the harness, may stop at the office and get your pay. We are through with you. I will add that the camp is through with you. I would further suggest that you ask yourselves if you do not think the mining world is through with you?" There was no reply. The men were too busy donning their clothes to answer. Staley ordered Tierney to open the end door, which had been locked.

Neither Staley nor Shorty spoke for several minutes, not till the last man was dressed. A few of the men had begun to make flippant jests, apparently happy at the thought of escaping prosecution.

"You," Staley said, addressing the seven men, "Stay where you are. I want to speak to you later. We are sorting the wheat from the chaff. You," he addressed the forty-three high-graders, "get your things from the lockers and get to hell out of here as quick as God Almighty will let you. I fear I might get angry at sight of you, if you remain." They filed through the end door, in their haste making poor marching formation. This was as near to an angry demonstration as Bill Staley had ever come. A moment later he was his possessed, serene self once more. The men who formed the morning shift were entering through the other door. They were soiled from the mud and dust of the mine. They looked about them apprehensively, mutely asking the reason for this action. The teeth of many of them were chattering from the cold wait at the shaft head. It was a sudden change from the warm depths of the mine. Forty-one men crowded in and stood looking, for the most part at the stack of harnesses upon the floor.

At last one man spoke. He was a big, good-natured fellow.

"Hell, boys," he shouted laughingly. "The jig's up. Look at them." He pointed to the pile of discarded belts and turned to where Shorty and the mine owners stood.

"What's the game, Boss," he asked, "Wise us up, we'll do our best to please." The men were lined up as the others had been. They disrobed without protest, thanks to Shorty's waving automatic, which many regarded with fascinated eyes as they stripped their garments. Thirty-five out of the forty-one men wore harnesses. The remaining six were ordered to take their clothes and join

the seven men who stood at the farther end of the room. These thirteen miners were the only part of the audience which was deriving pleasure from the performance. They had begun to laugh at their companions' discomfiture.

At Staley's order the men removed their harnesses, and threw them upon the floor in another heap. They fell heavily, for every one was filled to capacity with high-grade. Much of it spilled from the pouches as they struck the floor. Staley commanded the men to dress. He repeated the lecture he had made to the other shifts. They filed through the end door which Tierney silently held open. Tierney by this time was visibly agitated. The door was closed and the old foreman walked to the stove where he extended his hands to its warmth. He was shaking like an aspen leaf.

"Be jabbers," he muttered, "it's cold." No one paid him any heed. The thirteen men still stood at the other end of the room. Staley faced them smilingly.

"Boys," he said, as if he were addressing his own sons, "I'm proud of you, not for refraining from stealing my gold. There are greater things in this world than gold. I see you know what it is, but for fear you do not, I will tell you. It is honesty, for when a man steals he pays for what he takes with his self-respect, and this gone, something that can never be replaced has gone from that man. He loses the power of looking his fellow men in the face and telling them to go to hell." There was a unanimous shout of approval, "Boys," Staley continued, "I'm going to do the best I can. The mine will be shut down till after the New Year. You will continue in our employ under full pay." He turned to Rawlins, "Jimmy," he asked, "What do you say to making these boys each a little Christmas present, say five hundred dollars apiece?"

"Make it a thousand if you want to," replied Rawlins, "I'm no piker and we can afford it. Say, take a peep at those things on the floor. I've just counted them and figured up. Thirty-five at say three hundred dollars each, fifteen thousand dollars. We've been losing that much on the day shift and as much more on the other two. Make it a thousand, Bill. Don't be a piker." Everybody save Tierney, Southard and Riordan were laughing.

"It's a thousand, boys," Staley an-

nounced, "Come around to the office tomorrow and get your checks. You may want to buy some little things for your wives or sweethearts or mothers. Don't forget your mothers, boys, if you are still blessed with them. Remember they had a great part in making you this way."

SHORTY had pocketed his pistol. He passed his hands across his eyes. One by one the men came and shook Staley's hand and Rawlins' too, and went out into the storm. The shift bosses and Tierney, Staley, Rawlins and Shorty remained in the room. The four bosses seemed waiting for what was to come. The silence was ominous. Tierney was the first to break it. He advanced towards Staley, extending a trembling hand.

"Bill," he said, "I'm congratulating you for recognizin' the worth o' honesty. I'm so fair shook with emotion over this thing, I can't hold my old mitt steady. You'll excuse me for seeming a little like a weak old woman." Staley took the proffered hand and looked Tierney squarely in the eyes. The foreman's eyes could not meet the cold ones of his employer. Staley dropped the calloused hand.

"Thanks, Terence," he said, "Come up to the office at six this evening. We will have a little talk over how we'll get things started then."

"I'll be there, I'll be there," Tierney answered with more than apparent relief, "What'll I do with these lads?" He waved a strengthened arm at the three shift bosses.

"Oh," replied Staley as if he had overlooked this mere detail. We'll attend to them at our conference tonight."

Staley, Shorty and Rawlins made their exit, after having told the former bosses that arrangements had been made for the mine being guarded till the work resumed.

"The damned old hypocrite," remarked Shorty as they went down the trail. "The damned old thievin' hypocrite!"

"You said something," agreed Rawlins.

"It was more than a mouthful," Staley affirmed. "I suppose he is coming down to have us crown him with a wreath of olive branches and mount him upon a marble pedestal as an unblemished pillar of virtue."

(Continued on page 517)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

## REBELLION

**R**EBELLION in Labor Unions" by Sylvia Kopald is a treatise against trade union bureaucracy.

The average trade union official, we are told, soon loses contact with the rank and file and develops a psychology all his own. To maintain his office is the prime purpose of his scheming.

Dr. Kopald analyzes in detail the revolts of a group of members within the four powerful trade unions, namely, that of the miners, railroad workers, printers, and web pressmen, and comes to the conclusion that there is "a general revolt against the old-line leadership in the unions."

That American labor leaders in many instances prove disappointing is the observation of many students of labor problems, but to condemn on that account the whole trade union organization and policy and to favor "boring from within" is not quite justified by the facts.

As a record of insurgency within labor ranks, Dr. Kopald's book is a valuable contribution to trade union history. But few would agree with her conclusion, somewhat veiled in its leaning toward syndicalist philosophy:

"The fight within the unions is on—whether in the name of amalgamation, industrial unionism or what not. Behind the conservative officials is the power of official machines. Behind the radicals is the trend of the times. The outcome remains to be written."

—ANNA DONDO.

REBELLION IN LABOR UNIONS, by Sylvia Kopald, Ph. D., Boni and Liveright, New York, \$2.00. Anna Dondo.

## A BOOK FOR BOYS

**S**ELDOM since Robert Louis Stevenson has there been issued a story of boys' adventure with the appeal of "Rats' Castle," by Roy Bridges. Treasure—pirate gold—is a fascinating theme, and one which leads always to danger and adventure. In this tale there is mystery as well.

The story opens in the Grand Turk tavern in London in those days when pirates still swarmed the Spanish Main. Will Langdon, tap-room boy, sees two men bring in late at night the gagged and bound form of young Martin Lanscomb. It develops that Martin is to be shipped off to sea by the tavern keeper, who is in the pay of some powerful personage. But Will manages to release Martin and the two escape from the tavern with the chase hot upon their heels.

And then the story leads to Rats' Castle and a character new to fiction, the old wife of the dead pirate, who guards the treasure. There is an assault upon the ruined tower by those who desire the gold, with suspense and thrill to the final chapter.

RATS' CASTLE, by Roy Bridges. D. Appleton & Co., \$1.75 net.

## THE UNKNOWN SCRIPTURES

**C**ONNECTED with the New Testament are many little known texts known as the apocryphal scriptures, some of them hitherto unpublished. The author has compiled in this volume the more important of these texts, and sets them forth with copious notes. It is a most valuable work for the student and the metaphysician. Our copy gives no price.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT, newly translated by Montague Rhodes James, Oxford University Press (Printed in England).

## THE MOVIES!

**W**HAT'S wrong with the movies, the author asks, and goes on to set forth the manifold faults of the silver screen and those who create for it. The author is a dramatic critic in Los Angeles and seems to speak with authority. Those who find the movies deficient may gain in this volume some light on the situation and be better able to prescribe a remedy.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MOVIES? by Tamar Lane. The Waverly Co., Los Angeles. \$2.00 net. —ANNA DONDO.

## A LIFE

**T**HERE are men of the type of Arnold Waterlow; loyal to the point of weakness, self-sacrificing, naturally 'good.' That they are the exception rather than the rule does not weaken May Sinclair's story of this man who lived his life on the basis of absolute honesty, both with the world and with himself. Yet it is in the first part of this unusual story of a life that the characterization is most convincing. The portrayal of child psychology is delightfully done, that child who gave so much of love to his mother and received so little in his turn. Arnold was something of a mystic in his early childhood, and this tinge of mysticism impels his search throughout youth and manhood for ultimate happiness and truth.

The latter part of the story deals with Arnold's maturity. He loves Rosalind and waits for her, even through her liaison with Max. Deserted by the latter she marries Arnold and lives happily with him until Max comes once more into her life. Her yielding, her desertion of Arnold and the new interest which comes into the latter's life, with the unexpected conclusion, make up the story. It is an unusual story, unusually well set forth. A study in human emotions.

ARNOLD WATERLOW, by May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York, \$2.50 net.

## DEEP WATERS

**T**HIS is a gripping story of love and weakness and the suffering visited upon the innocent victim of human passion. Hubert Faraday is the character about whom the story is woven—Hubert; his mother Averil, Willard Faraday, Alec McLean. Hubert's boyhood is darkened by Willard Faraday's jealousy of his wife, and his insane rages. The boy's love is for his mother, and for McLean. Their love for him rouses anew the suspicions of Faraday, and in a quarrel with McLean the husband is killed.

How the tangled thread is cleared is for the author to tell. The characterization is strong, the interest sustained. Whatever of weakness lies in the story is in the over-importance given to the lake beside which Hubert lives. If it was the author's desire to imply that the lake exerted an occult influence over the lives of the characters she has failed to make this convincing. And if this was not her intention, why the importance given to the lake—and why the title? Nevertheless the theme is strong and the story well told.

THE LAKE, by Margaret Ashmun. The Macmillan Company, New York, \$2.25 net.

## A STORY OF JUDEA

**I**DAID in the first century of the Christian era, the story deals with Carmina, a desert girl, and her friends and enemies. The burning of Jerusalem, the Roman triumph, are treated with dramatic intensity. It is a book which will appeal to those interested in the stories of that time.

THE FIGURE IN THE SAND, by Jaquelin Ambler Caskie. American Library Service, Publishers, \$1.75.

## MODERN LILIES

**W**E HAVE heard about the Lilies of the Field before, but these are of a modern variety. This is a comedy, descriptive of the supplying of husbands to two "perfectly sporting" twin sisters, who are flappers as gracefully as it would be picturesque to encourage. Certainly it has a flavor of actuality and it gives new vigor to the old question of how large a part the woman plays in a courtship. The answer portrayed is fair enough to both sides, though this may be an admission on my part. The characters are described by their attitudes, and the situations in which they appear are interesting although simple. There are adroit lines which cause sudden laughter, and unexpected turns of dialogue which force new, humorous conceptions. It is a play that is especially fitted to Little Theatre work because of its entertaining character and appeal which the average men and women will appreciate, largely because of the similarity of its situations to actual absurdities.

—JOY GERBAULET.



## WOMAN'S DEVOTION

**D**OES MARRIAGE between a woman of maturity and a man fifteen years her junior make for happiness? Lucia Kemble decides in the negative, but the reader may feel that greater happiness and greater attainment would have been Jim Shelley's had she not renounced the place he would have given her and disappeared. It is an unusual story, this of the country boy who was sent through college by the big-hearted little country milliner who slaved and sacrificed that this boy whom she loved might gain his ambition. What happens when Lucia disappears is a strong study in psychology.

THE HIGH ALTAR, by Agnes Edwards Rothery. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00 net.

## RIVER DUSK

**T**HERE is strong feeling of spiritual uplift coupled with beauty of thought and form in this little volume by Agnes Kendrick Gray. Indeed it stands widely apart in this from the general poetic output of the day. This is an age of materialism so far as the younger poets are concerned. Judging from the expression which passes for poetry with many of them, it is an age of sensualism. And so this group of poems is as refreshing as the wind before the dawn.

## NIGHT IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

In winter moonlight dreams the Park;  
The Arch against the silver dark  
Flings out its frosty shadow-arc.

The trees are bare, and snow-drifts press  
About their roots. . . How may they guess

That spring shall stir them soon,  
and how  
Foretell the tremulous sap, the bough

Leaf-quicken'd by an urge divine?  
And yet they know! There is a sign—

Across the Square, on thinning snow,  
Two April-eyed young lovers go.

RIVER DUSK and Other Poems, by Agnes Kendrick Gray. The Evans-Brown Co., New York. Our copy gives no price.

## AN AFRICAN STORY

**F**EW BETTER stories than "Kenya Mist" have been given to the reading public during 1924; and at that this is a first novel. It is of thrilling interest. It is exceedingly well written. It deals with a strong problem, which comes to an unexpectedly happy solution.

Michaela Dundas is a modern young woman who, disappointed by the man she was to have married, turns to a companion of her own sex and with her conquers a farm in the wilds of Africa. She does not want a husband; she does desire children. She is determined never to marry, yet the instinct of motherhood is overwhelming. What comes of this makes up the story. A sex theme so delicately handled as to give no offense, yet so strongly handled as not to weaken a very strong tale.

KENYA MIST, by Florence Riddell. Henry Holt & Co., \$2.00.

## Agnes Edwards Rothery



Agnes  
Edwards  
Rothery  
at the entrance  
of the vine-  
covered home  
at the Uni-  
versity of  
Virginia  
where she  
wrote her new  
romance of  
a churchman,  
"The High  
Altar."

## In Old Virginia

**A**GNES EDWARDS ROTHERY, whose new novel, "The High Altar" (Doubleday, Page & Company), is a vivid picture of the modern church and its churchmen, is in private life the wife of the composer, Harry Rogers Pratt. In a picturesque, vine-covered studio at the University of Virginia where English ivy and Colonial

pillars are as frequent as door knobs, the Pratts have found a quiet, pleasant atmosphere for work. The only element of discord is the cats. Mrs. Pratt has several pets who take lordly possession of the house and garden. In fact, she never feels that she can settle down properly to write without one of them on the desk and another in her lap.

## RACING HORSES

**T**HE PASSING of the horse from his former prominence upon our streets has but intensified, apparently, the romance which clings about the race tracks. And the reader who does not thrill at a well told story of the running horses is indeed hard to please.

Charles Neville Buck knows how to tell his story, and in the "Rogue's Badge" he is at his best. Like others of this writer's stories, this deals with the Kentucky mountaineers. It takes one of them, however, out of the hills, when Tolliver Cornett joins the Parrish stables. His father is district attorney in one of the mountain counties, determined to place Tom Malone and his gang behind the prison bars for their long years of lawlessness. He is killed by one of Malone's men, and the story deals with Tolliver's settlement with the gang leader. A dainty love story weaves its thread throughout.

THE ROGUE'S BADGE, by Charles Neville Buck. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2 net.

## SISTER LOVE

**H**ERE is the life story of two sisters, one weak, frivolous, seeking to drain life of every thrill and emotion; the other older, more serious, watching over the younger girl with big-hearted responsibility. Joan and Polly Freeman are alone in the world. The younger, Polly, becomes entangled with a guide while camping in the Canadian Rockies. When Joan later tries to find him he has disappeared and Joan takes Polly to France, where the child is born. Polly has no love for Baby Jack, no responsibility, and leaves him to Joan's care. Unable to explain when friends see her with the child, Joan accepts the implication that she is the mother. And from there the story goes on through the hardships and ignominy endured by Joan for the sake of Polly and Jim. What happens when the boy's father appears affords an interesting and most happy ending.

SACKCLOTH & SCARLET, by George Gibbs. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net.

(Continued on page 516)



# Poets and Things

THOSE who know Amy Lowell only as a poet will be interested in her debut as a writer of short stories. In the October *Bookman* appears her "Conversion of a Saint", and that OVERLAND's readers may appreciate Miss Lowell's splendid mastery of prose the Poetry Editor takes the liberty of quoting a few paragraphs from the tale.

"Why, Sallie Williams, I'm proper glad to see ye. Go straight in t' th' clock-room, I blazed a fire in ther' this afternoon to take the chill off an' it's nice an' warm. Now you set right down in the red plush rocker an' git your breath, you look all beat out. Just you set still an' rest an' I'll run out t' th' kitchen an' git ye a good strong cup o' tea an' some cookies. I won't be a minute."

"You're real good, Lidy, but I don't hold with snacks between meals, never did, an' I don't dar'st begin now. The tea'll be enough an' plenty. I been a long walk an' I do feel a mite tired."

"I'll leave the door open so's we can talk through. It's been some consid'able time since you was here, all of two months, I do b'lieve. I was goin' to git Oren to drive me into town for a visit with you one o' these days. However did you happen out here? On foot, too. We ain't so young as we was, you an' me."

Isn't that good prose? It's a shame that John Farrar had to go and cut it all up into short lines, with capital letters at the beginning of every line, and everything. It must have made Miss Lowell very angry. It's a good short story.

RARE than in the days when the wave of radicalism swept all the magazines of the country before it. In *The Stratford Monthly* for October the Poetry Editor finds this by OVERLAND's not-infrequent contributor, S. Omar Barker:

## TO AN UNKNOWN ANCESTOR

My gifts have come to me far down the years:

I am the son of huntsmen of old time,  
The heir of timid virtue and of crime,  
Offspring of sluggards and of pioneers,  
Inheritor of juggled hopes and fears.

Some gave me purity, some gave the grime  
Of damaged souls. Some of them helped  
my climb

Toward God. From some came smiles,  
from others tears.

Oh, I am cluttered up with legacies  
Long lines of jumbled blood have handed  
down,

Yet I thank God upon my bended knees  
For him who, whether king or bawdy  
clown,

By making sympathy his conscious art,  
Bequeathed the gift of kindness to my heart.

IN the first number of its new series, *The Lyric West* again finds its way to the Poetry Editor's desk. There are many familiar names in the list of contributors and not a little very pleasing verse, though it is something of a disappointment to find nothing of definite originality and freshness. But the first number of a publication is never a criterion, and no doubt succeeding issues will bring forth memorable verse. This poem by the late Hazel Hall has first place:

## HAND IN SUNLIGHT

This is my hand I lift to you;  
It is not whitened leaf, O Sun.  
And these thin cords of quivering blue

Lacing the pulse, are veins that run  
Beneath the flesh to make it white.  
These are my fingers, not twigs pale  
From too long hanging in the light.  
Supple as reed yet firm as mail,  
They droop but for a shape of ease,  
Are quiet for the sake of fine  
Shadows that rim them and increase  
The accuracy of their design.  
You are but background; you are spun  
From tinsel in a glittered mesh.  
My hand stands out like white bronze. Sun,  
I shame you with my tepid flesh.

WHY SHOULD *The Step Ladder*, which with almost every issue puts forth verse of really good quality, care to feature Richard R. Kirk's "Notes on Life's Comedy"? The Poetry Editor has carefully read every word of the eulogistic three pages in which Bookfellow Seymour introduces this group of verse, and still he does not understand why. Granting that Mr. Kirk instills some slight philosophy into his verse, the fact remains that as philosophy it is very slight indeed; quite the philosophy that one might expect to find spread forth in the pretentious essay of almost any high school student. The Poetry Editor might forgive the use of two or three or half a dozen of these "poems"—each has at least the merit of brevity—but when our good friend *The Step Ladder* employs full eight pages of its too-scanty volume to present more than a score of these poems, the Poetry Editor feels inclined to protest. That he may not be inclined to pick the most obviously poor of the lot, the Poetry Editor shuts his eyes and jabs the editorial fore-finger down upon this:

## LEARN TO DANCE

Learn to dance, to weave  
Your arms to and fro,  
And to show  
Yourself as fair  
As do, when the winds blow,  
The branched trees there.

FROM the October number of *Palms*, an issue which has a number of more-than-readable poems, the Poetry Editor takes this:

## LILITH

Once Cain the child of Adam played  
With goldfish in a little pool.  
The demon-woman passed the cool  
Embowered glade.

The baby roundness of the child,  
His curls, his gurgles of delight,  
Drew Lilith's eyes, and at the sight  
She stopped and smiled.

She smiled again, then nearer stepped,  
Wind-tossed of hair, strange, amber-eyed,  
She stood; Eve's son flew terrified.  
And Lilith wept.

HERE is a poem which strikes a more serious note, from the summer number of *The Nomad*:

## THE LAST GUEST

When I shall hear a last, low, muffled  
knock—  
Yet stern, insistent,—at my chamber door,  
Oh may my hands not fumble at the lock  
But open wide to my grim visitor!  
For if, however chill my heart may be,  
I fail him not in hospitality,  
But freely pour my wine and break my  
bread,  
And speak him fair with calm and quiet  
breath,

Then those who loved me will be comforted,  
Saying, "We will not grieve!—she wel-  
comed Death."

—MARY SINTON LEITCH.

## TWO PLAYS

THESE ARE airy plays with a surface beauty, but the depth of thought is there for those who can find it. The poetry of them is threefold: in expression, in connotation of beauty, and in the vision displayed. Edna Millay has the flippancy of our generation with which to express a sense of tragedy accumulated in the history of the human race, but frequently she carries her audience to the height of her thought in memorable lines that will be quoted for themselves as separate from the plays.

The plays express the sureness with which friendship is made to transcend sexual attraction, and this is effected gracefully as well as convincingly. The unsatisfying froth of the Pierrot scene in *Aria da Capo* melts away before the simplicity and firmness of the friendship between the two shepherd boys—a friendship, by the way, which is expertly described in the unconscious attitudes and which continues undisturbed even through the petty quarrelling. In *The Lamp* and *The Bell* the friendship of the two heroines, who are characters of royalty if ever there were such, is interrupted by the fact that they both love the King.

The incidents, the adroit descriptions of character and the clever lines carry the plays through their purpose so that the philosophy of Edna Millay can be conveniently enacted while the audience is unaware that the words carry their own sermon. If you are a lover of art and beauty, read these plays. If you have a Little Theatre club produce them. And if you know anyone who says that literature has no place in a practical world, make him acquainted with them, for he is the one who needs them most.

—JOY GERBAULET.

ARIA DA CAPO, THE LAMP AND THE BELL  
by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

## FY, PAULUS!

HAVE YOU ever wandered through fantastic adventures in a dream? Some thing of the same feeling comes with the reading of this 'first novel' by Helene Mullins and Marie Gallegher. "Paulus FY. Paulus is the aesthetic, world-weary hero of this most unusual tale, and his adventures are extraordinary as he pursues wisdom to the ultimate source. This is a novel which most happily, fails to conform to conventional paths and there are not a few characters of a sort seldom encountered. There are times when Paulus is naughty—Oh, most delicately so!—but the tale is but slightly concerned with sex. It is full of humor of a most subtle and charming kind.

PAULUS FY, by Helene Mullins and Marie Gallegher. Robert H. McBride & Co. \$2.00 net.

## A WYOMING STORY

HALF of today's Wyoming and the modern West, but in that frame the author paints a vividly colorful picture of the days when "The Oregon Country" was snatched from the clutching hand of the Hudson's Bay Company, and England. Evelyn Devonsher, granddaughter of the man who saved the region from Britain, is under indictment for murder, but because of the

(Continued on page 523)



# The "High-Graders"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 513)

"Like as not," said Shorty, "he's got more nerve than a politician."

There was but one topic of discussion in camp for the remainder of that afternoon. It was Shorty's coup. He was cursed prodigiously by the men of one element. He was openly applauded by the other. The latter held him up as an exemplification of honesty. The former called him spy, traitor, and worse, and made open threats against him, yet, for all this, there could be heard dissents of admiration for this man, who had single-handed, shattered their thieving ring. In the saloons by the roaring stoves, men formed into groups and conversed in low tones. They, in some cases, grew more boisterous as they absorbed more liquor. Simon Asher even jested with his customers over the event of the day, and proffered copious advice upon the advantage of honesty. He had been served with the writ of garnishment shortly after noon. He was keeping this side of the story secret. Fortunately neither Tierney nor the shift bosses came to Asher for an accounting that afternoon. It is probable they had sufficient other thoughts to keep them occupied, or they did not care to call suspicion upon themselves by any other action. Shorty Dain had shot, not the fear of God into them, but the fear of Bill Staley's wrath. His cutting, cold sarcasm still was vivid to their itching left ears.

While everywhere men and women talked of this event, it had fallen over the camp like the cold sweep of the snowstorm, depressing to their spirits as the cold was to their bodies. High-grade had made the surplus life of the town. Now that its supply was cut off, what would happen? There would be an exodus from the town now. To be sure, other miners would come to take the places of those discharged, but these men would draw but their wages, not plutocratic stipends as the high-graders had done. The gamblers and saloon-keepers prepared for what they knew would be the last wild orgy of spending. Liquor flowed freely without price over the bars for the first hour after the news came down from the mine with the arrival of the discharged men. Saloon-keepers and gamblers are keen students of human psychology. They knew the effect of alcohol upon the imagination of men who have suffered such a setback as this. Whiskey would drown much of their sorrow, and a harvest would be

gathered at the bars and gambling tables and down the Red Light Line, for half-drunken men spend their money easily and freely. With the night this disappointing humiliation would have become an adventure, worthy of many a boast. Tomorrow could reckon with itself. Under cover of the storm, men went surreptitiously into the assay offices, selling their last stock of high-grade, or making their final settlements with the ore buyers. Simon Asher paid off many of his small depositors with checks upon a San Francisco bank, expressing surprise at their misfortune as he did so. The writ of garnishment which had been served upon him obtained in the accounts of Tierney, Riordan, Southard and Thompson. The smaller fry were not molested.

In The Tin Can Barbara's lunch preparation room was spick and span. With the news of the coup she had begun to set her own house in order. Her work in this department had been finished for the time being with the sending out of the lunches for the afternoon shift, and the receipt of the pails from the morning shift. No high-grade had come in these pails for transference to the swill barrel. She was thankful for this, though it left her no profits. She went about restlessly, assisting Ann and the hired waitress. There was here, as in every other place, an air of suppressed excitement.

Just after five o'clock, Staley, Rawlins and Shorty entered The Tin Can for supper. Half a dozen men sat along the lunch counter. Among them were a few of the high-graders. These men hung their heads as the three men took stools at the opposite end of the counter. To such an observer as Ann Dorr their action was an admission of their guilt. She gave them a swift contemptuous glance and went to attend to the new arrivals. At the entrance of the three men Barbara had disappeared into her sanctum, ostensibly upon some important errand.

ANN STOPPED before the three men and held out her hand to one after another of them. She said nothing, but her eyes conveyed her message of congratulation. Her handsome frank face was for the moment beautiful. She shook Rawlins' hand last, and with the grasp went a pressure of love, and relief for his safety, yet her expression changed to one of

apprehension, which he alone noted. She flashed him a message with her eyes. When she had relayed their orders to Mulligan Mike, Rawlins slid from his stool and under the counter. Ann had already stepped toward the side door. He followed her out into the storm. Night had fallen. She searched for his hand and found it. She drew down his head and kissed him and clung very close to him.

"What's the matter, little girl?" he asked.

"I'm so frightened," she replied.

"About me?" he queried.

"Yes," she admitted, "but more about Shorty. The men are blaming him for all of this. They are making threats against him. We have heard some of them. Others have come to us second hand. Barbara seems to know all about it. Where do you suppose she gets all her information? She is acting so queerly. I don't understand her. Something is wrong, something besides the excitement."

He patted her reassuringly upon the back, and drew her a little closer. "I wouldn't worry, if I were you," he advised, "it's only natural she would be worried over Shorty. She doesn't understand that these men are, like all of their kind, boasting of their revenge against the man who trapped them. Tell her it's only talk."

"But I'm afraid," she protested, "they are getting drunk, some of them. They may do something terrible, even to you, Jimmy."

"Shucks," he laughed, "It's only hot air. We got them dead to rights. They're only squirming like hooked fish. They don't yet know whether or not we're going to arrest them."

"Jimmy, I'm afraid. Intuition, you might call it, tells me there is something wrong. I have been worried for a long time. I haven't time now to piece all the fragments together, to make my argument, but they begin to fit in. I am nearly freezing; I must get inside." The storm was swirling about them, its cold penetrating to the marrow. Rawlins opened the door and followed her in. He shut the door quickly to stop the in-rush of cold, and resumed his seat.

Barbara entered a few moments later. She came straight to Shorty, nodding to the other two men. She cast an apprehensive glance at the other diners as she began to talk vivaciously, alluding to Shorty's triumph more in a jesting light than other-



wise. Rawlins was studying her face. In its features there many conflicting emotions. She was not quite the same, he thought. There was the conflict of fear, and admiration, and sheer love of excitement, most natural to one of her temperament, yet in the ensemble there was an element he could not interpret. He watched her covertly as he ate, with no success. He left with the charitable conviction that she was only concerned over Shorty and stimulated inordinately by the exciting events of the afternoon. With Staley and Shorty he went directly to the mine office, to await the coming of Tierney. Barbara followed them outside and talked earnestly with Shorty for a few moments. Staley and Rawlins loitered along till Shorty caught them. He offered no explanation; they asked for none.

A few minutes past six o'clock, Tierney came into the mine office. He shook the snow from his mackinaw and looked at the three men who awaited him. It was evident that Tierney was doing his best to appear nonchalant, though visibly somewhat upset. He was, however, brusque and officious. This impression was somewhat accentuated by a few drinks of liquor.

"It's a hell of a night," he ventured. Staley smiled.

"It's been a hell of a day," Shorty said abruptly.

"It has, and I'm hopin' it's over," replied Tierney, with a significant look at Shorty. He sat down, waiting a little expectantly. Staley proffered a box of cigars. Tierney accepted one, and lit it.

"I was sure surprised at that bunch of robbers," he said between puffs, "I knew that we was losing a little of the grade, but when it come to them takin' it wholesale, why it's beyond me. It don't seem possible with all the precautions we've been takin'."

No one commented upon Tierney's rather staccato remark. In fact, the few moments of silence were ominous. Staley was the first to speak.

"Terence," he snapped sharply. The old foreman started perceptibly, and subsided into his seat as he heard the remainder of the question, "I say, what do you know about Joe Bullard's 'Roarin' Annie' Mine? Do you think he is really getting high-grade?" A smile of relief swept Tierney's features. He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Now," he answered ponderously, "I don't exactly know. I have my hands full of keepin' things goin' up at the Sultana, and what not, but from the looks o' things, I'm doubtin' if

Joe Bullard has any great guns of a prospect."

"Why?" queried Staley. Shorty and Rawlins did not interpose any remarks. Staley was following their pre-arranged plan.

"Well," replied Terence judiciously, "there's a lot of smoke about, and where there's smoke there's generally fire."

"Then you have heard rumors that the gold Bullard is shipping is not coming from 'The Roarin' Annie'?"

"Somethin' o' that sort. I would say it was comin' from 'The Roarin' Annie', that is, 'The Roarin' Annie' was a kind of station where the gold laid over between its first place and the United States Mint."

"I begin to follow you," encouraged Staley, "Now, Terence, where do you really think this gold of Bullard's does originate?"

"In your mine, sir," he replied concisely. Terence Tierney had begun to think things were working out well. Here was an opportunity to shift censure from himself by calling it down upon another, perhaps a former indirect accomplice.

Staley feigned a sudden start. Shorty said, "The hell," and Rawlins remarked, "Well, what do you know about that?"

"Well," said Staley after a few moments of deliberation, "I begin to think there is something in what you say. Shorty is sure of it, and Jimmy thinks there is some nigger in Joe Bullard's wood pile. If he is getting our ore and shipping it, he has got to be stopped. First, we do not propose to fatten Bullard; and second, we do not propose to help him flim flam the public. There is one way to convince ourselves on this point."

"What is that?" demanded Tierney, still more encouraged.

"Get down into his shaft, and see for ourselves. Terence, will you go with me?" Shorty and Rawlins half raised from their seats. Here was a development which they had not figured upon. No such suggestion had entered into the previously discussed plans. They looked hopelessly at each other.

"Sure, I'll go with you," the old foreman replied with apparent reluctance. "It's a bit risky, but I think we can make it safe enough."

"Why risky?" Staley asked.

"Because of them two gun men what he keeps there at night," said Tierney, but I think we can fool them. I would advise that we go this evenin', sir. The gun men might be down town, and the

bit of stir about might make it easier for us to get down the shaft."

"I see," Staley said thoughtfully, "Tonight will suit me as well as tomorrow, in fact, better. What do you say we get ready now?"

"It suits me. I was never the man to put what could be done today off till the day after tomorrow, myself."

"So we have noticed," Shorty interposed crisply. Tierney cast him a withering look, but said nothing. He asked to be provided with a revolver. Staley rose and went into the rear room. Rawlins and Shorty followed, the latter closing the door.

"For God's sake, Bill," Rawlins cried huskily, "You don't really mean that you're goin' to try get down Bullard's shaft?"

"I certainly do, my boys, for three reasons. The first is because I won't ask any man to take a risk that I won't take. The second is because I think there is no risk attached to this venture. The third is because I want to take old Terence with me. He will tell me all he knows before I get through with him. He thinks we aren't wise to his work, and he will do his best to put himself right."

"Let me go," Shorty requested earnestly, "Let me take the chance. This is my pie, Bill; let me see it through."

"No," replied Staley stubbornly. "You have done enough, Shorty; besides, I want you and Jimmy to remain here, and to be ready for developments."

Tierney was already fully clothed for the vigorous night. Staley slipped on a pair of Arctics over his shoes. He took from a closet a coat of heavy calf skin, lined with sheepskin from which the wool had not been shorn, and slid into it. It was a comfortable, sensible garment, this short coat. While it kept out the wind and warmed the wearer's body, it allowed free movements of the legs. Staley took a heavy Smith and Wesson revolver from the office arsenal, saw that it was filled with cartridges, and passed it to Tierney, who smiled lugubriously at the formidable thing and shoved it into his hip pocket beneath his heavy mackinaw. The gun being too long for the pocket, its butt made a conspicuous protrusion beneath the wool coat. Staley, however, eschewed the larger type of weapon for a moderate-sized automatic which he placed conveniently in the right hand pocket of his leather coat. Donning his cap and pulling down the ear flaps, he announced his readiness for the start.

Staley and Tierney went down the hill from the office, crossed the upper



end of the main street, and began to skirt round the slope of the mountain toward the knoll upon which 'The Roarin' Annie' shaft house was situated. Staley walked easily, picking his way amidst the sage brush and avoiding the snow drifts. His bulkier companion followed less adroitly, but nevertheless kept close to Staley's heels.

It had stopped snowing and the wind had lulled to some extent. The air was colder than when the sun some hours before had sunk behind the cloud wrapped horizon. Now and then a rift in the black sky showed stars, cold, hard and cruel as steel points. Gusts of wind whipping down from the expansive snow field, higher on the slopes, caught up the powdery snow and dashed it into the faces of the two men as they plodded swiftly ahead. The whiteness of the earth, and the sage, from which the wind had whipped most of the snow, made a sufficient contrast for them to make their way without a light. The distance they had to traverse was not far, in all perhaps not more than an eighth of a mile.

Because of the suddenness with which the storm had swooped down upon the camp, Burke and Tolliver, the gun men, had not had time to equip their small guard house near the 'Roarin' Annie' shaft with a heating stove. On such a night as this, the little shack was untenable for this reason. Therefore they decided to spend the most of the evening loitering about the saloons, making trips every half hour or so to the shaft to search for possible trespassers. If any one attempted spying upon the 'Roarin' Annie', he would without doubt try to get down the shaft to make observations in the mine. The hoist room and adjacent mill house were securely locked and barred, making entrance thereto hazardous and barely possible. At the shaft head the snow lay several inches deep, having been smoothed down by the two guards after the men had come from the mine. Any one going down the shaft would of course leave footprints in this stretch of snow on approaching the ladder way. By coming to the shaft occasionally, and casting their flashlights about, Burke and Tolliver had a very efficient way of keeping surveillance over their trust. Moreover they could do it and not lose much of what was going on down in the town. It was good to them to loiter about the warm saloon stoves, sipping an occasional hot toddy and listening to the hum of conversation and the rattle of coin and

poker chips. They had informed Bullard of their intentions and he had not objected. Bullard was comfortably ensconced in a big chair in the office of the townsite company, which was his headquarters. He was a little jumpy because of the event, which had transpired that afternoon, and was content to sit by the stove and chat with a few cronies, birds of his feather.

Staley and Tierney had circumvented the 'Roarin' Annie', approaching from the side opposite the town. At a spot some few rods from the works, they halted. Tierney advanced stealthily and found the guard house deserted. Staley reconnoitered the other buildings and found no one about them. He and Tierney met and walked boldly toward the shaft head. They were not challenged as they made their way into the dark maw of the shaft, and down the narrow ladder. Staley led the way. Tierney followed close enough only to avoid treading upon the fingers of his companion as he stepped from rung to rung. Staley had been counting the rungs of the ladder as he descended. At seventy-six, he felt his feet touch the solid rock of a station as he searched for the next ladder cleat. He stepped to one side and struck a match, holding its flame to the wick of a candle he had taken from a pocket. The light flickered and caught, casting a fantastic glow around the rock walls which enclosed the station. Tierney lit the candle from Staley's.

The 'Roarin' Annie' shaft was a one compartment affair, with a bucket skid-way at one side, the ladder-way at the other. It had been sunk to a depth of one hundred feet, following the eastward dip of a narrow stringer of quartz. To the southward, Staley and Tierney found their way blocked by a wall of solid rock. A car truck led northward into a dark tunnel, lighted but a few feet in advance by the feeble flames of the candles. They paused to listen. There was no sound. The place was silent as a grave, deserted. Following the car track, they advanced for about a hundred feet to the face of the drift, and began examining the narrow quartz seam that inclined between the wall rocks. The seam could not justify the title of vein, or ledge. Seam was all it could stand. It was not more than two inches wide, and its quartz, was white and glassy, the variety known among miners, as bastard, or bull.

"Well, Mister Bill," ventured Tierney, "What do you think of it?"

"It's just as I thought," replied Staley, "Something rotten, and not in

Denmark either. No high-grade ever came from that seam."

"You're sure right," corroborated the old foreman. "That kind of formation never turns out the high-grade. Somebody's been supplyin' Bullard with rock from the Sultana and he's been grindin' it up and ship-pin' the gold as comin' from here."

"Yes," said Staley a little absently. Then his tone changed to crispness, "Terence," he added, "I have an idea that you know more about this affair than you have told. I want to hear it."

Tierney volubly protested his innocence. Staley insisted that there was ground for suspicion, and began to advance points to bolster his contentions. Tierney began to yield. Even in the dim candle light he found it difficult to meet the cold gray of Staley's eyes, to answer mendaciously to that set expression of Staley's features. Thought of resistance never occurred to Tierney's fast muddling brain. He began to half whimper, not unlike a trapped cur.

"Yes," he admitted, quaveringly, "I might tell you a lot about this thing that you don't know, but not here Bill, not here. This makes me feel creepy." He cast about the dark environment helplessly. "Let's get out of here, Bill, and over to the office. I'll tell you all about it there. I'm cold and—" his teeth began to chatter, "I'm afraid. Let's get out of here."

"As you say," agreed Staley, "but don't try any monkey business on me, Terence, remember that."

"On you?" gasped Tierney tremulously, "not on you, Bill, you've been too good a friend to me for me to double cross you. All I know I'll tell, every word of it."

They began to retrace their way along the tunnel, Staley explaining the walls as they went. Tierney was now in the lead, evidently in no mood for lingering. About half way to the shaft Staley stopped abruptly.

"Wait," he commanded, "here's something we have overlooked." A cross-cut opened to their right into the wall rock. Staley advanced into it, throwing his light ahead more efficiently by holding his palm behind the flame. Ten feet, and the cross-cut opened out in a rather spacious chamber. Staley whistled his surprise. A table stood in the middle of the rock hewn room. Several boxes which served as seats stood about. There was an easy chair, crudely fashioned out of lumber and canvas. A board couch covered with an old comforter ranged against one wall. The table was littered with newspapers and magazines.



## Editor's Brief Case

**O**F COURSE those dealers who originated and carried through San Francisco's recent "Pacific Better Homes Exposition" were but slightly, if at all, concerned with the moral side of the question. Whether a better home might keep father away from the club; whether, with a better home, daughter might eliminate the road-house dance, and son stay in instead of joining "the gang";—or even whether mother might be less of a bridge-hound if she had a better home—that really was not the question which concerned these dealers. The primary idea was that of an artistically better home; for which the dealers might, presumably, sell the furnishings.

"But, having seen the show, the question arises: What is a 'better home'?" The interior decorators, the young men and women who arranged the various displays, seem to differ so widely as to what constitutes a really better home that it seems most advisable that each person follow the good old rule of thumb and each buy for his home that which satisfies the individual. After all a home is never made by the interior decorator or the furniture dealer. A shabby, battered chair of the golden oak era may have about it more of the home atmosphere than any period piece ever turned out of Grand Rapids. A better home is made, if made at all, by those in the home.

**I**N THE current number of *The Laughing Horse*, issued in Santa Fe, New Mexico, under the editorship of Willard Johnson, there is an article of protest by Witter Binner. Now being what he is, a poet and an idealist, Binner's protest will have little weight, and to that extent at least "A City of Change" occupies valuable space to little profit. It is a grain of sand beating against a desert mesa. True, various and sundry grains of sand have in the course of centuries hollowed and changed the contours of the great cliffs with their ceaseless beating, and Binner and other protesting idealists may in the course of time change the rocky walls of present day commercialism into verdured slopes whereon the lion shall lie down with the lamb. But the lion is not yet an eater of grass and poets have far to go before they can convert the business man of our Western towns to the realization of romance and atmosphere as a money-maker.

In the meantime Santa Fe and Monterey, Laguna Beach and Carmel take on the robes of progress. Streets are paved, trees are felled, old adobes with their years of memory give way to candy-striped gasoline service stations. The old disappears and romance hides within the covers of a Chamber of Commerce booklet: "On the corner where the First National Bank now stands . . ." And the one time tourist rattles through without a pause. Why should he stop? He has gasoline service stations in his own home town, back in Hayfork, Iowa.

**T**HE FARMER takes wealth from the soil. He puts wealth back into the soil, if he is a successful farmer. He knows he must give to the soil if he is to receive from the soil. No man may take unless he also gives.

Many men take wealth from the city from the state. How many give again in proportion to their taking? Too many think they make due return when the city benefits from their payrolls. That is not a gift; it is money earned. So is the money these men pay for taxes, for their food. A gift is money given outright, without expectation of material return.

San Francisco has citizens who feel an obligation to the community which gave them their wealth. The beautiful replica of the Palace of the Legion of Honor which stands in Lincoln Park is, with its contents, the gift to San Francisco of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. That it should have cost \$2,000,000 is unimportant. That it is, in its beauty and artistic value, a permanent addition to San Francisco's treasures, is the more important. Most vital of all is the recognition by its donors of their obligation to their community. That is an obligation incumbent upon the corner newsboy as upon the capitalist, in the measure of his wealth.

## Odds and Ends

**C**LINICAL NOTES, a feature of the *New Mercury*, again gives to the reader the Dr. Jekel and Mr. Hyde feeling that *Repetition Generale* in *Smart Set* did when Mencken and Nathan juggled it.

With a woman's curiosity as spur—not to really know 'which was which,' but to learn what their method of evasion would be, I wrote asking which one was so ruffled by the action of the Gideonites in placing Bibles in hotel rooms, and which one wrote the splendid tribute to young womanhood; which one wrote of posing before the photographer that his beauty might be preserved for posterity, and which one debauched his talent to the extent of voicing an almost obscene reference to motherhood.

The reply was brief but to the point: "Dear Madame: Whatever is bright and witty I write. Mr. ——— is getting old and senile. Yours truly, ———"

Now lest I cause a rift in the no-doubt amicable relations of the Nathan-Mencken combination, I am leaving blank the spaces which in the original copy are filled with names of Mencken-Nathan duo, and the secret remains mine.

\* \* \*

**D**AVID STARR JORDAN sets at rest the uncertainty of fact concerning graduation of Dhan Gopal Mukerji, stating that he is A. B. Stanford, 1914. The Hindu

philosopher and poet has contributed to *Atlantic Monthly* a series of artistically written informative articles on India and its customs, closing one article with a simple if unique method of settling the differences between 'West' and 'East'! If I were called upon to label the method, I should propose 'passive, un-aggressive missionary work.'

Whether you plan taking up the burden of responsibility, or shirking a visit to the polls, Edith R. Merriellies, professor of English at Stanford, will place at a new angle your line of thought in her article: "Professor Boynton Rereads History." Political slackers and civic complacency get much needed jolts.

Divorce, religion, literary clubdom, the senate, Utopia, all are served to the reader of the *Atlantic* in conservative, attractive and wholesome style.

\* \* \*

**H**ARPER'S, giving readers the prize winning stories in installments, published Alice Brown's "Girl in the Tree." It is a pot-pourri of mythology, Polyanaism, and moon-madness, and although each school of psychology has its opportunity for leaving the clients on a higher plane of thought and life, than before the contact, the next morning and departure from the house of mourning, finds them all as the time of meeting the night before

found them—querulously self-centered and unhappy. The only exceptions were Mar Gorman who with her direct sense of values had no suspicion of ulterior motives and the hero and heir, John Blakesly, who apparently was her complement. And even they seem unchanged, and complacent.

For real nobility of character, for pathos for true hospitality, heart-kindliness and heart-understanding, read Edgar Valentine Smith's "Lijah."

For a splendid word-picture of a disagreeable old man who hid his worry and love for family under a porcupine exterior of temper; and, up to the breaking point the loyal obedience of the younger generation, read Merrill Denison's "Weather Breeder." Compare it with present-day methods of parental training, and youth reaction. What's the answer?

All these and many delectable side-dishes in *Harpers*'.

\* \* \*

**R**ECENT copy of *The Editor* prints a report by Blake Monroe, of the so-called "High lights on an address delivered by Sherwood Anderson, during the summer session of the University of California."

The article entitled: "The Modern Writer: According to Sherwood Anderson fills almost four pages of the magazine. In the midst of the tirade I find this 'ge



which so perfectly describes Anderson's output that I quote it: "You must seem to give a lot while really giving nothing." As explanatory of his meaning he refers to the fakir who used a pound of sugar to make nearly a bushel of cloudlike inviting-looking candy which when a whole handful was put in the mouth, melted away to nothing. If he had stated that some nauseous ingredient had been added that refused to melt away to nothing the description would have been without a flaw.

Can it be possible the committee arranging the lecture list for the summer session of the University had never read "Copious Weddings?" That's the only explanation.

\* \* \*

THE STEP LADDER (October) calls the work of Lindsay and Masters' didactic and Amy Lowell's vers libre 'lengthy dissertations', adding: "How many miles of her output have you and I congratulated ourselves upon escaping."

"Bookman" (October) publishes—with several illustrations—nine pages of the lady's 'dissertations'.

When literary doctors disagree —!

\* \* \*

OCTOBER "FORUM"—full from 'kiver to kiver' of readable things, holds its own unique place on the literary table. As a cocktail for relish introduced to stimulate the appetite of those opposed to too heavy a literary menu, the satirical dialogue between Shaw and Henderson, his biographer, leads, and "Mr. Bonganga Reads the Papers" by George Henry Payne, follows, a close second. In the Symposium discussing the question: "Should We Naturalize the Japanese?", Overland's editor presents a brief but pertinent argument, while pros and cons so numerous and conflicting are given that one rises from the literary table, glazed with repletion.

The first installment of the succeeding serial—Arthur Hamilton Gibbs' "Soundings", makes an interesting introduction to the novel which concludes with the seventh installment. Well written—gripping.

This is not a criticism—it is a query: "Why must confidential conferences between children and parents be dragged to the literary table. The perfect host or hostess, refuses to discuss unpleasant subjects before guests. They are not ignored: that the greater number of parents perform their moral duty toward their offspring, I believe, having much faith in human nature! And why, why must illegitimacy be the subject chosen for the handicap of hero and heroine by so many able novelists of the day! I am not narrow—I just tire of monotony.

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## THE "HIGH-GRADERS"

(Continued from page 519)

Playing cards were scattered about upon the rock floor. Two candlesticks with guttered fragments of candles in the steel thimbles sat upon the table.

"Well, what do you think of this, Terence?" Staley exclaimed in mild surprise.

"I'm thinkin' it's where Joe Bullard's miners does their minin'!" Terence answered, a little more steadily by now.

"I must say one thing for Bullard," said Staley smilingly. "He certainly treats his men right, lounging room, reading room, rest room, all underground. I must install something of this sort on each level of the Sultana when we open up; not a bad idea, Terence."

"I don't know as I agree with you, sir. All it needs now is a bar."

"We might find a stock of liquor if we poked about," Staley laughed. He raised one of the boards of the couch and flashed his light into the abyss.

"Here you are," he cried. "Come over, Terence, and have something." The liquor supply had not been overlooked in Bullard's desire to make the lot of his faithful men a happy one. There were two partially filled whiskey bottles, and half a dozen bottles of beer. A box from which but a few cigars had been removed, stood by. Half the remaining space was filled with empty bottles, dead soldiers.

"Have something?" Staley invited. "The drinks are on our host, Terence, though he regrets he cannot be present in person to offer us his hospitality." He extended one of the bottles, after removing its cork. Tierney grasped the bottle, raised its neck to his mouth and gulped deeply. He returned the bottle

## OVERLAND CONTESTS

The Overland Short Story Contest for the prize offered by the San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women, succeeded in doing just what its sponsors hoped it might do—bring forth a new California writer. Limited in scope and theme by the terms of the contest, automatically limited to the younger, unknown writers by the modest prize offered, the contest still brought forth a surprisingly large number of stories.

The judges, Eric Howard, Grace Jones Morgan and the editor of OVERLAND, by unanimous decision gave first place to "Cross Currents," a "first story" by Miss Ethel Cotton. To "The Sheepherder," by Mrs. H. K. Dickson, was given second place; while third place was given to "Ordeal of Raquel," by Julia Boynton Green. The winning story, "Cross Currents," is published in this number of Overland.

The choice of the prize winner in the contest for the Charles G. Blanden Lyric Poetry Prize was a more difficult matter. More than five hundred lyrics were received from all over the United States, from Canada, from England and various foreign countries. Many of these automatically eliminated themselves, as not conforming to the terms of the contest, or by obvious inferiority. To the judge, Mr. Goeffrey G. Coope, were sent about one hundred lyrics, and from these he selected "Alien," by Miss Nancy Buckley, as deserving first place.

Second place was given to "Vicarious Life," by Miss Ethel M. Coleman; third place to "Yardstick" by Philip Gray; while Miss Mildred Fowler Field won fourth place with her "Were Song Enough."

Of the lyrics in general Mr. Coope says: "It is a significant commentary on contemporary life that so much tolerable stuff should be written. The creative power in no one case is remarkably high, but the average excellency is promising enough to indicate that poetry is more a part of the actual life of the people than it has been since the days of Elizabethan rhyme-sheets and chapbooks."

to Staley, who replaced it without sampling its contents.

"We'll be going now," he announced. They had been in the mine for some thirty or forty minutes.

(To be continued.)

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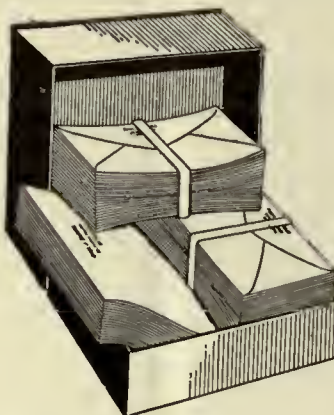
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## OUR NOVEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 481)

**MARY J. ELMENDORFF** is a native of the east, but "a true westerner in every respect." Mrs. Elmendorff has appeared in various periodicals — *Saturday Evening Post*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *The Independent*, and others, as well as in the *OVERLAND* of several years ago. She is now a resident of Seattle.

**HELENE MULLINS** is the author—with her sister—of that whimsical novel "Paulus Fy" which is reviewed elsewhere in this number. Of herself Miss Mullins says: "I am rather young. I have contributed poems to *Forum*, *Shadowland*, *Pearson's*, *Double Dealer* and others." She has also written several one-act plays, one of which found publication in *Poet Lore*.

**ETHEL M. COLEMAN**, winner of second place in the Charles G. Blanden Lyric Poetry Contest, was born and brought up on an Indiana farm, five or six miles from the birthplace of Joaquin Miller. She is a graduate of Earlham College, and "interested in bacteriology, literature, farming and old furniture."

**PHILIP GRAY**, born in New York in 1891, is—after residence in various other cities—again in the city of his birth and at the head of an organization doing psychiatric social service. His poems have appeared in many of the poetry magazines of the country, east and west. His poem "Yardstick" won third place in *OVERLAND's* recent contest.



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### THE FRIENDLY HOUSE

(Continued from page 510)

I waited; waited until Marydear  
came slowly, slowly up the path, up  
the steps—and into my arms.

"Johndear, they—they don't want it.  
They—Tom hasn't the money. Oh,  
Johndear!"

"Tell me about the option—it can't  
be a real option."

"Yes, a real option. I—I took my  
birthday money. I—Don't you under-  
stand, Johndear? I got it—for them."

"Then you hold the option—? It is  
really yours—ours? What luck!"

Breathlessly we faced each other.

"Do you love it—?"

"Do you? Oh, Marydear! I  
thought—"

Hand in hand to the living-room we  
went. As on our first June home-quest-  
ing, I took the yellowed card from the  
mantel, with Marydear looking over  
my shoulder, I wrote in firm char-  
acters on the reverse side of the card:

"This is a happy home."

### A WYOMING STORM

(Continued from page 516)

eccentricities of the old judge it is the  
community of Antelope Basin which  
stands before the bar. Whether Eve fired  
the shot or is guiltless, seems relatively  
unimportant. A strong Western story.

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# A Woman Pioneer on Lassen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 488)

but they had no milk or butter as they stood in fear of their *vaqueros*—afraid to ask or demand. . . . The house was a large adobe with a driveway through the center, the Toms living on one side and the Tooms on the other.

"I think there must be portraits and pictures done by my mother in her earlier years in California, if they could be located. Her earlier work was her best. There are many men and women now grown—boys and girls then—to whom my mother was an inspiration when she was their drawing teacher in the Oakland schools. She was principal of drawing for ten years, beginning in the early seventies."

That is Mrs. Wilson's letter—and now for that one written so many years before by her father; that letter which went forth from the wilderness of the California mountains to her mother in faraway Hoosick—that letter which was so carefully laid away, and which has now again come to California.

Lassen Co., California,

Susanville (near Honey Lake)

Sept. 10th, 1864.

My dear Mother:

I arrived here last night and having a few minutes of spare time, and being where there is a Post Office, I thought I would write you a few lines. It is now about three months since I wrote you last. Then it was with pain and difficulty that I rode, even in a spring wagon, to my summer camping place in the mountains, (Battle Creek Meadows) and only about 45 miles from Red Bluff. Then I was very weak and emaciated, my friends utterly despairing of my recovery, and predicting that I would not live six weeks. I am now most happy to tell you that I have nearly, (though not entirely,) regained my health. Instead of weighing 118 pounds I now weigh 148 pounds—instead of being able to walk but one mile a day, I can now easily walk thirty. I have but a few minutes more to write, and cannot give particulars, but last week Helen & myself climbed & stood upon the very top of Lassen's Peak, eleven thousand feet above the level of the Ocean, and it is the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

It was a thrilling adventure—we walked over ice & snow that had probably lain there for centuries—we found a Crater in active operation, sending up vast clouds of sulphurous steam, & making a deafening roar, similar to an immense steam-engine blowing off

steam—we found a beautiful little Lake near the top of the mountain, which was named "Lake Helen," after my wife, she being the first woman that ever saw it—also her name and the date, "Aug. 28, 1864," is inscribed on the side of a large rock on the very peak, she being the first woman that ever ascended the peak.

Day before yesterday, getting astride of my little pony, I left Battle Creek Meadows, & turning my horse's head to the East, after two long day's journey over the Mountains & through the wilderness I arrived here last evening. Susanville is over 100 miles east of Red Bluff, is situated at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mt. on the east side. It is at the edge of the timber—it being one continuous forest from here till you get within a few miles of the Sacramento River, while to the East of here not only as far as the eye can reach, but even to Salt Lake City it is a barren desert.

When travelling I carry my blankets & provisions with me, and at night, I tie my horse to a tree, build a fire & rolling myself in my blankets sleep like a "log," provided nothing disturbs me.

I must close, as it is nearly 9 o'clock in the forenoon, & I have about 40 miles to ride today, & unless I start soon it will be night before I get to my camping place, where there is plenty of water & grass for my pony. I am here on business & expect to go to work again about the 1st of Oct. I do not know yet what I shall go at. Helen is still at Battle Creek Meadows & will go down to Red Bluff & commence painting portraits again about the 1st of October.

Tell Richard that I wish he would write me soon what he can buy a new well-made, two-horse, three-spring wagon for in greenbacks. Wagons are very high here, & if they are not much higher in Hoosick than they were two or three years ago, I may want him to buy me one and send it to me by the Ocean. I am happy & cheerful now that I am getting fat, & strong & well & hope I shall be at work again in a few days.

I have much to write, but must postpone it to another day. My love & best wishes to you, & all the folks generally.

Affectionately,  
Aurelius W. Brodt.

Direct letters to me at Red Bluff California.

So ends this bit of forgotten history, this chapter from the lighter side of the

(Continued on page 528)



## CROSS CURRENTS

(Continued from page 487)

"Was Lovigi here?"

The wharfinger considered.—"Let me see. Sure, Loui was here. Don't you know he was still here when you came in about noon? Why?"

Old Pete merely gulped. The big fists were closing hard again. "My Lovigi, they phone—he no work. I theenk he go," he gasped.

The wharfinger turned to him with rough kindness. "Don't worry. He may be all right at that," he offered. "Loui's no fool. He's bummin' round the front, somewhere, likely."

"Lovigi ain't no bum," Pete shouted. "He know I want de crab. He get de crab." And even the wharfinger began to feel the anxiety the old man suffered.

"Let's get in touch with the Life-saving Station at the beach," Harry suggested.

The life guards had seen the boat. It had passed out about four o'clock. No trace since then. At the Farrallone Islands they could give no news. They had watched for the craft coming in, but had not seen anything trying to get out. Anyhow the fog had settled, and they could only keep sounding the siren, and attend to the life-buoy whistles.

For two hours Old Pete went from his little crab-shop to the wharfinger's office, down to the Life-guard Station, back to the shop, up and down, up and down in the driving storm looking for Lovigi. Crabs meant nothing to him. If Figaro were out he hoped Figaro would be safe, but crabs!—All he wanted was Lovigi, his boy.

A shout from Harry brought him back running. The wharfinger was pointing toward the heads.

In the Golden Gate a fisherman's boat was being tossed from side to side. At times it looked as if it could never rise from the deep trough in which it sank. The curling green waves with their high fang-like teeth gnawed at the sides of the vessel.

On it came, at times turning as if to compromise with the current, again swinging its bow defiantly toward home, until, as it passed by the Aquarium Park and drew nearer Meiggs Wharf, a figure could be seen lashed to the rail.

"Lovigi!" Old Pete was waving his arms madly. "Lovigi, my boy."

One hand went up nonchalantly from the boat as the wind carried the little craft by the wharf and up toward the ferry building.

"It's Loui all right," the wharfinger admitted. "God! the boy is some sailor.

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Here he comes back."

For nearly an hour Pete went up and down the wharf shouting to Loui how to get inside. The little engine on the Luccia puffed and spluttered as if her eight-horse power was not enough to withstand the pressure of the tons of savage water surging against her.

At last with a quick turn of the wheel, Loui dodged a pile, slid under the wharf, and five minutes later was climbing up the ladder.

The old man's hands were closed so

tight that the nails cut into the flesh. "Lovigi! Lovigi! You back," was all he said.

"Gee, I'm starved," was Loui's answer. "Got to get them crabs out," he added.

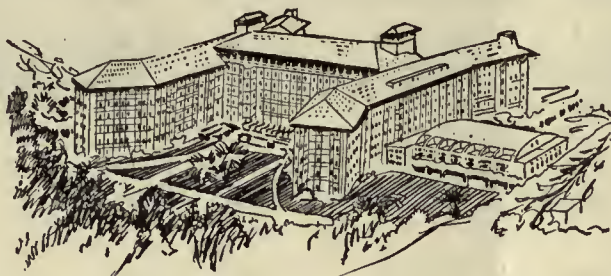
"Crabs," ejaculated his father.

"Hell! what did I go out for?" Loui exploded. "Gimme a box."

The hold and engine room were full of crawling fish. "First net I got full washed right overboard," Loui explained. "Had to stack 'em below."

When old Pete stared his amazement





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at the dozens of crabs that Loui had managed to catch, the latter explained, "They sure was hungry for bait, and grabbed it quick." Seven dozen crawling crabs were carried down to Pete's boiler and delivered to the St. Francis before seven o'clock.

When he returned from his errand, the old man entered the room gently. Lovigi might be asleep. He must be tired from fighting the storm.

Loui was sitting by the stove, his feet on the table which he had drawn near, a book in his hand. The old man looked at him tenderly.

"You read about Caruse, or maybe Pertele, Lovigi?" he asked gently.

"Naw," his boy answered. "Them professor geeks is all right," Pete winced at the words, "but this guy Stevenson sure's got 'em beat." He held up a scaly copy of "Treasure Island." "Them guy's sure had some time. Boy!" Loui was unusually talkative. "Jack London, now, he lived damn sight more than that geek Caruse."

The old man was silent. After a long pause during which his mind had carried him back over his own early years, he said in a negotiable tone, "De momma she want a artist, Lovigi."

"Not them kind," Loui was still voluble. "Mom she says to me when I was a kid, 'Lovigi,' she says, 'there ain't a bigger man than your pop. Don't he look grand in that flannel shirt, Lovigi?' she says. 'And there ain't no crab man in the association what kin handle a boat in a storm like heem. He's a artist,' she says."

The old man swallowed hard. "Your lessons," he began.

"Oh, Pop, I stopped 'em four months back. With the money I saved I got a boat most quarter paid for."

Old Pete relaxed in his chair, his body sinking into a satisfied slump.

"Let's call that boat the Louiza Marie," he suggested, finally when thought returned.

"Already she's named that," Louis answered.

Pete took off his boots and lifted his stockinged feet to the stove. To the accompaniment of roaring waves, and wind breaking in gusts under the loose floor of the wharf Loui began to sing *Lo Donna i Mobile*.

Pete turned over the idea in his mind—"So de momma she wanted her boy should be a crab-man artist," he muttered, as he nodded by the fire.



## CHRYSLALIS

(Continued from page 497)

In the dark she faced the taunting verse and drove "wilful-missing" to the wall. But the end of that battle did not come until several nights and days there were nights afterward. Then it was because a bigger conflict filled its place. The solution was obvious, her duty clear. It was simple. She had but to make herself known to him gently, oh very gently—if he did not know—and then— Was she hesitating—and what was she hesitating for?

A woman moved through neat rooms where busy girls carried out her plans, brought her designs to life—a woman sat at a trim desk and arranged, planned, created, worked—fun after struggle—zest, after drudgery—it was her life, warp to her woof—and yet that was not why she hesitated—there was something more—the girl would not have hesitated. Even if the girl were dead, love would call her back, heal the scars, fill the empty places, offer beauty for ashes indeed—oh surely, surely—Charlie was not dead—but she was not the girl—what then, what then? She was herself and the girl and Charlie were precious—Duncan McCulloch, was he precious, too—what then, what then? —Once long ago, she had watched horses tread the mud in a primitive old silver mine, round, round—now it was her mind harnessed, bound to tread in endless circles, always starting, always going, never arriving, forever—Oh it was simple! She had but to make known—Simple! she could have laughed until she shrieked to think how simple it was.

She had brought her problem to the sea, the comforter, this day. Huddled from the wind near a dune, eyes on the dull expanse of sand and gray sea, she waited—Life was numbness—. There were little girls playing in the sand—gay darts of color—and Ralphie and his grandma passed, far off there at the edge of the surf, just black blots against the gray—she hoped they would not see her—she would be alone—and dear Lord, let him not come—not today—not yet—Life was numbness.— It wasn't that the girl was dead—there was a something more—if she could capture it—an adorable wee thing, Ralphie was. How big his eyes were when he had looked up and

!— Ah —  
The next day Mrs. Prichard, knitting before the fire after lunch, called Duncan McCulloch to her but it was not to talk of George. She was puzzled. "Mrs. Brand left early this morning, the clerk told me. She didn't even say 'Goodby'—."

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## "SMELT ARE RUNNIN' SANDY"

(Continued from page 483)

matrons, grandmothers, newlyweds, small boys may be seen wading about in the swift current, standing on rifles, digging their toes in the slippery banks, clinging to overhanging trees and standing on rafts, in all manner of appropriate and inappropriate costumes. The fish themselves are a sight that cannot be visioned elsewhere in the world, perhaps, but the fishermen, dipping the delectable fish out of the water with nets, grain shovels, kettles, old hats, boilers and even their hands is an even more entertaining one.

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Overland Monthly & Out West Magazine published monthly at San Francisco, Calif., for October 1, 1924.

State of California, } ss.  
City and County of San Francisco, }

Before me, a Court Commissioner in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. N. Pratt, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Overland Monthly & Out West Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Overland Monthly & Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco; Editor, H. N. Pratt, Berkeley, Calif.; Business Manager, Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco, Calif.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Overland Monthly & Out West Magazine, Consolidated; James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, Calif.; T. C. Morehouse, San Francisco, Calif.; Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco, Calif.; Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Calif.

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H. N. PRATT,  
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1924.

(Seal)

CHARLES SAMUELS.

Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires indefinitely.....)

It isn't toil to take smelt. One simply dips with whatever receptacle one has, deep into the current and sweeps downward. When it is lifted, it is heavy with the grayish, silver fish.

The eulachon, or candlefish (Thal-eichys pacificus), or, as it is commonly called, Columbia River smelt, has been described by David Starr Jordan, the eminent ichthyologist, as being "the finest food fish in the world—tender, fragrant, digestible." It is probably the fattest of fishes, but its oil has a peculiarly delicate, agreeable flavor. The bones are so soft and fine that they are no obstruction to eating.

The name "candlefish" no doubt came from the fact that the Indians of the Pacific coast, as well as the early explorers, put wicks through them, and used them for illumination. The fish is so fat that it can be fried in its own oil, and this oil, when extracted, is solid when at certain temperatures. The Indians of southern Alaska put the fish into vats made in the rocks, cover them with hot stones and try out the oil. The odor resulting during the trying-out process, is described as being the worst that has ever been smelt by human beings!

No one seems to know what ever becomes of either the adult fish or their young. That seems to be their secret. Though these little fish come up the stream in solid formation, their fry are never seen. How they manage to make their way to salt water and why their annual run should increase when other fish seem to be on the decrease, is a mystery. Various explanations have been offered, but none ever been fully accepted.

And even the ichthyologists seem to be in the dark as to what becomes of the parent fish. While the fish are so thick at the Troutdale bridges, there are few even a quarter of a mile up stream and after that, none are seen. There is never any evidence of large quantities of the dead fish in the stream or on the banks, nor are they seen going downstream.

The story is told of the curious customer, buying smelt at one of the stalls in the Portland public market, who questioned too closely the fish-dealer as to where the fish went after their spawning. Finally he was rewarded with a glare from the man behind the counter, and the muttered reply was given:

"How can I tell you? I ain't never followed 'em!"

## STAR ROVING

WHEN JACK LONDON wrote his "Star Rover" he based his tale upon the experiences of one who was at that time an inmate of San Quentin. Ed Morrell, who gave London the material for his story, gives in "The 25th Man" the experiences which made up his life. Few of the "Nick Carter" thrillers hold more of adventure than this volume. Member of one of the famous outlaw bands which terrorized the great California valleys during the 80's, fighting against that railroad power which then dominated the state, an associate of the famous bandit Chris Evans, Morrell eventually was captured and confined; first in Folsom, then in San Quentin, in the days when sterner methods prevailed.

## A WOMAN PIONEER

(Continued from page 524)

pioneer life of sixty years ago. No doubt many another chronicle of those interesting days lies dust-covered within the shelter of Eastern garrets; perhaps to be given—as this—to those who would preserve every record of California's past.



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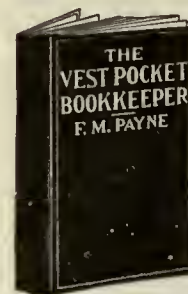
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Overland Monthly and  
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# OVERLAND MONTHLY

## and OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXII

DECEMBER, 1924

NUMBER 12

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### OUR DECEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

OMA ALMONA DAVIES is in private life Mrs. Ralph Eltse of Berkeley, California. Those who have enjoyed the delightful humor of her stories of the Pennsylvania Dutch, appearing from time to time in the *Saturday Evening Post*, will enjoy the more delicate humor of her "Innocence of Inocenta," in this number of OVERLAND.

HORACE EDWARD BUKER has appeared in *Red Book*, *Blue Book*, *Hollands*, *Woman's Weekly*, and a score of other national publications, but this is his first appearance in OVERLAND. His grandfather and great-grandfather were California pioneers of the early 50's and served as the incentive for an article by Mr. Buker published last spring in *Americana*.

EUNICE TIETJENS is too well known to readers of American poetry to require introduction, her association with Miss Munro in the issuing of *Poetry—A Magazine of Verse* having made her internationally known.

ALFRED STUART MYERS is another name well-known to poetry readers. Mr. Myers makes his headquarters in New York City.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE BYRD is a California newspaper man, at present connected with the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Like the rest of the fraternity, Mr. Byrd

(Continued on page 570)

### CONTENTS

#### SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Seven Cities of Cibola.....	531
Jlm Dan Hill	
An Injury to All.....	536
Mirlam Allen deFord	
A Worker in Aquatint.....	541
Harry Noyes Pratt	
Music and Musicians.....	542
Eleanor Everest Freer, M.M.	
Painter of "The Trail to Paradise".....	546
L. B. Everett	
A Gift of Song.....	548
Brenda Lane Gray	

#### FICTION

The Innocence of Inocenta.....	534
Oma Almona Davies	
The Man Who Went Back.....	538
Paul Adams	
The Final Truce.....	543
Joseph Lawrence Byrd	
The "High-Graders"—Serial—Conclusion.....	550
Charles H. Snow	
Burning Brakes—In two parts; Part One.....	561
Horace Edward Buker	

#### ESSAYS

Mansions and Stairways.....	568
Chas. H. Shinn	

#### POETRY

The Leesburg Milliner.....	530
Marie Drennan	
To A Child Crying for the Moon.....	535
Margaret Skavlan	
Old But Wicked.....	539
Inmate No. 12148	
A Man Is Rich.....	542
Irma Grace Blackburn	
Age and Youth.....	545
Eunice Mitchell Lehmer	
Swimming at the Dunes.....	547
Eunice Tietjens	
The Garden of Love.....	548
Hazel Knapp Luke	
The Road to Bethany.....	554
Charles G. Blanden	

#### A PAGE OF VERSE..... 555

The Round-Up.....	Alfred Stuart Myers
After Two Weeks of Rain.....	Ethel Brodt Wilson
Burro Bells.....	Anlice Calland
Period.....	Mirlam Allen deFord
Vagrant Fancies.....	E. Richard Shipp
Written In An Old Ledger.....	Joy O'Hara
Maglo.....	Ruth Harwood

#### EDITORIAL

A Poetic Experiment.....	549
--------------------------	-----

#### DEPARTMENTS

Books and Writers.....	Conducted by B. Virginia Lee.....562
------------------------	--------------------------------------

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Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1897.

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# THE LEESBURG MILLINER

By MARIE DRENNAN

THE place is mine, the Leesburg Ladies' Shop,—  
A little shop, which you can plainly see  
From Leesburg Corners. Tourists often stop  
To buy iced ginger beer from Simon Lee,—  
And plums, and melons. Sometimes ladies say—  
The city ladies say, "Your trimmings, Miss,  
Are different. This little out-of-way  
Four corners should be proud of hats like this."

I WAS a little youngster when I learned  
to make a brush of horsehair tied  
with thread,  
And steal the color tints for which I yearned  
From roses on the wall behind my bed.  
I'd lick the brush, then daub it on the wall,  
And give the flowers rebirth in new designs  
Of blushing ladies, elegant and tall,  
Decked out in pink brocade with flowing lines.  
The pictures in the books I had were few;  
Of sympathetic teachers I had none;  
And yet as years went plodding on, I knew  
A hint or two of what the world has done  
In line and color; for I stored my brain  
With advertizers' prints of lovely lace,  
Of chintz and tapestry . . .

. . . I knew the pain  
Of beauty hunger; just the living grace  
Of grapevines trailing on a sunken fence,  
Of columbines, flame-touched in forest shade,  
Would dim my eyes. The cruel, hard  
expense  
Of living,—Mother was a widow—made  
The artist life impossible for me;  
I took the rough rye-straw Leesburg could  
give  
And braided life with it; I know I'll be  
Still braiding here as long as I shall live.

AND I was bitter for those wasted years  
Until last winter when I almost died  
Of influenza,—when the trail of tears  
And desolation through the country-side  
Touched Leesburg, and the wreaths of  
funeral flowers,  
Stiff silken wreaths with purple ribbons,  
hung  
On doors of rain-browned cottages like ours  
And gave them dignity. I worked among  
The sick. I nursed a neighbor's little child,  
With eyes like two black pansies opened  
wide.

The mother's feverish face grew stark and  
wild,  
The languid little brother moaned and cried  
When that white baby slept alone in Death.  
Then I felt creeping numbness on me laid,  
I felt the load that wounds with every  
breath.

"If it must be," I said, "I'm not afraid."

Then through the long hot thirsting of the  
night—  
Water—a racking cough—a sip or two—  
The smell of kerosene—the spluttering  
light—

There passed before my eyes as in review  
A gallery of pictures. All the lines  
That interweave together in the brain  
Of artist-folk, all exquisite designs  
In memory saved, declared themselves. The  
pain  
That lay in burning weight within my breast  
Was lulled. I was awake, but I could see  
The beauty which had never been expressed,  
And yet which had its blind, dim birth in  
me.

I SAW the morning sky all blushed with  
light,  
With misty pearl and salmon like a shell,  
And bubbles floating upward slowly, white  
And pure as dew; and, as the sunbeams fell  
Upon their crystal roundness, writhed within  
And whirled away, planets of blue and gold  
And green. I saw sweet velvet vines begin  
To lift their leaves of lilac and unfold  
Long clusters of wistaria; copper bees  
With soundless winging bent them to and  
fro,  
And kissing with each other in the breeze  
Were moths with violet wings and feet of  
snow.  
"Be careful," said the doctor in my ear,  
"Keep warm and take these powders every  
hour."

I saw a pool by midnight, silver clear,  
And, mirrored in the pool, a smooth,  
white flower  
With leaves of gray velour. A crimson bird  
Flew down to sip its nectar, and his eye,  
His steel-blue eye, gleamed in the pool. I  
heard  
The doctor say, "The fever's running high."

AND then there came the princes of de-  
sign,  
The gorgeous silks of China and Japan.  
How intricate in symmetry and line!

The peacock spread his iridescent fan,  
The sacred peach blushed on its bed of blue,  
The crane its burnt sienna wings outspread,  
Red mushrooms sat beneath the green bam-  
boo,  
The gold-scaled dragon reared its royal  
head.  
"Now try to swallow this," they said to me,  
And to each other, "She is better now."  
My eyes were opened wide, but I could see  
White cherry blossoms on a jagged bough.

ON through the tortuous maze of  
fevered day  
They came, my life-time's treasury of  
dreams;  
I saw the wind-torn ocean, wild and gray,  
And lacy, frost-hulled ships, and silver  
gleams  
Of moon-lit ports—the sea I never knew!  
And brilliant gardens I had longed for,—  
one  
Especially, with iris tall and blue,  
And striped tulips shining in the sun.

THEY gave me seven kinds of bitter  
drink,  
They gave me cool clean linens for my bed;  
And when at last they left me, I could  
think  
Of all those visions in my aching head,  
And plan new lines, new lovely color  
schemes  
For ladies' Easter hats! I nursed the  
thought  
That these, my pain-conceived, fantastic  
dreams,  
Snatched out of Paradise, perhaps, had  
brought  
Even to me a holy, secret power,—  
Or else these years the riches have been  
mine!  
For souls which love but beauty in a flower  
Must hide within themselves a thing divine.

Now when you pass the Leesburg Ladies'  
Shop,  
The little shop which you can plainly see  
From Leesburg Corners where the tourists  
stop  
To buy cold ginger beer from Simon Lee,—  
And water melons, oh, I hope you'll say,  
As ladies sometimes say, "Your trimmings,  
Miss,  
Are extra fine! This little out-of-way  
Four corners should be proud of hats like  
this."





# OVERLAND MONTHLY

AND

## OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Volume LXXXII

DECEMBER, 1924

Number 12

### Seven Cities of Cibola

By JIM DAN HILL

OF THE many pueblo ruins that dot the country along the route to the National Old Trails Highway through the Southwest, there is hardly one but what has its history—and historian. The extent of its history is largely dependent upon the loquacity and originality of the old nester who has delegated to himself the duty of enlightening the inquisitive tourist who pauses in his flight to the coast long enough to gaze upon the vestiges of an ancient race.

But when all the facts submitted by the many narrators are boiled down, one finds a similarity in the story of every ruin. According to all, there lived in the fertile valleys a peaceful, agricultural people that tilled the soil, raised maize and grapes, wove heavy blankets and coarse garments, and in every way led a simple, blissful existence. Then came the nomadic and warlike Utes and Apaches, whose depredations forced many of the pastoral tribes to build their homes upon the impregnable ledges along the steep canyon or mesa sides; while others grouped their adobe dwellings of the plains into crude citadels by pyramiding one set of rooms upon the other so that the ensemble formed a substantial structure of several stories in height.

This was the state of their civilization when the Spaniards came, seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola. And here the local historian deviates from his narrative long enough to submit substantial proof to his hearer that the group of ruins in that particular vicinity was one of the original seven cities. If one inspects and hears the history of twenty ruins between Taos and Flagstaff, he will have been on twenty sites, each of which is reputed to have been a part of the Cibola mentioned so often in the chronicles of the early Spanish explorers as a veritable land of gold and precious stones, ripe for conquest by a second Hernando Cortes.

The well informed tourist then remembers that in 1540 Coronado led

an expedition into the modern states of Arizona and New Mexico on just such a mission. He remembers that Coronado found only the pueblo dwellers of the Southwest, and wonders what constituted the foundation for the reports of marvelous wealth north of the City of Mexico, who was responsible, and where the real Cibola was located. If he allows his piqued curiosity to lead him to the history shelves and the reports of the American ethnologists, he will find an often overlooked chapter of exploration history; a chapter that deals with the northward journey of a Spanish friar and a negro slave, whose adventures among the pueblo Indians bear a striking resemblance to Kipling's story of the man who would be king.

DURING the middle thirties of the 16th century there was a sharp demand in the City of Mexico for new and wealthy countries to conquer. The Spanish suzerainty had been established over the dominions of the Aztecs in 1521, and the spoils divided among the conquering adventurers, the church and the Crown. Until 1534 Pizarro's activities in Peru offered employment for the conquistadors and would be conquistadors, but when the heavy fighting at the outset of that conquest was over, Mexico City became a rendezvous for a horde of adventurous spirits from Spain and the older colonies of the West Indies. Some were veterans from the Spanish Main and various exploring expeditions; some were little better than cut-throats, and others were younger sons of Spanish nobility who were seeking fame and opulence in the New World. To find a task for these vigorous but idle hands was perhaps the first sociological problem that confronted the viceroys of New Spain.

THIS WAS the state of affairs when out of the north came vague rumors of a land of untold fertility and

wealth called Cibola, its population grouped into seven large cities, the least of which was twice the size of the City of Mexico.

The report was partly substantiated in 1536 by Cabeza de Vaca and his companions who had just completed their famous journey across Texas, through the southern portion of New Mexico, thence southwest through Sonora to the Gulf of California from which they made their way southeast to Mexico City by way of Culiacan in Sinaloa. They brought with them many blankets of cotton, better than those of New Spain; beads of various compositions; semi-precious and precious stones, the most notable of which were five emeralds shaped as arrow points, which were used by the Indians in their festivals. These had been given De Vaca's party by the pueblo dwellers of Sonora, who had explained by signs that the presents had originally come from a land of high mountains, far to the north, inhabited by many people who lived in large cities of big houses, who had an abundance of food, blankets and precious stones which they traded to their southern neighbors for feathers and parrot plumes. These reports were also vouched for by the Indians that Cabeza de Vaca had induced to accompany him to Mexico City.

Antonio de Mendoza, who had been commissioned viceroy of New Spain the preceding year, at once resolved to explore the region "for the glory of the Church and Imperial Crown" as he declared; but it is also very probable that he had an eye to the eventual reduction of the number of lawless spirits in his domain by finding work for them to do. With this purpose in view, he bought from Dorantes, one of Cabeza de Vaca's companions, the negro slave, Estevan, who had arrived in the City of Mexico with his master.

In Estevan is found one of the most unusual and interesting characters of the Spanish exploration period. Though a blackamoor slave from Azamor, on the west coast of Morocco, he



was a dauntless and resourceful explorer of unusual initiative—too much, in fact. Above all he had the basic instincts of leadership and was close enough to the primitive state himself that he appreciated the effects of mystical formalities, faith healing and black magic upon the minds of the aboriginal peoples he encountered in his travels.

With Dorantes, his master, he had gone to Florida as a member of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition. Throughout the misfortunes that befell the followers of Narvaez, he stayed close to his master and shared the hardships of the wanderings; periods of captivity; more wanderings, which were followed by the long barefoot journey with the other two survivors of the expedition over the route already described to the capital of New Spain, which was reached eight years and three months after their disembarkation on the coast of Florida. These eight years made of Estevan a specialist in the art of dealing with strange Indian tribes.

For Mendoza's purpose the negro was apparently what the modern salesman would term a bargain at any price.

But the viceroy did not intend to pin his faith on him alone. Before commissioning a leader for the proposed exploring expedition, he spent three years trying to teach a large number of Indians the Spanish language and Christian religion. He intended that they should be used as interpreters. He was stimulated into action, however, by the Provincial of the Franciscans who made an effort to beat the crown representative to the discovery of Cibola by sending Fray Juan de la Asuncion into the North on a journey of exploration early in 1538. The fray returned empty handed in the same year. According to the best authorities he crossed the present boundary of the United States at a point about due south of Tucson and reached as far north as the Lower Gila, or perhaps the Colorado of the West, which threw him well to westward of Cibola.

It was not until the 7th day of March of the following year that Mendoza's expedition, led by Friar Marcos de Niza and consisting of Friar Onorato, Estevan and a number of converted Indians, launched out into the wilderness from Culiacan in Sinaloa, at that time the most northern Spanish settlement of importance in Mexico.

Several days later Onorato became ill and turned back, but Friar Marcos marched on in a northwesterly direc-

tion along the coast of the Gulf of California to a point not far above the Rio Yaqui, from which he marched north until he reached an Indian village just south of the entrance of the Sonora river valley. In his journal Marcos calls this village Vacapa; but Bandelier, who bases his belief upon the language and customs attributed to the natives, thinks that the settlement was more than likely Matapa.

Here the tribesmen, like those previously encountered along the route, met the explorers with open arms. It was decided to partake of this hospitality until Easter, which would permit the sending of runners westward to ascertain how far they were inland and thereby establish their whereabouts with relation to the comparatively well explored coast. The friar also equipped Estevan with beads and trinkets and ordered him to take a few of the interpreters and proceed northward to a distance of fifty or sixty leagues. The negro was to retain contact with his chief by means of runners. His instructions were to indicate the character of the country and the prospects ahead by sending back a cross about the size of the hand in case nothing of importance was found or heard of; if prospects were bright, a cross twice the size of the hand was to be returned, and if the country ahead was better than New Spain, a still larger cross was to be sent back.

The negro had been gone but four days when a party of his messengers returned to Matapa bearing a cross as large as a man. With it they delivered a verbal report from Estevan to the effect that the people that he was then among had given him information of the "greatest thing in the world." The friar was informed that it was only a thirty days journey to the first of the Seven Cities, all of which were under the rule of one king; that the houses were of stone and lime, the smallest being of one story, but buildings of two, three and even four stories were not uncommon; that the doorways of these houses were decorated with precious stones; and that the inhabitants of all seven cities were better dressed than the Aztecs had been at the time of the conquest.

**M**ARCOS, however, was not in position to press on in the wake of Estevan until his runners had returned from the coast, hence it was two days after Easter before he continued the march.

Apparently he did not follow the identical route of the slave on the

next leg of the journey, for when marching up the Sonora River valley, he could get no information from the natives concerning his forerunner. But he did encounter Indians who had many robes, blankets and turquoises, and in spite of the fact that none of his interpreters spoke the language of the natives, it was made known that these commodities came from Cibola, far to the north.

An incident occurred at this point which, together with the friar's inclination to believe everything the Indians told him, which will be spoken of later, partly explains the erroneous reports he made concerning the wealth of the northern countries upon his return to Mexico City, that in turn provided the motive for the Coronado expedition. Marcos, in trying to learn the trading methods of the Sonora Indians when dealing with the natives of Cibola, was told that they obtained the turquoises by digging and other manual labor. Marcos jumped at the conclusion that this was indicative of the hillsides strewn with precious and semi-precious stones or containing rich veins of free gold. It is known today that the digging to which the natives referred was more than likely the construction and maintenance of irrigation ditches for which the robes, trinkets and turquoises were given in payment.

After following the Sonora River valley to a point beyond the headwaters of that stream, the friar crossed the present boundary of the United States not far from Bisbee, Arizona. Continuing in the same direction as before, he soon found himself in the valley of the San Pedro River. Along this river he found a higher type of civilization than he had encountered during the first part of his journey. The natives lived in small villages and lived well from products of irrigated patches. There was a corresponding increase in the number of precious stones in evidence, but again he was told that they came from the Seven Cities that were about fifteen days to the northeast.

The friar was also surprised by receiving news of his erstwhile slave companion, Estevan, and was still more astonished by the stories told concerning him. The negro had not waited for his master at the point from which the messengers with the cross were sent, but had pressed on and entered the San Pedro valley several days ahead of his master. On his own initiative, he had assumed the role of an envoy extraordinary from a divine as well as temporal sovereign who was sending him northward to



Cibola on a mission of state; which according to some authorities, he claimed was to receive the homage of the King of Cibola for his monarch. In order to live up to the aboriginal conception of how an ambassador should appear and act, he wore garters and anklets fringed with beads, feathers and bells, and affected a gaudy headdress by weaving parrot plumes in his coal black hair; he consulted only with the chieftans of the tribes that he encountered; frequently went through mystic incantations in public; healed the sick; and demanded a retinue of both sexes which included an armed escort to show him the way to the Seven Cities. And he so impressed the Indians that not only did each tribe contribute to his retinue and escort, but also were so generous with supplies he asked for that he was able to leave caches of provisions along the route for the friar's use, which he no doubt felt would be ample atonement for his disobedience. Some of the reports concerning his predecessor in the valley came to Marcos in the form of complaints from Indian men whose wives had attached themselves to the black ambassador's train without consulting the wishes of their mates.

Apparently the friar was not eager to overtake his disobedient subordinate, for when he reached the confluence of the San Pedro and Gila rivers, where the town of Hayden now stands, he rested and held services, taking possession of the country in the name of the Spanish monarch. The ceremony was like most others of its kind and took the form of the erection of a wooden cross with a letter, addressed to whomsoever might be the finder, buried at its base. Simple though it might have been, it must have to some extent impressed the Indians who witnessed it for a large number of them offered to escort the friar to Cibola. Instead of accepting the services of all, he chose thirty of the best dressed of the men to accompany him for the remainder of the journey, and about an equal number of the rank and file as burden bearers.

On the 9th day of May, 1539, he resumed his journey in company with his new followers. According to his account, his escorts guided him along a wide, well beaten road which led northeast. During this part of the journey, the friar traveled in a stately manner that more than likely smote the conscience of the simple man of God. His companions were chieftains or of leading families who subordinated themselves to the Span-



RUINS OF ANCIENT ZUNI ON SUMMIT OF CORN MOUNTAIN

iard, and saw to it that the burden bearers accorded to him all the honors and attention usually given to one of a regal family. Hunters and scouts went ahead and had meals and lodging provided at appointed places along the route. More than once he saw houses that had been prepared for the negro, who, as his party increased, was moving forward slower than before.

For twelve days Marcos traveled northeast. In time, it seems, the road became little more than a wide trail that led through dense forests and high mountains crested with snow. Game was plentiful, and the friar was reminded of certain parts of his native land. It is likely that this part of his journey was through the country now occupied by the Apache reservation. The snow crested mountains were probably Ord and Thomas peaks, a few miles southwest of Springerville, Arizona. He crossed the present route of the National Old Trails Highway between Springerville and St. Johns, and, as does the highway, followed the valley north to the Zuni River, the north fork of the Little Colorado. From here he again marched northeast, leaving the Petrified forest to his left, and went up the Zuni river into New Mexico.

The thirteenth day following the selection of his escort in the Gila valley, Friar Marcos had reached a point in the Zuni River valley a few miles east of the present boundary between New Mexico and Arizona. The chieftains told him that Cibola

was but little more than a days march ahead; and from the scouts Marcos learned that Estevan was almost to the first of the Seven Cities. Orders were at once sent to the negro to wait the arrival of his master, and on the fourteenth day the march was resumed with the expectation of reaching Estevan's party by nightfall.

THE COLUMN was hardly under way when a scout, a son of one of the chieftains came panting into camp with the information that Estevan had disregarded the orders sent him, and entered the nearest of the Cibolan cities the preceding evening; that the negro had been seized; stripped of his ornaments and possessions, and thrown into prison with the major portion of his retinue. The runner explained that he had accompanied the negro himself and had been imprisoned also, but had escaped after a night of abuse.

This news had a disastrous effect upon the morale of the escort. Many burst into tears (most of them had relatives in Estevan's party) and others showed signs of hostility toward the churchman to such an extent that the friar became alarmed and distributed gifts among them, and sought safety for himself in prayer. The gifts appeased them in a measure, which enabled him to induce them to continue the advance the next morning.

Just before reaching Cibola, they were met by two more Indians,

(Continued on page 569)



# The Innocence of Inocenta

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

**D**ONA JOSEFA MORELO was very angry. She was not angry with herself nor with her guest, Don Gerardo Bernal; but she was very, very angry with her daughter Inocenta who sat between them.

For consider! Here was Don Gerardo Bernal, well-favored and wealthy—Dios! how wealthy! He called for the first time, and he would have been welcomed for his great name in any of the patios of California. And here was Inocenta, past the bloom of marriageable age, as all the pitying saints knew, gazing stupidly past him toward the blue waters of the bay, appearing neither interested nor interesting!

Dona Josefa talked fast and faster, beaming upon their guest and tapping her plump foot upon the tiles in vexation. The curse of having so stupid a daughter! So stupid that she failed to see the one great chance of her shameful spinsterhood! The one great chance measured now by minutes! Minutes!

As Don Gerardo reached for his riding-crop, Dona Josefa made the one unconsidered move of her punctilious life. She sprang impulsively to her feet. With a single, purposeful gesture she assigned her guest to his chair, and paddled hastily away. Her voluminous skirts enveloped an embroidery frame and sent its small implements clattering, but she paid no heed. She turned as she reached the corridor, excused herself vaguely and vanished through the curtain.

Don Gerardo turned a questioning, somewhat startled, face toward his companion. Why Dona Josefa's tragic expression? Why her flight? Why, against all convention, was he left alone with a girl? Alone with a girl for the first time in his life?

A pair of amused eyes met his over the top of a fan. Don Gerardo averted his own quickly, scrutinized his boot, threw back his head resolutely, searched the curtains for the vanished Dona Josefa, glanced again at the eyes. They were smiling still. But, after all, they were very young . . . and very brown . . . And the silence was not to be endured. . .

He clenched his strong fingers and spoke earnestly to the fountain: "I have seen you before, Seniorita Inocenta."

"Yes?" breathed Inocenta.

"I have seen you—many times. I have seen you—once each year—in at Corpus Christi."

"You ride far for Corpus Christi, Don Gerardo."

"Yes, I ride far. More than a hundred miles. But I cannot miss—the Corpus Christi."

Inocenta said nothing, but her eyes smiled again as she fanned languidly. Don Gerardo's troubled gaze once more roamed the patio and once more rested upon Inocenta.

"We men of the ranges do not know how to talk, Seniorita Inocenta," he confessed desperately. "Only our animals, our cattle and our sheep, understand us."

Inocenta turned toward him quite gravely, then. But upon the instant there was a bustle in the corridor. Inocenta stared indifferently at the water as Dona Josefa swept in.

"A thousand pardons!" she panted. "It is an ill fortune for me to lose a moment of your precious visit. But tomorrow is the great fete day, you know,—the day before Easter,—and there are so many duties! My sister, Dona Alma Espira, comes all the way from San Francisco to receive with us here in the patio. You will give us the happiness of seeing you tomorrow? You would not desolate us by your absence?"

**D**ON GERARDO kissed her hand, murmured his acknowledgements and bowed himself down the corridor.

Dona Josefa turned scathingly. With remarkable repression she confined herself to a single remark: "When I had thy years, I was married and held thee, an ungrateful infant, in my arms!"

"Poor Mamocita!" laughed Inocenta. "You must be thankful, at least, that you have no ungrateful grandchildren!"

"She is a disgrace!" Dona Josefa confided bitterly to her sister, Dona Alma Espira, as they sipped their coffee in her large bedroom that evening. "She is unnatural! For, think thou! She has never had a lover!"

"She is very beautiful," Dona Alma observed.

"Beauty is of no advantage if it be not used," retorted her sister. "One may have bright eyes, and if she knows not how to use them, what do they profit her?"

"Perhaps she has more lovers than thou thinkest, Josefa. Perhaps she trusts, unknown to thee, in the new Gringo fashion."

"Dios! Like the Gringos? Dios! A thousand times no! A Morelo! Alma! Though she be a disgrace, she is always a Morelo! And then, I see everything. She does not lift an eyelash that I do not observe it."

"Besides," she sighed and stirred her coffee, "I left them alone in the patio. Well, what would you? I was beside myself! But even then she would not talk with him. I watched them through the curtains. And Gerardo Bernal! So handsome! So wealthy! All the land from the upper valley of the Carmel to Socotera is his and more cattle than one can know."

She lifted her cup. A low, rhythmic sound pervaded the room.

Dona Josefa, her cup suspended, slanted an ear tensely toward the window. She rose hastily, extinguished the candle and felt her way to the window.

A guitar was thrumming a tune to which she had often listened ecstatically as a girl. Her heart fluttered as she heard the well-remembered notes. The streets of old Monterey were illy lighted, but by applying an assiduous eye to the grating, she distinguished a dark object near the house—the glint of silver braid—an up-turned face. The liquid notes poured on softly, ceaselessly.

Without a word Dona Josefa slipped off her stool and waddled resolutely to the door leading into the patio. She shuffled down the corridor, her loose slippers flapping on the paved floor.

She applied an ear to a closed door, then softly turned the knob. Some one on the bed was breathing heavily.

Dona Josefa shook the sleeping form. "Inocenta" she whispered. "There is music!"

The figure half turned, then sank back, burying its face in the pillow.

Dona Josefa shook her again. "Inocenta! A *serenata*! There are roses on thy bureau."

"I do not care for roses in the nighttime," a smothered voice replied.

"But the music, stupid! Someone serenades thee!"

Inocenta threw out her arm like a sleeping babe.

"He will go away soon," she said.

"I dropped a rose myself," confessed Dona Josefa to her sister the next afternoon as they sat in the patio waiting for their guests.

Dona Alma laughed. "Would it not be amusing if Inocenta really had dropped a rose? Then there would



be two. Would he not be perplexed? What would be the language of two roses?"

"But she had not!" retorted Dona Josefa. "I tell thee, she was sleeping—snoring, Alma! She is a disgrace."

How still was the patio in the heat of the early afternoon! The flowers hung motionless from their stems; the vines clung like a pattern of lace to the arches of the corridors. The fountain was a plate of glass: its tiny jets of water seemed painted against the foliage. Only Inocenta, fluttering among the rosebushes, seemed alive.

"You have no idea, Tia Alma," she twinkled, "how fond my mother is of roses. She wishes me to have them in my room, even at nighttime!"

"She is like a flower herself," whispered Dona Alma.

"Yes," smouldered Dona Josefa, "flowers also have no souls."

"See!" Inocenta held out three small white buds. "Are they not beautiful? So tiny! So white! They are like the waxen flowers in the case before the Virgin. And they are alike, perfectly, the same size, the same shape, the same fragrance!" She tucked them into a fold of her bodice.

"Inocenta!" cried her mother. "Red becomes thee better. Look thou! The bush by the fountain!"

"Ah, but they would die of broken hearts if I neglected them now!" Inocenta covered the buds tenderly with her fingers. "Think, madre mia! Wouldst thou have me break hearts? Three hearts? But, see thou! I will do this, all for thee, cara mia, all for thee!"

She plucked an immense red rose as she spoke and placed it high in the coils of her hair.

"There! Does it appear well? It is red—and full-blown!"

An hour later the patio was gay with color and moving figures. Dona Josefa and Dona Alma received in the corridor, each seated upon her own mat before the wide doors, down each side of which a silken flag of Spain was draped. Inocenta sat on the rim of the fountain, the light from the red awning above flushing her with glow.

Don Juan Romero, son of the Comandante of the Presidio, leaned toward her, his eyes burning.

"Inocenta!" he faltered. "I am dying for thee! Why dost thou come no more to whisper to me through thy window? A month, Inocenta! Think! I am dying for a month!"

Inocenta yawned behind her tiny fan. "I am dying, too. It is the weariness that comes with the springtime, I think. But, if thou art dead so long, Don Juan, it is but natural that thou

shouldst soon have a resurrection. Look thou who comes! My cousin Angelica! Are her eyes not bright?"

Don Juan rose despondently. "At least, Inocenta, the rose in your hair!"

Inocenta smiled. "White always for the dead, Don Juan!" she whispered, and took one of the buds from her bosom.

Early among the guests came Don Miguel Cerrano. Dona Josefa's eyes beamed as she welcomed him.

"Is he not graceful?" she said in a low tone to Dona Alma. "And his grant is so huge he has never seen it all!"

The little group about Inocenta fell away as Don Miguel approached. The sun struck the light from his silver spurs: the dollars which outlined the

#### TO A CHILD CRYING FOR THE MOON

**N**USH, little one, and go to sleep.—  
It cannot be.  
We all reach finite hands to grasp  
Infinity.

—Margaret Skavlan

seams of his trousers rang together like music as he walked. He swept the ground with his wide sombrero, and seated himself upon a low ottoman facing her.

"I have been riding all day," he said. "I started from La Blanca before the sun rose. But the miles did not seem long. I was thinking of you all the way, Senorita!"

Inocenta tapped her tiny heels together. "Am I so big that one may think of me all day, Don Miguel?"

"So small that I could put you into my sombrero: so big that you are all the world to me. You are the only thing of which I think by day and dream by night. You know that! Senorita! What more can I say than I have said ten million times in my letters? Senorita! Dost thou still watch for old Tomas? And dost thou still read them twice?"

"I have no time," said Inocenta. "I am embroidering an altar cloth for the Blessed Virgin."

Don Miguel sighed and fell silent. Inocenta continued to open and shut her fan.

"Hast thou, then, no word for me, O Flower of Monterey? One little word that I may hear again and again in my lonely hacienda? Hast thou nothing to say, Senorita?"

Inocenta shook her head. "I have said all the words I know. There have been so many people here."

"At least, the rose in your hair! I will wear it next my heart; it will make my blood run fast, O Star of the Morning!"

"I would not wish to make thee a fever," said Inocenta gravely. "See thou—this white one! It will match better the walls of La Hacienda Blanca."

The shadows were falling long and gray-blue when Don Gerardo Bernal arrived. He paused for a moment in the doorway, so tall that his head almost touched the two flags where they were draped together in the center. He saluted Dona Josefa and Dona Alma gravely, bowed to the guests and passed down the steps into the garden.

Inocenta had risen and was standing alone. She extended her hand and his breath fell upon it as he bowed over it.

She sat down again upon the rim of the fountain and gazed into the water. Don Gerardo seated himself also upon the rim of the fountain and gazed at Inocenta.

Finally he leaned toward her. "Senorita Inocenta, what does a rose say?"

Inocenta trailed her fingers in the water. "How can I tell?" she said slowly.

"Senorita Inocenta, what do two roses say?"

Inocenta lifted her eyelids ever so little, and there was the flicker of a smile between them. "I do not know. I have never heard two roses talk."

"I have heard two roses talk," said Don Gerardo after a moment. "Last night they fell upon my guitar and they spoke to me in the language of its music. The first one told me to ask: 'May I love?' and the second one told me to ask 'May I hope?'"

"And what said the third one?"

"Senorita Inocenta, there was no third!"

"No third! Why, then, Don Gerardo, there was no answer."

"No answer, Senorita Inocenta?"

"No answer, Don Gerardo. How could there be?"

Inocenta looked at the rosy tips of her fingers beneath the water. Don Gerardo, white of face, looked at Inocenta, beyond her.

"I suppose there could be no answer. I was afraid—I was sure—there could be no answer."

He paused again for a moment and then rose. Inocenta rose also.

"At least," he said, looking down at her. "The little white bud—"

Inocenta's hand fluttered at her bosom, then went up, up, till it reached the rose in her hair.

"It is red!" she said with downcast eyes. "and full-blown, Don Gerardo!"



# "An Injury to All"

By

MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

TO THE AVERAGE Californian, as to the ordinary "good American" in general, the basis and workings of the law known as the Criminal Syndicalism Act are very plain indeed, and heartily to be commended. "It protects the good citizens of this great state," we imagine him as proclaiming—say on the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday—"against the iniquity of evil men who want to overthrow the best government on earth and set up a reign of tyranny and anarchy"—antipathetic terms which to this worthy man may be used with impunity in the same sentence.

It would doubtless shock him profoundly to be informed that this same bulwark of his cherished civilization was a direct invasion on the most traditional liberties of the state and the nation; that it was conceived in ignorance, born in hysteria and kept alive simply as a means of providing the larger industries with docile and unrebelling workers. Perhaps he would hasten to provide the bold truth-teller with a criminal syndicalism sentence of his own. Men have gone to San Quentin or Folsom for twenty-eight years for saying less.

Nevertheless, if this same average Californian—at heart a well-meaning and sympathetic fellow, believing only what he is told and has never heard denied—could follow all the criminal syndicalism trials that have been and are still being held in the Golden State, and could understand the motives and methods which have characterized and are characterizing them, he might well be among the first to demand the repeal of a law which has advertised California to the world as "the beautiful and damned—the land of orange groves and jails."

In January, 1919, one year and two months after the Armistice had ended the World War, State Senator Kehoe introduced his "Act defining criminal syndicalism and sabotage, proscribing certain acts and methods in connection therewith and in pursuance thereof and providing penalties and punishments therefor." It was passed on April 30th of the same year and became effective immediately, the first conviction being obtained in November.

THIS ACT arbitrarily defines "criminal syndicalism"—to the purist in English a ridiculous contradiction in terms—as "any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching or aiding and abetting the commission of crime, sabotage, . . . or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change." It then defines sabotage—incompletely—as "wilful and malicious physical damage or injury to physical property."

*This article presents to OVERLAND's readers one side of the case relative to the so-called "Criminal Syndicalism Law." In a later number the opposing side will be presented by a California attorney. The views in either case are those of the writers. OVERLAND accepts no responsibility, giving space merely in the interest of fair play.*

The penalty was to be one to fourteen years in the state prison: in several cases the same person has been indicted on two identical or practically identical charges and then sentenced to two to twenty-eight years.

In one respect the working of the criminal syndicalism law in California has resembled the career to date of the eighteenth amendment—there has been very little connection between the wording of the law and the convictions obtained under it. I might say without hesitancy that in not one criminal syndicalism case has the state proved that the defendant had committed any act coming under the provisions of the Act as stated above. The "force and violence" have all come from the side of the prosecution.

At once the law was directed against radical organizations; at first with equal animus against the Industrial Workers of the World and the newly formed Communist Labor Party, now no longer in existence. After two expensive and long drawn out trials in Oakland, all of the Communist cases were dismissed, except for one man (J. S. Taylor, once state secretary of the Socialist Party) who served his term in San Quentin, and

one woman—Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney—whose case is still before the United States Supreme Court. Occasional and sporadic arrests of members of other radical political parties took place,—such as that in Los Angeles of nineteen members of the Socialist Labor Party,—which never came to trial.

In general, however, the entire force of the state machinery has gone to the prosecution under this law of members of the I. W. W. At this writing (changes are constantly occurring in this situation) there are 93 members of this organization in San Quentin and Folsom Prisons, 11 cases are on appeal before the Appellate Court or the State Supreme Court, and 18 men are awaiting trial. Nearly 350 men and women have been arrested under the law, of whom about half were never tried, the cases being dismissed. There have been 82 cases in all, resulting in 55 convictions, 16 disagreements, and 11 acquittals. Most of these were of several defendants, under the Joint Trial Act. As we shall see, these dismissals, acquittals and convictions have been entirely arbitrary. In every case the defendant, whether discharged, acquitted or convicted, was accused of exactly the same thing—membership in the Industrial Workers of the World, circulation of its literature and participation in its strikes and other activities.

Our same "average Californian", with whom we began this article, will tell you very readily what the I. W. W. is. It is, he will say, an aggregation of devils in human form, terrible creatures who burn haystacks; stick copper nails in peach-trees; spend iniquitously vast sums of money which came from Germany during the war and now presumably come from Moscow; never work; agitate and organize ignorant foreign workmen; and generally raise Cain with the ultimate object of overthrowing everything for which our forefathers died and setting up a reign of anarchy and license, the details of which are a trifle vague to his fevered imagination.

Removed from the realms of the fairy-tale, and reduced to impartial observation, this dreaded organization is seen to be nothing more or less than a militant labor union, formed on industrial instead of craft



lines, composed very largely of unskilled itinerant workers but more exclusively of American-born membership than any other labor body in the country, and having certain definite ultimate objects which relate it to the international syndicalist movement—using this word in its technical sense and not in the arbitrary definition of a provincial politician.

It is not, however, the elaborate "plan of industries" of the I. W. W., or its rather involved scheme of organization that frightens the California farmer or lumber baron. It is the fact that the industries of California are very heavily dependent on casual itinerant labor, that this labor has been horribly exploited in the past, and that it is precisely in such exploited fields that the I. W. W. has recruited its energetic, youthful and unfrightened membership. What rankles in the bosoms of the owners of industry, what is behind the criminal syndicalism law and all its grotesque accompaniments, is the agitation and strikes for shorter hours, better pay, clean beds, baths, and decent food for lumber, oil, agricultural, transport and construction workers. The I. W. W. is aggressive and unremitting in its demands for an American standard of living for its members; and big business has been willing to let California spend over a million dollars to send men to jail for preaching a doctrine so expensive to the employers.

All of this is fair enough warfare in the class-struggle, in which every member of the I. W. W. firmly believes. What is not fair are the methods used in bringing about these convictions.

Prosecutions in the criminal syndicalism cases in California have been dependent almost entirely upon the services of five men, professional witnesses, who have been taken from trial to trial, at exorbitant fees, to testify not what the defendants in these cases have done, but what *they themselves* did—usually years before the defendants ever joined the I. W. W., in several cases while they were in France fighting in the World War—at a time when these witnesses were ostensibly members of the organization, though actually even then acting as spies and stool-pigeons.

These men are Elbert Coutts, John Dymond, W. E. Townsend, John H. Vail and Joe Arada; and no consideration of the workings of the criminal syndicalism act can be undertaken without a short account of

their unsavory personalities and histories. One other man, "Jack" Godwin, was brought from Washington recently to supplement their efforts; but unfortunately before he could be used he was arrested on a warrant from Tacoma charging a statutory offense against a 14-year-old girl, and has now been convicted and is in prison there. He need not, however, have felt at all uncomfortable in the company of these other men who have been and are being used to railroad to prison men whom they never saw.

Coutts has testified in court that he served twenty months in San Quentin for burglary; that before and after that time he lived by stealing junk and by begging; that he has been a highwayman and has committed arson; that his burglary term in San Quentin was not his first. He has no means of livelihood except as witness against the I. W. W.; he receives an average of \$250 a case, for a few hours' testimony.

**J**OHAN DYMOND is the best of these witnesses, morally speaking, which is not saying very much. He has acknowledged that he joined the I. W. W. with the idea of spying upon the membership and trying to disorganize it; that he was expelled in 1916; and that when he was secretary of the Fresno branch he was \$455.50 short in his accounts. His testimony is usually of little length or value, and he has another job as deputy sheriff in Los Angeles; nevertheless he costs the taxpayers from \$200 to \$250 a trial. His moral calibre is shown by the fact that he served on the defense committee of a trial in which he knew he was to appear as prosecution witness.

The most interesting of these witnesses, to the student of psychopathology, is W. E. Townsend. Townsend has testified under oath that he has at least thirteen times joined the army, navy and Marines, and deserted "about half of them". He has been under treatment as an insane patient in the government asylum in Washington, D. C. He was expelled from the I. W. W. as a sex pervert, after the charge had been fully proved. He has stated that he was a "high-jacker" (hold up man) and "thought" he had taken part in about 150 hold ups. When asked if he had ever killed a man he was "unable to remember".

These are the three principal witnesses. Arada is unimportant; he is valued at \$5 a day as against \$250 for five or six hours. He is obviously a moron, if not an imbecile; a man whose reiterated story about having his feet burnt with lime because he would not

join the I. W. W. has become a joke even with the prosecution. Vail is at present in trouble himself; while on furlough as a prohibition enforcement officer, he killed a state game commissioner who was aiding a friend in resisting an unauthorized liquor raid, and Vail is to be tried for murder. With grim humor, this professional "framer" denounces his own indictment as a frame-up!

Such are the men whom the great state of California employs to go from city to city to swear away the liberty of workmen whose only crime is their membership in a radical labor organization. These witnesses tell over and over their stale stories of how, years ago, they of their own initiative committed acts in accordance with the definition of sabotage in the law; these acts not being sanctioned or ordered, by their own confession, by the organization of which at that time they happened to be members—in several cases which they had joined in order to commit such acts and bring the organization thus into ill repute. And that is all the evidence that is needed to send a man to prison for fourteen years—that and the proof, never evaded or denied, that he is a member of the organization under fire.

In two trials in Sacramento appeared a new menace to the American conception of legal justice. Defense witnesses were not allowed to testify unless they were members of the I. W. W., on the ground that only members would have the knowledge to enable them to give evidence on its practices and beliefs; then witnesses who did state that they were members were arrested immediately on leaving the stand and themselves held for trial and sent to jail on a criminal syndicalism charge. The gross illegality of such a proceeding must be obvious to the most prejudiced.

In two other cases the trial judge was accused of prejudice against the defendants; in each instance he as judge heard the evidence against himself, decided that he himself was not unfair; and went on to try the case. One of these judges was C. O. Busick of Sacramento, most relentless of all persecutors of the I. W. W., and author of the notorious anti-I. W. W. injunction.

Abundant evidence has been gathered by the General Defense Committee and by the Civil Liberties Bureau dealing with these and other miscarriages of justice in connection with the workings of the law. Here is one more: Last year Assemblyman Roy Fellom introduced a bill to repeal the criminal syndicalism act. A circular urging

(Continued on page 575)



# The Man Who Went Back

By PAUL ADAMS

AT FIVE o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Schang, the big, beetle-browed guard of Squad Number Four, blew the whistle to stop work. On other weekdays the convicts on the prison farm toiled until dark, but custom had established fewer working hours each Saturday because the guards wanted to get off early.

Schang lined the men up, saw them mount their mules, and then as the prisoners, riding four abreast, started down the farm road, he and Wilkens, the other guard, followed close behind. None of the striped figures in the two ranks muttered a word or looked about as they rode mechanically forward.

The mules moved a little faster than usual. Schang and Wilkens, grown somewhat careless with habit and absorbed in discussion, lagged a few yards behind.

The solemn party jogged across a wooden bridge. As they reached the tall grass on the opposite side, Blake saw Bert Little, Convict Number 493, give a quick, backward glance, dig his heels into the mule's belly, slap the animal's flank and wheel sharply out of the road. Blake followed suit. They plunged into the brush and rank grass at the bottom of the gully.

From behind came a sudden, furious storm of oaths, a clatter of hoofs and the scream of a stricken convict who had blundered into the path of the guards. Revolvers barked. A swift current of hot air stung Blake's cheek—a very close shot. He heard Schang cursing him as the big guard drew nearer. He saw Little throw up his arms as a bullet struck him and slip helplessly from the mule's back, falling awkwardly into the brush.

Little's excited mule checked the desperate pursuit of Schang and Wilkens. The delay meant everything to Blake, giving him time to reach the prison fence. He sprang from the animal's back, slipped through the barbed-wire strands and dashed into the heavy brush.

He ran for several minutes with a speed and endurance that astonished him. When nearly breathless, he slowed down to a fast walk.

Despite the intense strain, his mind had never worked more smoothly. He reasoned that the guards would expect him to leave the pasture by the north side, the natural exit. They would never look for him to come out on the west side, which was near

Leona and civilization. Well, he'd fool them. He chose the west side.

At dusk he reached the Turkey Creek ranch. Across the ribbon of black road stood a small, weather-beaten ranch house. There were no lights, no signs of life in the house or in the yard. It being Saturday, Blake decided that Green and his family had gone to Leona. They would remain in town for supper and the moving pictures. It would be at least three hours before they would return.

HE STEPPED cautiously out of the thicket and quickly crossed the road. The front screen door was unlocked, as he knew it would be, for in the ranch country of the Southwest the unlocked door is a sacred symbol of hospitality.

Blake stumbled down the hall that divided the house, groping his way into the strong-smelling kitchen and fumbling around the wood range until he found a match box. Then, a kerosene lamp in one hand, he began a search.

In the first bare, cheerless bedroom he found what he wanted. In disorder on the floor lay a pair of brown duck trousers such as ranchmen wear, a blue cotton shirt and a pair of boots. After a careful ransacking of the one clothes closet and the single bureau, he found enough to make a complete outfit of underwear and outer clothing.

Returning to the kitchen, he filled a canteen with water, took a quantity of cold corn-bread, a slab of bacon, an unopened sack of *frijoles*, a shaker of salt, a frying-pan and a box of matches.

"Gosh, this is luck! Couldn't have been better laid out for me. I need a gun, though; I reckon Will and the boys took all their firearms along to town."

He crammed his plunder into a heavy gunny sack, tied it with a bit of blue cord, blew out the lamp and departed by the rear door.

A born lover of animals, Jared Blake had a way with horses. They loved him no less than he loved them. Within ten minutes he had bridled and saddled the best stallion on the Turkey Creek ranch, a high-strung, magnificent sorrel. The big fellow rubbed his muzzle against his new master's shoulder as if they were old compan-

ions. Blake tied his sack of provisions and clothing to the back of the saddle, put his foot in the stirrup and swung astride with something of his old-time ease. Five minutes later the ranch house had melted into the darkness, and he and the stallion were headed towards the desert.

For the first few minutes Blake's mind was completely filled with the delight of freedom. The feel of the smooth-gaited horse beneath him, the sweetness of the rich summer air and the promise of varied adventure went to his head like strong wine. He hardly thought of the route he followed, for he knew it by heart, having traveled it again and again in boyhood. His perfect knowledge of the country was one point in his favor in the doubtful game he played.

"Old boy," he patted the stallion's neck affectionately, "let 'em bring out their bloodhounds if they want to. I reckon we can beat 'em, once we hit the desert."

After a while the fresh air made him feel somewhat sleepy. He was riding through a brushy, rolling country with not a light in view. It was safe to be at ease. He fell into a ruminative mood.

In his mind he saw a picture of himself three years before in the county courthouse at Cliff Springs. He was defendant in the case of the State *versus* Jared Blake. The prosecuting attorney was trying to prove that the said Blake had deliberately, with malice aforethought, shot and killed one Homer McCarroll.

Blake's own testimony seriously hurt him. He admitted that he had left his home at five o'clock on the afternoon of the killing, carrying a 30.30-caliber rifle, and that at seven-thirty he had returned with an empty cartridge in the rifle chamber. He admitted that a few days before he had had a quarrel with McCarroll and had told a neighbor, Tom Collins, that he "wouldn't put up with McCarroll much longer." It was proved that McCarroll had been killed between six and seven o'clock on a lonely cross road less than a mile from Blake's ranch house.

Blake explained that he had gone out hunting and had shot at a coyote. This appeared very weak. There was no one else on whom to fix any suspicion. Blake had been one of the most popular and respected young men in the county, but everybody realized that even good men occasionally



commit rash acts. After considering the case just one hour and twenty-six minutes, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The sentence was ten years' confinement at hard labor in the state penitentiary.

Blake recalled his trial with the deepest bitterness. He hadn't killed McCarroll; he hadn't even seen him on the day of the murder. He had told the truth, and his reward had been a ten years' sentence. He remembered numerous cases of certain men, the so-called "cattle kings," who had committed murder again and again and had never spent a day in jail. A little money and influence could accomplish wonders with a jury. But if the defendant was a Mexican, a negro or a poor white, he might expect the worst. With his kind, the law was harsh.

If Blake had engaged a shrewd criminal lawyer, admitted killing McCarroll and offered the usual excuse of self-defense, he would have gone scot-free. But he had relied upon the plain facts, simply and frankly told. He had never imagined he would be convicted. It was this knowledge, learned too late, that filled him with extreme bitterness.

He suddenly thought of his wife. His back straightened, and he spoke in a hard, deliberate voice, a voice that would have terrified a stranger:

"I ain't the only one who's had a raw deal. I reckon Helen's been harder hit, she bein' a woman. She was nearly disgraced account of me, then she had to sell the place, then she spent nearly every penny tryin' to get me out. She's been true blue, stickin' to me every minute. When her money gave out, she got a job—first sewin', then clerkin' in Smith's Drug Store, then waitin' on the table in the Hopkins House, doin' first one thing and then another, waitin' till I'd get out. Think of my wife waitin' on somebody else's table! Poor kid!"

"It ain't every woman who's got Helen's grit. I'll do my darndest to make up for the sufferin' she's been through."

**H**IS THREE YEARS in the penitentiary had been a continual nightmare. Used to the clean, free, open life of the plains, his contact with so much filth, misery and cruelty had made his soul sick.

Wild animals in a menagerie were treated better than the prisoners. A new guard who proved lenient or kindly was promptly "fired." If a convict "talked back" to anybody in authority, the unlucky man was lashed with a rope or quirt, kicked down or

hit on the head with a revolver butt. The guards often amused themselves by making the police dogs attack the prisoners. Another favorite punishment was to tie a convict's wrists with a chain, swing him up until his toes barely touched the floor and leave him for several hours.

If a prisoner escaped unhurt, the guard in charge immediately lost his job. Blake smiled as he thought of Schang's probable fate. The guards were not content with mere bloodshed or maiming. To kill was their main ambition. Some boasted of many notches upon their rifles. Blake himself had seen more than one prisoner shot down in cold blood after he had surrendered.

#### OLD BUT WICKED

**A**LTHOUGH he was a feeble man  
He did a wicked thing,  
And hence they led him through the gate  
To lock him in the Wing,  
For he who does an evil deed  
Is heir to suffering.  
He did not bow his head in shame,  
Nor lift it in pretense,  
Nor did his dim and nervous eye  
Show mark of penitence,  
But spake of that antipathy  
Which duly brought him hence.  
His look told of his hidden wrongs  
And bared his dire need;  
He was a victim, proud and vain,  
Of wretchedness and greed—  
And therefore, though a feeble man,  
He did the wicked deed.

—No. 12148.

"Now they're after me," he muttered, "and they'll murder me just like the others if they can." He stroked the stallion's mane. "It's a long, long way to the Rio Grande, but we got to get there, somehow. The only place for me now is Mexico."

Dawn found him in the desert, riding warily, watching carefully in every direction. He knew that several posses would be scouring the country for him. A few hours' sleep in the early morning had refreshed him somewhat, and he felt prepared for a day of hard work.

About two hours after sunrise, he turned to survey the desert behind him, and barely within range of his sight were four horsemen, riding towards him.

He glanced about quickly. A short distance to his right was a knoll covered with brush high enough to conceal the stallion. Elsewhere the desert was mostly level with here and there a patch of short, scraggy brush.

The knoll was his only chance. He believed the posse had not seen him. He dismounted cautiously, led the stallion to the thorny haven and waited.

A few minutes later the party came trotting along, almost over the very trail he had followed. Their short rifles gleamed in the sunshine. They were heavily armed, armed as if they expected an encounter with a gang of bandits.

"They sure must think I'm dangerous," Blake whispered to himself, smiling grimly, "and I ain't even got a gun."

As soon as they had disappeared, he left his hiding place and started in a southerly direction, riding as hard as he dared make the stallion go. He wanted to put as much distance as possible between the posse and himself.

He had never been in that part of the desert he now entered. To make his plight worse, the sky became overcast with a dull, grey curtain of cloud, an unusual happening, hiding the sun. He became confused as to his directions. After a while he realized that he was lost, hopelessly lost.

He considered gravely what he should do. There was nothing to gain by waiting where he was until the sky cleared, and he decided to go on, following as nearly straight a course as possible.

As the day wore on, the sun did not come forth from the wide, grey mantle. At nightfall Blake was as much lost as ever and considerably more worried. He succeeded in finding a small pool of dark water, from which he reluctantly allowed the stallion to drink.

The next morning the sun came up brilliantly. He had no idea where he was, but he selected what he believed was the best course and struck out boldly.

It grew fiercely hot. The sun beat down mercilessly on horse and rider. Blake had to shut his eyes now and then to fight off the blinding glare. They were traveling across a boundless sea of blistering yellow sand, flecked here and there with the lean, scrubby brush. Nowhere was there any sign of life, nothing but desolation and weary monotony.

Thoughts of his trial and conviction continued to haunt him. All the time one question hammered persistently at his mind. Who had killed Homer McCarroll?

He had never forgotten a rumor that had reached him from Helen while he was in the penitentiary. A discharged Mexican servant of George Withers had told a neighbor that Withers had killed McCarroll. Helen had tried to find the servant, but failed. He had gone to Mexico, some-



body had told her. Then the matter had been dropped.

Withers, Blake recalled, was a typical "bad man," a killer of the most reckless type. He had been successful in a half-dozen gun fights. Quarrelsome, vindictive, treacherous, his powerful hulk was feared throughout the ranch country, although now and then, through some strange inconsistency in his character, he had done things of real kindness and generosity. If he had killed McCarroll, what was the reason? Blake had never heard of any difficulty between the two men. Yet the more he pondered the question, the more his intuition told him that Withers had done the killing.

"I reckon it don't make much difference, anyhow," he spoke aloud. "All I care about now is reachin' Mexico. Once I get a foothold down there, I can send for Helen, and we'll make a new start. One thing's sure: I'm through with this rotten country for always."

As the hours passed, his hopes grew. There were no signs anywhere of human habitation, and he apparently had followed the right direction. He calculated that one more day of traveling would take him to the Mexican border.

WHEN HE CAMPED that night, he allowed himself very little water. His canteen was almost empty.

He was off again at daybreak. Both he and the stallion were stiff and weary with exertion and severely thirsty. The scorching heat waves danced vividly all about them. The desert became a vast caldron of burning sand, an earthly inferno. As they staggered forward, a coat of fine, white dust covered them.

Driven along by sheer force of will, he began wondering if the game was worth the candle. He prayed earnestly for strength enough to hold out a little while longer. He rode solemnly, shoulders drooped, face downward.

After what seemed a century, the horse suddenly halted. Blake raised his eyes. For several minutes he could only stare in dumb surprise. Then a great wave of disappointment and despair swept through him.

There, in a wide, saucer-like depression below him, were the charred, desolated remains of what had once been the village of Lipan. Not one building contained a roof or a solid wall. A scourging fire, irresistible on account of the scanty water supply, had plunged through the town seven years before, leaving complete ruin in its wake. Today there was not a person or an animal in the place. It was entirely deserted.



—From the etching by John W. Cotton.  
"PASADENA BRIDGE"

Lipan was less than twenty miles from the state penitentiary. With a sick heart, Blake realized his blunder. Instead of riding in a straight line away from the Turkey Creek ranch, he had made a wide circle in the desert and had returned to a point not far from the prison.

He felt beaten now, utterly beaten. Both he and the stallion were extremely tired, and it would be almost impossible to make a fresh start and get away. The ride would be too long and difficult.

"I reckon I'm about at the end of my rope," he sighed.

Poignant memories began to crowd into his mind, for Lipan had once been his home. There on Hill Street in a little four-room shell of a house,

now only a mass of black debris, he had courted Helen. A block farther down the street stood the stark outlines of the church in which they had been married. He vividly recalled hours of light-hearted pleasure and gayety, Helen's laughter, his endless pranks and the gentle banter of their friends. Oh, those had been happy days!

He suddenly saw that his own tragic experience was like the fate that had befallen Lipan. His life was a ruin, a blackness, a place deserted by happiness and hope. As he gazed upon the charred ruins of the houses and the empty, lonely streets, the thought came to him that he was looking into his own heart.

He closed his eyes to dream a while.

(Continued on page 571)



# A Worker In Aquatint

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

I HAVE sometimes wondered if being born in California were not something of a handicap to an artist. Familiarity serves to make even the beauty of California something to be accepted rather than rejoiced over, and certainly those artists who come to us, seeing California for the first time, have an enthusiasm which clothes even the commonplace in new beauty. They have a freshness of vision which finds a theme worthy of their art where a dyed-in-the-wool Californian might go farther afield.

John W. Cotton of Glendale is one of those artists of other birth who, having served his apprenticeship elsewhere, comes homing to California. Extraordinarily versatile, he is finding outlet for his appreciation of her beauty through a variety of channels. Paintings in oil and watercolor, etchings, drypoints, color aquatints—even the sister arts of poetry, music and drama—all attest his love for the state which has been his for less than a decade.

I used the term apprenticeship. Perhaps I am too much inclined to feel that the artist does not really become a master until he has felt the inspiration of the West, but if they were apprentice years they were years of glorious achievement nevertheless. There was a period in Chicago, commenced with study at the Art Institute which furthered the study begun at the Art Students' League of Toronto, and continuing into a residence of nearly twenty years. In 1911 Cotton and his wife went abroad for a year's work in England and Belgium, returning in 1912 for a five years' stay in his home city of Toronto.

During these years there came to him increasing recognition. Exhibiting in all the important centers in the United States and Canada, appearing as well in many of the important European exhibitions, he was the recipient of many prizes and Honorable Mentions. His prints have had showing in the Royal Academy of London, and are included in many of the prominent private collections as well as in the libraries, museums and galleries. Proof of his recognition is found, too, in his admittance to membership in the representative art organizations of the country. He is a member of The Chicago Society of Etchers; The Print Makers of California; The California Art Club; The California Water Color Society—he is secretary of this organization—and in recogni-

tion of his high ideals of friendship and loyalty among artists he was last year made the first president of the newly organized Painters' and Sculptors' Club of Los Angeles. This is a body similar in purpose to the famous Salmagundi Club of New York; and the Palette and Chisel Club, of which he was a member while in Chicago.

This artist's talents are too varied, cover too wide a field, for exposition here. The story must concern itself alone with his work in etching, where his achievements have been sufficient to content any less indefatigable worker, any man who cared less for the art itself.

BEFORE ME as I write hangs a collection of his work, comprising examples in drypoint, in etching, in color-aquatint; a group which—varied as it is—only slightly intimates the scope of his work in this field. There is an exquisite church interior done at St. Pere, France, in which the detail of the sculptured arches is subordinated to the purity of line of the slender columns. There is his "Old Houses, Chester, England," full of the homely color of the ancient streets. Again there is the "Canal in Bruges," where the somnolence of the old city breathes from every line. This print, too, displays a balanced handling of mass and line, a gradation of tone, a feeling of



—From the color-aquatint by John W. Cotton.

"BELFRY OF BRUGES"



color, which places it far above the usual black and white.

Here, too, is his latest plate, a dramatic handling of the familiar "Pasadena Bridge." The bold sweep of the arch rises to a storm-ridden sky, reflected in the quiet water of the stream. Here the etcher has combined with his own art drama, poetry and music.

I think it is, however, in John Cotton's aquatints that he most clearly reveals the poetry of his nature. Certainly his "Birthplace of Jean d'Arc, Domremy," is a revelation of spiritual beauty which must be a reflection of the artist's own ideals and aspirations. It is a nocturne, the wall of the simple cottage bathed in moonlight which falls through the partly shadowing trees. One glowing window relieves

the cold purity of the moonlight. There is peace and quiet. There is in the picture that mysticism which animated the Maid of Orleans, and from the luminous shadows the Maid herself might almost be expected to appear.

Quite different is the "Pottery Painter," a fragment of our own Southwest. The pueblo wall, the trodden ground, flooded with the brilliant sunshine show scarcely a shadow save where the Indian artisan sits decorating the olla which she holds upon her knee. It is a happy thing, holding nothing of the pathos which actuates his etching of "Acoma Pueblo." And here again is that luminous depth of color, judicious handling of line and mass, which makes these aquatints splendid expressions of fine art.

Few etchers have either the technical skill or the patience requisite to the successful production of the aquatint. It is an art as far beyond the line etching as that is beyond the pencil sketch. It is an art which demands pure love of the work for its own sake. Perhaps when the present apathy of the public is replaced by that appreciative fervor which will mean support of the arts there may be an incentive to other etchers to follow in the footsteps of the little group led by this artist of the south. Certainly few things could be more effective in dissipating public apathy than these exquisite creations of John W. Cotton of Glendale.

## Music and Musicians

By ELEANOR EVEREST FREER M.M.

IT WOULD BE bringing coals to Newcastle, to review current events in music, considering the able work done in this line by music critics on our daily papers and periodicals. The question of the development of National Opera, as a part of Art, must be discussed, however. May I draw attention to the *Quarterly Review* (London) of October, 1924, on "Opera in England?" It is the first on this theme, though, "Music & Letters" (London) has also written on the subject.

It is of importance to return to Ethel Smyth's "Memories." She made a number of interesting statements, among them: "In my work I never lost my sense of humor"—and I can repeat it; for otherwise, I would not be at my present occupation. She also states: "The permanent quality of an artist's work depends in some mystical manner on the genuineness and multiplicity of his points of contact with life. More than this is needful, of course—the not wholly negligible matter of talent, and adequate technical equipment." Even Wagner declared: "Technique must be acquired, but that which technique represents must be inborn." These lines will be seen to be apropos following my further discussion, for, as a true grand-daughter of Cornelius Bradford Everest, a clergyman, it seems as though my mental rambles must continue along the path of preaching our duty towards our National Art. "Dante believed with Aristotle, that vigorous minds were intended by nature to rule, and that certain races, like certain men, are born to leadership." If we are to lead—

why not in Art, as well as in Science and Business? "If we live, if we write, if we publish, on how mere a contingency hangs success" the very interest, however, must be appreciation—and this alone gives the prestige

### A MAN IS RICH

WHAT though my hut hath a lowly thatch?

The sunlight in my garden pours  
As bright as ever it shines in yours.  
My heart's as light and my song as gay  
As yours dare be in your chosen way.  
My Love's as sweet and her heart  
as true

As any lassie can be to you.  
Your walk's no wider than is my path—

A man's as rich as the dreams he hath.  
—Irma Grace Blackburn.

necessary to a nation's development in Art.

RECENTLY, the anthropologists dug up evidence of an unknown race away up in Siberia or northeastern Russia. But it ended there—as there was nothing but bones to be found. When Tutankamen's tomb was opened there was found the history of his race, plus the bones! And why? Because the Egyptians loved and fostered the Art of their country, and it is *only* through Art that one has history.

Hugo Riesenfeld, in his *Outlook* Article of October 29, 1924, "Music as a Vocation for Americans," states that "The American can, now, afford to be a musician," and brings very glowing accounts of the jazz bands and their efficiency as well as earning capacity, here and abroad. Undoubtedly the work of those demanding prestige

for Art in this country is helping the Cause; but in the higher sphere of musical or other Art there is much work yet to be done, and if a few are satisfied with conditions as they are, others feel more must still be accomplished. The public must know conditions *as they are*, not as we hope to have them; nor as people say they are. We must become critics, compare without bias, and then give the prior chance to the American, if Art is here to flourish. This excludes nothing—it merely includes our country in the great international and artistic horizon. To return to Wagner's remark: Given the born talent, acquiring the necessary technique takes time and money. The returns from the higher forms of music here have not been such as to make a livelihood from this profession possible.

Three answers alone, from the Publisher, in the past, concerning manuscripts of the higher grade:

"Write down or simplify."

"Not available for the catalogue."

"If we want good music, we import it."

This shows well our attitude towards everything foreign; and unless the American musician has a good student following, exceptional publicity or backing, it has been nothing but a struggle, if not a change of name or country.

We do not mean to eliminate all difficulty from the artist's life—that being part of his development—but we desire a change of attitude toward the creative American when he offers work of high order and on a level with his foreign colleague.



# The Final Truce

By JOSEPH LAWRENCE BYRD

**D**EFT ORDERLIES slipped noisily about Ward 251 of the County Hospital, rapidly removing breakfast trays, and six men bearing a total of four centuries and thirty-seven years settled back in their beds. Breakfast properly attended to a little rest was in order, for as soon as the room was cleaned Pickett's cohorts would thunder out from under Bed Two to make an heroic assault on the Gettysburg of Bed One, while an enfilading and flanking fire poured with devastating effect from Bed Three, would complete the rout and ruin of that valiant southern general. Already under Bed Four Sherman's legions were champing and fretting to be away on their historic pilgrimage to the sea.

Bed One supported the withered form of the eldest of the six, eighty years and three months. His head was covered by a knit bed-cap with a tassel, similar in shape and design to those worn by tobogganers. His attenuated arms rested on the coverlet while his jaws clamped down in toothless crunch until the lower lip almost touched his nose. The eyes showed his age most, as they peered restlessly from reddened lids.

Bed Three contained Seventy-Nine, the most able ally of Eighty-and-Three. He was a tall man, evidently had been a stalwart one in his day, and his head, too, was adorned by a cap similar to that of the patriarch, but in more flamboyant colors. In Bed Four was Seventy-Five, the youth of the quartette, but only by his cronies would he have been considered young and spry. He had had a beard before Mac, the nurse, had ruthlessly removed it in the interests of sanitation and cleanliness. A bald poll and a long, hooked nose were his most distinguishing features.

The insurgent, the Johnny Reb, of this ward was found in Bed Two and his years were next to those of the patriarch, lacking a scant three months of being equal to them. Eighty had been a southerner, a follower of Lee, and, by his own admission, had been of inestimable support and aid to virtually all of the Southern generals. He was outnumbered three to one, but his shrill, quavering voice would pipe Morgan to startling raids in defiance of history and tradition, and often to the discomfiture of his three opponents.

The other two occupants of the ward—a couple of young squirts of sixty-one and sixty-two—were on the opposite side of the room in Beds Six and Seven. They were interested

spectators and usually combed their venerable beards in silence while the quartette fought years of strife again, reformed the income tax, settled the league of nations, enforced the prohibition laws and attended to divers other duties that have been worrying the heads of nations. Sixty-One and

begin the conversation and succeeded without being contradicted or denied by his elders, thereby establishing a new ward record.

"That fresh young kid!" he snorted. "Derned if he didn't take my terbaccer the day I came in, and I hain't had a chew for two weeks, dang him!"

"Me neither," agreed Seventy-Nine, while Eighty and Eighty-and-Three



JOHN W. COTTON IN HIS STUDIO

Sixty-Two were not often given to joining the conversations; it had been impressed upon them that children should be silent in the presence of their elders.

Mac, making his morning rounds, cheerily entered the ward and immediately aroused hostilities.

**G**OOD MORNING, Boys," he sang out. Eighty-and-Three surged up on one elbow and waved his right hand with valiant gesture.

"Boys! Boys!" he quavered in disgust. "Boys! Where'd Uncle Sam get his army?"

"What army?"

"Army of the Potomac" promptly shouted the outraged patriarch.

"What army was that?" demanded Mac, and then fled as Beds Three and Four gave evidences of a violent upheaval, and from Bed Two there came shrill yipps which disclosed that Robert E. Lee was about to reinforce Grant and Sherman. In the general commotion Seventy-Five ventured to

nodded as if this outrage were of the very latest date. It was not; it was old and had been a subject of morning discussion for two weeks. The deprivation had not gone so far as to cause open revolt, but the insult to the Army of the Potomac smarted deeply and Seventy-Five was evidently planning some desperate stand.

Eighty-and-Three was seething under the sting of Mac's ignorance regarding the greatest of all fighting forces in the greatest conflict of all time.

"What army was that, heh?" he mumbled. "What army! He knew danged well what army. Jest bein' fresh—"

Seventy-Nine opened up on his own line of conversation which happened to be the same as that of Eighty-and-Three.

"Everybody knows what army. Everybody. Army of the Potomac was the greatest army in the world, and everybody knows that," he announced.



Eighty considered the matter gravely.

"Well, one o' the greatest. Yes, it was one o' the greatest armies in the world."

Eighty-and-Three rolled to his left and lifted himself up to gaze with speechless indignation at Eighty. Of course, but what could one expect of a danged old Rebel, any way? Suppose he thought Lee's army was better? Well, now was the time to crush his irrefutable argument. Seventy-Nine had rolled to his right and was gazing with almost horror at Eighty, who was preparing further speech to bear out his radical theory. Eighty was willing to admit that the Army of the Potomac had been a great army, for it was not seemly that Lee's unparalleled forces should have been defeated by an insignificant host. To these four the Army of the Potomac was symbolical of the entire Union forces. Eighty was about to open the argument in earnest when Seventy-five, at the end of the row, again demanded attention.

"I'm goin' to call that fresh nurse here and I'm goin' to tell him I want my chewin'!" he declared.

Three forms struggled up in bed at this show of battle, and three aged bodies were hauled to sitting positions, ready to give such support as this daring youth might need. Seventy-Five crawled to the edge of the bed, one hand grasping its head with what was intended to be a firm grip, while the other sought the signal cord suspended a couple of feet away. Ordinarily it was fastened to the head of the bed, but the night nurse had untied it for some reason and had forgotten to replace it. Seventy-Five had made his precarious way until his fingers touched the cord and it moved away from him. This left the daring one perched perilously on the edge of the bed and Seventy-Nine hastened to give physical assistance.

He, too, grasped the head of his bed and sought with feeble arm to hold the slipping form of the other. But both leaned too far and two aged bodies slid out of bed to rest on the floor. Mac, hearing the noise, rushed in. He deftly picked up Seventy-Nine, and quickly placing him in bed, tucked his covers about him and then gave like service to Seventy-Five. With a word of caution he turned to go about his duties when Seventy-Five stopped him.

"Hey, you! We want our terbaccer! We want our chewin'!"

"You boys mustn't chew. You're all too young."

Speechless indignation suffused

through three, but the head of steam which Eighty-and-Three had raised over the previous insult was sufficient to carry him into vocal action.

"Young! Young! Ye danged whippersnapper! I was chewin' terbaccy when yer granddaddy was a pup."

Mac laughingly sought safety in flight and semi-quiet settled over the ward to be broken when Seventy-Nine attempted voice for his indignation.

"Young! I been chewin' for more'n sixty year!"

"More'n sixty year; yes, more'n that," agreed Eighty.

"Jes' about that; jes' about it." This from Seventy-Five.

Eighty-and-Three mumbled his gums reflectively; he meditated severe revenge and in fact was considering having his grandson send up his eldest boy to put this young upstart of a nurse in his place and to see that a patient had his rights, like proper respect for age and chewing tobacco.

The doughty quartette formed the subject of the morning's discussion when the superintendent met with his two assistants for the daily discussion of cases.

"There's not much we can do for any of those old men," said the hospital head. "All of them may be on their last beds, and then a little rest and quiet may bring strength so that they can get about again for a while. The fact is that all are simply going to pieces gradually—"

"That oldest one, Carpenter, or Clement, has weak blood," suggested the first assistant.

"That's right, the blood test does show it. Now which one—"

"Carpenter is the eldest; Clement is that old Southerner. Fact is they are about the same age. Only a couple of months difference." This from the house physician, who had closest contact with all the patients.

"Carpenter, then, is eighty, and while a blood transfusion is not serious it has complications with a man as old as he is," mused the superintendent. "However, I don't see why it can't be done. In this man's condition it undoubtedly will prolong life and the operation does not carry such a great risk."

"The anaesthetic is the only thing," put in the first assistant.

"Well, we've used it on men as old as this one," said the head. Then to the house physician: "Have you in mind any one who will supply the blood? You've had Carpenter's specimens under the glass and have watched the tests and you know what he needs."

"That part will be easy," replied the house doctor. "Any good strong young man whose blood is not tainted will do. In fact any of our nurses—Mac, or Eddie—oh, any of them. We won't need a lot to fix Carpenter up like a two-year-old."

"All right. You get everything ready and we'll do it, say—this is Monday—well, we'll fix the old boy up Wednesday morning at eleven."

And so was arranged a new lease on life.

MEANWHILE Eighty-and-Three was exceedingly busy moving Meade's columns to vantage points around Bed One, to repulse the vicious attack being made by Pickett's forces, just then in full sweep from Bed Two, under the inspired guidance of that military genius, Eighty. The latter was about to fling Morgan's cavalry to support the crumbling right wing of Pickett's men, although he well knew that such high-handed procedure with history would only result in redoubled assault—front and rear—with Sherman's legions and Meade's hosts clawing away at him vengefully.

Across the room Sixty-Two had been struggling with a desire to break forth in speech. His fingers combed gently at his beard and his lips moved as though he were framing important words. He cleared his throat and trusted his all on one venture.

"Now Pickett's charge was not a good military move," he began. "It's known that it was unnecessary and that it did no good—" and his voice trailed off as eight baleful eyes bored away at him. Pickett's forces were forgotten and left wandering helplessly in the shambles that rested between Beds One and Two. Meade's army, confronted with annihilation by the sweeping pressure of Pickett's ferocity, faced utter rout without a leader. The thunder of guns died away; the rattle of drums failed and stillness succeeded the turmoil of battle. Seventy-Five ceased marshalling Sherman's troops preparatory to entering this great war.

Sixty-two was as restless as a young boy caught in the jam closet. His fingers twitched in his gray beard and his eyes gazed helplessly about. He was in for it and he knew it.

"This charge couldn't be done, and if Pickett hadn't tried it, there would have been that many more men left to fight next day," he went on bravely enough when Eighty waved stop with an arm that once could have been mighty.

"Where'd you all get yo'r info'ma-



tion? What regiment was you all in?" he demanded.

"Well, of course, now—" fumbled Sixty-Two. "Well, all I know's what my father told me."

Four gasps of horror were heard, and then Eighty-and-Three grasped the full significance of the remark.

"He, He, He! Heh, Heh, Heh!" he cackled. "He, He, He! Did ye ever! His father told him!"

Eighty's horror changed to senile guffaws and he, too, caught the full humor. His blast of cackles reinforced the weakening outburst of his elder enemy and the whole was swelled almost to a laughter point by the twin explosions from Seventy-Nine and Seventy-Five. Here was something rich; this young squirt, just because he had hair on his face, was instructing his elders; telling them what Pickett should have done because his father said so. Telling them—they who knew!

Four attenuated figures were struggling into sitting postures, and Sixty-Two's face was red, and into his beard he mumbled words that sounded like "Old Fools!" "Danged old they don't know nothin'!" Sixty-One longed to rush to his aid even as boy companions would comfort one another when upbraided by some elder not of the immediate family. But Eighty-and-Three was waving a gnarled hand for the silence of his companions.

"So, your daddy told ye, did he, eh? Your daddy told ye?" He piped away at Sixty-Two. "Well, let me tell ye! I knows all about that there charge! I knows all about it, I wants ye to know for—I was there!" Having fired this broadside, Eighty-and-Three sank triumphantly back into his bed.

But Eighty had a shot or two in his caissons.

"An' I was there, too"

Seventy-Nine and Seventy-Five opened with small arms.

"And so was I!"

"And me, too!"

Sixty-Two reached for a book to hide his confusion in pretended reading, but he knew he was as utterly routed as he was wont to rout his grandchildren when they displayed too great knowledge on important topics. Only the edge of his beard, trembling as his jaws worked impotently, appeared below his book.

The house physician stalked into the ward and trampled across the remnants of the mighty Confederate army as it awaited the return of its intrepid general. The doctor came to an abrupt halt standing squarely in the midst of the defensive formation

of the Union troops arranged as they should have been if Meade had known his business.

"Good morning, Daddy," he said to Eighty-and-Three. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Pretty good, Doctor, but I don't seem so peart as I used to be. Now I seem to eat all right, but once in a while I get a pain in my back and then my leg ain't quite so strong and I don't seem to breathe like I used to—"

"Well, we're going to fix you up right away," interrupted the doctor, bringing this recitative on ailments to a halt. "Day after tomorrow we are going to operate on you a little. Oh, it won't be much; just a blood transfusion. You blood's a little thin and we're going to fix it up fine for you."

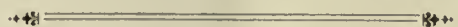
"Give me more blood, is that it, Doc?" asked Eighty-and-Three as he peered at the young physician. "Reckon that's what ails me?"

"That's the main thing; but don't worry over it. It's simple and will only take a couple of minutes. No pain—nothing to worry you at all."

"I ain't worryin' none." And Eighty-and-Three crunched his jaws and squinted his eyes seriously. "Where you goin' to git the blood?"

"That'll be all arranged for you. You just rest easy and we'll fix you up so you can be running foot races this summer."

And he departed, but serious thoughts filled the minds of the six left behind him. An operation at eighteen is such a trivial matter; is of little importance at thirty; has a tinge of seriousness at fifty, but at eighty it is more—oh, so much more. It is the gateway which may close out the past and at eighty there is so little but the past to live for. Youth clings to the present that it may enjoy the pleasures of the future, but eighty clings to the present that it may glean anew the



#### AGE AND YOUTH

THEY call him mad that he is young,  
And barefoot, lightly goes his way,  
Whistling the notes the birds have sung  
Nor lets tomorrow cloud today.

They ask convention-prisoned feet  
That dully mark the beat of time:  
A spirit habit-bound and meet  
To take a mold and wear the grime.

He reads their custom-haunted lips  
And finds no eager message there;  
A sudden fear his shoulder grips;  
"Theirs is the fate that all must share!"

The moons, once new, grow old and wan,  
And tyrant years will shackle me;  
But youth immortal will dance on  
Unchecked. Have ages tamed the sea?"

—Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.

pleasures of the past, and the present is so precious because there is so little of it.

GONE WERE the battles of other days; gone were the feuds, the bickerings, the quibblings—all banished from Ward 251 in the face of this common, and greater, enemy. Sixty-Two emerged from enforced silence, and even Sixty-One ventured to join the conversation. Peace was here and Eighty-and-Three was stilled in his dictating by the common hush mingled with gentle foreboding as to what Wednesday morning might bring. Eighty was moved to dwell in anecdote in that past so dear to them.

"There's one Yank I've always wanted to meet," he said. "One I played a mean sorta trick on, and when I left him he was the maddest man you ever seen in all your born days. He, He, He! He *was* mad!"

"It happened just a few days after Gettysburg and we had retreated and my regiment was in the rear fightin' and I got ketched and taken prisoner to the Yank camp. I was there for about a week—or maybe more—and then I got a chance to skip away one afternoon. I snuck out o' the stockade and slipped down the crick, hidin' in the brush. Fact is I didn't see how I could get fur away, for I didn't have no shoes and didn't know where I was goin' to get any. He, He, He! I got 'em, though."

"Well, I sneaked along the creek and got 'bout a half mile—or mebbe it was a mile—from camp and I sees a lone Yank splashing around in the water. He had skipped out to get a bath and as everybody knew our army was nowhere close jest then, why he wasn't takin' much chance. Anyway, I figgers that he must have shoes and maybe some terbac' and so I crawls along through the brush and got to where his clothes was. Jest as I figgered his clothes was piled up, with his gun nearby and almost a new pair o' shoes."

"That Yank was busy washin' and I slips on the shoes and they almost fits. Kinda pinches my toes, I recollects, but good enough for me as I wasn't so durned particular right then. So I went through the pockets and I——"

"An' ye swiped my terbaccy, too! That's what ye did!" Engrossed in the tale, all had forgotten Eighty-and-Three and none had noticed him as he raised up in bed during the progress of the narration. His enfeebled shriek brought them back to attention.

"Y" not only swiped my new shoes,



# Painter of "The Trail of Paradise"

By L. B. EVERETT

WHEN THE WORK of a California artist attracts such attention in Europe that the editors of *La Revue Moderne* and *La Revue du Bon et du Beau* write for material for critical and biographical articles; when the art critic of the *London Post* commends the work as among the most striking at the autumn exhibit at Liverpool, Californians are interested but not surprised. Goddard Gale's paintings have long been known to lovers of art. The painter has won medals at various exhibits, notably the *Grande Prix* at the Alaskan-Yukon Exhibition. His paintings of Carmel, Point Lobos, and the Sierras are in the permanent exhibit at the Oakland Auditorium and in other collections around the Bay.

From more than fifteen hundred pictures in the autumn exhibit at Liverpool, which is considered one of the most important in Europe, the judges selected thirty-four, including the paintings of Sargent, Sorolla-y-Bastida, Pissarro, Aman-Jean, and Charles Sims, R. A. Among them was *On the Trail to Paradise* by Goddard Gale, a scene in the Kings River country of the Sierras. The picture shows the late afternoon sunshine red on the snowy peaks in the distance and the blue and violet shadows on the canyon wall shaded with oaks and pines.

Goddard Gale is a versatile painter in water color and in oil; a conservative who has never forgotten his early training at South Kensington. He greatly admired the work of his friend, Sidney Yard, the California watercolorist, and the same poetic and romantic atmosphere pervades the pictures of both these artists. Of the Keith school, as was Yard, Gale also has the warmest admiration for the paintings of George Inness, and his oils show in the warmth of color and arrangement of masses the influence of the earlier painter.

Violets and yellows predominate on Goddard Gale's palette. He loves to contrast a slope bathed in sunshine or a golden sunset with the deep violet shade lingering under the California oaks, or to portray the mystery of a shadowed brook in a rich harmony of violet grays.



—From the painting by Goddard Gale.  
"A CARMEL NIGHT"

GODDARD GALE came rightfully by his talents. His mother's father was Joseph Severn, the artist, that Jonathan of friendship to whom Keats went when in failing health. On Severn's tombstone, beside the grave of the poet in Rome, is a palette with the words, "The friend of Keats".

Few Americans—Goddard Gale is a good American—have had so close an acquaintance with the great men of the Victorian period in England. His father, Frederick Gale, a parliamentary barrister, who knew intimately most of the great men of his day, was one of Gladstone's legal advisers and carried out the plans for some of

the greatest political campaigns, although curiously enough himself a staunch Conservative. Gale has many boyhood anecdotes of those campaigns and of those who fought in them.

The towering personality of Goddard Gale's boyhood, the closest of the family friends, was John Ruskin. Gale's uncle, Arthur Severn, married Ruskin's adopted daughter and niece, and still lives at Brantwood, the old Ruskin home. Severn, now in advanced years, is known as one of the greatest water-colorists of England.

As a boy Gale often visited a home between that of the eminent artist, Birket Foster, and Tennyson at Hazelmere, Surrey. Tennyson was often a visitor at the home, and Gale recalls a long ramble through the woods with the tall dark poet whom he remembers as the handsomest man he ever saw.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, a nephew of Matthew Arnold, was also a family friend, and another was Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. The Buckland brothers were immortalized as Brooke and East in Hughes's famous stories of English schoolboy life. The boy Gale loved to catch snakes for Buckland in vacation, and carried on his quests in the face of severe parental objections which included a search for concealed reptiles whenever the boy returned from a tramp.

Perhaps the love of the out-of-door then fostered led Goddard Gale early in life to Canada, where he lived for some years, making drawings for illustrated papers and seeing frontier life at its wildest. A fittingly romantic courtship and marriage have been followed by an ideally happy home life.

Gale loves to share with his friends his recollections of the interesting people he has known. He talks with Western directness in the diction of one trained from his childhood in the classics. In his sprightly anecdotes the Victorians of his boyhood live again.

but ye had to go and take my ter-baccy—"

"I only took part o' that plug," remonstrated Eighty. "I thought I was mighty kind-hearted to leave you anything."

"So you was that Yank? Well, I been hopin' to see you for nigh onto sixty year—"

"Yes, and I been hopin' to meet y', too, ye Pizen Rebel!"

Both found much to cackle over in

this ancient reminiscence almost forgotten in the passing of six decades. In that time empires had risen, flamed transcendent across the world and dropped into oblivion. Lives had been lived, tragedies and comedies enacted and yet these two saw nothing unusual in this first meeting in the twilight of life. But Eighty returned almost immediately to more pressing and present-day matters.

"I don't see where you lost all that

there blood," he said; "you hain't been wounded lately."

"Not since Antietam," answered Eighty-and-Three.

"Be you hurt bad then?"

"Yes, I got wounded at Antietam and I was shot pretty bad. Fact is I was out all night and I musta bled right consid'able. Seems funny I didn't notice it afore this."

"Reckon that was it?" queried Seventy-Nine.



"Must be it, all right. I hain't lost no great amount o' blood except that time and maybe because I was a strong young feller it wouldn't bother me any. Ye know how those things go. Ye get hurt and it don't bother ye for years and then ye find that it's hurt wusser'n ye thought."

"That's been quite a time, though," said Eighty. "Yep, it's quite a time."

"Well, what else could it been? That's the only time I ever lost any blood I knows about. Jest goes to show what a strappin' man I was."

And so the day went, and supper came and finally Sixty-Two engrossed in his book, essayed to pass the evening hours. It was only half after six and he could read for a while. But he found his attention wandering and his eyes flitted about to see four pairs of gleaming orbs fastened on him and the insistent pounding in his brain that he was keeping the old ones awake. He could almost feel them thinking:

"This young squirt, comin' in here and readin' to all hours o' the night. Here it is six-thirty and derned if he ain't keepin' right on readin' instead o' gettin' his sleep like he ought to. Got all day to read in and wants to read all night, too. Just like them young upstarts—never know when to go to bed."

Sixty-Two vainly tried to center his flagging interest again on his book, gave it up with a sigh, and signaled the nurse to turn out the lights.

Tranquil sleep descended on Ward 251.

In the morning Eighty was given to deep thought, while Eighty-and-Three was serious as befitted a man about to undergo an operation, and the others were quiet out of sympathy and also because they well knew it would not be proper for them to open the conversation. So breakfast passed and the room was cleaned, but Eighty's lips were moving and the mumbling sounds which came from them showed that he was contemplating speech, perhaps was rehearsing his lines, as it were. But he said nothing, and when the room was in order he called Mac to him and asked to be put in a wheel chair.

Wrapped in a heavy bathrobe, with a blanket tucked around his withering limbs, he took his station in the hallway and from the way his eyes kept peering about it was patent that he sought someone. The appearance of the house physician from a ward down the hall was the signal for Eighty to start his chair rolling towards the doctor.

"Mornin', Doctor," he said when he had reached the young medico.

"Morning, Daddy. How are you this morning?"

"Never felt better in my life." Then Eighty's lips and jaws moved in silent motion and he peered anxiously at the doctor.

"Goin' to operate on him tomorrow, Doctor?" The "him" was accompanied by a slight jerk of the head towards Ward 251.

"Yes, but don't let it worry you. It is not a serious operation."

"Ain't worryin' me none. Ain't worryin' me a bit. I was jest a-thinkin'—picked out somebody to get the blood from?"

"Well, not yet, Daddy. That's a simple matter, though—"

"That's what I want to talk to you about." Eighty peered about, saw a place near the elevator which was isolated from passing nurses and wheeled his chair there, followed by the doctor.

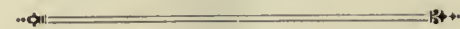
**N**OW DOCTOR, this here is an important matter and you wants to be sure you get somebody with jest the right kind o' blood. Now, I was jest a-thinkin'— You know I be younger'n he is?"

"Why, yes, a little."

"That's all right. He's the oldest. Now, Doctor, I am stronger—stronger'n I been for years—and I never felt better in my life. You know he (again the jerk of the head) lost a lot of blood at Antietam—"

"Antietam? Where's that?"

"I don't jest remember. Virginny,



#### SWIMMING AT THE DUNES

**N**AL THE water is good today, sharp with the tang of morning. My arms slip through it chillily.

Behind them my body moves, live and tingling with freedom.

I scarcely know my body, so light it is and free. Like a body in a dream it moves of itself.

Little ripples go before me on the smooth surface of the water, and a tiny whirlpool follows in my wake.

Behind me the crouching hills of the shore, still palpitant with dawn, move backward and away.

They are still beautiful, but here I am free of them.

Below me is crystal emptiness and above me the curved void of the sky.

On the near edge of space white clouds curl dreamily against the blue And gray gulls poise on the air.

Here where I float space grows more tangible, dividing the light, bearing me gently up.

My body is the water's cloud, its slanting gull.

My lumbering body is light as thought. It is as though I were dead—free, free!

—Eunice Tietjens.

I think—anyhow, in the war he was shot and was out all night and he bled right considerable."

"Oh, the Battle of Antietam—" and here the doctor was truly puzzled. "Was he wounded there?"

"Yep, that's where he lost that blood. Had a lot of it afore then. Now I been a-thinkin'— Seein' 's how I be the younger and as how I swiped his shoes once, and how well I be feelin' and that we're such good friends, that the best thing would be for me to help him out now, and so I figgered I'd ask you if I couldn't give him that—"

And Eighty hitched his chair closer to the doctor and peered anxiously at him, bending forward to hear. Desire to help a friend showed in every move, in every syllable of the halting speech. The doctor gazed at the aged man and saw an emaciated figure, wrapped on a warm day in heavy clothing to keep the faltering body warm, and the anxious, watery eyes, and then saw beyond it all that spirit that would risk the ever-precious vanishing present that the day of his friend might be prolonged. And the doctor grew even more gentle.

"Daddy, the superintendent has to decide on this," he said. "It isn't up to me. But, I tell you what I'll do—I'll talk to him and see if I can do anything for you."

"You'll talk to him for me?" came from anxious Eighty.

"Indeed I will. First thing this morning."

Eighty wheeled himself to his bed and shortly after was wrapped up in his covers. Efforts of Eighty-and-Three to draw him into conversation were failures. He was silent and thoughtful.

"Old Clement wants to go into the operating room and give up blood for Carpenter," said the house physician at the morning conference. "I don't know where he figures on getting it from; he hasn't more than a half pint himself."

The superintendent thoughtfully played with the pens on his desk.

"You say he actually wants to furnish the blood to build up old Carpenter?"

"Yes, and that isn't all. The old fellows have figured out that Carpenter lost his blood at the battle of Antietam."

"Hell's bells! I wasn't born then!"

"None of us were. Anyway, Clement has decided that since Carpenter lost his blood in battle, and also that Clement swiped his shoes somewhere, he ought to give up the blood."

(Continued on page 573)



# A Gift of Song

By BRENDA LANE GRAY

TO SING, to play, as thousands do, for one's own amusement solely; to possess for years only the slight talent in music of the multitude; then to awake suddenly to intense desire for expression and to find that desire almost as suddenly fulfilled—isn't that a fairy tale? To Hazel Knapp Luke of Berkeley, California, it seems more than a fairy tale. It is little less than a miracle.

That Nevada town to which Hazel Knapp was born is one of those tiny hamlets casually dropped down in the midst of a lonely expanse of sand and sage-brush, a desert town. It was then as it is now, a town with little to offer in the way of entertainment, almost nothing in the line of culture. There was the occasional dance, open to all the folk of the country about, held in the hall above the general store. There was an occasional entertainment in the schoolhouse. The usual small-town orchestra furnished the music, an orchestra made up of a barber-violinist, a grocer-trombonist and like homely talent.

A normal child in such an environment has little chance for cultural advantages. A child physically handicapped would seem to have no opportunity at all, and Hazel Knapp was severely at a disadvantage. Physically normal at birth, in some unexplained way the eyesight was lost before she was a month old. Not entirely lost. There was still a vestige of sight, enough so that the little girl could make her way about as she grew older. At very close range she could make out the faces of her friends. To the casual observer there was no evidence of the almost total blindness which possessed her, so nearly complete that friends passing her close by on the street remained unrecognized. Special glasses enabled her, with difficulty, to read. Schooling, education such as the usual child receives, remained an impossibility, although education she had. Color, as the normal person knows it, was—and still remains—an unknown quantity. The girl knew it only as a vibration, pleasing or otherwise as the colors to the normal eye harmonized or clashed.

But Hazel Knapp had a voice, and she had a piano. Not much of a voice, perhaps. Probably only the usual voice of the usual small-town girl. Nor was her playing remarkable. The Hazel Knapp of today—now Mrs. William J. Luke—does not remember who made known to her the keys of

the piano, or if anyone did. The piano, as her lack of physical vision, has been always a part of her life. She had a very brief period of voice culture, but—with small-town disadvantages—it could not have amounted to very much.



HAZEL KNAPP LUKE

AND so Hazel Knapp's one talent was a very ordinary one, with no indication that there *might* be something more in store. A slight indication, perhaps. There was a time, when she was eleven, when she had a strong desire to compose for the piano.

She had the theme in her mind but she did not know how to go about setting it down. Knowing nothing of notes or musical markings, she procured a sheet of music and laboriously figured out the method of setting forth a composition in visual form. It was completed—her father procured for her from San Francisco a supply of staff-ruled paper—and sent to some Chicago publisher. With no acknowledgment from the house, not even the return of the manuscript, interest waned and the desire for composition disappeared.

With the removal of the family to San Francisco bay there came wider interests. Eventually there came Hazel Knapp's marriage. Young mining engineers are seldom wealthy, and this was a marriage which did not promise ease and luxury. Because engineers are possessed of roving commissions it meant no little moving about. It meant for Hazel Knapp Luke the responsibilities of a homemaker under difficulties, the responsibilities of a mother.

Left frequently alone, for her husband's profession made prolonged absences necessary, there arrived an increasing unrest. Few women can content themselves entirely with home interests, even when not alone. Mrs. Luke was doubly alone, for her physical lack enforced a certain amount of isolation, and with isolation came the desire vague and unformulated for something to occupy her mind.

Along in 1921 Mr. Luke was sent by certain interests on a confidential mission to Columbia, and Mrs. Luke joined him at Bogota. The little group of exiles there warmly welcomed the new arrivals. At the hotel where they stopped Mrs. Luke found the English speaking exiles hungry for music, the homeland songs. And so, lightly as she held her slight ability to sing and play, Mrs. Luke night after night sang and played to these homesick boys.

One evening as she sat at the piano there came a knock at the door and a woman's voice asking permission to enter and listen. "I've been listening to you from my room for several evenings, until I felt I must come." It was the famous pianist, Marie Carerras, and from her Mrs. Luke received the first genuine encouragement she ever had. There was born to her in this out-of-the-way city of the south a burning desire, and with this encouragement it was borne in upon her that

## THE GARDEN OF LOVE

To Josephine Wilson-Jones

(From a song by Hazel Knapp Luke.)

A LITTLE wee voice called to me,  
"I've a wonderful story to tell.  
'Tis whispered by all of the rose-buds  
To the Butterflies down in the dell.  
Come into the Garden of Love  
Where the bird's note is ever so clear,  
Where roses give joy in their perfume  
And God is always so near."

"'Tis the story of Life as unfolded  
Under God's watchful guidance and care.

He hears the wee call of the birdling,  
He guides the lone flight of the hare.  
You must listen to Love's earnest bidding

And cherish each Thought from above,  
For all of the things of this earth—world

Are Gifts from the Garden of Love."  
Hazel Knapp Luke.

(Continued on page 576)



# A Poetic Experiment

## An Editorial Estimate

**F**OUR is not a magazine. It is a portfolio of experiment in which four individuals attempt to present, as a group, their latest work. . . .

"FOUR will reflect a drastic workshop wherein the group discuss the elements of life, particularly their interpretations through the medium of poetry. . . ."

It was this announcement which, in October, 1923, introduced the initial number of a unique Western poetry journal; unique not alone because its content was to be confined to the work of its editors, but also because of this frank statement that it constituted a workshop of experiment. It may be assumed, then, that *FOUR'S* editors relied not entirely upon their own judgment as to the value of their output, but placed it before the reading public for final verdict.

Now that there have been sent forth the four issues which make up the first year of the experiment it seems fitting that these numbers should be brought together and considered—as all experiments must be considered—in the light of final accomplishment. Have the editors accomplished that which they set out to do? Have they given to California, to national, literature anything of lasting value? Or, if they have fallen short of accomplishment, have they laid the basis for a further experiment with greater chances of success?

First of all, what was it these four poets started out to do. It was not so much that they desired an outlet for their own creative work. This they already had to a greater or lesser degree. H. Thompson Rich, the oldest of the quartette in point of years, had already received national recognition. A graduate of Dartmouth and with two summers of special work at Harvard, he had a sound basis of culture. He had been on the staff of *The Forum*, and at the time he left to join the army was *Forum's* editor. It may be assumed, then, that he would not find it necessary to establish a new periodical for the sake of securing publication. W. H. Lench, matching his 27 years against Rich's 32, was already the editor and owner of a poetry journal, *Pegasus*—at that time published in San Diego. David Grokowsky, the youngest of the group, was editor of another poetry magazine, *Caprice*. Yossef Gaer alone had neither editorial background nor con-

*Decorations reproduced from those by Boris Deutsch in various numbers of FOUR.*

nection. He had, however—as had the others—found no little acceptance in various magazines throughout the country.

**T**HERE MUST, then, have been another reason for the experiment. As a matter of fact there were two. One was the desire to see if the policy maintained by the Eastern magazines in general of giving to their readers



no poems of length were not a mistaken one. The second reason I merely surmise. Being, three of them at least, of a distinctly radical type, they disliked the restrictions placed upon their verse by editorial policy and preference. They desired to give to the public their creative expression without the intervention of the middleman. Untrammelled, they would present "their interpretations of the elements of life through the medium of poetry."

It may be assumed that, so far as this second reason for the experiment is concerned, the venture has been a success. It could scarcely fail to be otherwise, for—if their preliminary announcement be accepted as authority—a member's contribution might or might not meet with the approval of the other three. But have they attained success as regards the acceptance by the public?

Judging not alone from my own reaction to this re-reading of the first year's output, but depending more upon that comment which has from time to time filtered in from readers, conservative and non-conservative alike, I feel that the group has failed to lastingly interest any large portion of its public. Those who seem to give their approval are of those who may be classed as "protestants," opposed to that which is accepted by the mass, whatever it may be. They are of those who in literature correspond to the Ultra-Modernists in painting and sculpture, those who would cast aside all accepted standards as denying freedom, yet who set up new standards which are infinitely more binding and narrow.

Now this is not to say that in these numbers of *FOUR* I find nothing of value or beauty. On the contrary, there are many lines of intense loveliness; many stanzas of no little beauty of thought and expression. Take for instance this sonnet of Rich's. It is open to criticism, no doubt, from sonnet-purists—what sonnet is not?—yet it strikes a strong and sounding note of dignity and beauty.

### AUTUMN

Slower, with autumn, movement guides  
my feet  
Across the russet hills—and as she passes  
Her gown of scythe-blades severs the dry  
grasses  
And threshers whistle in the yellow  
wheat—  
While off beyond the east, the County  
Seat  
Gathers from farm and township gala  
masses,  
And Carnival clasps hands with lads and  
lasses,  
Whirling them lover-like along the street.

Once on an autumn night, afar, alone,  
Deep in a wood that was the wild birds'  
cover,  
Hearing the secret of each silent stone,  
In kinship with the partridge and the  
plover,  
Learning such joy as I had never known—  
Movement I met, and made of her my  
lover!

That I may not be accused of condemning *FOUR* because its use of accepted form such as the above is in the minority, let it be said that Lench's "*Lamon of Black Mountain*" has both beauty and strength, a singing quality which is attained without the use of either rhyme or meter. Grokowsky, too, in his "*Douglas Park—Chicago*," presents in *vers libre* a notable poem, a

(Continued on page 576)



# The "High-Graders"

By CHARLES H. SNOW

(Concluded)

OVER IN the mine office Rawlins waited expectantly for the return of his partner and old Tierney. Shorty paced the floor as restlessly as a caged lion. Now and then he opened the door and peered out across the bleak landscape towards the black, dimly outlined shape of the cluster of houses around the 'Roarin' Annie' shaft head. He could discern their silhouette against the snow covered mountain side beyond. Closing the door he resumed his nervous pacing, stopping now and then to venture that it was time they had returned, or to regret that he had allowed Staley to set out on such an undertaking. Rawlins acquiesced with nods and monosyllables. He was too wrought up for speech, yet being of a different temperament from Shorty he could sit and wait his partner's return. He had not, however, failed to prepare for eventualities. Under his coat he had strapped a Smith and Wesson of the same type as the one Tierney carried.

The cylinder was full of cartridges, as was the belt which held the scabbard to his waist. Now and then Shorty jammed his hand into his right coat pocket to reassure himself that his reliable old automatic was there. It was there, fully loaded, and the opposite pocket held three full cartridge clips. They waited. Half an hour passed, thirty-five minutes, forty minutes, the clock upon the wall told them forty-five minutes.

Physically Tolliver and Burke were much alike. Both were tall and spare; their contrast was in their complexions. The latter was a pronounced blonde. His features were thin and aquiline, his eyes furtive and shifty. His loose mouth was partially hidden by a drooping walrus mustache. Tolliver's mustache was dark and close cropped, his eyes black and beady, like those of a snake. His

chin was cleft, but beyond this, his features did not vary much from those of his co-gun man. Both men wore their pistol holsters under their left armpits. Both eschewed the modern automatic type of weapon and depended upon the old reliable forty-five caliber, single action, sawed-off Colt.

Ten minutes after Staley and Tierney descended into the 'Roarin' Annie' shaft the two gunmen left the warmth of the Northern Saloon to make their next patrol of the 'Roarin' Annie' works. They went silently, two ferrets about to crawl into a rabbit warren for their anticipated prey. They crossed the dark, snow-covered street, went on past the last building to the beginning of the area of uncut sage brush. Here they paused to reclaim two sawed-off shot guns, which had been cached under a bush and covered with a piece of burlap. A few minutes more and they were flashing their electric torches upon the footprints in the snow at the shaft head.

"Somebody's gone down," whispered Burke.

"They're our meat," replied Tolliver, as he snapped out his light. "There's two of 'em, let's get back to the shadow of the guard house and wait."

THE OTHER light was extinguished and the two men retired silently to the guard house, into which they stepped and began to watch through the open doorway. The dark interior screened them fully. They unbreeched their weapons and saw to it that the buckshot filled shells were in place. They snapped the breeches shut, threw off the safetys and waited. Their eyes were becoming inured to the darkness. With the assistance of the now carpeted earth they had a fairly good sight of the area surrounding the shaft head.

Tierney, who in his eagerness to get out of the mine, had led the way up the ladder, raised his head cautiously and peered about. The earth was white and cold. The sky was dark and cloud screened. The buildings looked like black spectres. Staley waited upon the ladder below. Their lights had been extinguished. Tierney, reassured by the cold, vacuous silence, climbed hastily up the remaining rungs of the ladder and stood upright a few feet from the shaft. Staley followed and stopped just behind the old foreman. The cold air of the outer world



"THE PROPHET"—BY BORIS DEUTSCH



bit into their nostrils and lungs after the warmer heavier atmosphere of the mine.

"You take the one at the left," Tolliver whispered to his confederate, "I'll shoot to the right." They raised their sawed off shot guns.

"Ready," again Tolliver whispered; the grim silence was smitten by a deafening roar from four shot-gun barrels. The four reports were so nearly synchronized that they sounded as one blast. Staley and Tierney pitched forward upon their faces in the snow. The latter groaned and rolled to his back. His limbs twitched spasmodically, and he lay quiet. Staley had not moved from the position in which he first fell.

Reloading their weapons, the two gunmen went forward. The shotguns were across their forearms, ready for use. Tolliver was the first to flash his light. It's white rays fell upon the face of Terence Tierney. Blood was spurting from a gaping hole in the old man's neck. Already the snow was turning crimson.

"Plugged him," was Tolliver's comment, "and it's old Tierney. Who's the other one?"

Burke's light was lit now, and they flashed the combined lights upon the other prostrate form.

"God!" Burke cried, "It's Staley. We've played hell, now."

Tolliver stooped and rolled the body over. He cursed profanely. The light had fallen now upon Staley's face. Along his scalp blood oozed from a long wound. At the right of his nose there was a small perforation from which the blood was trickling, congealing from the cold into a widening clot. The breast of his tightly buttoned leathern coat was riddled with buckshot.

"Dead," Tolliver commented, rising and touching Staley's inert form with the toe of his overshoe.

"I reckon," agreed Burke, "We sure plugged 'em right, but I'm thinkin' we might have held our fire till we knew who they were. We're in for it."

Tolliver uttered an unprintable oath at this show of vacillation by Burke. "Hell, what's the use of crawfishin' now?" he said grimly. "The law's on our side, Staley or no Staley. They were trespassers. We've been deputised. We can say they showed fight. Let's see if they have any shootin' irons on 'em."

A hasty search revealed the Smith and Wesson which Tierney had carried and Staley's automatic pistol. The Smith and Wesson revolver was placed



A  
Boris  
Deutsch  
picture  
in  
"Four"



BORIS  
DEUTSCH

in Tierney's right hand and his stiffening fingers closed about its grip. The automatic pistol was thrown into the snow just beyond where Staley's head rested.

"That'll make it look like they had their gats out," observed Tolliver, who had placed the weapons, "and we beat 'em to it, sabe?"

"Si, amigo," replied Burke, evident relief in his tone. "Hell," he cried an instant later, "What's that?" A shout rang from the main street. Doorways opened. Other voices took up the clamor. Tolliver and Burke switched off their lights. Though the sound that came up to them from the town was but the shouting of a few human voices, there was something of ominous portent in it.

"We've raised hell for sure," said Burke, "and put a block under it."

"Maybe," replied Tolliver coolly, "but we'll have to see it through."

"What'll we do?" queried Burke breathlessly, his bravado deserting him.

"Fall back to the guard house," said his leader, "and wait for developments. If the alarm has been given, if they heard the shots and a mob comes up the hill, we'll have to shoot it out." They fell back toward the guard house a few paces and stood, waiting, listening.

Jimmy Rawlins could no longer endure his chair. He had risen and was standing in the open doorway of the mine office, when the reports of the combined shotguns reverberated among the hills. With a roar like that of a wounded animal, he was off in the direction from which the sound had come. Shorty, who had still been pacing the floor, was through the door an instant later. Already Rawlins was yards away. Shorty, who was the fleetest, sped after him. Rawlins had crossed the first small gully and was



ascending its opposite slope when his legs were gripped by some one from behind. Together the two men rolled back into the snowdrift at the bottom of the gully.

Impetuous as Shorty usually was, his presence of mind had been the first to assert itself.

"Wait a minute," Shorty managed to make himself heard as he wallowed with Rawlins in the snow, "You'll go over there and get killed. The damage is already done." Rawlins ceased struggling, struck by the logic of Shorty's breathless contention. He clambered to his feet. Shorty had leaped erect and continued. "Let's go through town and give the alarm. We've got to have help," he ended in a moan. Rawlins dashed up the slope and made off towards the end of the main street, Shorty at his side. Shorty swerved towards the first saloon, threw open one of its swinging doors and shouted, "Boys, there's been a killin' at the 'Roarin' Annie'; come on." He was off before the door had ceased its oscillations; the saloon was disgorging its startled contents into the street. Rawlins had rushed into a restaurant and given the alarm, was out again and running as Shorty swerved into the Northern Saloon and repeated his shout. The import of his frenzied words filtered into the brains of the soberest of the crowd. A cry arose, which swelled into a roar. The double doors were torn from their hinges as the crowd fought its way through to the open street. The alarm had been given now. It would spread of its own momentum. Shorty dashed off across the street, past the Tin Can. For once he was thankful that Barbara and Ann were not there. Rawlins was at his side now. Their pace was slackening. Their wind was giving out after the first exciting sprint. The crowd streamed after them, shouting, clamoring for details, but following blindly. Doors banged along the street. From the dead silence of the cold deserted street had come, all within a few seconds, pandemonium, a howling mob ready to follow any leader and think afterwards.

TOLLIVER and Burke stood, listening to the roar below them. They could see the vanguard of the mob running up the snowy slope. They fell back to the protection of the small guard house. Shorty and Rawlins were first to gain the dump, but barely ahead of some of the fresher runners. They paused for but an instant and saw the two dark things upon the snow at the shaft head. They rushed

forward. The guard house door was shut and barred, leaving Tolliver and Burke a vision of the scene through the one small window.

Shorty was the first to reach the fallen men. He stooped and passed his hand over Tierney's face. It was already turning cold. He vaulted the body and crouched beside Staley's form. He touched the face. It had a warmth that had been missing in the other. His hand was smeared with blood which was running from the wound beside Staley's nose. Without unbuttoning Staley's heavy coat, Shorty rammed his hand beneath it, groping for a spot under which he might feel the throb of Staley's heart. He held his breath. Then everything within him seemed to exult. He wanted to shout. He made no noise, offered no reply to the medly of queries thrown at him by the fast packing mob about him. Staley's heart was beating. Shorty awoke to his senses at the importuning voice at his side.

"Is he alive?" the voice kept reiterating, over and over. Shorty identified the voice as that of Pete Carson.

"Sure," replied Shorty, "Come, Pete, get some help. Let's get him out of here and to the doctor. He'll freeze and die from loss of blood if we don't. Tierney's dead. Tend to him later."

Amid the rising babel a dozen voices verified the news of Terence Tierney's passing. Four men grasped Staley's unconscious form by the limbs and started off down the slope towards the main street.

Shorty held one of Staley's arms; Rawlins carried his part of the burden by a leg. Four other men, more reluctantly, had taken up the lifeless form of old Terence and plodded behind. A few of the mob trudged along but the majority remained at the scene of the killing. Shorty had passed the word quietly to Pete Carson to remain there till the murderers had been smoked out. One of the men of the mob had located Tolliver and Burke in the guard house.

Doctor Hart, who was an intimate friend of Staley's, met the bearers as they came into the main street. He had retired for the night, when the clamor of the mob awoke him. He had dressed hurriedly, ascertained the cause of the clamor and made off as fast as his lean old legs would carry him for the scene of the crime. He turned now and led the way silently towards his office, half a block down the street. His was a simple office, operating room, consulting room, and

dispensary all in one. Doctor Hart adjusted his operating table and motioned for Staley's body to be placed upon it. Tierney's remains were placed upon the floor.

The doctor bent over the old foreman, felt the pulse and made a superficial examination of the wounds in Tierney's neck. He arose, shook his head and said, "Dead, Jugular and Carotid artery cut. God alone can help him."

"He'll need more than that," muttered Shorty Dain.

"He's settled in full," replied Rawlins.

The doctor was by this time attending Staley. A hurried examination of the scalp and facial wounds must have convinced him that they were not fatal, for he began to unbutton the leather coat. He did not, however, remove the coat entirely, but after unbuttoning it threw back the heavy wool-lined folds. A number of leaden buckshots rattled to the floor. Doctor Hart broke the awesome silence with a deep chuckle. Then he bent his ear to Staley's heart. Even before he raised his head he was smiling.

"He'll get well," he announced, "barring infection. If it hadn't been for that heavy coat he'd have been riddled like a sieve. That sheepskin and the heavy wool stopped the buckshot." Even as the doctor finished speaking, Shorty bolted through the open door. Rawlins and the remainder of the crowd which had trailed the bearers, followed.

This small mob was rushing back towards the shaft head of 'The Roarin' Annie' to swell the one there to more formidable proportions, when some one shouted, "Where's Joe Bullard? He's the man that's responsible for all this. Where is he? Let's get him."

Instantly the mob halted and the members began to debate. New ones, roused from their early beds or called by delayed news carriers from distant cabins, began to swell the throng.

"Where's Bullard? Where's Bullard?" Again the man shouted his question and supplemented it with, "Let me get the —," he concluded with a terrible oath. Other men caught up the question and repeated the oath with many variations. The chorus rose and fell. Silence once more, ominous silence.

"What's that?" shouted a man, who came up puffing.

"Where's Joe Bullard?" replied the nearest member of the mob. "We want Joe Bullard. Have you seen Joe Bullard?"



"Saw him not five minutes ago." shouted the new comer. "He was goin' down the road in his automobile faster'n the devil beatin' tan bark, makin' the snow fly. No, I ain't wrong. There ain't no other man in this camp got a big runabout like Joe Bullard. It was him all right."

Shorty had heard this plainly. It recalled all his old enmity toward this man. He instantly abandoned the idea of revenge against the actual murderers. Bullard was the man responsible for the deed. He was the man to reckon with.

"Hey, you, Jimmy," Shorty shouted after Rawlins, who had begun to make his way up the slope, "Come back here and help me." Rawlins stopped, hesitated and came back.

"You guys," Shorty addressed the others, "Go up there and stick with them killers till hell freezes over, or get 'em. I'm goin' after Bullard. Send Pete Carson down here as soon as hell'll let you. I want him. Move."

THE MAIN STREET was all but deserted as Shorty and Rawlins regained it. Only a few of the timorous remained. They hung round the saloon doors, or in the street, awaiting news. At sight of Shorty and Rawlins they came running up, clamoring for details. Shorty replied to their wild questions with curses. He was heading for the Tin Can. It was deserted when he entered. Even Harvey, the night cook, had joined the mob. Rawlins followed Shorty, wonderingly, but trusting in the latter's ability to carry on.

"Get some water outside, enough to fill my radiator," Shorty ordered Rawlins. "I'll go up and get the old bus started. Have the water ready to pour in when I come down. Move!" he finished imperiously, as he had done a few minutes previously. Taking a kettle of boiling water from the range, Shorty went out the side door in the direction of the shed where his old car was housed, some hundred yards distant.

Reaching the shed, Shorty did not pause to unlock the door. With his chilled hand, this would have been an unwonted delay. Setting down the kettle, he ripped the flimsy door from its hinges by sheer strength and let it fall. He ran round the car, feeling his way in the dark, and kicking the tires. He uttered a sigh of thanks as he kicked the last one. They were all inflated.

It required but a few seconds to light his lamps. He worked swiftly, knowing his car in the dark as well as most men knew theirs in daylight, for the lamps cast their light straight out, over the fallen door. He felt the oil

gauge. He raised the front cushion, unscrewed the filler cap, thrust a finger into the gasoline tank and felt it touch the cold liquid. He replaced the filler cap. Next he had the hood up, and was pouring the hot water over the intake manifold. When about half of the kettle's contents had been emptied, he set it down and rushed to the crank. The car had stood idle for so long that with its inertia and the cold, every joint in it was stiff. It required all Shorty's dexterous strength to spin the motor. It sputtered, shot sporadically, then roared one long staccatoed exhaust from the open cut-out. In sheer joy at his good fortune in finding the car in running order, he grabbed the half-filled kettle and cast it far into the street, shouting after it, "Get out of the way and let somebody run who can." The next instant Shorty was in his seat, the old car was out of the shed, shooting on, its white light beam falling whiter upon the snowy earth before it.

As Shorty drew up before the Tin Can, Pete Carson came running from the direction of the "Roarin' Annie" shaft. He had come in response to Shorty's summons. A whispered word with Shorty, and Pete dashed off in the direction of his cabin. The weak sisters gathered about as Shorty filled the radiator. Some were silent and fearful. Others offered advice and encouragement. Still others called down maledictions upon Joe Bullard's head and swore to what they would do to him if he was ever brought back to camp. Shorty gave his attention to the radiator.

"Jimmy," he said, "there are two big coats in the tonneau. Put one of them on, and give me the other one. My mittens are under the front cushion." Rawlins was carrying out the order when another man emerged from the open door of the Northern Saloon. He was a small man, swathed in a big fur coat, and a fur cap encased his head. In his right, mittened hand, he trailed a shot gun. As he crossed the street it was seen that he was Slim Daly, the man who ran the wheel in the Northern Saloon.

"Well?" Shorty inquired, a little surprised as Daly halted, "What does this mean, Slim, goin' duck huntin'?"

"I'm hep to where you're going," replied the little gambler, "and I'm goin' along."

"But I don't quite get you, Slim," Shorty said. "Why do you want to go?"

"I've always had a liking for you, Shorty, for being a square guy. I'm going along on that account, that's all."

"Thanks," replied Shorty. "In that

case, you're welcome. Pile in the back. We'll be off as soon as Pete comes."

At this juncture a woman rounded the opposite corner and ran toward the car. It was Ann Dorr. As she entered the range of the car's lamps, their light fell upon her face, making it appear coldly white and ghastly. She looked old, almost aged and haggard.

"Jimmy," she cried. Jimmy was at her side. She clutched him frantically.

"What's the matter, little girl?" he said tenderly. "Don't you want me to go? You know where I am going, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she replied half hysterically. "I've known something terrible was happening ever since the noise commenced. Yes, for the love of God, go and get him. Jimmy," she paused and clutched him more tightly.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Barbara is gone, Jimmy," she replied hoarsely. "I can't find her anywhere. She went out a quarter of an hour ago, at the first noises, and she hasn't come back. She put on her big coat and her tam and said she was not going to remain in the house and be scared to death. I was too frightened to follow. I've been with Mrs. Carson till Pete came and told us where you were going."

"Oh, she's all right," Jimmy said reassuringly. "She'll turn up as soon as the excitement is over. Look around and you'll find her. Good bye." He kissed her and drew her to him, then released her and sprang into the car beside Shorty, who was now at the wheel. Shorty had heard. He did not speak. His mouth seemed set into a thin immobile line. His eyes only saw the white stretch of street over which the lamps' rays fell.

Pete Carson came hurrying round the corner, tagged by his wife.

"Where is Barbara? Rawlins asked as they stopped beside the machine. "Look out for her, won't you?"

"You'll be the ones to look out for her," Mrs. Carson tersely replied. Then she addressed her husband.

"Pete," she said, "if you don't fetch that four flushin' skunk of a Joe Bullard back and help hang him by the neck, you're a widow, see?" Pete must have seen, for he kissed her and climbed into the seat beside Slim Daly. He shoved his Winchester down into the crevice of the cushion with a "I don't think we'll need it for a while. Makes my fingers cold holdin' it." The car had begun to coast down the grade, with no sound but the squealing of the powdery snow beneath the wheels.

Where the road left the lower environs of the town, the tracks of



another automobile showed in the snowy surface of the road. Shorty Dain chuckled uncannily, and turned to Rawlins.

"Jimmy," he remarked dryly, "a long time ago I remember sayin' that I could roll the rubber off Bullard's tires on any road in any kind of weather. I wonder how far he expects to beat me when he has to break the trail through this much snow.

Rawlins made no answer. He was wondering just what sort of a man this companion of his was.

THE MAJORITY of the men trapped for high-grading had been in the saloons along the main street when Shorty and Rawlins gave the alarm. They followed like sheep after a bell wether as Shorty led the way to the 'Roarin' Annie' shaft. Here was a pleasant diversion from the thought of their disgrace and humiliation. Theirs was but one manifestation of one of the multiple phases of human psychology. The sight of the two still forms lying in the snow at the mouth of the shaft made these same men, and their innocent associates, into a sullen, muttering mob.

With the removal of the two bodies, the mob broke into groups, which split and reformed into other groups as its members circulated about, talking in low, ominous tones, exchanging views, giving, taking advice. Unconsciously most of them drew back out of range of the guard house in which the two gun men were entrenched. This small structure was still and dark, standing like a black blot upon the white of the trampled snow about it.

Stragglers kept coming up the hill to join the mass. They whispered questions and received whispered replies. Almost a complete silence fell. Some of the men tramped hurriedly to and fro, or swung their arms to stimulate circulation. Even those of the mob who were half drunk were silent. The cold, the sight of the two stricken men, and the proximity of the killers had sobered them. It was the reaction. The brain of the mob was dormant. It waited for that dominating entity, which would arise from its collective brain and guide it to action or retreat.

A man started off down the trail towards town. Another followed, and another. It seemed as if this angry, resentful demonstration was going to end in a fiasco as far as taking the murderers was concerned, when a man sprang from the group which stood nearest the shaft. He strode for some paces till he was almost upon the spot where the two men had fallen. His back was towards the guard house. He

was within easy range of its dominating guns. Even in the darkness, illuminated only by the reflection from the snowy earth, it could be seen that he was a towering figure. He raised his arms aloft, and spoke in a voice compatible with his stature.

"Men," the voice boomed, and though most of those present recognized the voice as that of Ted Jarvis, none had ever before heard this resonant quality in its deep tones. Jarvis was a big young miner from Montana.

#### THE ROAD TO BETHANY

Oh, little road to Bethany,  
Where last the Master trod,  
All other roads may lead to Rome,  
But yours leads up to God.

Where now the gloom of Calvary,  
The cross, the nails, the spears,  
The crown of thorns that bound His brow,  
The drip of bloody tears?

Along the road to Bethany,  
The past is but a dream—  
The candlelight of Bethlehem  
The world's eternal Gleam!

Oh, little road to Bethany,  
Where last the Master trod,  
All other roads may lead to Rome,  
But yours leads up to God.

—Charles G. Blanden.

He was one of the thirteen men who had stripped clear of all guilt at the Sultana change room that afternoon, a miner, but not a thief.

"Men," he reiterated, "what are we going to do?" His answer was nothing more than a muttering of the mob. They were waiting for him to tell them what to do. "What are we going to do?" He repeated the question and there followed a few seconds of tense silence. The men drew in a little closer. Jarvis began to speak once more, evenly, but loud and forcefully.

"Boys," he said, "I'll tell you what we are going to do. We are going to take those two killers out of that little dog house and give them a trial, and if they are guilty, we're going to attend to them. It's a case of law and order, and we're the law in this camp. Bill Staley was our friend. Some of you robbed him but he was your friend just the same. If one of you men had gone to Bill Staley when you were broke, down and out, and on your last pins, would he have helped you? Would he? Answer me. Would he have helped you, as I know he has helped women and children and sick kids, and what's more, he would not have shouted the fact from the house tops. He was that kind of a man, like his partner, Jimmy Rawlins. Who carried the broke men in this town?

Who fed the hoboes? Who helped them that couldn't help themselves? Bill Staley! And he has been killed. Why? Because he was trying to show you fellows, you damned thieving high-graders, up. That's why!" The mob was surging now, coming in closer. The leader it had been waiting for had materialized, and it was eager for orders.

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Tell us." "Put us hep," were some of the queries hurled at Jarvis. The mob was forming a compact mass, now oblivious of the men in the guard house, a shot from which would have killed half a score at the close range.

"I told you," thundered Jarvis. "We're going to take those men out and if they're guilty, we're going to hang them. Surround that house."

From the manner in which he snapped the order, he might have been a captain of industry about to put his men through their paces on drill parade. "Surround it!" The mob broke, most of its members swerving around to the blank sides of the guard house. A few remained near Jarvis who did not move. He was in direct line of fire from the one window of the guard house, from which a spurt of fire and buck shot might belch at any instant. The mob waited for its next command. Jarvis stepped away from his few companions to a spot nearer the guard house.

"Come out," he shouted. "Come out, and lay down your guns."

"We'll shoot the first man that makes another move," the answer came from inside the small house.

"All right," said Jarvis, "shoot. I'm going to make a move." He did move and to a spot around to the right side of the guard house, within ten feet of it.

He stooped, and taking up a large rock, hurled it at the small frame structure. It struck with a resounding bang, which must have been thunderous to the ears of those inside.

"How does that sound to you, in there?" Jarvis demanded. There was no answer. "I just wanted to give you a sample of what was to come," resumed Jarvis. "If you don't come out and lay down your guns, we're going to put a box of dynamite under your little nest and give you a lift. You'll need it, for it'll be as much of a boost toward heaven as you'll ever get."

THERE WAS the sound of voices in earnest conversation within, then a moment of silence, and Tolliver called, "We're comin' out."

"All right, come," replied Jarvis, "and don't try any monkey business."

(Continued on page 556)



# A Page of Verse

## THE ROUND-UP

THROW on the saddles, we're off and away—  
We tackle some mighty wild critters today;  
They've been on the range since the first of last March,  
And cowboys that know 'em say, "Plenty 'o starch!"

There's some bucking and plunging and snorts o' cayuse,  
But they know, from the start, that it's not any use;  
The saddles are on, and the cinches pulled tight—  
A gray cloud of dust, and they're all out of sight.

Oh, the tang and the thrill of a wild cattle-ride—  
The broncos, full-galloping, free in their stride;  
The creak of the leather, the thud of the feet;  
The sweep of the landscape, all hazy with heat!

The sing of the lariat hurled through the air,  
The tug of the rope, as the noose settles square;  
The critters that run, and the critters that fight;  
To the heart of the cowman it's all a delight.

Then the quiet ride home, that is easy and slow,  
The herd plodding on, with their heads swinging low.  
Bright colors fade out from the darkening sky,  
And thousands of stars are a-glitter on high.

—Alfred Stuart Myers

## AFTER THE WEEKS OF RAIN

NOT all the thrills belong to May and June.

After two weeks of rain, there came a day Sun-drenched, as if the pointer had spun round

And stopped too soon  
At bees and birds, and sun and honey-bloom.

Water glistened everywhere  
And blew around the mountain  
In a breath of white;  
But in the angle of the wall  
From the ground

There came intoxicating warmth, of sun  
That glowed upward through the toes.  
The scent of loquat-flowers  
Was in the air

And the hum of bees, trafficking in their sweet.

Myriads of birds stirred the leafless trees  
And livened the bare earth,  
Their industry resumed

As if no sodden skies had intervened  
Between the joyous days of June  
And this one day of throbbing understream  
Carrying the heart-measure of songs and dreams.

And memories,—  
And honey-bloom,  
After two weeks of rain.

—Ethel Brodt Wilson.

## BURRO BELLS

LIFE is starkly fierce  
And death runs swift  
Where white sands drift  
Under a dead-white sky.

Here, who would pierce  
Her screen of copper veils,  
The desert mercilessly tries,  
If found to her liking  
Hails  
Them her children forever.

Avowed by her they go  
Across her saffron face,  
Over her level sweeps,  
Beyond the red rimmed mesas,  
Down black defiles of a lava flow,  
Out of the yellow-green haze,  
Through blue bronze nights  
And white gold days  
To olive-grey distances  
Where far in the desert's reaches  
Are little mesas scattered about  
Like small round tables on a floor.

Mauve evening settles on filmy wings  
And the heart of the desert stirs and sings  
To the vast blue vault of night,  
To the chiseled silver of a moon-bathed night—  
Or is it the mockingbird  
That is heard?

A furtive grey light threads the East,  
Then dull green dawn;  
Pale crimson deepens on far mountain tops,  
And the blue bronze night is gone.

The desert now is a colorful bowl,  
Refreshing and cool.

Then crimson turns to palest gold,  
The sun lies hot in a yellow sky,  
Coolness and freshness wither and die—

Day comes  
To a dead-white world,  
To dead-white mountains  
Under a dead-white sky.

Fall the olive-green draperies of afternoon  
And night comes soon.

Here, whom the desert has sounded mercilessly

And found to her liking  
Shall hear  
Afar on the top of the hill  
And near,  
Down by the oasis spring,  
Clear notes of burro bells—

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle  
In silver-blue silence;  
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle  
In a great white pool of peace.

—Annie Calland.

## PERIOD

WHEN I have anything now to say, I shall say it,

And until then, I shall be as silent as a tree;  
A tree that feels itself heavy with blossom,  
But knows not what its summer may be.  
If I cannot bear sound fruit and worth the plucking,

Why should I shake my branches emptily?  
Until I have that to tell which must be uttered,

Let me be silent as a waiting tree.

—Miriam Allen deFord

## VAGRANT FANCIES

WIND-SWEPT  
And treacherous.  
A treeless, barren waste  
Lies the grim, threatening, silent Desert.

\*\*  
Fragrant  
Roses blooming  
Behind a high stone wall. . .  
Two sweethearts in an old-fashioned Garden.

\*\*  
Black smokes  
and throbbing sounds. . .  
Foul odors, heartless mobs,  
Human derelicts, blind beggars,  
Cities.

\*\*  
June nights,  
An old garden,  
A bashful pilgrim moon,  
Sweet perfume of hidden roses  
And Thee.

\*\*  
Soft winds,  
Phosphoric lights,  
Musical, lazy waves,  
A boat slowly drifting with the tide  
And Thee.

\*\*  
High hills,  
White silken clouds,  
Songs of running waters,  
A moss-grey cabin built of logs  
And Thee.

\*\*\*\*

—E. Richard Shipp

## WRITTEN IN AN OLD LEDGER

WHEN the leaves of this ledger are yellow with age—  
Like an old album verse runs my prayer  
And the figures I write here are dull on the page,  
Then God grant that I may be elsewhere.

That some one must keep up the books  
I well know,  
And balance them page after page,  
And figure-by-figure the dull profits show,  
But . . . that is not my heritage.

God, give me the courage to follow my gleam  
To success . . . to delight . . . or despair.  
Let me die, if I must, in pursuit of a dream—

But not in this old office chair,  
—Joy O'Hara

## MAGIC

WORDS—words—you are such magic things . . .  
Thoughts, you are more wonderful than words.

I know not where you come from  
Nor where you go—but that your wings

Bring you to harbor as the wings of birds  
Bring them flying from distant lands . . .  
So come my thoughts flitting to my hands . . .

And how they come—no one understands. . .

—Ruth Harwood



## THE HIGH-GRADERS

(Continued from page 554)

The two men stepped from the doorway. Jarvis advanced and disarmed them, taking their shot guns, laying them aside and going over their clothing with the thoroughness of a police officer till he located the two heavy revolvers under their arm pits. He held one of these weapons in each hand. Tolliver and Burke stood sullenly, waiting. At a signal from Jarvis, the mob closed in. He ordered two of the men to take up the shot guns and stand guard.

"Break into the hoist house and get a can of gasoline," Jarvis commanded. "We're going to have some light." A score of men broke to obey the order. There was the sound of rending wood and iron as the hoist-house door was ripped off. At Jarvis' orders the can of gasoline was punctured and poured upon the snow half way between the hoist-house and the shaft. He took a piece of paper from his pocket, lighted it and tossed it into the gasoline saturated snow. It flickered and sputtered for a few seconds. Then there was a puff and roar and a mighty flame lit up the surrounding region, even made the buildings along the main street dimly and fantastically visible. The faces of Tolliver and Burke appeared strangely white in the unnatural light. They were led to a spot nearer the fire, which was sputtering as the flame licked the oil from the melting snow. It was a light which would endure for some time because of the volume of its fuel, which had permeated the broken rock of the dump beneath the snow. The earth was soon bare for some distance around the fire. The men closed in, in a silent, waiting ring. The two men with shot guns stood, one at either side with the guns' muzzles on the murderers.

"Did you shoot Bill Staley and old Tierney?" Jarvis asked the accused men.

"We shot somebody," replied Tolliver evasively. "They were comin' out of the shaft. They'd been high-gradin'. We had our orders to shoot. We done our duty."

"It was a hell of a duty," said Jarvis solemnly, "and you did it well. You killed Bill Staley, the best man that a man ever worked for; and you killed old Terence Tierney. Tierney was a thief. Every man that worked at the Sultana knows that. He held them all up for tribute. He tried to hold me up, but I wouldn't stand for it, but his life was as valuable to him as yours is to you."

If the news of Doctor Hart's verdict that Staley would live had reached the

mob, none of its members vouchsafed the information. They were the jury, hearing the evidence, not offering it.

"Boys," Jarvis swung about so that his words encompassed the entire jury, "what are we going to do with these two men?" He ended by pointing to Tolliver and Burke.

"Hang 'em," shouted a dozen or more men.

"String 'em up," cried others.

"Haul 'em up to the gallows frame there and let 'em dangle," still others replied, raising their arms to the lighted frame which stood above the shaft.

The unanimous decision subsided into a subdued murmur, and then into complete silence.

"Men," began Jarvis, facing Tolliver and Burke, "it is the verdict that you be hanged. I will add, by the neck, till you are damned good and dead. You've got it comin'." A shout of approbation broke from the men of the circle, rose and swelled and died away to silence once more.

"Have you anything to say for yourselves?" Jarvis again addressed the two murderers. Burke was shaking palpably. Tolliver was straight and sullen.

"No," he replied, "we done our duty. Joe Bullard told us to shoot the first man we caught foolin' around and ask questions afterward. It wouldn't have done any good to ask questions."

"Then," said Jarvis, "in that case, there is nothing to do but carry out the judgment of the court. You didn't have to murder just because Joe Bullard told you to. I'm sorry to say it, but I think the world will be better off without you two, and it's a cinch that your presence will never pollute heaven. Boys, take 'em." The mob moved inward.

"Stop," shouted a voice from the outer edge of the ring. "Stop, I tell you, stop. Let the law take its course." The mob, impulsive, stayed its forward swing. A man was fighting his way into the inner circle. He came through and stood, white-haired and frail, looking about him till his eyes should have become inured to the light. He was Jerry Stokes, the venerable Justice of the Peace.

"Boys," he began, "this ain't no way to act. We've got law. Let it take its course. If these men are guilty, they'll be punished."

"To hell with the law," replied Jarvis, "we're the law this time, and it's going to take its course; get him out, boys." Three men grasped the now struggling Justice of the Peace and forcibly carried him outside the circle.

"Where's the constable?" demanded

Jarvis. "We might as well take care of him, while we're about it."

The question was relayed to Stokes, who replied that the constable was at the telephone office trying to get the Winona sheriff on the line, but that the line was down. Joe Lambert, the sheriff, had a short time previously found out this fact, when he had attempted to communicate The High-Gradin' Kid's confession to the owners of the Sultana Mine.

"Two of you fellows go down and watch him," ordered Jarvis. "Block him in the telephone office and hold him there till I tell you to let him out." Two men broke ranks and went swiftly down the trail in the direction of town.

There was a terrible grimness in the silence which followed the venerable judge's exit from the scene. The now subsiding flames cast a flickering fantasy over the faces of the men about it. They were serious, set faces. This was not a time for facetiousness nor levity. Not a man spoke. Suddenly, as if executing an order, a man detached himself from the outer circle and ran toward the hoist-house. A minute later he reappeared carrying a large coil of rope which was quickly cut into two equal lengths. Holding an end of each the man strode towards the head frame and began ascending one of the cleated angle braces. Still with the two ropes securely held, he climbed out upon the first cross member of the frame and slipped one of the ropes over the timber, playing it out till the end dangled to the ground. This was caught by another man below, who began tying the knot. The man above slid farther over and dropped the end of the other rope. The one below had finished fashioning the first noose. He caught the second swinging end and began making the second noose.

THE LIGHT fell flickeringly upon another rope, this a steel one. It was the hoisting cable, which stretched from the engine drum within the hoist house and passed over the iron sheave which was between the two hemp ropes thrown over the cross timber of the head frame. Passing the sheave, the end of the steel cable fell to where it was attached to the heavy ore bucket, which rested upon its trunnions in the notches of the ends of the sloping skidway. The majority of these men were practical miners. They needed few orders in such work as they were preparing for. A man loosened the hook from the bail of the ore bucket. Another assisted him to raise the trunnions out of the holding notches, and the steel bucket was sent bumping and



clattering down the shaft. Its arrival at the bottom was announced by a heavy thud.

The man who had loosened the hook from the ore bucket bent the cable into the form of a small loop, snapped the steel hook over the line, completing the circle, and fastened the hook lock. He left the steel noose dangling and stepped back.

"That'll do for Joe Bullard," he announced. "He's the main guy in this thing. It's only fair that he have the best rope and the center of the stage, too. Talk about a man bein' hoisted on his own petard. Well," he concluded laconically, "Joe'll go up on his own rope."

**S**HORTY did not set the pace, which might have been expected of a man out for the administration of justice or the satisfaction of his desire for revenge. He let the car coast down the long incline grade till it reached the main canyon. Here he kicked over the switch, and with the car in second gear, started the motor by the simple method of letting in the clutch. He traversed the narrow canyon grade carefully, though there was little necessity for over-caution because the car ahead had broken the track, forming two deep ruts in which the snow was packed hard.

Even though the average grade was a gentle descent, Shorty took most of it on second gear. He was not going to force the running now. He was not unlike a lanky hound setting down to an all day chase in pursuit of a fleeing wolf. Time would tell. Somewhere out ahead Bullard was the wolf, fleeing, no doubt frantically. Out there too, Shorty knew was a long road, the level stretches of which were overlaid by snow from an inch to a foot in depth, while in the drifts it would be piled to two thirds the height of an automobile wheel. Bullard would have to face these drifts first, breast his way through them or founder, and wait for morning or shovel his way out.

As the road curved the lights swept the sides of the narrow arroyo, accentuating the sepulchral whiteness of the snowy earth and making the sage brush stand out with ghostly grayness. The path of the fleeing car led on, plainly visible in the ray of the advancing light. They rounded the sharp curve. Shorty started almost imperceptibly. Here was the spot where he had first met Barbara Connors and Ann Dorr, the place on which he had first thrashed Joe Bullard for his insolence. Shorty pressed the throttle. The car leaped past this memorable spot, now so horribly recalled, for out

there in the somewhere ahead went Joe Bullard, and Shorty knew that with him was Barbara Connors. He ground his teeth and sent the car at the stiff, short ascent before it. The light showed the snow thereabouts trampled and torn.

"He's had some trouble here," remarked Rawlins.

"Had to put on his chains. Got half way up and had to back down and put 'em on," Shorty explained, finishing as his car swept over the rise, when he added, "Bullard don't know how to shoot 'em at the grades. We've gained about five minutes on him here."

He was easing the car down the opposite grade. The road for some distance was nearly straight, and for its visible length extended the trail of the car ahead. Ten minutes later, Shorty was making the climb out of the arroyo to the old overland trail. He negotiated the short grade without having to put on skid chains, thanks to the broken track. Under the snow the road was hard, packed by half a century of traffic. Its ruts were cut deep, obviating all dangers from side slips. Shorty shut off his motor and listened. He extinguished the lights, that he might have a better view of the road ahead. He heard and saw nothing save the whistling of the freezing wind, and the white line between the gray brush, stretching ahead. Before relighting his lamps, he thrashed his arms about to bring the blood circulating up to as nearly normal as he could. He rubbed his nose and cheeks with his mittened hand. The other passengers had alighted and were stamping about, flailing their arms, rubbing their faces. Shorty relit the lamps and sprang into his seat.

"Get in," he shouted, "we're goin' to roll." The other three men hastily resumed their seats. He pressed the button. The engine started upon compression.

Upon a treacherous road, Shorty Dain was the most cautious of drivers, prone to lose time for the sake of safety and sure arrival. Here with snow covered, deeply cut, hard packed road under him he was a demon. The snow flew from beneath the rear wheels as he dropped in the clutch and opened the throttle. When they had dug their way to solid earth, the wheels gripped and the car began to move. In less than a hundred feet it was traveling in high gear, picking up speed with each turn of its reliable old engine. Like an on-rushing Juggernaut or a Flying Dutchman of the night, the car swept on, rolling, swaying, righting itself, its front axle biting into the snow

drifts and casting them aside in showers of icy sprays. On the level, up the rises, down the dips, Shorty sent the car, its exhaust sounding like the throttle of a monstrous machine gun. The road was gently undulating for some distance. A mile flew past and still the track of Bullard's car showed in the snow ahead. Now and then it was manifest that Bullard, in order to break through a drift, had had to back up and take a second run at it. He was using chains on his wheels. The track in the ruts showed the marks of the cross bars plainly.

**S**NOW had entirely ceased falling, though the sky was still darkly overcast. The air was colder, for through the wide pass to the northward the wind blew with the velocity of a half gale, not in the fitful gusts as higher in the foothills. The intense cold, however, was partly mitigated by the car's southerly course with the wind.

Shorty was a chauffeur of the old school, one who scoffs at such ornamental superfluities as top and windshield. If asked his reason for dispensing with these accoutrements he would have explained that they offered too much wind resistance, that it took gasoline to pull them, and they racked the car's body. Besides, he would have added, "What's the use of the damned things anyway? Pretty soon fellows that drive cars won't do it unless they've got all the comforts of a Pullman." At this precise moment Rawlins and Daly and Pete Carson were huddled down into their great coats, no doubt wishing for some of the comforts afforded by a well ordered and well heated equipage. Shorty, however, was thinking of no such luxury. His mind, his eyes were on the road ahead. The terrain was changing now. The acclivities were shorter and sharper. The declivities were steeper, with shallow gullies at their bottoms. Into these depressions the snow had drifted to a depth of two or more feet. It was apparent that Bullard had experienced trouble in several of the deeper drifts. The snow showed where the car had bucked into it, backed out and gone into it, backed out and gone ahead over and over till it had forced its way through. Had Bullard's machine been less powerful, had the snow been wet and mushy, instead of light and powdery, his car would indubitably have stalled. However, at best he could not be making any great speed. He was at the disadvantage of having to break the trail. Moreover, he was the pursued, not the pursuer. He had to set the pace, which fact of itself was killing.



There was a mile of this choppy road, then the topography once more began to change. The road was leading across a flat mesa, at the further side of which was a low ridge. Beyond this rise, the road descended, crossed a depression about half a mile in width and climbed to the top of an opposite ridge by a grade at approximately right angles to the bottom of the valley.

From the summit of the first ridge, Shorty knew he would have a clear view of the route for nearly a mile ahead. The wind had swept most of the snow from the track on this, the northern side of the ridge. Shorty forced his car to the grade, taking it at a high rate, the lamps casting a long light beam into the dark sky as he neared the crest. He topped it. The light beam swung back to earth and lit the road ahead. Bullard's track was still there.

"Look," shouted Rawlins. Across the valley a beam of light was cleaving the sky. It was from the lamps of Bullard's car, which was ascending the opposite grade. Bullard's big car was equipped with powerful electric lights, not acetylene, as was Shorty's and the white arrow split the darkness like a thrust of sunlight.

"Yep, I saw him," Shorty replied. He was down the dip now, forcing his car through the deeper snow in the level. Slim Daley removed the heavy wool mitten from his right hand, leaving that member covered by a thin kid glove. He unbreeched his shot gun, shoved in two shells, and breeched it. He tucked the thinly clad right hand under his left arm pit, that it might be kept warm. Slim Daley was given to attention of minor details. He was seeing to it that his trigger finger was warm and pliable. Pete Carson, taking his cue from Daly, pumped a shell into the chamber of his Winchester, whipped off his right glove and shoved the bare hand into his overcoat pocket. If Rawlins and Shorty anticipated resistance from Bullard, they took no such precautions as did the two men in the rear seat. Rawlins sat silent and motionless. Shorty was forcing his car to the utmost. The grade steepened toward the summit. Shorty had not paused to equip his rear wheels with chains, depending on the rough non-skid tread of his tires to afford sufficient traction in the beaten tracks. The car came almost to a stop, its wheels spinning and throwing snow aloft in their endeavor to grip the road. They held and the car made a few feet of headway, only to halt, with whirling wheels digging their way to the earth. Again they gripped and went forward

a few feet. This process was repeated till the car swept out onto bare earth at the crest. This summit was flat and rocky and nearly free of vegetation, affording the wind an unhampered sweep which had carried the snow into a great drift just beyond the dip of the ridge ahead. The car took this short stretch rapidly, its lights shooting out across the dark abyss of the next gully, dimly illuminating the white of the opposite ridge.

The car was turning over the crest. Its lights dipped down to the road ahead, and there, stuck in the snow drift, was Bullard's car. The lights were out; it was apparently deserted. So great was the momentum of Shorty's machine that when he pulled up, the radiator was but a few feet from the stalled car. Slim Daly, without pausing to unlatch the rear door, jumped out, as did Pete Carson, guns in hand. Rawlins was upon the ground almost at the same instant that the two other men alighted. Shorty was out the next moment and was fumbling for the valve of his Prestolite tank. He found it and the lights went out. After the roaring of the motor exhaust and the brilliant illumination of the road by the lamps, the silence and darkness were ominously oppressive. This was augmented by the fact that not a man spoke while he waited for his eyes to become partially accustomed to the darkness. Then there was sharp report some fifty yards down the ridge to the right. A bullet whined just over the car. Instinctively the men, as if actuated by common impulse, threw themselves flat. Five more shots rang out in quick succession. Five spurts of flame cleft the darkness. Three bullets whined harmlessly overhead, the other two struck the bonnet of the car, splintering upon the engine casting.

"Get him," Shorty shouted, and leaped away in the direction from which the shots had come. After the second impetuous bound he crouched and began to advance cautiously, his automatic ready. Rawlins was at his side a moment later, assuming the same careful attitude of advance. Pete and Slim had deployed to right and left as they went ahead. Shorty and Rawlins had not reached a distance of more than thirty feet from the car when the frenzied scream of a woman pulsated quaveringly into the night.

"Tend to her," Shorty cried to Rawlins. "She's in there in Bullard's car. Go. You can't help us. We'll tend to this bird."

Rawlins turned reluctantly as if disappointed at having to give up the pur-

suit of Bullard at this propitious moment. Then he made his way rapidly toward the Bullard automobile from which there came the sound of a woman sobbing.

SHORTY advanced rapidly, though cautiously, now. He knew that Bullard had emptied his six shooter and had undoubtedly by this time reloaded. Shorty was momentarily expecting another fusillade, and was prepared to answer it. He could dimly discern his two confederates as they kept pace with him, some forty feet on either side.

The trio had covered about thirty yards in this fashion, when a spurt of flame, followed by a report, made them drop flat once more. Bullard must have been nervous, for he fired his five remaining shots in quick succession. He had evidently divined that the central approaching figure was that of Shorty, for the bullets whined harmlessly over the latter's head. With the flight of the last bullet, Shorty was upon his feet. With the rapidity of a machine gun, his automatic barked its eight times. At the sixth shot the man at whom Shorty was firing uttered a horrible screech, but Shorty's finger did not release the trigger. Carson and Daly advanced swiftly now, holding their weapons ready as they closed in. Shorty extracted the empty clip, cast it aside, and inserted a filled one into the grip of his automatic.

No sound emanated from the darkness in the direction of the two automobiles, nor was there any noise from ahead.

"Give up," shouted Shorty to Bullard, who was somewhere out in the darkness not far ahead. Then to Daly and Carson he called, "If he tries to plug me let him have it for all you've got." The two outside men sang out that they would carry out the order. Silence had once more resumed when out of the dark came the plaintive plea of "Don't shoot; I'm hit, I'll give up. Don't shoot, please don't shoot." The cry ended like the whimper of a whipped mongrel.

"Light a match to show us where you are, and that you ain't goin' to try any funny work," was Shorty's reply.

There was the scuffling of feet upon the rocky frozen earth, and a few moments later, a match light flared in the darkness, revealing Bullard standing some twenty yards distant. The wind blew out the flimsy light.

"Keep lightin' 'em till we get up to you," demanded Shorty. "We don't want to have to plug you, Bullard." Another match flared, and blew out. Still another flashed only to be



extinguished in a gust of cold wind. Bullard was frantically trying to cup the light of his fourth match in his hands when Shorty reached him. Shorty's pistol muzzle poked hard against the heavy coat over Bullard's belly.

"Stick 'em up," ordered Shorty. Bullard's arms were instantly silhouetted against the dark sky. Pete and Slim were at Shorty's side now.

"Frisk him," commanded Shorty, still pressing the cold pistol hard against Bullard. They found no weapons and so announced the fact to Shorty, who demanded, "Where's your gun, Joe?"

"Down there on the ground," whimpered Bullard. "I throwed it down."

With the aid of the light of several matches, the revolver was retrieved.

"I thought you said you were hit?" suggested Shorty.

"I am," replied Bullard tremulously, "here on the shoulder. I can feel the blood runnin'."

"Well," responded Shorty concisely, "if you are, it ain't bad. You seem a plenty able to hold up your arms. You can let 'em down now."

With a whimpering display of relief, Bullard let his arms drop despondently to his sides. He began to implore his captors not to harm him further, to which Shorty snapped, "shut up, damn you." Bullard gradually subsided into silence.

"Where's Barbara?" Shorty demanded.

"Oh, that little hussy," replied Bullard, with an effort at contempt in his tones, "why I guess she's back there in the machine. Like's not she's fainted before this time. She's—"

He did not finish for the simple reason that Shorty's fist, unerring in the darkness, had smashed full upon the speaker's mouth. Bullard resumed his pleadings, sputtering half intelligibly through his cut lips.

"Shut up, damn you," ordered Shorty, "or I'll do worse than that to you."

"Bring him on, boys," Shorty said to his companions. Carson and Daly grasped the prisoner on either side and followed Shorty back toward the automobiles.

Seeing the men advancing, but being unable in the darkness to make out the number, Rawlins hailed them with a "Did you get him?" Shorty replied affirmatively. He did not go directly to the car beside which Rawlins stood, endeavoring to comfort Barbara, whom he had found crouching and half frozen with cold and fright on the cushions. Instead, he began searching

about the edge of the snow drift for some brush. The sage grew more rank here. Swinging his heavy overshoes against the pliable brush, Shorty managed to break several from their moorings. These he gathered up and stacked into a pile near his own car. He repeated this performance, going a little further this time in search of fuel, till he had a considerable shock. He then took a piece of cotton waste from the tool box, swung under the car and saturated the waste with gasoline from the drain cock. Tossing the waste into the edge of the brush, he touched a lighted match to it. The effect was almost instantaneous. The scene about was lighted with a lurid brilliance, bringing out the vivid contrast between the dark wind swept earth and the whiteness of the immense drift, and lighting up the sides of the two cars nearer the fire. Bullard's face was sickly white as his captors led him to the fire. The ghastly effect was enhanced by the smear of blood from his lacerated lips; Barbara was not yet visible. She was crouching within the curtains of the car.

"Come," Rawlins said gently to her. Half inert, she allowed him to half carry her from the car and set her upon her feet near the fire. Covering her face with her gloved hands she stood, sobbing convulsively. No one spoke. Shorty had at sight of her drawn a little to the rear. In his swift campaign after fuel he had cast off his heavy coat. He stood as if awaiting the inevitable; his features were set as though he would face it through. Rawlins, who was still at Barbara's side, shuffled uneasily, as did Carson and Daly, who still retained hold of Bullard's arms. They were waiting for orders, but every one of them knew that before these orders were issued, something was to happen, something dreaded by all. They did not know the exact nature of this expected occurrence, but, because they knew Shorty Dain, they realized that whatever it was, it was as inexorable as fate itself.

Making a visible effort at composure, Barbara allowed her hands to fall from her face. Then she held them out supplicatingly.

"Shorty," she cried, "Shorty, forgive me. Forgive me," and once more permitted her arms to fall, as if convinced of the futility of her plea. She drew back a little, as Shorty spoke.

"Forgive you?" he echoed, coldly. "Forgive you? There's nothin' to forgive. You and I are through; that's all."

"Shorty," she cried, beseechingly, "won't you please forgive me? I was

wrong. I won't do it again. I swear I won't."

"I told you we were through," Shorty reiterated. She shrank back as if in utter hopelessness.

Barbara let her gaze turn to Bullard, who stood white-faced and inarticulate.

"Joe," she cried pitifully, "Joe, you love me, don't you?"

"Aw, crab it," growled Bullard. "Cut out the sob stuff." She recoiled under the words. Shorty stepped a pace nearer the cringing girl.

"Barbara," he began cool deliberation, "I gave you your show, and you double crossed me. I've told you we were through. If you'd do it once, you'd do it again at the first chance. When I marry a woman, she's goin' to be my woman, not half of her belongin' to a skunk like that," he indicated Bullard with a contemptuous sweep of his arm. "You ain't even goin' back to camp. The town don't need your kind. We're cleanin' house today, and you go. Bullard goes back to see what waits for him there, but you go on."

"Shorty," she cried, "you are not going to kill him?"

"I'm not goin' to kill him," he replied evenly, but icily.

"Let him come with me," she implored. "Let him come with me. I love him. Let him come with me, and we'll leave the country. We won't ever bother any of you again. Let us go somewhere and make a new start. We will, Joe, won't we?"

The eagerness of Barbara's plea seemed to arouse Bullard from the lethargy into which he had fallen. He straightened and spoke abruptly, "You bet we will," he replied. "Just give us a chance and we'll show 'em we can do the right thing."

"Right thing," sneered Shorty. "You two do the right thing, hell! In this world there are three kinds of people, the right and the wrong and the ornery. The right do the right thing. There ain't anything to say about them; the wrong kind do the wrong things because they don't know right from wrong. They're to be pitied; but the ornery, they do wrong when they know right from wrong. That's the kind you two belong to. You'll get another chance, but not together. Bullard, you go back to camp. Barbara, you're goin' to take the long trail out of these parts. We don't need you."

"But how?" she managed to query. Shorty turned to Slim Daly.

"Slim, can you drive a car?" The remark was part statement, part question.

"Most any kind, anywhere," replied



Daly. "It's one of the luxuries a poor but successful gambler can afford.

"Then," said Shorty with finality, "we'll dig Bullard's car out of this and you take her on to Winona. See that she don't come to any harm. You can fight your way through somehow. The snow will be thinner below."

"I'll do it for you, Shorty," responded Slim, "but I'd like to go back with you."

"You'll have to make a little sacrifice this time, Slim," Shorty said with a poor attempt at smiling. "Get the shovel off my runnin' board, and we'll see what we can do toward startin' you on your way. You ought to make Winona by daylight." Shorty addressed Bullard and from his questions and the captive's replies ascertained that the car had sufficient oil and gasoline for the journey.

Though Shorty's superior, Rawlins did not dissent from Shorty's decision in the matter. This situation, which had arisen partially on account of Barbara's unfaithfulness, was not one that concerned Rawlins. It lay between the two principal parties. Consequently, he started with Slim Daly and Shorty to see what they could do toward extricating the stalled machine. Pete Carson was left to guard the prisoner.

The inflammable nature of the fuel had caused the fire to burn low. Barbara had advanced till she stood above its embers, her palms extended for the comfort of what little warmth they could absorb. Suddenly she turned her head in the direction which the three men had taken, and called Shorty, in a particularly strong voice. Shorty left his work and came to her.

"Well," he demanded, in a tone which said time was the element of the situation. "What is it?"

"Shorty," she said, "can I take my high-grade?"

"How much have you got?" he countered.

"Oh," she replied evasively, "quite a bit of it."

"Then to top off this other thing, you're a plain thief?"

"Yes," she said humbly, "I suppose I am. Can I have my high-grade, Shorty?"

"That's something we'll have to ask Jimmy about," Shorty said. The high-grade is his. He'll have to say whether you can take it."

He made another foray upon the sage brush, securing a stock of fuel with which to replenish the fire. Once more the nearer surroundings were illuminated.

"Come on," he said to Barbara. She

followed him toward Bullard's car. When they reached it, Shorty summoned Rawlins from where he was shoving the snow from before the front wheels, and stated Barbara's request. Rawlins regarded her sorrowfully before he said, "Yes, I think she can take it. I think it will be all right with Bill. She's got a hard row to hoe. It may help her. Let's see how much it is, so I can tell Bill about it. Where is it?"

She explained that it was in a sack inside the turtle back of the car. Shorty unlatched the door, and raised it.

"There," she said, pointing to a full ore sack, which lay flat.

"Jumping Jiminy," ejaculated Rawlins, for the first time manifesting emotion. "I'll say one thing for you, Barbara: You are no piker."

He lifted out the sack and weighed it. The sack was filled to a point which barely admitted of its being brought together and tied.

"About a hundred pounds," resumed Rawlins, "about five thousand dollars."

"I thought there was about that much," she agreed. "Maybe there's a little more; it's good."

"Yes, you can have it," Rawlins announced, "and I hope it does you no more harm than it already has. Barbara, I am disappointed in you. Have you thought of how you've wronged Ann, after the confidence she has placed in you? Have you thought of the stigma your action puts upon all good women, not to mention yourself?"

She hung her head in shameful dejection for a moment, and said, "Yes."

"Well," replied Rawlins, "you better go over by the fire till we are ready for you to start." She acquiesced readily.

Rawlins, while he talked with Barbara, had not noticed that Shorty had been rummaging about inside the turtle back. When he did turn, he saw two gold bars lying upon the sloping metal below the door.

"Where'd you find them?" he exclaimed.

"In there," replied Shorty. "That's the next dividend of the 'Roarin' Annie,' but the 'Roarin' Annie' has just decided to pass her next dividend."

Half an hour later, without the formality of a farewell, Barbara Connors climbed into the seat she had formerly occupied, but this time Slim Daly held the wheel beside her. The four men remaining stood by the dying embers of their fire and watched the white light ferret its way across the narrow valley, mount to the opposite crest and sweep a long white arc

through the black sky to dip over the ridge the next instant and disappear. So Barbara Connors went from Shorty Dain's life, and he shed not a tear that anyone could see, nor uttered a sigh that anyone heard. The dull rumble of the receding motor died and was absorbed into the night silences.

Though the hour was well past midnight, Sultana was awake, wide awake. However, it was not the boisterous, hilarious, wakefulness of a holiday or a pay night. About it there was something cold, sinister, grim, something compatible with the sullen overcast sky, and the snow wrapped earth. Groups of men stood in the streets or stamped to and fro, or swung arms to ward off the cold. At frequent intervals, these men would turn to look down the mountain in the direction which Shorty Dain had taken. They were waiting.

In the many saloons, knots of men clustered around the hot stoves or stood about the rooms. The bars were idle, for these men were not drinking. They had passed to sullen sobriety hours before. They would, some of them at least, lapse from this state before many more hours had passed. The gambling tables were covered with their black oilcloths. The men were playing a greater, grimmer game than Faro or Roulette or Poker. Three men had played the game that night and had lost. Two swung from the dependent ropes at the 'Roarin' Annie' gallows' frame. The third lay in an improvised morgue to which he had been moved after being pronounced dead at Doctor Hart's office. It had been the great game in which the stakes were dishonesty against honesty that these men had played. The forfeit had been their lives, paid reluctantly, but paid inexorably.

Occasionally a door would swing open to allow some one from within to emerge for news from the watchers without, or for some cold sentinel to enter for a few moments of the warm comfort inside. The majority of these men were silent. A few talked about things irrelevant to their thoughts. Far down the street a few men sporadically spaced, paced up and down, up and down, as if they were sentries, marking the cold hours of the night with their steps upon their beats of squealing snow. It was one o'clock when the farthestmost of these outposts paused. He listened intently. In the lull of the wind he had caught the far off hum of a motor. His every sense quickened. Once more he heard it, dim and far away, but unmistakable. His eyes detected the faint beam of light as the car topped some light rise far down

(Continued on page 564)



# Burning Brakes

ON RATON PASS the Santa Fe trail loops over the Rockies its mellowed thread of high adventure. There Romance dreams of Castilian cavalcade which passed before Mayflower timbers were cut.

A friendly spring trickles from the summit rocks, welcoming the transcontinental motorist who needs no excuse to pause before tackling the long downward trail; spiced with sheer cliffs as it coils over the mighty barrier.

On this September afternoon a black touring car labored up the slope from Colorado, and skirted the little mountain meadow which seemed to invite campers. A layer of Platte valley soil under the red clay of Timpas bottoms suggested that the car had come from west of the Missouri and north of the Arkansas.

"Those brakes are burning, Agnes!" snapped the elder of the two occupants.

"I know they are, Aunt Jane," the girl admitted, bracing her slender foot against the pedal and clicking the emergency to the last notch. "There hasn't been any foot brake for miles, and now—the other is gone, too!"

"I want to stop!" cried the white-haired, hawk-visaged spinster. Slowly, defiantly, the car slid toward the New Mexico slope.

"So—do—I—" agreed Agnes, with white-faced precision.

Aunt Jane started to jump, then changed her mind. The car responded to a frantic twist and lurched from the roadway, bumping over ruts, rocks, chaparral, toward the rising wall of rock.

"Stop it!" shrieked the passenger. The wheels dodged a boulder, bent a dwarf fir, and slid down the stone terrace cupping the spring.

Crushed between rock and tire, the fender rasped shrill protest. The older woman lurched against the windshield, then clambered out, splashing through water to the trail.

"I have!" announced the driver, triumphantly. With both front wheels in the pool below the spring the stop seemed reasonably permanent.

"You've smashed my fender," complained the aunt.

"I'd have smashed everything else if I'd turned toward the jump-off side," reminded the girl.

"Such talk, after me bringing you on a vacation!"

Agnes' face flamed with unexpected

By HORACE EDWARD BUKER

spirit. She was rapidly approaching that danger point when weariness cancels all restraint.

"Driving, and fixing blow-outs, finding hotels, packing baggage and arguing with you about every necessary expense isn't all fun," she reminded.

"You ought to be ashamed."

"I am—for being such a goat! It's a long ways from Nebraska to California, and if it weren't for being a quitter I'd rather go back and teach school—even with Henry Whipple coming around every other night with his everlasting "haw, haw!"

SHE CLIMBED out and splashed into the pool, shoes and all, filling her sombrero with water. Her hair spilled in reddish cascades across her shoulders, with only a faithful pin or two in place. The brakes hissed spitefully as she doused the hot bands with icy water.

"You're just ruining that hat," warned Aunt Jane. "Those brakes always get hot, anyway."

"They won't any more. Because there isn't any more. We can't get down from here without new linings."

"Fiddlesticks! Anyway, why didn't you see to it back in Trinidad?"

"You told the man you wouldn't spend another cent, so he just tightened them."

"He charged too much." Aunt Jane's customary finality.

Agnes switched the hat, gathered up her hair with a graceful sweep and tucked it under the sombrero's crown. Then she stretched out on the ground and kicked calmly at the lower branch of a stunted evergreen.

"Make yourself comfortable, auntie," she suggested. "We'll have to wait for help."

Minutes passed.

From far away the purr of a motor echoed across the cliffs.

"Car coming from Trinidad," announced the girl. "They can haul us out."

"What good would it do if the brakes are gone?"

"It might let others get to the spring," assured Agnes, an unaccustomed liberty of spirit here ten thousand feet above the little prairie schoolhouse gilding the adventure with something like joy. "Then we'll begin worrying about the next thing."

"If those are fresh young men don't stop them."

"If any fresh young men get inquisitive, we'll tell them we always park this way."

Into view from the Colorado side nosed a roadster. It carried two men, both reasonably young, but neither they nor the car appeared very fresh.

It was a low, stripped car, with narrow seats for two and carrying tarpaulin-wrapped baggage. The original finish remained in doubt, so heavy was the coating of soils which it bore like a badge of honor.

Car and passengers did not reflect prosperity—and therefore respectability—to the village eyes of Aunt Jane Harter of Harter's Corners.

Bob Daly and Pat Carnahan were taking a little spin of ten or twelve thousand miles. Under the battered hood sang a beautiful motor intended for the next year's Fond-du-lac, and the capacity and conduct of which was the subject of paternal solicitude.

They saw before them a slender, brown-eyed miss in khaki skirt and waist. They noted, without pain, that the setting sun formed an aura about the damp sombrero and fired the vagrant locks.

The driver climbed out and smiled. He was tall enough, seemed capable, strong, even good looking, although there was too much dust and oil on his face.

"Dump out the cable, Pat," he ordered, after a brief glance.

Miss Jane Harter rose to inquire. "Just a moment, young man," she cautioned. "What is it going to cost?"

Daly glanced at Agnes. Both turned slightly red, so he stooped to pick up the tow line.

"I'm not a road bandit," he assured. "I'm Bob Daly and my friend is Pat Carnahan. We help make these cars."

He rubbed the dust from the plate on his radiator. "This is practically the same model as yours," Daly added, "even if it doesn't look it now."

Carnahan backed the roadster and Daly made a short connection, then stepped on the running board and grasped the wheel of the stranded car. "Let her go, Pat," he called.

Pat let her go, and the touring car curved onto the plateau.

"Where do you want it?" Daly asked the girl.

"Over here," she called from the level edge of the grassy park. "We've

(Continued on page 556)



# BOOKS AND WRITERS

Conducted by B. VIRGINIA LEE

## COUNTRY PEOPLE

**H**L. MENCKEN says of Miss Suckow, "She is no mere photographer, she is an artist—and I think she is one of the finest artists that we have."

"Country People," Miss Suckow's first novel, is devoid of cheap cleverness, tricks, surprises and sex, and yet it is absorbing. Her characters are so real that the plot is secondary. It is a story of the German Settlement around Turkey Creek and "Wapsie" County in the state of Iowa; of the Kaetterhenrys! You live with them, love them, sympathize, laugh and cry with them. You come to know exactly what to expect in farm life, struggles, pleasures, growth and maturity. The charm of any good book, is not fancying what does not exist, but consists in discerning more truth than ordinary minds. Miss Suckow certainly has left nothing undone in depicting the lives of her characters from the time August travels from Turkey Creek to Richland and meets Emma Stille, whom he afterwards marries, to the very last word of the story.

After the marriage come the little Kaetterhenrys and with them comes work and more work for Emma. Such a picture of life! Mary, the eldest, seems to get the least out of life while Margurite gets the most, yet what can be expected? Mary is born when the Kaetterhenrys are just "getting on"—Margurite comes late enough to enjoy life in the city and yet Margurite does not have the desire for the things which Mary had. That is the tragedy of life, the irony of times.

It is pathetic to see how August refuses to tear himself away from the farm, even after the Kaetterhenrys have moved to the city and we sympathize with the son who feels, "Pa can either run this farm or let me!" Human, so human.

The building of the town house affords August something to occupy his mind with for a time, but when it is completed, we again see the retired farmer, restless, unable to adjust himself to a life of leisure.

Miss Suckow gives her readers a glimpse of the famous Mayo Brothers of Rochester when Emma goes there for an operation and for the first time in her life is waited upon, becomes the topic of conversation and the center of interest. Then there are the lives of Johnie and Carl; the effect war has had upon them is interesting; also is the manner in which August looks upon war in comparison with old Grandpa Stille's attitude.

There are two deaths in the story; Grandma Stille, who has been bed ridden for five years, and August. We are not depressed by Grandma Stille's death, but rather relieved. August's passing has a different effect. We become worried about him before he takes a trip to Rochester and our fears are strengthened when the Mayo Brothers refuse to operate and send him home. There is something so real in Emma's reaction to the death notices of her husband, a sort of queer, superior reverence. Then comes the settling of the estate and the final chapter, "Emma." Country People is a picture of life; a picture of art by a great artist.

COUNTRY PEOPLE by Ruth Suckow; Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.00.

## GREEK LIFE AND THOUGHT

**C**AN THE modern world know Greek culture without studying Greek?" is the main question in Professor Van Hook's book. His material is well selected, his style lucid, his judgments sound but the interest is limited by his academic mind. Professor Van Hook certainly has written with a power of conviction due to his great enthusiasm, even though the text is stripped of imaginative and emotional elements which seem to me, the very essence of Greek Culture. However, taken for what it is, a book written primarily for the student, by a professor, it is of much value.

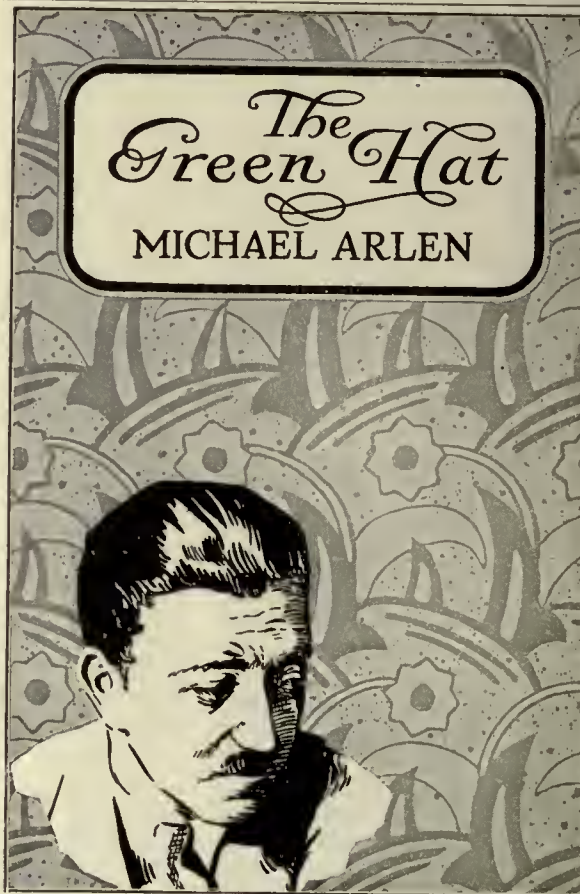
GREEK LIFE AND THOUGHT (a portrayal of Greek Civilization), by La Rue Van Hook; Columbia University Press, \$4.00.

## THE GREEN HAT

**M**ICHAEL ARLEN does one thing if nothing else in his "The Green Hat," he gives his readers food for argument. The tale is an absorbing romance which holds the interest of the reader; the style is fascinating with dazzling phrases. It is a story of Iris Storm—a passionate, almost melodramatic tale, but one feels Arlen has labored too much with his plot, it seems forced. He defies the unity of time and place, dashing from one period of life to another and then takes too much time explaining his digressions. After all the worthwhile accomplishments in the world are the accomplishments which make people think and Arlen does do this.

THE GREEN HAT, by Michael Arlen, Doran, \$2.00.

Doran  
provides  
an  
attractive  
cover  
for  
Michael  
Arlen's  
story



## AN OLD-NEW POET

**C**ALIFORNIA has so many poets that it is scarcely surprising that many are almost lost sight of. Indeed, they are almost certain to become lost to sight unless they exert themselves to secure frequent appearance in print. Now comes one of the older poets, a contemporary of the Bret Harte group, who only now cares to collect her stray verse of the years and place it within the covers of a book.

"From Youth to Age," is the title which Clara G. Burtchaell gives to this interesting and unusual collection. Dedicated to

her grand-children, the book naturally enough begins with a group of children's verse, the place of honor being given to that famous poem which has been copied and recopied the country over, "No Baby in the House." The author, then Clara Dolliver, was only thirteen or fourteen years old when the lyric was written.

But there is many another delightful bit among the poems for children. Accompanied as these are by the exquisite drawings of Albertine Randall Wheelan and Margaret Zimmerman, this portion of the book alone compels its acceptance among California's contributions to literature. The larger portion of the book contains the au-





From  
Youth  
to  
Age



ILLUSTRATION BY MARGARET ZIMMERMAN FOR "THE PROMENADE,"  
FROM THE NEW BOOK BY CLARA G. BURTCHAELL

thor's more serious writings, from which is selected this:

#### HERE

(In a remote corner of Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, there is a grave, lonely and uncared for, whose headstone bears but one word, "Here.")

Who sleepest here, alone, alone,  
Marked by so strange a burial stone?  
The sandy soil about the grave  
Is tossed upon it, wave on wave,  
And hardy weeds above it grow,  
But buds of beauty never blow.  
Perchance with blood his life was blot,  
And he had wished his name forgot.

Perchance it was some heart of gold  
Whose truth and faith were never told,  
Who willed no costly stone be set,  
Knowing that God would not forget.

Here? how sadly vain the word!  
Earth's quiet breath is hardly stirred  
When one more child upon it lies;  
E'en the rank weeds that upward rise,  
Point Heaven to our downcast eyes;  
The message that those letters bear  
Should not be written "Here," but "There."

The typography of the volume is exceptionally artistic, and with its handsome brown leather cover the book makes an exquisite gift. Issued in a very limited edition.

FROM YOUTH TO AGE, by Clara G. Burtchaell. Lederer, Street & Zeus, Berkeley, Calif. \$2.00 net.

#### AN ABOUT-FACE IN EDUCATION

IN AN ABOUT FACE IN EDUCATION Adelia Adams Samuels, Assistant Supervisor of Primary Teaching, University of California, Southern Branch, presents the educational theory and practice of the State Demonstration School. Established two years ago at Cucamonga, the school, "child-directed, teacher-aided" worked out in the grades a system similar to that used by Madame Montessori with children of kindergarten age. Some may object to the word *system* as applied to that which is governed by the interest of the child.

Mrs. Samuels pleads for an about-face in education: "We cry out for a fundamental self-discipline as an aid to better citizenship and deny it practice by requiring of children a response in unison to the rules and commands of the teacher. Mrs. Samuels gives the recognized educational principle that the learning process must have its beginnings in the native interests of the child and dilates upon the way in which our school practice denies our precepts. The school she describes is a picture of the mother with her children around her, an ideal that can be realized when small groups of children are assigned to a teacher. In home economics, shop work, and other subjects where the equipment limits the numbers, the about-face is already accomplished, each student following out the work that appeals to her or him.

The author hopes that the book may "assist in bringing about a more complete

unity of purpose between the teacher and the parent, the school and the home." The writer of the foreword, Grace Chandler Stanley, State Commissioner of Elementary Education for California and Founder of the Demonstration School, says:

"If it is the business of the schools to help children to find themselves in order that they may assume their proper responsibility in life, why should we not turn ourselves directly to the task? We are all greatly concerned to bring about peace in the world, but we shall not have arrived at such a state until we have released the energy of our individual citizens so that it may be directed into productive service. Probably the frustration of the legitimate expression of a great talent is one of the most fruitful sources of discord among the members of the human race. It is my hope that this volume may make its contribution to the development of human welfare."

The book is one more contribution to the old-new idea in education, the idea that the child must find himself in a group not too large for the personal direction of the teacher. The economic need that gives every teacher as many students as may be grouped within sound of her voice has forced upon us the conditions that this and other of the new books on education deplore, but strangely enough few strike directly at the chief reason for dissatisfaction with the schools. Were all classes, especially in the elementary schools, limited to thirty students, the about-face in education would soon be accomplished. E.

#### RICHARD JEFFRIES

TWO SCORE years ago an English philosopher gave to the printers a most unusual series of essays which he called "The Story of My Heart." It was not a love story, for it dealt but slightly, if at all, with the more human emotions. It was, on the contrary, the search of a soul for Truth. It was the chronicle of a lover of nature and his finding of Truth in the spiritual manifestations of the things about him. And because he did find that Truth which he sought the book is today as fresh and interesting as when it was first given out. It has gone through many editions since its first appearance. It has been frequently out of print; for it is the sort of book which when read, is purchased for one's friends that they too may enjoy. And yet withal Richard Jeffries remains a philosopher far less widely known than he deserves.

The present edition is issued as a gift book, beautifully bound, and with thirty-six designs on wood by Ethelbert White. It is printed in Great Britain by Hazelle, Wilson & Viney, Ltd.

THE STORY OF MY HEART, by Richard Jeffries. E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers, New York, \$4.00 net.

#### THE FIRE IN THE FLINT

THE FIRE IN THE FLINT" is a story of a "rich brown" mulatto, educated in the North for the medical profession. After a period in Paris he returns to the Southern States, filled with faith and hope and a desire to help humanity. He is overwhelmed by the virus of race distinction and through this he becomes rather rebellious. Mr. White, throughout the novel endeavors to play up the colored people by showing us inferior white men. He even infers that all white southern men are cowards, and solemnly informs us that Lincoln was not "begotten" in the South. It is interesting to be informed of the "truth" about lynchings, etc. To the colored people, this book may appeal but to the white people of the average intelligence, it is laughable. It does, however, show the workings of the mind of the mulatto, and it is a book widely discussed in view of the present-day racial question.

THE FIRE IN THE FLINT, by Walter F. White; Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50.

#### SEMBAL

SEMBAL" is a story of a repulsive, dirty little Jew who rises from a nobody in the slums to a political power. The story is put over easily and clearly and holds the reader's interest. One feels, however, that much of Mr. Cannan's labors in collecting his political data is lost, for it becomes a bore. His description of the London Ghetto and Jewish West End makes the book well worth reading if for nothing else.

SEMBAL, by Gilbert Cannan; Thomas Seltzer, \$2.00.

#### THE DANCE OF LIFE

THE DANCE OF LIFE" is work for concentration. Mr. Ellis says, "It has always been difficult for man to realize that his life is all an art," yet I do not believe anyone will find it difficult to believe after reading "The Dance of Life."

The splendid introduction is followed by six chapters; The Art of Dancing; the Art of Thinking; The Art of Writing; The Art of Religion; The Art of Morals and the Conclusion.

We learn that even Pleasure is an art; "Pleasure is a human creation, a delicate art, to which, like music or painting, only a few are apt." He makes us know Vai-hinger; he leaves a better taste in our mouths for Napoleon. What he has to say of Optimism in his chapter on Thinking, is worth remembering: "It is strange to observe—how many people seem to feel vain of their own ungratified optimism when the place where optimism most flourishes is in the lunatic asylums." Further on he modifies this by saying that life should have both—optimism and yet a bit of pessimism. It is a good thought. "The



Dance of Life" is truly a "revelation of something that has remained latent . . . in the writer's soul, which is, ultimately, the soul of mankind." And what is so delightful as seeing in print the expression of one's own thoughts, put forth by a great man?

THE DANCE OF LIFE, by Havelock Ellis; Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.00.

#### CLOWNS

NEVER a child but loved the circus, and of all the circus they love the clowns best. Now here comes a book which is chock-a-block full of stories and pictures about men and women and boys and girls and animals—and every last one of them is a clown! There's a clown mother and a clown baby. There's a mule which is a clown and little white dog which is another clown. The book is full of stories, and when they couldn't get in any more stories they filled it full of colored pictures. And because that wasn't enough they put in the box with the book some sheets for cut-outs. When you've cut them out and pasted them together—why, then you have Clown Town and all the Clown Town folk where you can see them.

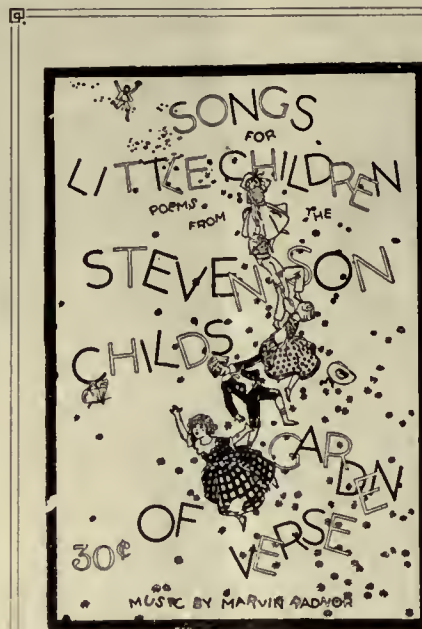
An especially happy book for children.

CLOWN TOWN, by Dixie Willson. Pictures by Erick Berry. Doubleday, Page & Co. Our copy gives no price.

#### UNKNOWN LANDS

TO THOSE who think of African territory as the wildest and least known of all lands, this chronicle of exploration on the Amazon will come as a surprise. Here is a tropical jungle with an area of half the size of the United States impassable untracked save by savage tribes who have, many of them, seen nothing of the white man. It is a territory of rumored riches, yet one which baffles the hardest adventurers. Swamps, tropical growths, reptiles and insects, to say nothing of the fierce, cannibalistic tribes, make this region impenetrable.

Here live those tribes who preserve the



#### SONGS FOR CHILDREN

HERE are a score and more of delightfully simple songs for little children, dainty melodies which run with the familiarly charming words of Robert Louis Stevenson's lyrics. Too many songs for children have words which are meaningless, which aid in filling the child-mind with trash. But here are the well-told poetic tales of the things which the child loves—the rain, flowers, shadows, cows, the going to bed and the rising—and it's real poetry, set to real music by Marvin Radnor.

SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Words by Robert Louis Stevenson, music by Marvin Radnor. Marvin Radnor, Publisher, New York, 30c in paper.



heads of their victims, heads which they shrink to the size of an orange while retaining the contour and features. Here are tribes who use strange poisons, unknown to civilized races. There are tribes whose weapons are the bow and arrow; others who use the blowpipe and poisoned darts. And far beyond the tropical forests is a vast plain where stands a mysterious rock temple, bearing inscriptions which remain a mystery.

The author, Mr. Domville-Fife, spent years in exploring this region of the Amazon, and brings from it a record that amazes. And yet he has seen but little of all this land of mystery holds.

AMONG WILD TRIBES OF THE AMAZON, by C. W. Domville-Fife; 27 illustrations and 6 maps. J. P. Lippincott Co., \$5.00 net.

#### MORE INDIAN VERSE

THE LEGENDS of the Indian tribes afford prolific inspiration for the poet, though only a few of the writers of verse have attempted, even superficially, to delve into its wealth. But now comes Edith M. Clayes of Burlingame with a small volume containing many interesting folk-lore tales of the Western tribes done into verse. Written largely for the entertainment and instruction of the children, the verse is marked by simplicity of form and diction. The volume should find place in both the schools and the home.

SOME INDIAN LEGENDS DONE INTO VERSE, by Edith Martin Clayes, Sanborn, Vail & Co. Paper covers, \$1.75.

## The "High-Graders"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 560)

the canyon road. The man summoned the nearest sentry that they might jointly verify his discoveries. The hum of the motor was more distinct now. Again the beam of light cleft the lower darkness, but nearer, and then vanished.

One of the men pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired twice rapidly into the air. It was the pre-arranged signal. The shouts of men carried the news along. Shorty Dain was coming. Men poured from within the saloons and with those outside began to form two lines, one at either side of the street. The lines shortened, became more compact, till they formed four deep, for nearly a hundred yards. Only one man stood apart. He was a towering big fellow, a veritable giant there in the dim light. Now and then his

mighty voice boomed an order as some man broke rank.

Far down the road there was the ever rising note of the coming car. From a dull rhythm it rose to an ominous roar as Shorty forced the automobile to the slippery grade, yet it came on steadily, implacably, as if its very vitals were of the same steel as the nerves of the man at the wheel. The car rounded a turn and the headlights smote the darkness, falling like an advancing shroud upon the white earth.

The car reached the more even grade of the street. It came on more swiftly. As it came opposite the lower ends of the two human lines, the voice of the big man boomed an order. The upper extremities swung inward and joined at the middle of the street. Another

order sounded above the roar of the slackening motor. The lower ends of the line had formed an ellipsis at the center of which stood the car where Shorty Dain had stopped it. The lines did not close in about the car. They silently held their appointed orbit. The giant of the darkness stepped to the side of the machine, in which the four occupants waited expectantly.

"Got him?" inquired Ted Jarvis. Shorty replied in the affirmative.

"We'll take him," said the voice of the giant. He opened one of the tonneau doors and reaching in a ponderous hand, felt about till it closed upon the heavy collar of Joe Bullard's coat. The captive, half paralyzed from fright and cold, was drawn out and stood upon the ground. Pete Carson, who had sat next the prisoner as guard,



was about to alight when a command from Jarvis caused him to drop back into his seat.

"Go on," ordered Jarvis. Two other men had advanced from the side lines and had grasped Pollard's arms and were moving him away.

"How is Bill?" Rawlins inquired of Jarvis. "Have you heard anything about him?"

"Oh, he's all right," was the reply. "An hour after you left he sat up and spit out a buckshot. Wouldn't have hurt him if he'd swallowed it. The hit on his head is nothin' but a big flesh wound."

The lines were breaking. Their component parts were moving in the direction of the "Roarin' Annie." Jarvis turned to join the mob, then hesitated and came to the side of the car.

"We broke into the 'Roarin' Annie' mill house," he announced, "and found about half a ton of high-grade there that belongs to The Sultana. What'll we do with it?"

"Set a guard on it," Rawlins replied. "Keep a good watch on it. We'll sue out a writ of replevin as soon as possible. Jarvis, you're the new foreman of our mine, if you want the job. Tell all the men we discharged yesterday to report for work the morning after Christmas. We'll give them another chance."

"I'm with you all the way," Jarvis replied with gratitude in his voice. "Now you'll have to excuse me, boss. This is my busy day, and thank God, it's about over." He turned and followed the dark mass that was beginning to mount the slope toward the "Roarin' Annie" shaft.

Absently Shorty threw in the gear and dropped in his clutch. Then he drove idly up the street and turning, passed over the fallen door of the shed. He turned the petcock beneath the radiator, turned out the lights, and with Jimmy Rawlins and Pete Carson sauntered silently off in the direction of the doctor's office.

An hour later, all Sultana, with the exception of a few flickering lights was apparently sleeping. Another man had played the game and had lost. At the end of the steel cable over the shaft gallows frame, a thing dangled and grew colder with the passing minutes.

At the rear of Doctor Hart's office was a small annex, which served as the physician's bed chamber. To this room Bill Staley had been removed as soon as he had returned to consciousness, after having his wounds dressed. Under the influence of an opiate, he was now sleeping heavily. In the office proper, the doctor, Ann Dorr and Mrs.

Carson sat. They had been carrying on a forced and sporadic conversation during the trying hours intervening between the time Staley had been carried to the rear room and the present. Now they were silent, tense, awaiting the arrival of the three men, and possibly of Barbara Conners. They had heard the machine pass up the street. They had gone to the door and had seen dimly the mob form and disappear, and the car proceed. Their wait now was not one of long duration.

Presently the door opened to admit Pete Carson, muffled to the ears, but smiling. He trailed his Winchester in his left hand. Shorty came next. He uttered an exclamation of gratitude at the warmth of the room. He smiled bashfully and stood as Rawlins came in closing the door after him. Pete Carson stood his rifle in the nearest corner and advanced to receive the smacking caress of his spouse. Ann had arisen and stood. She cast one swift, inquiring glance about at the significance of the closed door. Barbara was not with the men. Then reaching out her arms, Ann smiled and cried, "Jimmy, Jimmy, thank God you're back."

Rawlins, stepping forward, took her in his arms. He held her to him for a long time, it seemed to the others, while her hand patted his shoulders. Though her head was upon his breast, she did not sob.

After awhile she released herself and turning half around, smiled a welcome to grizzled Pete Carson. Then she faced Shorty, extending both her hands to him. He grasped them eagerly.

"Shorty," she said, "I'm sorry. I am really and sincerely sorry."

"Just what are you sorry for me about?" Shorty interrupted. "For not marryin' that double crossin' little thing you called your friend? Is that why?" She recoiled under the vehemence of his words, but he held her hands. "Well, if that is all, Ann, my dear," he resumed more evenly, "then congratulate me. Now on the level, wouldn't it have been a hell of a life tied to somebody like she is? Wouldn't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, Shorty," she admitted, "I'm afraid it would have been, but I'm sorry."

"Tell us all about it," interposed Doctor Hart, who up to this time had remained quietly in the background. Ann drew Jimmy down beside her on the small couch, and gaining possession of his two hands, held them tightly. The others, with the exception of the physician, found seats. He stood

at attention. Shorty perched upon the operating table, from where he related the details of the night as far as his knowledge would admit, supplemented now and then by suggestions from Rawlins or Carson. Nearly an hour was consumed in the narration. Shorty was smiling as he finished. Looking about as if to ask if there was more to say, and taking the silence for negative, he swung his legs to the operating table, lay down and prepared to sleep. The others conversed in lower tones now. Before five minutes had elapsed, Shorty was breathing heavily.

"Oh," cried Ann softly, looking at Shorty's broad back, the muscles of which rippled rhythmically under his coat as he breathed, "what a man. You would think he would be mourning his heart out for her and he is sleeping like a child. It is the unbreakable spirit."

"You have said it," remarked the doctor. Moving slightly, the doctor reclined against the operating table on which Shorty rested. The touch must have aroused the sleeper for he moved uneasily, and groaned. Then, as if suddenly his senses had resumed tangible work, Shorty sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, it's you, Doc," he said in mild surprise. "Say, have you operated yet?"

"Operated?" the puzzled physician inquired, looking about blankly. "Shorty, you've been dreaming. Why should I operate upon you?"

"Oh," Shorty replied, yawning. "I want you to cut out of me whatever it was that made me make a damned fool out of myself over that girl. Let me get to sleep again, and then go to it."

"My boy," said Doctor Hart, pressing Shorty back to the improvised couch, "I think you will recover without resort to the knife. Good night and sweet dreams."

"Good night," responded Shorty, already half asleep. "Say, the rest of you clear out. I've got to have a nap, and stay here where I can hear Bill if he calls."

"Come on," spoke up Mrs. Carson, rising to the occasion. "Jimmy, you come on up and crawl in with Pete; I'm going to sleep with Ann. She'll need a mother to coddle her tonight. And say," she paused as if at the occurrence of a momentous thought, "find somebody, Doc, and tell him to rustle out Mulligan Mike, and tell him The Tin Can's his once more. Ann won't open it in the mornin'!"

(THE END)



# Burning Brakes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 561)

got to stop because our brakes are burned out."

Daly pulled the bent fender from the tire, then examined the brakes.

"Nearly gone," he decreed. "Sorry, but I've less than enough lining for one. But we'll go back to Trinidad and get some."

"Oh, you mustn't!" the girl protested. "All that terrible climb over again just for us! Couldn't you leave word in Raton and have them send up a man tomorrow?"

Daly glanced at his watch. "We couldn't get through now," he assured. "The workmen have been giving out word that the trail above Raton closes at five o'clock. They're blasting it wider. Dump off the camp outfit, Pat."

Her protests were as useless as they were insincere. Agnes Harter wanted nothing quite so badly as for the agreeable young man to linger indefinitely. She only half heard his explanations as to the various bundles being left for her comfort.

"We'll be back some time during the night," he promised. "Any Fond-du-lac in trouble is a personal obligation. You poor kid! You're worn out. What are you doing it for?"

"We didn't fully understand," Agnes confessed. "And it's my first vacation away from home. Is the rest of the way to California as hard as this?"

"You ain't seen nothin' yet!" he laughed. Then, noticing her surprise—"Oh, that's Al Jolson. Didn't he ever come your way?"

"I've read of him, but—I never saw any real show except Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Do you talk to the fairies on moonlight nights?" he asked very seriously. "I didn't know there were any of you left."

He turned to Aunt Jane, whose curiosity overcame her fear of being asked for money. "I'm testing a new motor," he explained, "so neither of us can stay and help you make camp, but we'll have the brakes all set for you early in the morning."

"Time and garages wait for no man," warned Carnahan. "Better leave them a gun, hadn't you?"

"Don't you dare touch a pistol around here!" ordered Aunt Jane.

Daly smiled and climbed into the car, backing it onto the trail near the spring. For a flash he caught Agnes'

eye and displayed the butt of an automatic in a shoulder holster. Then he strolled past the chaparral at the spring, taking another drink.

The girl was standing near when he returned. She nodded when he drew aside his coat showing an empty holster.

"Young man, are you competent to put in that brake lining?" Jane Harter called at the last minute.

"Perfectly, madam," assured Bob, calmly. "If not, my ignorance will be corrected by Mr. Carnahan, chief of the Fond-du-lac experiment department, whose capable eye will be upon me."

Then the car slipped from sight down the Colorado side and the world seemed deserted to the little girl from Nebraska, who always had expected a prince to come riding by some day.

I DON'T LIKE their looks," complained Aunt Jane. "Don't you forget that Henry Whipple is a hard-working young man with a farm partly paid for. That mechanic fellow positively smirked at you."

"He did act as if I were worth noticing, didn't he?" agreed Agnes. "I hope he comes back."

"You needn't expect me to leave you a cent if you lose your head over every one who looks at you."

"I don't intend to wait for you to leave me anything, and I don't intend to marry Henry Whipple!" the girl flared, deliberately seeking to burn the bridges which always had held her too safely above the alluring stream of life. "And if any regular young man wants to look at me, you just keep still and let him look."

Later, in the glow of their headlights near the hastily erected tent, the two women ate a silent meal. Weariness postponed argument, and finally Aunt Jane made herself comfortable with blankets and coats and dropped off to troubled sleep.

It was very lonely on the mountain top, although the full chill of night in high altitudes had not yet descended. Travel, always slight after dark, had stopped entirely with the closing of the Raton end of the pass. Deep silence ruled over the peaks.

Agnes carried a bucket to the spring for water, and found the pistol where Daly had dropped it under the chaparral. Balancing it near at hand on the bumper, she washed the dishes and then unstrapped her suitcase and se-

cured another pair of shoes and stockings, before turning off the car's lights.

Noiselessly she crept toward where the spring trickled gently from the rocks, trying not to heed the occasional coyote song, floating across the "peaks. She removed wet shoes and stockings, then splashed across the pool to the fountain head and tossed the icy water on her dust-coated neck and shoulders.

"He wore a service button," she recalled, "and he told the other man what to do. A foreman or even a mechanic ought to be just as good as a farmer."

Even very nice young ladies sometimes consider these little practical matters of income and expectations.

Diana ruled on the mountain top and mocked a sleeping world. Silent was the complaint of irritable age, and with some past epoch were the weariness and fears of a discarded day. Toward the stately rocks and silent pines, behind which imagination revealed all the cities of earth twinkling across the continents, she spread her arms in possessive affection.

"On top of the world!" she thought. "Monarch of all I survey"—from the recesses of memory. Then she sat on a rock, dried her feet with the upper part of the stockings, having forgotten a towel, and donned the dry outfit.

"But don't anybody take me too seriously," she gurgled in amusement. "I'm just a Nebraska schoolmarm on a cold water spree."

From down the Trinidad trail there were sounds, confused, repeated. Agnes dashed behind the chaparral.

There were voices, indistinct, and footsteps. In spite of the closed trail warning, men were climbing the pass—and on foot. For an instant she considered a dash for the car, where the gun lay invitingly on the bumper, but she feared there would not be time.

Silently she slipped across the trail to the pine grown slope which offered concealment, if precarious footing. If she could follow below the ridge for less than fifty yards it would bring her behind the car and tent.

Two shadowy forms developed from the darkness and shuffled toward the spring. Tense with fear, the girl lay among the pine needles under the trees.

The men passed by the car without



noting its presence against the forest background, but naturally they stopped at the spring.

"We must be in New Mexico, Hootch," she heard the smaller say. "How far now to that Cimarron trail?"

"Too far to walk with two counties after us," growled the other. "If you hadn't wrecked the car we'd been through Raton now."

"I didn't see the ditch. Anyway the car'll block the trail for a while. We couldn't get through, anyhow."

"We'd a got through if we had to bounce," declared Hootch grimly. "Just let some guy come along with a car we can cop and I'll show you."

"If that mine boss recognized us or the car when we nearly bumped him at Morley, they've wired by now," whined the little fellow. "How much would we get if they got us, Hootch?"

"About two hundred years," comforted the other. "But don't worry, Slim. I'd never dare to let them get you—alive."

The shadows moved away from the spring and down the trail, grotesquely merging into the blackness of the Raton slope. Occasionally one or the other, walking near the precipice, swung into sharp outline against the low hanging southwestern stars.

Agnes thanked the chance which had placed her car in the shadows, and prompted her to turn off the lights.

Just a moment more, she told herself, changing her position slowly. Then—

"Agnes! AG-NES! !" rang from the tent.

The receding footsteps stopped—came running back.

"There's our car!" she heard Hootch exult.

"Woman's voice; woman's name," analyzed the more crafty Slim. "Maybe no men around."

Crouching in terror, Agnes almost could have touched the men as they stole past and vanished within the black mantle enclosing the camp.

"Agnes! Answer me this instant! Where are you?" screamed Jane Harter, with just a note of fear.

From the darkness the arc of a pocket flash moved swiftly across the car and tent. Then the men abandoned caution and advanced boldly.

Jane Harter had retired almost fully dressed. Her head appeared at the flap, revealed in Hootch's light. He seized her shoulder and spun the startled woman toward his partner, while making a swift survey of the empty tent.

"There's an Agnes loose somewhere," warned Slim.

The larger man hastily took the prisoner as a measure of protection from a possible shot. "Get the car on the trail," he ordered.

AGNES SAW the lights leap through the black pall; heard the motor start—even heard the light thump of Daly's automatic as it shook, unnoticed, from the front bumper. Then Jane Harter's brakeless Fond-du-lac moved slowly across the grassy plateau toward the trail.

"Get in," said Slim.

"Hold it," ordered Hootch. "I'm going to take the old hen—she may help us to get through town."

Jane Harter fought and screamed. Hootch merely laughed.

"You dassent! You can't!" she cried frantically. "The brakes are gone. Don't you dare wreck my automobile."

"We'll wreck you, too, if we do," taunted Hootch, dragging her toward the car. He was not convinced. Scuffling, protest, threats—then the slam of a door.

"Home, James," jeered Hootch.

"And don't spare the hosses."

A scream of genuine terror attested Jane Harter's realization of her peril. An answering scream came from the darkness as Agnes abandoned caution and rushed into the circle of light, sombrero discarded and hair flying.

"Don't start!" she cried, barring the way. "The brakes are gone. You'll all be killed."

Slim stopped just at the brink of the slope. For a moment abduction and theft assumed the guise of conciliatory conference. Slim worked the pedal and lever, thoughtfully.

"Maybe she's right," he suggested. "Feels that way."

"Of course I'm right," persisted Agnes. "Do you suppose I'd run out here if it wasn't so?"

Her own words brought realization of the situation, and she half turned toward where Daly's automatic lay unheeded on the turf. But Slim was too quick for her.

"What'll we do with this one?" he demanded, holding the girl by the wrist. Agnes made no struggle, realizing that she could not desert her aunt.

"Hand her in here, and get started," the other ordered. "And stick on the trail."

Slim hesitated, but obeyed. Hootch indicated his intentions by producing a revolver and placing the barrel firmly against Jane Harter's side.

"If one of you jumps, the other don't!" he warned, grimly.

Slim threw in the gear and let up the clutch. The car rolled over the incline, passed the spring, gained speed on the first down grade, and swung around the bend. Beyond lay a sharp pitch, followed by another rise.

The driver had not switched from low, and the motor served to retard speed, but Slim's muscles grew tense before the descent ended. The car swayed and slammed onto the rise, climbed a hundred yards or so on momentum, snapped out surplus gas in a series of muffler explosions, then settled down to the motor's speed.

"She told the truth," quavered Slim. "I can't hold it!" He came to a full stop on level ground at the top of the grade. "It's suicide!" he protested, coming back and leaning over the rear door to argue with his partner.

"If I walk, I'll walk alone," warned the big man, meaningly. Slim hesitated, sulked, then climbed back to the wheel.

"Well, I told you," he grumbled.

Again they plunged into darkness, the trail only half revealed under lights which swung out over abysmal chasms as they swished around sharp turns. Agnes found herself marveling at the luck and skill which carried forward their lives from one second to the next.

Abject terror held the two women almost motionless, each afraid to revolt for fear of revenge against the other. Agnes glanced through the glass window at the receding trail.

Far in the rear, and from a higher level of the trail, a faint shaft of light swung straight out from the mountain, then merged back into the pall.

It could mean but one thing, with the trail closed to tourists. Daly and Carnahan were coming!

Slim was having trouble making turns whenever long slopes forced dangerous speed. Muffler flashes cut the night. As he skidded around a bend the clustered lights of Raton came into view far below.

The car gained headway, leaping in and out of ruts. It seemed to Agnes that at times she hung suspended above the sleeping town. Then followed stretches of ridge climbing and coasting, and again the perilous skidding along the open ledge.

Several times she caught glimpses of the pursuing lights, mere flashes of promise, for she had abandoned hope that the descent could be made without accident or death. Knowing the impossibility of sustaining life on the mountain unaided, and the absolute necessity of reaching the open spaces beyond Raton before daylight, Hootch was taking the gambler's chance. Protests fell on deaf ears.



# Mansions and Stairways

By CHARLES H. SHINN

HERE ARE times in the life history of every child of Adam when the fateful choices are made; when battles, fought to a finish, are lost or won; when duties seen and fully comprehended are accepted or trampled on; when the doors to winding stairs that reach downwards or upwards stand ajar waiting for the footsteps—yours and mine, or of some sister or brother. This, be sure, is the real adventure of Life—not the eating and sleeping, the visibilities or the materialities.

A youth sat on a June-time hill-top under the primeval oaks, reading a piece of a book,—just about a tenth part of what a Thinker had written a life-time before about the relations of human beings to each other. He had found it under the floor of an old barn which his employer had told him to pull down some weeks before; now, this Sabbath afternoon he was reading, questioning, and simply accepting its strange conclusions. His young healthy mind whose idealism was not yet muddled, overlaid or lost, guessed rightly at the beginnings and the endings of the book's argument that the resources of the earth fully and fairly used, were enough for—everybody.

At last he rolled up the fragment, thrust it in his pocket, and began to climb his own particular stairway of thought, for some of the ringing sentences on those yellowed, mouse-nibbled pages had unlocked a door in the blind wall before him, and set it half-open, so that cleansing winds as of morning over a new earth drew upwards, and a song out of space called on him to climb.

"What a glorious gift," he thought, "is our mortal existence of love and labor—if only we can live in the right way." Let me think it over in the spirit of this man's argument translated to fit our Today, after the World War.

"Work is right, is necessary, can be

made happiness, of course. Everyone should have work—the kind they can do best, of course, for all their productive years. The results should be sufficient to sustain them in comfort through their old age."

AS USUAL," he said to himself, "I am going too fast. The center of the true social order is not the grown-up, but the child. Each and every baby has the right to be well-born, well-nurtured, well-taught, made fully efficient, according to its abilities, so that it fulfills its best, finds its true place, and helps the world forward. Every child, I suppose, that is not hopelessly defective, and those ought not to remain here.

"If we begin with the child—'well-born' and the rest of it involve immense changes in our education, our views of life, our homes, our government, our ideals of existence. There must be active, busy, contented, loving parents, who have enough, and not too much. It means an almost complete reconstruction of daily living, the world over, if every child of every race is to have its fair chance, its rightful portion of life. To do this, every man who goes into the voting booth ought to consider the future of the babies as he studies each name or item. If he does it will shake all the Volscian doves, turn Amazonian rivers into the Augean stables of politics."

"Well, if all of the babies have the square deal—if each one is able to more than pay society at last for its up-bringing—what then? I see no escape from the notion that it is the bounden duty of society to furnish work to all of its children thus ready, able and willing to produce results. That must require international organizations so perfect, so comprehensive, that all of the natural resources of the earth will be utilized to their fullest capacity, demanding the constant em-

ployment of every person until old age, and accumulating sufficient to support them in comfort through these closing years."

"The youth smiled to himself over what he saw was only a "far-away glimpse." He rose, stood under the oak, looked across the valley and hills on the ocean and the fires of the sinking sun. "Utopian," he said, "is what all this would be called by some. Others would name me a wicked Sixteenth Century Leveller—an image-breaker, a Ranter, an Anarchist. But we are none of these are we?" (He spoke to the fragment of the old book in his pocket.) "We are persuaded in our inmost souls that the better humanity even now on the road, is to be corner-stoned on toil, on fellowship, on equal opportunity, and on justice. The social order in which we believe will develop strong, happy and tremendously interesting individualities everywhere (so that Platos and Lincolns will exist in every neighborhood!) It is not a dream but a true vision."

"His thoughts left the heights, went down the winding stairs (leaving the door forever unlocked) walked on level ground once more. The young man swung into a pathway, descended the hill, did the chores, ate supper, went up under the eaves to his home-made cot, looked out at the procession of the stairs.

"Yesterday," he thought, "a fellow told me that according to the prophecies the world must come to an end in September, 1930. How foolish that seems! Why, we have come such a little way up from the hairy savage Pithecanthropus! We are babies yet, all of us, and there's millions of years of disciplining toil ahead of us!"

He laughed out at the notion of stopping the game so soon with a Europe to be re-created; he said good-night to the stars—as if he knew them all, and then slipped into dreamless sleep.

Then out of the black mantle, pierced only by myriad stars hanging incredibly low, there shot a great arc of unmistakable import. It circled the heavens like a beacon of hope, then merged back into the enveloping dark.

In imagination Agnes could see two young men in a low stripped car driving down Raton pass at night at desperate speed.

Slim and Hootch caught the flash and understood. On the next long rise the driver brought the car to a stop at his comrade's order. Hootch dragged the spinster from the seat and dumped her on the trail.

"You stay there," he commanded. "Stop 'em, whoever they are. Tell 'em we've got the girl and they better not shoot." Agnes started to climb

out but he shoved her back and lunged into the seat.

"Now make some speed!" he shouted.

Fear overcame caution. Slim gave gas, even on the slopes, but left his door open for a possible jump. Hootch uncaught his, but Agnes did not take the trouble—for she rode on the precipice side.

(Concluded Next Month)



## SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA

(Continued from page 533)

wounded in a number of places and covered with blood, who said that they had just escaped from the killing, en masse, of three hundred of their companions. They also gave Marcos an account of the hostile reception given the negro, and his probable death.

This time, efforts to placate the Indians were futile. Not until Marcos had distributed all his presents and sought consolation in much prayer, was he able to induce two of the chiefs to accompany him to a point where he could overlook one of the cities.

With these two men, he marched on with all possible speed. The route continued along the Zuni to a point nearly due south of where Gallup now stands. Here his guides conducted him to the top of a high hill, from which, like Moses, he viewed the promised land from afar. He describes it in the following terms: "Its appearance is very good for a settlement, the handsomest I have seen in these parts. The houses are of stone, with three stories and flats roofs. As far as I could see from the height where I placed myself to observe, the settlement is larger than the City of Mexico."

It is very likely that his impression of the size and material of which the buildings were made was largely influenced by the two chiefs who were with him. It is improbable that he could have discriminated between stone and adobe at such a distance.

Throughout his journey, Marcos had a bad habit of viewing things from afar and allowing his Indian guides to provide the details, which he incorporated with his report just as if he had personally made a close study of the thing reported upon. Had Marcos gone into the city and returned to tell the story, his narrative of the discovery and riches of Cibola would not have been so much in the superlative degree and Coronado would never have led his expedition northward, which in turn, would have delayed the exploration of the southwestern part of the United States for slightly more than half a century.

Marcos is not to be blamed for not tempting fate by entering the city. As he stood on the hill, he was a lone white man, separated from his kind by hundreds of miles of wilderness and desert wastes and in company with fickle savages. No historian has had the audacity to criticize him because he, to use his own

words, "turned back with far more fright than food."

Be it said, however, that he did not leave the hilltop until he had erected a pile of stones supporting a cross in testimony of the fact that he had changed the name of the territory from Cibola to the "New Kingdom of St. Francis," and with more formality than modesty had taken possession of the entire domain for the glory of the Church and the Imperial Crown.

On his return journey he followed practically the same route that had brought him into the Southwest. It was without mishap or much material interest from a standpoint of information contributed to that he had already acquired. He reached Mexico City late in the same year.

The close of Estevan's hectic career and short period of diplomatic success cannot be so summarily dismissed. That he was killed by the Zuni Indians, as they are called today, there can be no doubt. Perhaps the account of his death given by Castaneda, who went to Cibola as a member of the Coronado expedition only one year later and did garrison duty among the natives of the Seven Cities while his chief was making explorations in the country to eastward, is more reliable than the one given by Marcos, based as it is upon the report of the two frightened and wounded Indians.

Obviously Estevan's motive for going into Cibola without his master was because he knew that the churchman would not approve of the practices the negro wished to pursue in this supposed city of wealth. Upon reaching the vicinity of the settlement, he sent two messengers with a guard,

decorated with beads and copper bells to the Zuni chiefs. This was the method of indicating that the sender's mission was one of peace and that he desired to enter the city and heal the sick. For some reason the chief did not look upon the token with favor, for the negro, with his three hundred male and female attendants, was confined in some huts just outside the city.

The next morning he was brought before the chiefs, who wanted to know why he came to Cibola. He at once declared that he was sent by a great white king and was being followed by a white man who would tell them all about the things in the sky and divine worship. He also demanded of them tokens of good will in the form of turquoises and women.

For three days they kept him in captivity and then decided to kill him because they did not like him, and on account of his demands and color they thought him an enemy spy instead of the representative of a white race.

According to this version the people with Estevan were not killed. Only a few of the young men were kept in captivity and the others were allowed to return to the villages they had deserted to join Estevan. The truth concerning the fate of the blackamoors and his retinue is somewhere between the story told to Castaneda by the natives of Cibola and the tale of the Massacre as told by Marcos.

There is found among the Zuni Indians of today a tradition of the visit and death of the Black Mexican, which, beyond a doubt, is founded on the one diplomatic blunder of the ordinarily shrewd negro slave, Estevan.

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### OUR DECEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 530)

has accumulated a vast amount of story material which he is now commencing to use. His story in this issue is "something different."

PAUL ADAMS is a Texan, so it is entirely natural that his story of "The Man Who Went Back" should bear the impress of the wilder West.

IRMA GRACE BLACKBURN is one of that large group of interesting poets who claim Oregon as home. Her verse is finding wider recognition.





# THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

(Continued from page 540)

and as he pondered another picture came to him.

He saw a motley caravan of wagons, buggies, saddle-horses, cattle, sheep, goats; men, women and children afoot, all leaving the smoking ruins of Lipan and moving to a new and more attractive location. He saw the refugees struggling against many hardships in order to build a new town, which they named Hope. And he saw Hope grow and prosper and become a thriving county seat, a village better in every way than Lipan had been.

With that picture before him, Blake thought of himself again. He suddenly felt ashamed; he felt like a coward, a quitter. Those people of Lipan, his old neighbors and friends, had been fighters, heroes. Even frail, delicate women had shown remarkable courage. Was he inferior to them? Should he give up like a weakling on account of a little misfortune?

The thought struck his sensitive pride with the sting of a whip lash. He made up his mind at once. He would fight. He would fight to the last ditch as long as there was a chance to win.

"I reckon I was a coward to run," he muttered. "That only made it look like I was guilty. I've got to go back and show people I didn't kill McCarroll, prove it to 'em. And I'm goin' to do it!"

He suddenly remembered that he and the stallion were very thirsty. "I know an old well here where we can find some good water, *caballo*. We'll get a drink and rest up for a few hours. Then we'll go tackle the big job."

At nine o'clock that evening Blake swung himself out of the saddle, threw the reins over the stallion's head and entered the west gate of the Withers ranch. The long, low house was dark save for a single light in the living room. As Blake drew close, he observed a massive, powerful man seated in the shadows of the porch, silently smoking a cigarette.

"You're Mr. Withers, ain't you?" Blake asked.

"That's me," grunted the other, without rising.

"I wanted to talk to you about a little matter," Blake explained politely. "It won't take longer'n a few minutes."

Withers grunted again and nodded towards a chair. Blake drew it close to the big man and sat down, careful to keep his face well concealed in the shadows.

"I reckon you heard a day or so ago," he began in a matter-of-fact tone, "that a convict escaped over at the penitentiary. He's still out, I understand. His name is Blake. He was sent up because they said he killed Homer McCarroll."

Blake suddenly lowered his voice, speaking more seriously:

"Well, there are some who doubt that Blake is guilty. They say another man shot McCarroll."

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He paused. He thought he saw Withers' muscles stiffen. The giant, tense as a lion ready to spring, stared hard and expectantly at him.

The signs were sufficient. Blake was cool, determined, ready. He moved a little forward until his knees nearly touched the other man's. Then he thrust out his chin and exclaimed: "You killed McCarroll and you've got to tell me why you did it!"

FOR ALL his bulk, Withers was quick as a flash, but Blake was quicker. His hands, made strong as steel by years of prison toil, caught and gripped the giant's wrists before Withers could get his revolver into action. The two figures leaped together into the middle of the porch, swayed desperately back and forth to the ground.

The big man struggled to his feet. Blake hanging to him tenaciously, still pinioning his arms. Withers fought furiously. He wrenched himself nearly free. He shoved his revolver forward to fire when Blake attacked him again with the ferocity of a wild-cat.

Back and forth the men struggled in the darkness, each calling forth his utmost strength. The giant's efforts began to tell on the smaller man. Blake felt his strength slipping away from him, but he clung on stubbornly, fighting with superhuman grit, telling himself again and again that he must win.

There was a sharp report. Withers, his great physical power suddenly gone, slumped down to the ground. The bullet intended for Blake had struck himself.

Several Mexicans came running from the barns. They picked up the heavy body, carried it into the house and laid it upon a bed.

Withers was dangerously wounded in the lungs. Blake assisting, the Mexicans ripped off the big man's shirt, bathed the injured spot as carefully as they could and bandaged it crudely but well.

Withers suddenly opened his eyes, and a moment later he commanded huskily:

"Let me alone, Pedro. No use foolin' 'round me now. I'm all in."

His eyes caught Blake's.

"Come here, Blake. Since I'm goin' to cash in my checks pretty quick, anyhow, I might as well tell you the truth. I killed McCarroll. It was about some of his goats. He claimed I stole 'em. He wrote me a letter,

threatenin' to kill me if I didn't return 'em. Well, I beat him to it—he might have known I would. He was always sorta close-lipped, and I reckon he never told anybody he suspected me or sent me that letter. When I seen you get into trouble, I couldn't do nothin' for fear of gettin' myself in a mess. I'd have been a fool to have opened my mouth."

He paused a moment; then he beckoned to the Mexican nearest him.

"Pedro, get my steel box in the other room and bring some fresh paper and a pen and ink."

When the servant returned, Withers took from the small box a folded bit of cheap writing paper and handed it to Blake.

"That's McCarroll's letter. Now you take that clean sheet and write down what I jest told you about the killin'. I'll sign it and the boys will sign as witnesses. Don't waste no time 'cause I ain't gonna be here long. The two papers will clear you with the officers."

Blake followed instructions quickly and efficiently. The confession was read to Withers, signed by him and countersigned by the three Mexicans and Blake.

The big man was breathing with greater difficulty now, and it was plain that he could live but a few minutes longer. He looked up at Blake.

"I got to hand it to you, boy. You had nerve to tackle me empty-handed that-a-way. Nobody else ever did it and got away with it. Good luck to you. So long."

Blake and two of the Mexicans, leaving Pedro at the bedside, stepped out of the room.

At daybreak he reached the summit of a long, low hill. He drew rein and stopped. Below him were the red, brown and grey roofs of the small houses of Hereford. In one of the simple frame homes—from the distance, he was not sure which—was Helen.

In the east, beyond the town, he saw a crimson flush rise from below the horizon and spread high upward into the sky. The pale, chilly grey of early morning melted and disappeared before this daring attack of color. In a few minutes the whole east was aflame with brilliance.

He spurred the roan mare forward, his heart suddenly jumping to a faster beat. He felt as if it were his wedding day again. He would ride into town now and claim his bride.



## THE FINAL TRUCE

(Continued from page 547)

"Well, you have to admire the old boy, at that," said the assistant.

"It takes courage at eighty to do what we are careless of in our youth," mused the superintendent. And, oh, he had a heart, this superintendent of ours. "Why not? Why not go through with it, and neither of them need know. The only ones who will know are ourselves and the nurses and they can be kept quiet."

"You are right. Why not?" agreed the assistants.

"Who have you lined up in reality?" the superintendent asked the house physician after a pause.

"A husky in the laundry. He is a big fellow in perfect health and glad to give what blood this old fellow needs to prolong his life. He will know, of course, but I think he will keep quiet."

"All right," decided the superintendent. "You fix Clement up just as if it were real, and tell Carpenter, and then we will take both the old boys up and make them believe it. This husky can be in the dressing room and he can come in after they are all wrapped up and tucked away."

Eighty-and-Three had been learning that his coming role of hero in an operation carried quite a glamour with the nurses, which pleased him greatly. He was the subject of attentions and little ministrations and altogether was finding life better and fuller—even with the ban on chewing tobacco. But when the house doctor and the laboratory nurse came in and went to Eighty he aroused with a pang of jealousy. He watched with envy as blood samples were taken from Eighty, but missed the meaning glances which passed between the doctor and the Rebel. He was championing his jaws belligerently when the nurse left.

"All ready for tomorrow, Daddy?" asked the house doctor and Eighty-Three blinked and nodded.

"Didn't have time to tell you before, but we have arranged with a friend of yours to supply the blood. Thought you would rather have a friend than a stranger."

Eighty-and-Three nodded in confirmation and then asked:

"Who is he?"

"Why, Daddy Clement here."

"Him!" ejaculated Eighty-and-Three as he turned and raised himself up to look at his coming benefactor.

"He ain't got enough for himself, let alone helpin' me."



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"I have, too! I got more'n you got and you know it, too!"

"Ye ain't nothin' but skin and bones!"

Eighty-and-Three did not relish having a partner share the glory of this coming operation. He had sensed the favor that would be his and he wanted it for himself, alone.

"Now, you know I'm younger'n you. You know it."

Eighty-and-Three was disposed to be just with matters that could not be denied. Besides he was not going

to relinquish that prestige that came with his age.

"Well, that's a fact. Ye be."

"And you know I hain't never lost no blood. I hain't never been wounded like you—"

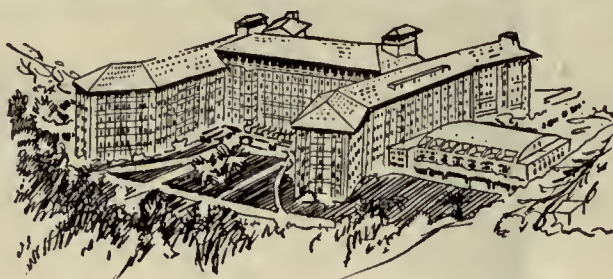
"That's right. That's right."

"If I hain't been wounded I got all my blood, ain't I?"

"I suppose ye have—yes, I suppose ye have. I know at Antietam I must a lost a heap o' blood bein' out all that night."

"Then if I got all I ever had, I got





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more'n I need now, and I got enough for both of us, ain't I?"

After giving this aspect of the matter due consideration Eighty-and-Three felt that he must admit the justice of the contention. But he did not find agreeable the thought of sharing his operation and he believed that more argument was needed.

"Do ye think you're strong enough?" he ventured.

Eighty quivered with indignation and his voice almost rang with scorn.

"Strong? Strong? Why, dang you, wasn't I out all morning? Didn't I stay out in the hallway there talking to the doctor? Heh? Tell me! Wasn't I out all morning?"

"He certainly was," answered the doctor. "Now, Daddy, we have examined the blood and find everything will be best for you. You let us go ahead with Daddy Clement and tomorrow you will be wanting to run a foot race."

Eighty-and-Three jammed lip and nose closer together, and settled down deeper among his pillows. Obviously he was peeved; equally obviously he did not find the outlook pleasing, but so far no way out had presented itself.

"Daddy Carpenter, this is just a splendid chance," declared the floor nurse. "Just think what it means. Here is Daddy Clement who used to be your enemy and while you two are quarreling all the time, we know you are the best of friends. Now in your old age, this old-time enemy of yours wants to give you back the blood you lost at Antietam (she restrained a smile) when you were fighting him. Why, it's perfectly wonderful and just goes to show what a magnificent country we have after all. We fight all we want among ourselves, but nothing else can jump in. Nothing! No, not even disease!"

"Never thought o' that afore now," admitted Eighty-and-Three.

"And it'll let me pay you back for them shoes!" was the last bait offered by Eighty.

"Ye ought to pay for them shoes. They was all I had."

"All settled, eh?" said the doctor. "Well, it is the right thing and we'll fix both of you in the morning." And after giving directions to the floor nurse concerning the coming operation he hurried about his business.

The quiet of apprehension settled over Ward 251 as two swathed figures were rolled out Wednesday morning. The quiet remained as the minds of the four waiting followed those white figures to the elevator and to the



operating rooms which they entered side by side.

They were brought to a rest in the clean, white room, their medical carts even, and the nurses busied themselves in preparation for the work to come. Eighty-and-Three glanced covertly at Eighty, and saw that he was looking away. He plucked at the assistant's sleeve and signaled that he desired to whisper.

"Don't take too much," he warned the doctor. "He ain't as strong as he thinks he is, and jest a little'll do for me."

Eighty, seeing his friend engrossed, grasped the sleeve of the superintendent. He, too, had a vital message.

"Remember, Doctor, and take all you need!" he enjoined. "I'm good and strong and we gotta fix him up right while we're at it."

The doctors patted reassurances, and when the masks were adjusted the patients could not see that husky youth with the glow of health in his cheeks who presented himself with bared arms, and from whose veins was to flow the life-giving fluid into the shriveled arteries of Eighty-and-Three.

What matter that they did not know? The glow that suffused each, the deepened affections and the hearty congratulations which voiced the relief and pleasure of their friends in the wards were just as deep and just as true as if there had been no deception. And, who would condemn a man for such a lie?

## AN INJURY TO ALL

(Continued from page 537)

citizens to vote for this repeal was sent out by a number of liberal and labor organizations. This circular, 20,000 copies of which were distributed throughout the state, bore the official signature of Tom Connors, then secretary of the California Branch of the General Defense Committee. One of the 20,000 fell into the hands of a man named Arnold, who happened to be on the venire of the jury to try a criminal syndicalism case in Sacramento. He showed the circular to the prosecuting attorney in the case, who had Connors arrested on the charge of tampering with a jury. After several postponements Connors was convicted on this far-fetched charge,—although Arnold was not a jurymen and Connors had never set eyes on him,—and sentenced to five years in San Quentin! As a contrast, a short time ago a contractor in Woodland was convicted of having introduced the defendant in a bootlegging case to one of the jurors, and

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of discussing the case with both men together. He was sentenced to five days in the Yolo County Jail. Comment is unnecessary.

As this is a presentation of the criminal syndicalism law and its workings, and not a general account of the labor struggle in California, no mention need be made of the various arrests meanwhile for vagrancy, picketing, trespassing on railroads, etc., or of the Busick anti-I. W. W. injunction, one of the most dangerous legal documents ever created. Nor can mention be made even of the San Pedro raid last June, with its scalding of children and tarring and feathering. There is much more that might be said on the question of the law itself—facts that go to show, for instance, direct interposition by various big lumber companies as assistants to the prosecution.

But enough has been told to make it plain that the law and its enforcement are a blot upon the good name of California. It would surprise many a worthy citizen to know the kind of advertising that the state is receiving in many influential circles because of it. "Boycott California products" is no empty slogan; and the money this

retaliatory boycott is costing may be added to the million already spent by taxpayers directly in consequence of the law itself.

The case, however, cannot be judged on a mercenary basis. The reputation for decency and justice of the state itself is concerned, the effect upon the character of its citizens of their acquiescence in its existence. When a thing is shown to be unjust and evil, it has been the American tradition to strive for its removal; and here is an instance immediately at our door.

"An injury to one is an injury to all," is a motto of the Industrial Workers of the World. Of nothing on earth is this truer than the criminal syndicalism law. Sending John Smith to San Quentin for fourteen years because "Zero" Townsend or Elbert Coutts committed a crime while Smith was over in France fighting for America is about as unfair and unamerican a deed as can be imagined. There is only one way to redeem it; and that is to repeal the criminal syndicalism law and remit the sentences of the nearly a hundred men now serving time because of it.

read any one or all numbers, is the experiment then to be labeled a failure? Not at all—provided the members of the group have the ability to grasp that which they *have* attained and to build with it. That they have this ability is strongly evidenced by the last issue of the year. In this number is more of beauty, more of that strength which *is* beauty, than in previous numbers, save alone for its challenging illustrations. There is evidence that the country-wide movement away from *vers libre* in its extreme form is being felt by the editors of *FOUR*. There is evidence that their eyes are returning from the intellectual heights and turning to that public which must be their audience if audience they are to have. With that ability which is definitely theirs, success for *FOUR* is certain if they will but remember that there *is* an audience. *FOUR* will be no longer an experiment.

#### A GIFT OF SONG

(Continued from page 548)

through her voice and her piano must come—something.

With the return to California she resumed the work with her voice which had been dropped so many years before. But still there was the feeling of something more to come.

Suddenly one day as she sat relaxed at the piano there came to her in its completion the words and music of a song. Sitting there, she sang and played this, the first that she had ever composed. There was still to write it down, and once more she went through the struggle she had faced so many years before, for she knew nothing of the mechanics of the art.

This was in May, 1924. At the time when this is written, six months later, Hazel Knapp Luke has to her credit more than a score of songs. She has given setting to a few lyrics written by her poet friends, but nearly all of the compositions are entirely her own. Some of them approach mediocrity—what composer but has some children of his talent of which he cannot be proud!—but there are others of strong appeal. There is splendid promise of greater work to come.

And as the composer's beautifully sweet lyric voice gives expression to these songs which she feels came as the direct response to her strong desire, the hearer is convinced that earnest prayer brings its answer—that for gifts taken away Nature bestows others of greater and more lasting value. It is the spiritual law of compensation. Song shall live when the singer is forgotten dust.

#### A POETIC EXPERIMENT

(Continued from page 549)

series of strong and colorful pictures, as he does again in "*Shadows*." I feel in these poems mentioned an honesty of purpose, a sincerity, which seems lacking in many of their other offerings. Some of these others seem designed to challenge. I can find no other reason for their being than to halt the multitude with "Here! See what I can do." Clever, yes. But poetry to *be* poetry, to live, must have more than cleverness. And when, as occasionally happens, there are lines which directly affront the average reader, there is still less reason for the writing.

I have said nothing of Gaer's work in this connection. Gaer is too much the realist to appeal to me, as he seems to fail to appeal to many. Yet there is felt throughout his work a definite sincerity and purposefulness. He is honestly setting forth his impressions of life as he sees it. I question, however, whether he is not wasting effort in an attempt to place in poetic form thought which might be more forcefully, more effectively, given in his splendid prose. Poetry is limited in its scope, however little its exponents may like to admit it. And yet Gaer's verse is strong, as it is honest.

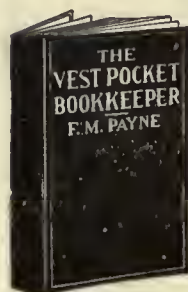
But to return. If the group has failed to gain and hold the interest of a fair percentage of those who have



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